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GRAHAM'S

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

MAGAZINE.

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20-21
1842
EMBELLISHED WITH

THE FINEST MEZZOTINTO AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

ELEGANT EMBOSSED WORK,

FASHIONS AND MUSIC.

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VOLUME XX. XXI  
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PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

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1842.

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Dec. 1. 1888

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TO THE

TWENTIETH VOLUME.

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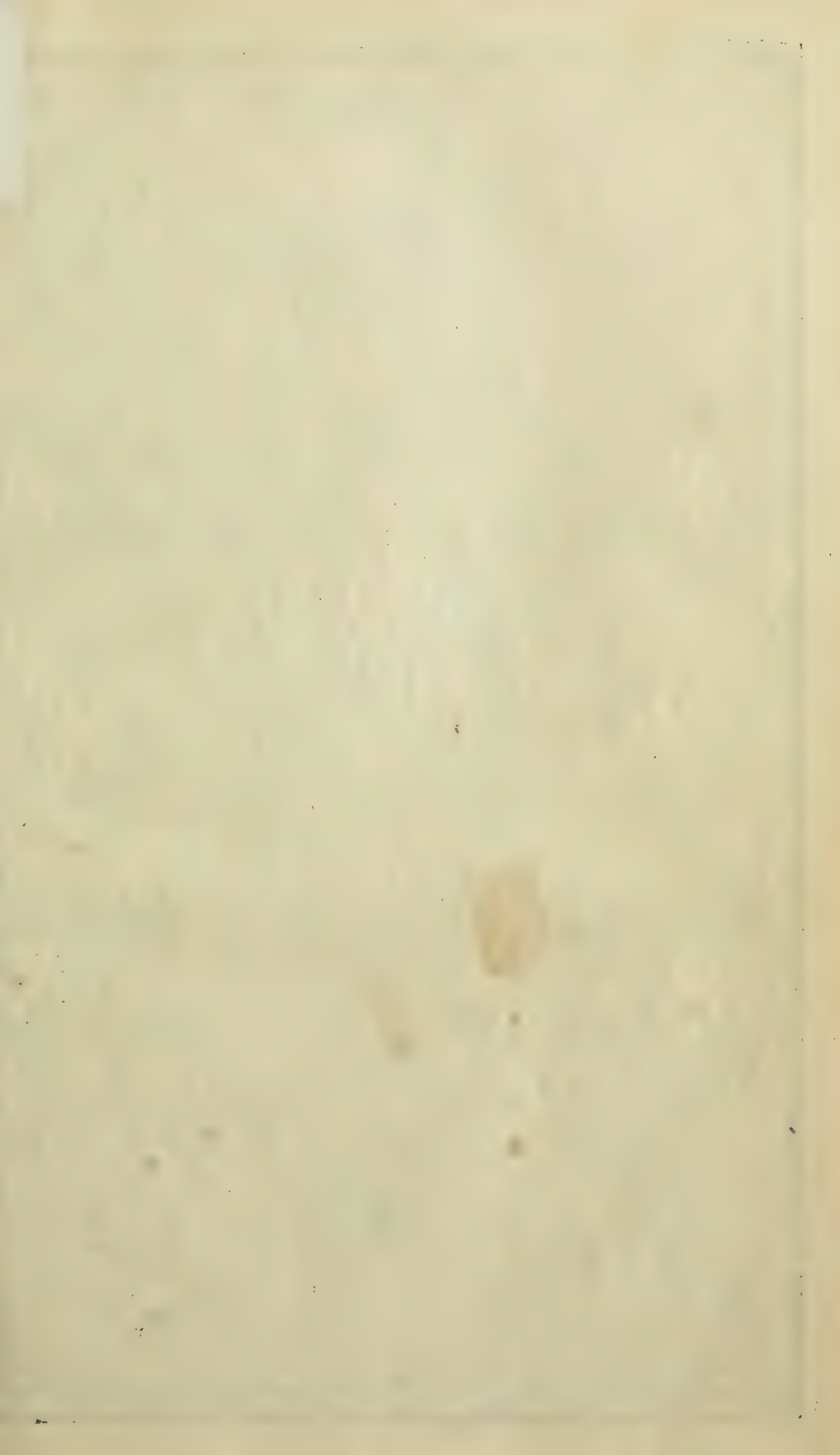
STEEL ENGRAVING

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 Highland Beauty.
 Lace Work, with colored Birds.
 Fashions, three figures, colored.
 My Bonnie Steed.
 Harper's Ferry.
 Fashions, three figures, colored.
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- Thy name was once a magic spell,
 The Dream is past,
 A lady heard a minstrel sing,
 There's no land like Scotland,
 The Orphan Ballad Singers,









Engraved by J. Smith.

Printed by J. Smith.



Original Drawing



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1842.

No. 1.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

BY J. H. DANA.

CHAPTER I.

It was a golden morning in early summer, and a thousand birds were warbling on the landscape, while the balmy wind murmured low and musical among the leaves, when a young girl, attired in a rustic dress, might have been seen tripping over the lea. Her golden tresses, as she walked, floated on the wind, and the exercise had called even a richer carnation than usual to her cheek. Her form was one of rare beauty, and her gait was grace itself. As she glided on, more like a sylph than a mortal being, she carolled one of her country's simple lays; and what with her liquid tones, her sweet countenance, and her bewitching motion, she formed a picture of loveliness such only as a poet could have imagined.

At length she approached a ruined wall, half hidden by one or two overshadowing trees. The enclosure partially concealed from view the figure of a young shepherd, who, leaning on his hand, gazed admiringly on her approaching figure. Unconscious, however, of the vicinity of an observer, the maiden tripped on, until she had almost reached the enclosure.

The shepherd's dog suddenly sprung to his side, and barking violently, would have warned the intruder, had not the youth perceived the maiden started and turned pale; he perceived the shepherd her cheeks flushed with crimson, and she stood before the youth in a beautiful embarrassment.

"Down, down, Wallace, mon," said the young shepherd, "ken ye not Jeanie yet—the flower o' Ettrick? Ah! Jeanie, Jeanie," he added—and his tone and manner at once betrayed the footing on which he stood with the maiden—"little did ye ken, when ye were tripping sae gaily o'er the lea, with a heart as light as a lavrock and a song as sweet as the waving of the broom at noonday, that one who lo'es ye sae dearly, was lookin' at ye frae behind this tree."

The maiden blushed again, and stealing a timid glance at her lover, her eyes sought the ground. The shepherd took her hand, which was not withdrawn from his grasp, and said,

"Ye ken weel, Jeanie dear, what ye were singing," and his voice assumed a sudden seriousness as he spoke, which caused the maiden again to look up, although the allusion he made to the subject of her song, had dyed her cheeks with new blushes, "and I hae come hither this morning, for I ken ye passed here—to see ye if only for a moment. Ye ken, Jeanie, that we were to hae been one next Michaelmas, and that I was to get the Ellsey farm—a canny croft it is, dearie, and happy, happy would we hae been there"—the maiden looked inquiringly in his face at these words, and her lover continued mournfully—"ye guess the worst, I see, by that look. In one word, a richer man has outbid me, and so, for the third time, hae I been disappointed." And as he said these words with a husky voice, betokening the depth of his emotion, the speaker paused, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes. His affianced bride showed the true delicacy of her mind in this juncture. Instead of saying aught to comfort him, she drew closer to his side, and laying her hand on his arm, gazed up into his face with a look so full of sympathy and love, that its mute, yet all-powerful eloquence, went to the shepherd's heart. He drew her tenderly to his bosom, kissed her unresisting brow, and gazed for some moments in silent rapture on her face. At length he spoke.

"Jeanie," he said, and his voice grew low and tremulous as he spoke, "can ye hear bad news? I canna bide here longer," he added, after a pause, and with an obvious effort. The maiden started; but having introduced the subject, her lover proceeded firmly—"I canna bide here, year after year, as I hae done for the last twelvemonth, and be put off, month by month, wi' promises that are never to be fulfilled. I will go away and seek my fortune in other lands. They say money is to be had amaise for

sweeter or more soul-subduing sight than that lowly cot presented.

CHAPTER III.

Although Jeanie was a girl of strong mind, the sacrifice which she contemplated was not to be effected without many inward struggles. But having made up her mind to what she considered her duty, she allowed no personal feelings to swerve her from the strict line she had laid down for herself wherein to walk. Daily did she seek in prayer for aid; and never did she allow her parent to hear a murmur from her lips. Yet, let her strive as she would, the memory of her lover would constantly recur to her mind. At the gloamin hour, in the still watches of the night—by the ingle-side, abroad in the fields, or in the kirk of God—on Sabbath or week day—when listening to her aged sire's voice, or sitting all alone in her little chamber, the image of him she had loved would rise up before her, diffusing a gentle melancholy over her heart, and seeming, for the moment, to raise an impassable barrier betwixt her and the fulfilment of her new vows—for those vows had already been taken, and the evening which was to make her another's, was only postponed until the intended bridegroom—a staid farmer of the border—could make the necessary preparations in his homestead, necessary to fit it for a new mistress, and she the sweetest flower of the district.

We are telling no romantic tale, drawn from the extravagant fancy of a novelist, but a sober reality. There are hundreds, all over this broad realm, who are even now sacrificing themselves like Jeanie. Aye! in many a lowly cottage, unrecked of and uncared for by the world, wither away in secret sorrow, beings who, had their lot been cast in happier places, would have been the brightest and most joyous of creatures. How many has want driven, unwilling brides, to the nuptial altar! Who can tell the sacrifice woman will not make to affection, although that sacrifice may tear her heart's fibres asunder? And thus Jeanie acted. Although she received the attentions of her future husband with a smile, there was a strange unnatural meaning in its cold moonlight expression. Even while he talked to her, her thoughts would wander away, and she would only be awakened from her reverie by some sudden ejaculation of his at perceiving her want of attention. He knew her history, but he had been one of her earliest lovers, and he flattered himself that she had long since forgotten the absent; and, although at times her demeanor would, for a moment, make him suspect the truth, yet a conviction so little in unison with his wishes, led him instantly to discard it. And Jeanie, meanwhile, continued struggling with her old attachment, until her health began to give way beneath the conflict. She scarcely seemed to decline—at least to eyes that saw her daily—but yet her neighbors marked the change. In the beautiful words of the ballad,

“her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail.”

The morning of her wedding-day saw her as beautiful as ever, but with how touching, how sweet an expression of countenance! As she proceeded to the kirk, her exquisite loveliness attracted every eye, and her air of chastened sadness drew tears from more than one spectator acquainted with her history. The bridegroom stood smiling to receive his lovely prize, the minister had already begun the service, and Jeanie's heart beat faster and faster as the moment approached which was forever after to make all thoughts of Willie sinful, when suddenly the rattling of rapid wheels was heard without, and instantaneously a chaise stopped at the kirk door, and a tall form leaping from the vehicle strode rapidly up the aisle at the very moment that the minister asked the solemn question, if any one knew aught why the ceremony should not be finished.

“Ay,” answered the voice of the intruder, and, as he spoke, he threw off the military cloak he wore and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the spectators the features—scarred and sun burnt, but still the features—of the absent shepherd, “Ay! I stand here, by God's good aid, to claim the maiden by right of a prior betrothal. I am William Sandford.”

Had a thunderbolt fallen from heaven, or a spirit risen from the dead, the audience would not have been more astonished than by this *dénouement*. All eagerly crowded around the intruder, gazing on his face, as the Jews of old looked on the risen Lazarus. Doubt, wonder, conviction, enthusiasm followed each other in quick succession through the minds of the spectators. But the long absent lover, pushing aside the friends who thronged around him, strode up to Jeanie's side, and, clasping her in his arms, asked, in a voice no longer firm, but husky with emotion,

“Oh! Jeanie, Jeanie, hae ye too forgotten me?”

The bride had fainted on his bosom; but a score of eager tongues answered for her, and in hurried words told him the truth.

What have we more to say? Nothing—except that the returned lover took the place of the bridegroom, who was fain to resign his claim, and that the minister united the now re-animated Jeanie and her long-remembered lover, while the congregation looked on with tears of joy.

The returned Shepherd—for we shall still call him so—at length found time to tell his tale. He had been shipwrecked as rumoured, but, instead of being drowned, had escaped and reached India. There he entered the service and was sent into the interior, where he rose rapidly in rank, but was unavoidably detained beyond the appointed two years, while the communications with Calcutta being difficult and uncertain, the letters written home apprising Jeanie of these facts had miscarried. At length, he had succeeded in resigning his commission, full of honors and wealth. He hastened to Scotland. He reached Jeanie's home, learned that she was even then becoming the bride of another, hurried wildly to the church, and—our readers know the the rest.

SONNET.*

BY THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

How often have I fixed a stranger's gaze
On yonder turrets clad in light as fair
As this soft sunset lends — pleas'd to drink air
Of learning that from calm of ancient days
Breathes 'round them ever : — now to me they wear
The tinge of dearer thought ; the radiant haze
That crowns them thickens as, with fonder care,

And by its flickering sparkles, sense conveys
Of youth's first triumphs : — for amid their seats
One little student's heart impatient beats
With blood of mine. O God, vouchsafe him power
When I am dust to stand on this sweet place
And, through the vista of long years, embrace
Without a blush this first Etonian hour !

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ; —
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chaunt this melancholy hymn,
 With solemn voice and slow.
No purple flowers — no garlands green
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
 The leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsion rent apart,
 Are running all to waste ;
And, as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
 And give a bitter taste.

Above the humbler plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers ;
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
 Lost vision to restore :
It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued
 A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
 New light and strength they give.
For he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
 He has not learned to live !

The prayer of Ajax was for light !
Through all the dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noon-day night,
He asked but the return of sight
 To know his foeman's face.
Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light : — and strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
 One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
 Ye have been sorely tried !
I pledge you in your cup of grief
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !
The battle of our life is brief, —
The alarm, — the struggle, — the relief, —
 Then sleep we side by side.

* It is with high gratification that we present our readers, this month, with this elegant *original* poem from the pen of Sergeant NOON TALFOURD, of England, the author of "Ion," and, perhaps, the first living poet of his age. In the letter accompanying the verses he speaks of them as "my last effusion on an occasion very dear to me—composed in view of Eton College after leaving my eldest son there for the first time."

HIGHLAND BEAUTY.

A STORY IN CAMP.

BY OLIVER OLDFELLOW.

"THE fact is, Jeremy, I never liked the idea of writing love stories in the presence of a pretty girl, as there is always something contagious in love,—and do what I might—I have been a hard student that way—some how or other I was always apt to leave off writing, and go to the business of love-making in downright earnest,—studying from nature, you see. It somehow puts a fellow's hand out for writing, and inclines him more to the use of his tongue, except when, by way of variation, he coolly slips his arm around the dear, blushing, unwilling creature, and drawing her gently to his bosom, as a mother would her child, smothers the 'bliss of talking,' as Miss Landon called it, by a cousinly introduction of lips. But,—by the prettiest houri that ever made Mussulman's heaven!—how do you think the thing is to be managed with *two* of the prettiest Scotch lassies that ever inspired the song of a Burns, or the valor of a Wallace, looking you right in the eye, and one of them with the most inviting lips, too, that ever set lover's heart on fire, and each with a pair of eyes that would send the blood tingling through the veins of the veriest woman hater that ever breathed."

"None of your nonsense, Oliver, but for once give over the love of talking of yourself, and let us have the story within three pages, if you expect to be out before Christmas with the Magazine! There are a host of better looking fellows than yourself have had their eyes upon the girls, and—to tell you the honest truth,—the game is above your reach."

"By my faith in woman! Jeremy, you are as sharp this morning as a nor'-wester—I expect you have had your *comb cut* with one of them. Talking of cutting combs, reminds me of a story. When I was in the army!"

"Ha! ha! ha! When you were in the army! By George! I like that part of the story amazingly—if the rest is only as good I may feel inclined to allow you half a page more!"

"Come, Jerry, none of that; I've known fellows talk about the army who never even heard a gun, and chaps spin out most eternal sea-yarns, that never smelt salt water, as any old tar would tell you before he had listened five minutes to the story; but I am none of your green-horns—I know what I am about when I mention war or beauty,—having seen some service in my day. I therefore commence properly—as every story should have a beginning, even if it has no end."

"When I was in the army, you see, I became acquainted with a very sentimental fellow, about your size,—though he *had* rather a better looking whisker

for a soldier,—who was always full of romance, and all that sort of thing,—and I *do* believe the chap had an idea or two of the right kind in his head, but they were so mixed up with the wrong kind, that, like the funds of a good many bankers now-a-days, they were not always 'available.' He had got it into his cranium, and there it would stick, that he had a little better blood in him than any body else, so that he was confoundedly careful not to have any of it spilt, and nothing but the daughter of a lord came any way near the mark to which he aspired. He used to tell a good many stories about himself, and he would tell them pretty well too, but they somehow or other had a smack of the marvellous. His stories about the doings among the gentry—the fellow, you see, had been educated by a lord, or something of that sort, and had seen a little of high life above stairs as well as below—took amazingly in the camp, especially his sentimental ones, for he had the knack of making a fool of himself—"

"But, for goodness sake, Oliver! the story!—the story!"

"The fact is, Jerry, I am pretty much in the predicament of the knife-grinder!—Story of my own—I have none to tell. But here is one of———found the fellow's name,—no matter.

"Emily Melville—the only daughter of the proud Lord Melville, who was well known in the time of the wars—as the representative of the long line of illustrious Scottish nobles of that name, was the pride of the Lowland nobility, and the belle of every assembly. She was as fair as a white fawn, and scarcely less wild. Her mother being dead, few restraints were placed upon the young beauty by the old house-keeper, who, in the main, filled the place. Emily, therefore, held in proud disdain the restraints which would have been imposed by the prudes of her sex, and thought that the great art of living was to be happy. Laughter was always on her lips, and sun light forever on her brow. She was beautiful, and you knew it, yet you could not tell the secret of it, nor, for their restlessness and brilliancy, whether her eyes were blue or gray, yet you knew that they were pretty, and felt that they were bright. Her voice was like the warble of a bird in spring, its notes were so full of joyousness; and her motion was like that of a fairy, so light and graceful, that, had you seen her tripping over the smoothly shaved lawn in front of the mansion—her auburn hair drooping in long ringlets over her snowy and finely rounded shoulders—and heard her gay glad voice,

swelling out in song and happiness, you would have fancied her an angel from the upper sphere."

"I doubt that last part, my good fellow!" interrupted a bluff old soldier—"until I had tried an arm around her, to see if she wasn't flesh and blood, I wouldn't a' trusted fancy."

"Caution gentlemen. You see if the story is true, you must *feel* what he says, and you'll find it's done, that I!"—

"A good man! You didn't begin to make love to her, did you?"

"No, I must persist!"—

"As *she* in love—tell us that."

"She laughed at it—and said, 'she loved her pet fawn—her canary—the flowers, and tame—the blue sky—the sunshine—the forest—the mountains—and it was all hers—she did not know—she *might* love her Harry Hardwick, if he was as pleasant as he had been her playmate a few years ago—but he was now at his father's castle on the mountain, and his manners had grown coarse, boorish, or ill-mannered. I did not know therefore whether she should love him or not—rather thought she should not—but she had her father, and enough around her to love and cherish, and why should she trouble herself about the matter?"

"You will not wonder, gentlemen, that such a creature should inspire me with love—a deep, devoted, heart-absorbing, deathless passion. I loved her as man never loved woman before. Every pulsation, every energy of my being seemed for her!"—

"Of course, *you'd* love her!—never heard you tell of a pretty girl that you didn't love—but give us the pith and marrow of the matter; did she return the compliment?"

"All in good time!—You see the thing might have been very handsomely managed, if it had not been for one or two impediments!"—

"What in the plague does the fellow mean by *impediment*?"

"Hush, can't you! He means he didn't get her, of course."

"Well, you see, gentlemen, there was a shocking looking young fellow of a lord, who lived upon the next estate, and got it into his head that he must take her for his wife. To give him his due, he was a fine fellow, had a title, and a splendid fortune. He was beginning to call every few days upon Lord Melville's health—the old chap was in the best health in the world—about three times a week, he soon managed to call the other four days upon his own account, so that I found the prize in a fair way to be snatched from my grasp, and I resolved to bring matters to a close pretty soon. So one morning, when Lord Melville was out looking into parliamentary matters, inquiring into the affairs of the nations, or his own, I thought I would open the question gently. Emily had sung for me most sweetly, without any apology or affectation, and we were now sitting chatting very pleasantly together. How easy, then, to turn the conversation in the proper channel. To discourse of green fields—of mur-

muring brooks—of the delights of solitude with one of congenial tastes—of the birds, the fawn, and the attachment they showed their mistress. Then, of course, she would wonder whether they really loved her, whether they knew what love was, or only felt joy at her presence, because they knew her as their feeder. Then I would say, of *course* they loved her, how could they do otherwise,—were not all things that approached her *fated* to love her. Then she blushes, gets up, and goes to the window opening on the garden—to look at the flowers maybe—I must see them too, of course, for they are *her* flowers. I always loved flowers, and particularly love these. Things, gentlemen, were thus progressing pretty smoothly, you will see, considering that the lady was the daughter of a lord, and of course heiress to his whole estate, when lo!—my unlucky genius as usual—the housekeeper must poke in her head, and ask if 'anybody called.' No! certainly not! What young lady ever called a housekeeper at such a time! Pshaw! The thing was shocking to think of! How stupid in her! The old thing had an eye in her head like a hawk, however, and saw pretty clearly how matters stood, and whether she thought that there was no chance for me in that quarter, or had some private preference of her own, she maintained her ground until I deemed it prudent to withdraw.

"Days passed away, and no opportunity was afforded me of renewing my suit. Whether the old housekeeper took the matter in hand or not, of course I cannot say; but when days began to grow into weeks, I began to feel the wretchedness of first love. Who has not felt its fears, its doubts, whether you are beloved by the object of affection, and the uncertainty, even in your own mind whether you are worthy of that love?—I felt the dread of rivalry, the fears of the moment's absence, and the thousand untold pangs, which none but a lover's imagination can inflict—and he a lover for the first time? It is strange, gentlemen, that I should, after this sweet interview, which seemed destined to be the last that I should have with the most angelic of beings, place myself upon the rack, and delight in the torture, with the devotion to wretchedness of a heart inspired with 'the gentle madness,' for the first time, of passionate, deathless love!"

"Hold up, comrade! and do give us the pith of the matter, without all this flummery. I've known chaps talk all day in that strain, who never had any story to tell, but would go on yarning it until roll-call, just to hear themselves talk. Now, if you got the gal, say so—if you didn't, tell us why—and none of your rigmarole."

"Of course, gentlemen, I did not get her, and that is the reason I am here to tell the story. Misfortunes, you know, travel close upon each other's heels, and sure enough, in the midst of my misery, the carriage of Lord Hardwick was announced, and who should it contain but Emily's cousin 'Harry,'—her old playmate, and his sister. I heard the announcement, but I heard no more, until an hour or two afterwards, when, out of sheer melancholy, I had taken to the garden for contemplation and meditation, I *accident-*

ally overheard Harry Hardwick's declaration and his acceptance, and, after half an hour of silence, a laugh by both parties at my expense.

"I had enough of the soldier's blood in me, gentlemen, even then, to *take no notice* of this downright incivility and want of breeding, though I do not of course suppose that the parties dreamed that they had a listener, so I cast her off as unworthy of my love; and thus ended my first love."

"Very sensibly done, too, my boy! I applaud your spirit. It was worthy of a soldier."

"But, gentlemen, this was but the opening of difficulties, for I was no sooner out of this scrape than my sensitive heart must betray me into another. How all the dreams of even Emily's beauty melted away as the mist from the hills—perhaps assisted by the knowledge she was the prize of another—when next morning my eyes beheld Arabella Hardwick. She was leaning over the back of the sofa, at the very window from which the day before I had praised the flowers with Emily. Passing beautiful was she as she stood in her virgin loveliness before me, with her highland-cap and its white plume over curls of jet, that seemed in mere wantonness to fall from beneath, over her fine neck and swelling bosom, whose treasures were scarcely concealed by the highland-mantle which so well became her. Her brow was slightly shaded with curls, while from beneath, her eyes, darker than heaven's own blue, seemed to be melting before your gaze. Her smile was sweetness itself, and came from lips of which heaven and earth seemed to dispute ownership. Emily was seated at her side, in the act of fixing a hawk's feather in a highland-cap for her own fair brow, yet in her eye mischief and cunning strove for mastery, and her whole face was so full of meaning that I knew that I must have been the subject of previous conversation, and I felt my face crimson before the highland beauties. I verily believe that I made an impression, gentlemen, which, had it been properly followed up, might have been the making of me; I have always fancied somehow or other that the highland beauty was rather smitten with me, for there was such a coaxing expression in her whole face, and particularly in her lips—which seemed to be begging a kiss—that I do believe that if it had not been for the presence of my old flame, 'my first love,' gentlemen, I should have carried the fortress by storm! but you see, as it was, I stood blushing and looking simple until, for very amusement sake, both commenced laughing, and Emily broke the ice by asking me if I had lost my tongue.

"On this hint I spoke.—It is not necessary, gentlemen, to repeat all the fine things I said—for fine things in a sentimental way, are not relished in camp—but suffice it to say that the ground was so well marked out in my first interview, that I deemed it expedient to pop the question, 'striking while the iron's hot,' you know—somewhat musty, but very expressive—yet you will scarcely believe me, gentlemen—she rejected me flat—'because I had no whiskers.'"

"You don't say that was the *main* objection?"

"I say that was the *or'* objection, and to prove its validity, she married five months after, Lord Gordon, Emily's former suitor—whose only advantage was a fine pair of whiskers—with the addition of an estate and a title."

"But perhaps the latter had some weight."

"None, I assure you, as I pressed the matter, and she averred, that love in a cottage with a whisker, was in every way more congenial to her taste, than the finest mansion in the land without that appendage. So you see I took to cultivating whiskers with great assiduity; but for a long time, the rascals defied all attempts to train them; the shoots were tolerably advanced in less than six months; but they were too late—for the lady was married."

"Well, you are a cool sort of a fellow to talk of transferring your love from one high-born lady, to another, with the same ease as a soldier does a feather from his cap. I suppose you finally courted the old housekeeper out of sheer revenge."

"None of that, I assure you, for she revenged my want of attention that way, by giving Lord Melville a history of the whole matter—with trimmings.—So the old codger said I was as crazy as a bed-bug, and clapped me in the army, as a kind of lunatic asylum to recover my wits. So that's the *end of the story*."

"There, Jerry, put that in your pipe, or your Magazine, just as you like, for no story do I write for a fellow who comes to me with a piece of tape to measure the length, as if a man spun like a spider, and if it don't fill your three pages—add a paragraph about the children.—What do ye say?"

"It's rather so-soish at best, Oliver!—But what regiment did you say you were in?"

"Regiment—did I say anything about regiment? You must be mistaken, Jerry! these confounded soldier terms are all moulderin' in my brain, these peaceable times."

"Well, where was the army encamped?"

"At a—a place with a confounded French name—I never had any command of the cursed language, and was glad enough when we got out of the place, never to bother my brain with its name."

"Well, the war!—In what war was it?—Let us have something to go upon."

"As for dates and names, Jerry, I never for the soul of me, could make any headway with them. A phrenologist once told me, that for names and dates I had no development, and whenever I begin to try to think of my exploits in battle, I think the fellow was right—as I am always out for the want of names and dates. So I think it best first to tell the facts, and let people fix dates to suit themselves. So, Jerry, hand over the port—this is confounded dry business."

"To tell you the truth, Oliver, the whole story has rather a squint, and I have half a notion that for the most of it, we are indebted to the good looks of the two bonnie Scotch lassies, and rather a marvellous imagination."

LINES.

WRITTEN ON A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY

HAIL pictured image! thine immortal art
Hath snatch'd a hero from the arms of death,
In whose broad bosom beat the noblest heart
That ever drew on earth a balmy breath;
For while amid the sons of men he trod,
That true nobility to him was given
Whose seal is stamp'd by an approving God,
Whose ever-blooming title comes from heaven.

The fire of genius glistened in his glance,
'Twas written on his calm majestic brow,
That men might look upon its clear expanse
And read that God and Nature made him so;
Yet that pale temple could not always keep
The soul imprisoned in its earthly bars,
Born for the skies, his god-like soul doth sweep
The boundless circle of the radiant stars.

How soft the placid smiles that seemed to bask
Round those pale features once the spirit's shrine
And hover round those lips that only ask
A second impress from the hand divine!
And look upon that brow! a living light
Plays like a sun-beam o'er his silver hair,
As if the happy spirit in its flight
Had left a saint-like glory trembling there.

Yet tho' some skilful hand may softly paint
The noble form and features we adore,
Such deeds as thine are left, Oh happy Saint!
Are left alone for Memory to restore.
And still thy virtues like a soft perfume
That rises from a bed of fading flowers,
Immortal as thyself, shall bud and bloom
Deep in these hearts, these grateful hearts of ours.

Sons of Columbia! ye whose spirits soar
Elate with joyous hopes and youthful fires,
Go, imitate the hero you deplore,
For this is all that God or man requires.
Oh! while you bend the pensive brow of grief,
Muse on the bright examples he has given,
And strive to follow your ascended chief
Whose radiant foot-prints lead to fame and heaven.

Oh guard his grave! it is a solemn trust,
Nor let a single foeman press the sod
Beneath whose verdure sleeps the sacred dust
Once hallowed by the quick'ning breath of God.
Thus in his lonely grandeur let him lie
Wrapt in his grave on fair Ohio's shore,
His deeds, his virtues, all that could not die,
Remain with us, and shall for evermore.

TO A LAND BIRD AT SEA.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

BIRD of the land! what dost thou here?
Lone wanderer o'er a trackless bound,—
With nought but frowning skies above,
And cold, unfathom'd seas around;

Among the shrouds, with heaving breast
And drooping head, I see thee stand,
And pleased the coarsest sailor climbs,
To grasp thee in his roughen'd hand.

And didst thou follow, league on league,
Our pointed mast, thine only guide,
When but a floating speck it seemed
On the broad bosom of the tide?

On far Newfoundland's misty bank,
Hadst thou a nest, and nurslings fair?
Or 'mid New England's forests hoar?
Speak! speak! what tidings dost thou bear?

What news from native shore and home,
Swift courier o'er the threatening tide?—

Hast thou no olden scroll of love
Prest closely to thy panting side?

A bird of genius art thou? say!
With impulse high thy spirit stirred—
Some region unexplored to gain,
And soar above the common herd?

Burns in thy breast some kindling spark
Like that which fired the glowing mind
Of the adventurous Genoese,
An undiscovered world to find?

Whate'er thou wert, how sad thy fate
With wasted strength the goal to spy,
Cling feebly to the flapping sail,
And at a stranger's feet to die.

Yet, from thy thin and bloodless beak,
Methinks a warning sigh doth creep—
To those who leave their sheltering home,
And lightly dare the dangerous deep.

THE SNOW-STORM.

A MONOLOGUE BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

It is almost twilight. How swiftly have the moments glided by since we sat ourselves by this window—let us see—some two hours since, and during all that time not a word have we spoken, although our soul has been gushing over with its exceeding fullness. It is snowing. Look out and you will see the downy flakes—there, there, and there—one chasing another, millions on millions falling without intermission, coming down noiselessly and mysteriously, as a dream of childhood, on the earth, and covering field, and forest, and house-top, hill and vale, river, glade, and meadow, with a robe that is whiter than an angel's mantle. How ceaseless the descent! What countless myriads—more countless than even the stars of heaven—have fallen since we have been watching here! God only could have ordered the falling of that flake which has just now sunk to the earth like an infant on its young mother's milk-white bosom. Did you not see it? There—follow this one which has just emerged from the skies—but at what spot even we cannot detect—see its slow, easy, tremulous motion as it floats downwards; now how rapidly it intermingles with the others, so that you can scarcely keep it in your eye; and there! it shoots to the ground with a joyous leap—and, even as we speak, another and another, ay! ten thousand thousand of them have flitted past, like the gleaming of cherubic wings, such as we used to see in our childhood's dreams, glancing to and fro before a throne of surpassing glory, far, far away, high up in the skies.

It is snowing. Faster, faster, faster come down the feathery flakes. See how they disport themselves—giddy young creatures as they are—whirling around; now up, and now down; dancing, leaping, flying; you can almost hear their sportive laughter as they skim away across the landscape. Almost, we say, for in truth there is not a sound to be heard in earth, air, or sky. The ground, all robed in white, is hushed in silence—the river sweeps its current along no longer with a hoarse chafing sound, but flows onward with a dull, clogged, almost noiseless motion—not a bird whistles in the wood, nor a beast lows from the barn-yard—while the trees, lifting their bleached branches to the skies, shiver in the keen air, and cower uncomplainingly beneath the falling flakes. But hark! there is a voice beside us—'tis that of the beloved of our soul—repeating Thomson's Winter—Thomson! majestic at all times, but oh! how much more so when gushing in silver music from the lips of the white-armed one beside us. Hear her!

"The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow —"

But let us away to the mountains! Far up in a gorge of the Alleghanies we will stand, with the clouds whirling wildly around and beneath, and the wind whistling shrilly far down in some ravine, which we may not see; for all around us is, as it were, a shoreless ocean, buried in a ghastly mist, from which the tall cliffs jut up like islands—and ever, ever comes to our ears from this boiling vortex a sound as of many waves chafing against the shore, like that which the priest of Apollo listened to as he walked all disconsolate, bereft of his fair-haired daughter, back from the tents of the stern Hellenes to the towers of Ilium. The air is full of snow-flakes, driving hither and thither—thick, thick, thicker they descend—you cannot see a fathom before you. Take care how you tread, for a false step may plunge you into an abyss a thousand feet plumb down. Not far from here is the very spot where an unwary traveller, on a night like this, but a bare twelve-month since, slipped from the edge of the precipice, and was never heard of again, until the warm sunny breath of April, melting the snows from beneath the shadows of the hills, disclosed him lying unburied, with his face turned up, as if in mockery, to the bright heavens on which his eye might never look again. In vain had loved ones watched for his coming until their eyes grew weary, and their hearts turned to fountains of tears within them—in vain had a wife or mother kindled the cheery fire, or smoothed for him the bed of down, to welcome him after his absence—for

"—his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander."

We are in the mountains, in the midst of a snow-storm, and, as we look around, we feel that Jehovah, as when Moses heard the noise of a mighty wind, is

passing by. There is a vague emotion of mingled wonder, fear and awe, overshadowing our soul as we stand here alone in the tempest. See how the drift is spinning in the whirlwind; and now it streams out like a pennant on the night. Hark! to the deep organ-peal of the hurricane as it thunders among the peaks high up above us—listen to the wild shrieks rising, we know not whither, as if the spirits of the mountain were writhing on beds of torture, as the olden legends say, all unpardoned by their Creator. And now—louder and wilder than the rest—sounding upwards from the gulf below, a voice of agony and might—sublime even in its tribulation, awful in its expression of gigantic suffering—like that of him whom the seer of the Apocalypse beheld bound hand and foot and cast into the bottomless pit, despite an unyielding conflict of twice ten thousand years. Ruin!—ruin!—all is ruin around us. We see not the burying of hamlets, we hear not the descent of avalanches, but the sky is lit up with a wan glare, the whole air is full of mysterious sounds, and we feel, with a strange all-pervading fear, that destruction will glut herself ere morning. God help the traveller who is abroad to-night!

And now, with a sheer descent, full fifty fathoms down, let us plunge like the eagle when he shoots before the burning thunderbolt. We are on the wide ocean, and what a sight! Sea and air are commingled into one. You seem buried alive in a whirling tempest of snow-flakes, and though, as on the mountain, you hear on every side sounds of utter agony, yet, as there, the keenest eye cannot penetrate the wan, dim prospect around; but here, unlike on the hills, there is one voice superior to all the rest—the deep, awful bass of the rolling surges. And then the hurricane! How it whistles, roars and bellows through the rigging, now piping shrill and clear, and now groaning awfully as if in its last extremity. The snow is blocking up the decks, wet, spongy and bitterly cold. There! how she thumped against that wave, quivering under it in every timber, while the spray was dimly seen flying wild and high over the fore-top. “Shall we—oh! shall we live till morning?” asks a weeping girl. “We know not, sweet one, but we are in the Almighty’s hand, and his fatherly care will be over us as well here as on the land.” There; see—“HOLD ON ALL,” thunders the Stentor voice of the skipper, sounding now however fainter than the feeblest infant’s cry; and as he speaks, the craft shivers with a convulsive throe, and a gigantic billow, seething, hissing, flashing, whirls in over the bow, deluges the deck, and roars away into the blackness of darkness astern. Was that a cry of a MAN OVERBOARD? God in his infinite mercy, pardon the poor wretch’s sins; for, alas! it were madness to attempt his rescue. Already he is far astern. Another and another wave! Oh! for the light of morning. Yes! young Jessie, thou would’st give worlds now for the breezes of the far-off land—the hum of bees, the songs of birds, the scent of flowers in the summer sunshine—the sight of thy home smiling amidst its murmuring trees, with the clear brook hard by laughing over the stones, and the

voices of thy young sisters sounding gaily in thy ears. But ere morning we may all be with our brother who has but just gone from our midst. *Ora pro nobis!*

We were but dreaming when we thought ourselves among the mountains and on the sea, and we were awoken by thy soft voice—oh! loved one of our soul—and looking into thy blue eyes—moist, not with tears, but with thine all-sensitive soul—we feel a calm come down upon us soothing, how gently and sweetly, our agitated thoughts. Many and many a tale could we tell thee of sorrow and peril on the seas, and our heart is even now full of one which would bring the tears into other eyes than thine—but no! you tell us we are all too agitated by our dream, and that another time will do—well, well! Sing us, then, one of thine own sweet songs—Melanie!—for is not thy voice like the warbler of our woods, he of the hundred notes, the silvery, the melting, the unrivalled? That was sweetly done—ever could we sit and listen to thee thus.

“Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in sunshine bright,
And ~~ice~~ never weary counting
Its clear droppings, lone and single,
Or when in one full gush they mingle,
Shooting in melodious light!”

That is Lowell’s—a noble soul is his, and all on fire with poetry. We tender to him, though we have never met in the flesh, our good right hand, joining his herewith in cordial fellowship, the hearts of both being in our eyes the while:—we tender him our hand—he far away in his student’s room at Boston and we here in old Philadelphia—and we tell sneering worldlings and critics who are born only to be damned, that, for one so young, Lowell has written grandly; that he is full, even to overflowing, of purity, enthusiasm, imagination, and love for all God’s creatures; and being this, why should not we—aye! and all honest men beside—grasp him cheerily by the hand, and if need be, stand to our arms in his defence?

But the clock has struck six, and we will walk to the door to see if the tempest still rages. What a glorious night! The moon is out, sailing high up in heaven, with a calm mystic majesty that fills the soul with untold peace. Far away on the horizon floats a misty veil—while here and there, in the sky, a cloud still lingers, its dark body seeming like velvet on an azure ground, and its edges turned up with silver. There are a thousand stars on the frosty snow; for every tiny crystal that shoots out into the moonshine glistens all diamond-like; and, as you walk, ten thousand new crystals open to the light, until the whole landscape seems alive with millions of gems. Hark! how the hard crust crackles under the tread. If you put your ear to the ground you will hear a multitude of almost inarticulate sounds as if the sharp moon beams were splintering the snow—but it is only the shooting of myriads of crystals. There have been icicles forming all day from yonder twig, and now as we shake the tree, you may hear them tinkling, one by one, to the ground, with a clear silvery tone, like the ringing of a bell miles off among the hills. Early in the afternoon, the snow melted on the river, but

towards nightfall the stream became clogged, and now the frost is "breathing a blue film" from shore to shore — and to-morrow the whole surface will be smooth as glass, and the steel of the skater will be ringing sharp along the ice. How keen was that gust! — you may hear its dying cadence moaning away in the distance, like the wail of a lost child in a forest. Hush! was that a whistle down in the wood?

And now again all is still. Let us pause a moment and look around. The well-known landmarks of the scene have disappeared, giving place to an unbroken prospect of the purest white. We seem to have entered into a new world, and to have lost by the transition all our old and more selfish feelings, so that now, every emotion of our heart is softened down to a gentle calm, in unison with the beauty and repose around us. There is a dreaminess in the landscape, thus half seen by the light of the moon, giving full play to the imagination. The spirit spurns this mortal tenement of clay, and soars upwards to a brighter world, holding fancied communion with the myriads of beatified spirits, which it would fain believe, hover in the air and whisper unseen into our souls. Glorious thought, that God hath appointed such guardian watchers over a lost and sinful race!

We would not surrender this belief — wild and visionary as it may seem to some — for all that sectarians have asserted or atheists denied. We love, in the still watches of the night, to think that the "loved and lost" are communing with our hearts — that though dead they yet live, and watch, as of old, over our erring path — that they soothe us in sorrow, hover around our beds of sickness, are the first to bear the parted soul upwards to the gates of Paradise — and that the angelic sounds we hear upon the midnight air, coming we know not whither, but seeming to pervade the whole firmament as with a celestial harmony, are but their songs of praise. Or may not these heavenly strains be the cadences which faintly float, far down from the battlements of heaven?

"Oft in bands

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

The dream grows dim, the illusion is fading, our rhapsody dies upon our lips. We hear again thy voice — Hebe of our heart! — and we may not longer tarry in the night air. And so farewell!

APOSTROPHE.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

OH Liberty! thou child of many hopes,
Nursed in the cradle of the human heart!
While Europe in her glimmering darkness gropes,
Do not from us, thy chosen ones, depart!
Still be to us, as thou hast been, and art,
The Spirit which we breathe! Oh, teach us still
Thy arrowy truths unquav'lingly to dart,
Until the Tyrant and Oppressor reel,
And Despotism trembles at thy thunder-peal.
Methinks thy sun-rise now is lighting up
The far horizon of yon hemisphere
With golden lightning. O'er the hoary top
Of the blue mountain see I not appear
Thy lovely dawn; while Pain, and crouching Fear,
And Slavery perish under tottering thrones?
How long, oh Liberty! until we hear
Instead of an insulted people's moans,
The crushed and writhing tyrants uttering their groans?

Is not thy Spirit living still in France?
Will it not waken soon in storm and fire?
Will Earthquake not 'mid thrones and cities dance,
And Freedom's altar be the funeral pyre
Of Tyranny and all his off-spring dire?

In England, Germany, Italia, Spain,
And Switzerland thy Spirit doth inspire
The multitude — and though too long, in vain,
They struggle in deep gloom, yet Slavery's night shall wane!

And shall *we* sleep while all the earth awakes?
Shall *we* turn slaves while on the Alpine cones
And vine-clad hills of Europe brightly breaks
The morning light of liberty? — What thrones
Can equal those which on our fathers' bones
The demagogue would build? What chains so gall
As those the self-made Helot scarcely owns
Till they eat deeply — till the live pains crawl
Into his soul who caused *himself* to fall!

Men's freedom may be wrested from their hands,
And they may mourn; but not like those who throw
Their heritage away — who clasp the bands
On their own limbs, and crawl and blindly go
Like timorous fawns to their own overthrow.
Shall we thus fall? Is it so difficult
To think that we are free, yet be not so —
To shatter down by one brief hour of guilt
The holy fane of Freedom that our fathers built.

A GATHÈ. — A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA I.

AN anthem of a sister choristry !
And like a windward murmur of the sea
O'er silver shells, so solemnly it falls !
A dying music, shrouded in deep walls,
That bury its wild breathings ! And the moon,
Of glow-worm hue, like virgin in sad swoon,
Lies coldly on the bosom of a cloud,
Until the elf-winds, that are wailing loud,
Do minister unto her sickly trance,
Fanning the life into her countenance.
And there are pale stars sparkling, far and few,
In the deep chasms of everlasting blue,
Unmarshall'd and ungather'd, one and one,
Like outposts of the lunar garrison.

A train of holy fathers windeth by
The arches of an aged sanctuary,
With cowl, and scapular, and rosary,
On to the sainted oriel, where stood,
By the rich altar, a fair sisterhood —
A weeping group of virgins ! — one or two
Bent forward to a bier of solemn hue,
Whereon a bright and stately coffin lay,
With its black pall flung over : — Agathè
Was on the lid — a name. And who ? No more !
'Twas only Agathè.

'Tis o'er, 'tis o'er —
Her burial ! — and, under the arcades,
Torch after torch into the moonlight fades ;
And there is heard the music, a brief while,
Over the roofings of the imaged aisle,
From the deep organ, panting out its last,
Like the slow dying of an autumn blast.

A lonely monk is loitering within
The dusky area, at the altar seen,
Like a pale spirit, kneeling in the light
Of the cold moon, that looketh wan and white
Through the devised oriel ; and he lays
His hands upon his bosom, with a gaze
To the chill earth. He had the youthful look
Which heartfelt woe had wasted, and he shook
At every gust of the unholy breeze
That entered through the time-worn crevices.

A score of summers only o'er his brow
Had passed — and it was summer, even now
The one-and-twentieth — from a birth of tears,
Over a waste of melancholy years !

And *that* brow was as wan as if it were
Of snowy marble, and the raven hair,
That would have clustered over, was all shorn,
And his fine features stricken pale as morn.

He kiss'd a golden crucifix, that hung
Around his neck, and, in a transport, flung
Himself upon the earth, and said, and said
Wild, raving words, about the blessed dead ;
And then he rose, and in the moon-shade stood,
Gazing upon its light in solitude,
And smote his brow, at some idea wild
That came across ; then, weeping like a child,
He faltered out the name of Agathè,
And look'd unto the heaven inquiringly,
And the pure stars.

“ Oh, shame ! that ye are met
To mock me, like old memories, that yet
Break in upon the golden dream I knew
While she — *she* lived ; and I have said adieu
To that fair one, and to her sister, Peace,
That lieth in her grave. When wilt thou cease
To feed upon my quiet, thou Despair,
That art the mad usurper, and the heir
Of this heart's heritage ? Go, go — return,
And bring me back oblivion and an urn !
And ye, pale stars, may look, and only find
The wreck of a proud tree, that lets the wind
Count o'er its blighted boughs : for such was he
That loved, and loves, the silent Agathè.”
And he hath left the sanctuary, like one
That knew not his own purpose — the red sun
Rose early over incense of bright mist,
That girded a pure sky of amethyst

And who was he ? A monk. And those who knew,
Yeapt him Julio ; but they were few.
And others named him as a nameless one, —
A dark, sad-hearted being, who had none
But bitter feelings, and a cast of sadness,
That fed the wildest of all curses — madness !

But he was, what none knew, of lordly line,
That fought in the far land of Palestine,
Where, under banners of the Cross, they fell,
Smote by the armies of the infidel.
And Julio was the last ; alone, alone,
A sad, unfriended orphan, that had gone
Into the world to murmur and to die,
Like the cold breezes that are passing by !

And few they were that bade him to their board;
His fortunes now were over, and the sword
Of his proud ancestry dishonor'd — left
To moulder in its sheath — a hated gift!
Ay! it was so; and Julio would fain
Have been a warrior; but his very brain
Grew fever'd at the sickly thought of death.
And to be stricken with a want of breath! —
To be the food of worms — inanimate,
And cold as winter — and as desolate!
And then to waste away, and be no more
Than the dark dust! — the thought was like a sore
That gather'd in his heart; and he would say,
“A curse be on their laurels,” and decay
Came over them; the deeds that they had done
Had fallen with their fortunes; and anon
Was Julio forgotten, and his line —
No wonder for this frenzied tale of mine!

Oh! he was wearied of this passing scene!
But loved not death; his purpose was between
Life and the grave; and it would vibrate there
Like a wild bird, that floated far and fair
Betwixt the sun and sea.

He went, and came —
And thought, and slept, and still awoke the same —
A strange, strange youth; and he would look all night
Upon the moon and stars, and count the flight
Of the sea waves, and let the evening wind
Play with his raven tresses, or would bind
Grottos of birch, wherein to sit and sing;
And peasant girls would find him sauntering,
To gaze upon their features, as they met,
In laughter, under some green arboret.

At last he became a monk, and, on his knees,
Said holy prayers, and with wild penances
Made sad atonement; and the solemn whim
That, like a shadow, loiter'd over him,
Wore off, even like a shadow. He was cursed
With none of the mad thoughts that were at first
The poison of his quiet; but he grew
To love the world and its wild laughter too,
As he had known before: and wish'd again
To join the very mirth he hated then.

He durst not break the vow — he durst not be
The one he would — and his heart's harmony
Became a tide of sorrow. Even so,
He felt hope die — in madness and in woe!

But there came one — and a most lovely one
As ever to the warm light of the sun
Threw back her tresses — a fair sister girl,
With a brow changing between snow and pearl;
And the blue eyes of sadness, filled with dew,
Of tears — like Heaven's own melancholy blue —
So beautiful, so tender; and her form
Was graceful as a rainbow in a storm:
Scattering gladness on the face of sorrow —
Oh! I had fancied of the hues that borrow
Their brightness from the sun; but she was bright
In her own self — a mystery of light!
With feelings tender as a star's own hue,
Pure as the morning star! as true, as true:
For it will glitter in each early sky,
And her first love be love that lasteth aye!

And this was Agathè — young Agathè —
A motherless, fair girl: and many a day
She wept for her lost parent. It was sad
To see her infant sorrow; how she bade
The flow of her wild spirits fall away
To grief, like bright clouds in a summer day
Melting into a shower; and it was sad
Almost to think she might again be glad —
Her beauty was so chaste, amid the fall
Of her bright tears. Yet in her father's hall
She had lived almost sorrowless her days;
But he felt no affection for the gaze
Of his fair girl; and when she fondly smiled,
He bade no father's welcome to the child,
But even told his wish, and will'd it done,
For her to be sad-hearted — and a nun!

And so it was. She took the dreary veil,
A hopeless girl! and the bright flush grew pale
Upon her cheek; she felt, as summer feels
The winds of autumn, and the winter chills
That darken his fair suns — it was away,
Feeding on dreams, the heart of Agathè!

The vesper prayers were said, and the last hymn
Sung to the Holy Virgin. In the dim,
Gray aisle, was heard a solitary tread,
As of one musing sadly on the dead —
'Twas Julio. It was his wont to be
Often alone within the sanctuary;
But now, not so — another: it was she!
Kneeling in all her beauty, like a saint
Before a crucifix; but sad and faint
The tone of her devotion, as the trill
Of a moss-burden'd melancholy rill.
And Julio stood before her: — 'twas as yet
The hour of the pale twilight — and they met
Each other's gaze, till either seem'd the hue
Of deepest crimson; but the lady threw
Her veil above her features, and stole by
Like a bright cloud, with sadness and a sigh!

Yet Julio still stood gazing and alone,
A dreamer! — “is the sister ladye gone?”
He started at the silence of the air
That slumber'd over him — she is not there.

And either slept not through the live-long night,
Or slept in fitful trances, with a bright,
Fair dream upon their eyelids: but they rose
In sorrow from the pallet of repose:
For the dark thought of their sad destiny
Came o'er them, like a chasm of the deep sea,
That was to rend their fortunes; and at eve
They met again, but, silent, took their leave,
As they did yesterday: another night,
And neither spoke awhile — a pure delight,
Had chasten'd love's first blushes: silently
Gazed Julio on the gentle Agathè —
At length, “Fair Nun!” she started, and held fast
Her bright hand on her lips — “the past, the past,
And the pale future! there be some that lie
Under those marble urns — I know not why,
But I were better in that holy calm,
Than be as I have been, perhaps, and am.
The past! — ay! it hath perish'd; never, never,
Would I recall it to be blest for ever;
The future it must come — I have a vow” —
And his cold hand rose trembling to his brow,

"True, true, I have a vow; is not the moon
Abroad, fair nun?" — "indeed! so very soon?"
Said Agathè, and "I must then away."
"Stay, love! 'tis early yet; stay, angel, stay!"

But she was gone: — yet they met many a time
In the lone chapel, after vesper chime —
They met in love and fear.

One weary day,

And Julio saw not his loved Agathè;
She was not in the choir of sisterhood
That sang the evening anthem; and he stood
Like one that listen'd breathlessly awhile;
But stranger voices chanted through the aisle.
She was not there; and after all were gone,
He linger'd: the stars came — he linger'd on,
Like a dark fun'ral image on the tomb
Of a lost hope. He felt a world of gloom
Upon his heart — a solitude — a chill.
The pale moon rose, and still he linger'd still.
And the next vesper toll'd; nor yet, nor yet —
"Can Agathè be faithless and forget?"

It was the third sad eve, he heard it said,
"Poor Julio! thy Agathè is dead;"
And started. He had loiter'd in the train
That bore her to the grave: he saw her lain
In the cold earth, and heard a requiem
Sung over her. To him it was a dream:
A marble stone stood by the sepulchre;
He look'd, and saw, and started — she was there!
And Agathè had died: she that was bright —
She that was in her beauty! a cold blight
Fell over the young blossom of her brow,
And the life's blood grew chill — she is not now.

She died like Zephyr falling amid flowers!
Like to a star within the twilight hours
Of morning — and she was not! Some have thought
The Lady Abbess gave her a mad draught
That stole into her heart, and sadly rent
The fine chords of that holy instrument,
Until its music falter'd fast away,
And she — she died — the lovely Agathè!

Again, and through the arras of the gloom
Are the pale breezes moaning: by her tomb
Bends Julio, like a phantom, and his eye
Is fallen, as the moon-borne tides, that lie
At ebb within the sea. Oh! he is wan,
As winter skies are wan, like ages gone,
And stars unseen for paleness; it is cast,
As foliage in the raving of the blast,
All his fair bloom of thoughts. Is the moon chill,
That in the dark clouds she is mantled still?
And over its proud arch hath Heaven flung
A scarf of darkness. Agathè was young!
And there should be the virgin silver there,
The snow-white fringes delicately fair!

He wields a heavy mattock in his hands,
And over him a lonely lanthron stands
On a near niche, shedding a sickly fall
Of light upon a marble pedestal,
Whereon is chisel'd rudely, the essay
Of untaught tool, "*Hic jacet Agathè*,"
And Julio hath bent him down in speed,
Like one that doeth an unholy deed.

There is a flagstone lieth heavily
Over the lady's grave; I wist of three
That bore it of a blessed verity!
But he hath lifted it in his pure madness
As it were lightsome as a summer gladness.
And from the carved niche hath ta'en the lamp
And hung it by the marble flagstone damp.

And he is flinging the dark, chilly mould
Over the gorgeous pavement: 'tis a cold,
Sad grave; and there is many a relic there
Of chalky bones, which, in the wasting air,
Fell mouldering away: and he would dash
His mattock through them with a cursed clash
That made the lone aisle echo. But anon
He fell upon a skull — a haggard one,
With its teeth set, and the great orbless eye
Revolving darkness, like eternity.
And in his hand he held it till it grew
To have the fleshy features and the hue
Of life. He gazed, and gazed, and it became
Like to his Agathè — all, all the same!
He drew it nearer, — the cold, bony thing! —
To kiss the worm-wet lips. "Aye! let me cling —
Cling to thee now forever!" — but a breath
Of rank corruption, from its jaws of death,
Went to his nostrils, and he madly laugh'd,
And dash'd it over on the altar shaft,
Which the new-risen moon, in her gray light,
Had fondly flooded, beautifully bright!

Again he went

To his world work beside the monument.
"Ha! leave, thou moon! where thy footfall hath been
In sorrow amid heaven! there is sin
Under thy shadow, lying like a dew;
So come thou, from thy awful arch of blue,
Where thou art ever as a silver throne
For some pale spectre-king! come thou alone,
Or bring a solitary orphan star
Under thy wings! afar, afar, afar,
To gaze upon this girl of radiency,
In her deep slumbers — wake thee, Agathè!"

And Julio hath stolen the dark chest
Where the fair nun lay coffin'd, in the rest
That wakes not up at morning; she is there
An image of cold calm! One tress of hair
Lingereth lonely on her snowy brow;
But the bright eyes are closed in darkness now;
And their long lashes delicately rest
On the pale cheek, like sun-rays in the west,
That fall upon a colorless sad cloud.
Humility lies rudely on the proud,
But she was never proud; and there she is,
A yet unwither'd flower the autumn breeze
Hath blown from its green stem! 'T is pale, 'T is pale,
But still unfaded, like the twilight veil
That falleth after sunset; like a stream
That bears the burden of a silver gleam
Upon its waters; and is even so, —
Chill, melancholy, lustreless, and low!

Beauty in death! a tenderness upon
The rude and silent relics, where alone
Sat the destroyer! Beauty on the dead!
The look of being where the breath is fled!
The unwarming sun still joyous in its light!
A time — a time without a day or night!

Death cradled upon beauty, like a bee
Upon a flower, that looketh lovingly !
Like a wild serpent, coiling in its madness,
Under a wreath of blossom and of gladness !

And there she is ; and Julio bends o'er
The sleeping girl — a willow on the shore
Of a Dead Sea ! that steepeth its fair bough
Into the bitter waters, — even now
Taking a foretaste of the awful trance
That was to pass on his own countenance !

Yes ! yes ! and he is holding his pale lips
Over her brow ; the shade of an eclipse
Is passing to his heart, and to his eye
That is not tearful ; but the light will die
Leaving it like a moon within a mist, —
The vision of a spell-bound visionist !

He breathed a cold kiss on her ashy cheek,
That left no trace — no flush — no crimson streak
But was as bloodless as a marble stone,
Susceptible of silent waste alone.
And on her brow a crucifix he laid, —
A jewel'd crucifix, the virgin maid
Had given him before she died, — the moon
Shed light upon her visage — clouded soon,
Then briefly breaking from its airy veil,
Like warrior lifting up his aventayle.

But Julio gazed on, and never lifted
Himself to see the broken clouds, that drifted
One after one, like infant elves at play,
Amid the night winds, in their lonely way —
Some whistling and some moaning, some asleep,
And dreaming dismal dreams, and sighing deep
Over their couches of green moss and flowers,
And solitary fern, and heather bowers.
The heavy bell toll'd two, and, as it toll'd,
Julio started, and the fresh-turn'd mould
He flung into the empty chasm with speed,
And o'er it dropt the flagstone. — One could read
That Agathè lay there ; 'but still the girl
Lay by him, like a precious and pale pearl,
That from the deep sea-waters had been rent —
Like a star fallen from the firmament ?

He hides the grave-tools in an aged porch,
To westward of the solitary church :
And he hath clasp'd around the melting waist,
The beautiful, dead girl : his cheek is pressed
To hers — life warming the cold chill of death !
And over his pale palsy breathing breath
His eye is sunk upon her — " Thou must leave
The worm to waste for love of thee, and grieve
Without thee, as I may not. — Thou must go,
My sweet betrothed, with me — but not below,
Where there is darkness, dream, and solitude,
But where is light, and life, and one to brood
Above thee till thou wakest. — Ha ? I fear
Thou wilt not wake for ever, sleeping here,
Where there are none but winds to visit thee,
And convent fathers, and a choristry
Of sisters, saying, ' Hush ! ' — But I will sing
Rare songs to thy pure spirit, wandering
Down on the dew to heaven : I will tune
The instrument of the ethereal noon,
And all the choir of stars, to rise and fall
In harmony and beauty musical."

He is away — and still the sickly lamp
Is burning next the altar ; there's a damp,
Thin mould upon the pavement, and, at morn,
The monks do cross them in their blessed scorn,
And mutter deep anathemas, because
Of the unholy sacrilege, that was
Within the sainted chapel, — for they guess'd,
By many a vestige sad, how the dark rest
Of Agathè was broken, — and anon
They sought for Julio. The summer sun
Arose and set, with his imperial disc
Toward the ocean-waters, heaving brisk
Before the winds, — but Julio came never :
He that was frantic as a foaming river —
Mad as the fall of leaves upon the tide
Of a great tempest, that hath fought and died
Along the forest ramparts, and doth still
In its death-struggle desperately reel
Round with the fallen foliage — he was gone,
And none knew whither — still were chanted on
Sad masses, by pale sisters, many a day,
And holy requiem sung for Agathè !

(End of the first Chimera.)

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LIKE flights of singing-birds went by
The rosy hours of girlhood's day ;
When in my native bowers,
Of simple buds and flowers,
They wove a crown and hailed me Queen of May !

Like airy nymphs the lasses came
Spring's offerings at my feet to lay ;
The crystal from the fountains,
The green boughs from the mountains.
They brought to cheer and shade the Queen of May !

Around the May-pole on the green,
A fairy ring, they tript away ! —
All merriment and pleasure,
To chords of tuneful measure,
They bounded by the happy Queen of May !

Though years have past, and time has strewn
My raven locks with flakes of gray,
Fond memory brings the hours
Of birds and blossom-showers,
When in girlhood I was crowned the Queen of May !

DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

INTRODUCTORY.

“ ’Tis all but a dream at the best ! ”

DREAMS of the Land and Sea ! Why should I style them dreams ? They are pictures of actual scenes, though some of them relate to events removed far back in the dimness of years, and the touches of the brush have felt the mellowing influence of time.

While striving to avoid whatever is irrelevant or out of keeping, I have not endeavored to confine myself, in these sketches, within the limits of simple narrative, but have ventured occasionally to mingle facts with speculations on their causes, or to follow their consequences to probable results : nor have I totally discarded the imagination — although the scenes are invariably drawn from nature, and the principal personages are real characters — the accessory actors only are sometimes creatures of the brain. In many of the descriptions, the reader will perceive the evidences of a desire to place in prominent relief the works of nature and her God, while art, and all its vanities, is made to play a subordinate part ; for nothing can be more impertinently obtrusive than the pigmy efforts of the ambitious, struggling for distinction by attempting either to mar or to perfect the plans of the Great Architect of Creation, or carve a name upon the columns of his temple.

Yet such is the social disposition of man, that no scene, however grand or beautiful, can awaken pleasurable emotion unless it is linked directly with humanity. There is deep oppression in the sense of total loneliness, — and few can bear the burden calmly, even for an hour ! A solitary foot-print in the desert, — a broken oar upon the shelterless beach, — the tinkling of a cow-bell in the depth of the forest, — the crowing of the cock heard far off in the valley as we sink exhausted on the mountain side when the gloom of night settles heavily down upon our path-way, — who that has been a wanderer has not felt the heart-cheering effect of accidents like these ! They tell us that, though our solitude be profound, there is sympathy near us, *or there has been recently.*

In deference, then, to this universal feeling, I have selected for these articles such sketches only as are interwoven with enough of human life to awaken social interest, even while grappling with the tempest — riding the ocean wave, or watching the moon-

beams as they struggle through the foliage of scarce trodden forests, and fall half quenched, upon the withered leaves below.

But why should I style them dreams ? There are many valid reasons. To the writer, the past is all a dream ! But of this the world knows nothing, nor would it care to know. The scenes described are distant, and distance itself is dreamy ! What can be more like the color of a dream than yon long range of mountains fading into the sky behind its veil of mist !

Let us ascend this lofty peak ! ’Tis sunset ! Cast your glance westward, where

“ ————— Parting day
Dies like the Dolphin ———— ”

The sun slowly retires behind the far off hills. Inch after inch, the shadows climb the summit where you stand. He is gone ! — yet you are not in darkness ! His beams, which reach you not, still gild the motionless clouds, and these emblems of obscurity reflect on you the memory of his glory : — and, oh ! how exquisitely pencilled in the clear obscure stands forth yon range, clad with towering trees, where each particular branch, and almost every leaf, seems separately portrayed against the paling sky, — *miraculously near !*

This is a vision of the *past*. Its strength is owing to the depth of shade, — not to the intensity of light : — for, when the sun at noon-day, poured its full tide of rays upon the scene, the sky was brighter, and rock and river glinted back the flashing beams until the eye was pained : — but where were then those lines of beauty ? The details were distinct. Then you might gaze on the forest in its reality, and could almost penetrate its secret paths, despite their dark green canopy ! — but where were the broad effect, the bold, sweeping outlines that now give unity and grandeur to the fading scene ? The *soul* of creation is before you — more palpable than its *mere* corporeal elements are hid from sight. It resembles the master-piece of some great artist whose pencil portrays, in simple light and shade, a noble picture. All there is *life !* Those countenances ! — those various attitudes are *speaking !* The shrubby waves in the wind, and over the tremulous waters of that lovely lake, the very song of yonder mountain maid seems floating upon the canvass. Do you not hear the music ? ’Tis but a dream of boyhood ! Approach

the painting! There is no *real* outline there! The brush has been rudely dashed athwart the piece surcharged with heavy colors. Masses of many hues roughen the surface, and all is meaningless confusion.

Stand back a-pace! Again the cottage, lake and mountain start from the surface, *truer than truth itself*.

Panting with sighs and toil, man reaches by painful steps, the mid-land height of life, as we have climbed this summit, and when fainting by the way, it has been *his* resource, as *ours*, to cast himself upon the bosom of his "mother," earth*—look back and *dream*! We have no other mother now! But when you nestled to a parent's breast, and felt the present impress of her love, knew you its breadth and depth as this vision shows it?

Memory is like the painter or the sun-set—its images appear more real than the substantial things they picture, and glow the richer as the gloom of oblivion gathers around them.

Turn your eyes eastward! Night sits upon the landscape. No ray of the past illuminates it. The very elevation on which you stand increases the darkness with its shadow, while it widens your distance from every object vaguely and fearfully looming through the evening mist.

This is a vision of the *future*. That height of land which seems to reach the clouds, upon whose dusky flank the overawed imagination figures cave and precipice, torrent and cataract, is but a gentle slope, with just enough of rudeness to render still more beautiful by contrast, the village spire, the moss-roofed mill, the waving grain that crowns its very top. Such it is seen by day.

Thus, when, in middle life, man peers into the future, what frightful shadows haunt him. Coming events magnified to giants by the obscurity around, stalk menacingly forward. Danger threatens him at every step, and there is naught beyond but that black back-ground—*Death*! The heavens shed no light upon the future. He is descending the hill of life, and their glories are fading behind him. He strives to borrow from the past a gleam to guide him onward, but in vain! Too often his own ambition has prompted him to choose the lofty path that now condemns him to redoubled darkness. Yet, although these spectres of the gloom are most frequently mere creatures of the brain, which day-light would dispel, they govern his career and cover him with dread. The *dream* is *truth* to him—and it is only *truth itself* that he esteems a *dream*! Why can he not wait for sun-rise! Then should he see even the grave overhung with the verdure of springs, and death arrayed in all the glory of a morn of promise!

* When the celebrated Indian Chief, Tecumseh entered a Council Chamber of the whites, where the officers, already seated, thoughtlessly allowed him to remain standing, his countenance in gathering gloom, betrayed the consciousness of the slight, which *savage* courtesy would not have suffered to occur. The look aroused attention, and a chair was handed him—but his proud lip curled. He threw himself upon the ground, exclaiming—"Tecumseh will repose on the bosom of his mother!"

There is reality in dreams!—Come, then, and let us dream together!—our visions may be dark sometimes, but we will not forget that the sun will rise on the morrow.

A SERMON BY A MARMOT—OR THE EXILE OF CONNECTICUT.

"But come thy ways!—we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled, low content."
As You Like It.

EVERY subject of observation presents itself under a variety of aspects, regulated, not only by the situation of the observer, but by his moral peculiarities also. The little animal whose name dignifies the caption of this article, though it may be better known to many of my readers by the title of ground-hog, or wood-chuck, is usually regarded as a terror, or a pest, to the farmer. Contributing in no appreciable degree to the comfort or advantage of man, and seemingly created solely for the purpose of digging unsightly holes in the ground, eating corn, and diffusing an odour by no means agreeable; it is commonly hated or despised, according to the profession of those who honor it with notice. But nothing that springs from creative wisdom is a proper subject for contempt, and good may be derived, in many instances, from the most unpromising sources, by those who devote themselves to the study of nature. Among the tribes of animals that seem to have least connection with man and his interests, there are many whose habits may teach us more effective lessons than we often derive from the homilies of more pretending instructors.

The individual wood-chuck, here introduced to the reader was more fortunate than most of his species, for he had succeeded in winning the affections of a worthy agriculturalist, in whose family he was regularly domiciliated during the months of his activity, (for the Marmot is a hibernating animal,) and he reciprocated the attachment of his human protectors with a gratitude apparently as warm as that of any other quadruped familiar of the kitchen.

The late distinguished philanthropist, Mr. Anthony Benezette, extended his benevolence to every thing possessing life that came within the sphere of his influence, and he regularly fed the rats in his cellar, until he attracted a colony of these predatory vermin, by no means agreeable to the taste or interest of his next-door neighbor. When the latter at last endeavored to eradicate the nuisance by regularly shooting every adventurous member of the murine fraternity that ventured upon his premises. Mr. B., with tears in his eyes, protested against this murderous proceeding, "Don't shoot the poor innocent creatures!" he said. "If thou wilt only feed them regularly every day, as I do, they'll never do thee any harm." Whether a similar policy had been the origin of the kindness shown our little friend, the Marmot, I know not, but he had the felicity to be born in a land where corn is cheap, and society difficult of access, and he probably owed his protection to a masculine edition of the feeling that so fre-

quently promotes the happiness of a poodle or a parrot.

His guardian moved in a humble sphere, and most travellers might have passed the brute and his human associates alike unnoticed: but I propose to employ him as a hook, on which to hang the observations and reflections of a day in the woods, and a night in the log-cabin. It is a slender theme at best, and if discretion be the test of wisdom, I know not but our Marmot displays as high a grade of intellectual endowment as any of the other actors in the tale.

One of these was an eastern merchant, who had purchased some thousands of acres of land—wild, lonely, and far removed from practicable roads or navigable streams.—He had purchased it in utter ignorance of its resources, and was then upon his way to give it an inspection.

The next was the narrator—recently appointed to a chair in a Collegiate Institution, almost embosomed in the wilderness. He had accepted the station in a moment of depression, all uninformed of the condition of the country where it *flourished*, and had just arrived to *blush* beneath the honors of the professional gown in halls that rejoiced in a faculty—*lucus a non lucendo!*—of three persons, and wanted but a library, an apparatus, influence, and a class, to render it an honor to the state that chartered it!

The third was a thriving specimen of the sturdy woodsman and pains-taking farmer of the border—the intermediate step between the adventurous pioneer and the established settler. He had emigrated from the beautiful valley of the Connecticut—a valley where nature has done so much and man so little! to seek a more promising asylum west of the Alleghany Mountains, and he carried all his fortune with him. A young and lovely wife followed his footsteps from town to town—from wilderness to wilderness.—An axe was on his shoulder, two hundred dollars in his pocket, and he possessed much of that shrewdness which ordinarily passes current for talent.

He was moderate in his desires, and *only took up three hundred acres to begin with*; choosing a location where a rude and cellarless hut of logs graced one angle of the plot of ground,—its site selected because a spring and streamlet there supplied the most important necessary of life—good water.

Four acres of unfenced clearing marked the progress of his less prosperous predecessor in taming the primeval forest. Alas! The want of capital!—Two years of bootless labor on the part of that predecessor, left the ground encumbered still with girdled timber. The long and naked limbs of many a stately tree—all sapless now—stood pale and inflexible in the summer gale—a monument of desolation. Some rough, irregular furrows,—ploughed with borrowed oxen, and ornamented with the vine of an occasional refuse potatoe creeping through the starting briars and brush-wood,—alone gave evidence of human industry; for the wilderness was rapidly reclaiming its own.

There was a half-burnt brand on the deserted hearth within the hovel; but the blasts that entered

freely through the intervals between the logs,—from which, mass by mass, the clay was falling;—had scattered the ashes widely over the room. A rusty tin basin on the floor, and a broken axe-helve lying athwart the doorless lintel, completed the household inventory. The ground had reverted to the noble and wealthy company from whom it was originally purchased—their funds enriched by the payment of the first instalment, and the value of the *improvements* added to their property.—But where is the former owner? Probably renewing the same improvident game in the wilds of Michigan or Wisconsin.

Such was the home to which our adventurous representative of the land of steady habits had introduced his amiable and delicate wife, four years before the time of our journey.

The station enjoyed many advantages. Civilization was slowly tending thitherward, and every year enhanced the nominal, if not the real value of the land. Moreover, there were many neighbors to break the tedium of life in the wilds. Nine miles to the westward—that being the direction of the older settlements,—there lived a veteran of two wars, whose pension made him rich in a country where a dollar is a rarity, and trade is carried on exclusively by barter. He was the most important man within the circuit of twenty miles; for he owned the only forge. Not even the influence of Squire Tomkins, whose aristocratical residence, five miles deeper in the forest, was furnished with the luxury of weatherboarding, and flanked by a regular barn and stables, could outweigh, *in public opinion*, the claims of one whose labors contributed so essentially to the every-day comfort of life, if not to its preservation, in the rude contest between the settler and nature. Public opinion did I say?—Why! besides these three high personages and their families, a migratory trapper and bee-hunter on the one hand, and a half-cast Indian basket-maker on the other, *there was no public*; yet here was found not only public opinion, but party feeling also—politics and sectarianism!—And where did ever society exist without them? But it is time to commence our journey.

One morning, during the autumn of 1823, I strolled into the principal store of the beautiful little village of —, in Western Pennsylvania, to exchange the latest paper from the American Athens, for another daily sheet from the Commercial Emporium. An old friend, Mr. W——, of Philadelphia, entered at about the same time, with a map of the surrounding counties, to enquire the road to certain tracts of land but recently conveyed to him. A tall man, who had seen some forty summers, but whose keen dark eye, such as you can only find in the wilderness, seemed to have gathered a smouldering fire, beneath the shadow of the forest leaves, which few would wish to wake, stepped forward to give the required information. Rude shoes, unstockinged feet, coarse woollen pantaloons, and a hunting shirt, composed his whole attire:—A rifle, with a richly chased silver breeching, swinging athwart his back, raised him above the ordinary hunter in the curious scale of conventional rank that men acknowledge in obedi-

ence to their nature, even in the heart of unfrequented woods; but the cart-whip in his right hand, and a basket of eggs hanging upon the left arm seemed irrelevant to his other accoutrements. A finely chiselled nose, verging on the Roman character, and a strong habitual compression of the jaws, marked great decision, firmness, and desperate daring—while his manly tread, in which the foot seemed to cling for a moment to the surface and as instantly rose upon the toe with a slow, but elastic and graceful motion, seemed better fitted to follow the mountain-side, or the torrent's track, than the dull routine of the furrow. His traits and carriage, thus mingled and contrasted, would have proved a puzzle to the keenest judges of human nature,—the bar-keeper of a hotel, or the agent of a rail-road—but his origin was still distinctly marked, notwithstanding his change of residence and habits, in the somewhat sharpened expression of the face, the narrowness of the external angle of the eye, the covert curl of the lip, and the faintest perceptible elevation of the corresponding corner of the mouth. He was the Connecticut farmer of our story, on whose original stock of character four years of close communion with bears and deer, had engrafted a *twig* of that which graces the western hunter.

A few adroitly managed questions placed him immediately in possession of the residence, the destination, views and purposes of my friend, the merchant; and, in terms of courtesy, conveyed in phrase more polished than one would anticipate from his attire, he tendered his services as a guide, and the best his house afforded by the way, as host,—extending the invitation most politely to myself.

Having long been anxious to observe what charm in domestic life upon the borders, could so fascinate mankind as to impel such crowds of restless adventurers annually to plunge into the gloomy forest, there to remain socially buried for years, until the growth of settled population again environs them; I immediately ordered horse, and mounting with my Athenian friend, followed, or accompanied the light wagon of the settler, as the road or path permitted.

We had made but ten miles of progress, when the farms by the way-side began to appear few and far between. Around us, gathered, deep and more deeply still, the shadows of tall trees, which interlocked their arms above us, until mysterious twilight was substituted for the bright sunshine that made its existence known at intervals through openings in the foliage. These were met with only where some giant of the wilderness had laid him down in his last repose, when the slowly gnawing tooth of time had sapped his moss-grown trunk. Occasionally, the wagon jolted heavily over fallen trees, where the lightning had riven or the gale uprooted them. It seemed a sacrilege to disturb the dread repose of nature with our idle voices; and for miles we rode in total silence.—How startling, then, and how incongruous to our ears was the lively voice of our guide, exclaiming, as we passed *a blaze*, “we shall soon be *home* now!” Home! and here!—I gazed around on every hand. Over the tops of the low shrubbery

the eye was carried along interminable aisles of stately trees! Interminable arches rested on their summits! An awful unity of gloom engulfed us!

“High mountains are with me a feeling,”

And no man has rioted more wildly in scenes of solitude and desolation. My shoulder is familiar with the rifle, my feet with cliff and precipice, and my arms with the torrent and breaker.—Nay! more than this! I have stood alone in cities! The limitless current of life has whirled and eddied by, and I have felt no fellowship!—have felt the sternest check of all that linked me with my kind, and buried myself in egoism! “There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any living creature.”

But never yet came over me the thought of *home* with such a thrilling shudder as when the word was spoken in those close and soul-oppressing woods! There was no resonance from the leafy ground—no echo from those long drawn gothic passages! The sound fell flat upon the ear, and its very cheerfulness of tone, deadened by the dark and inelastic leaves, resembled the convulsive laugh of terror or of pain!

Man is moulded for the contest. There is rapture in the strife, be it with physical or moral evils—a glory in the conquest, that repays the suffering! If vanquished,—he may fly and bide his time! If crushed,—he falls back upon his self-esteem, enfolds his robe around him, and dies, like Cæsar—bravely! Abroad—in calm or storm, in sun-shine or in tempest—man feels himself the ruler, and his pride supports him in the worst of woes; but *at home*—he is dependent! There woman rules the emotions!—Who ever knew a joy beside a gloomy hearth! Or when the wearing cares of life, or the oppression of habitual solitude has furrowed the forehead, and fixed the features of the wife, what husband ever smiled again as once he smiled!

But away! Our path is onward!—soon we passed along the margin of a precipitate descent, and the day burst in upon us, presenting a momentary view of a long range of hills, over which the fire had swept in the preceding year. Brown furze and blackened masses of charcoal covered the slope for miles, with here and there a waving line of foliage climbing the ascent, wherever some highland rivulet had checked the progress of the flames, and preserved the grass. I had thought that Nature furnished no more spectral object than a girdled tree in a barren clearing; but the tall gnarled trunks, with charred and stunted limbs, that sentineled that ruined hill-side were more spectral still!

Descending the hill, the forest again closed around us: but presently we entered the track of a tornado—a wind-fall. It had traversed a forest of pines—and, for about two hundred yards in width, had made a passage through the woods, as straight and regular as art could have rendered it. On either hand—far as the eye could reach—arose the unbroken wall of verdure, a hundred feet in height, while in the midst, the vision stretched away over an almost level carpet of scrub-oak and whortleberries, forming

a vista of unparalleled beauty; one which would have graced the palace-grounds of an emperor. Not a stump, a root, or tree was visible in all the range of sight. "God made this clearing," I remarked. The charm of silence was broken by the comment, and the conversation immediately became general.

We had ridden about three miles farther, when the road, if road it could be called, forked suddenly; and, turning to the left, we found ourselves in front of the cottage of our host. It deserved this title richly; for never, in my many journeys beyond the margin of a regular American forest, have I seen more neatness and propriety, than was here displayed in all the accidents of a residence of logs. True! there were none of those vines and graceful shrubs that beautify the grounds around a thrifty cottage in New England; but, even here, a garden was attempted. The building, two stories in height, stood near the summit of an acclivity which formed a sort of irregular lawn, and was actually shaded by two stately trees! — the only instance of such preservation I have witnessed in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

On the right, at a decent distance from the house, were a stable with a loft, and several stacks of hay; and on the left, a natural meadow, of some ten or fifteen acres, had been cleared of brush and sedge, and furnished ample pasturage for four handsome cows. This, with twelve acres of upland, formed the extent of the clearing. Several sugar maples were scattered about the lawn, and a few young fruit trees ornamented the arable land behind the house.

Here, then, was comfort — almost the aristocracy of the woods! We drove rapidly to the door, but the sound of wheels had already drawn the family without the house. The wife, a pale and delicate woman, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, held in one hand, a bare-foot boy of three; while a little girl, still younger, folded herself in the skirt of her mother's woollen frock — her snow-white head, and light-blue eye peeping out fearfully from her concealment, as we dismounted. A stout lad, employed by the farmer, took charge of our horses, and we were presented to our hostess.

"We have but poor accommodations to offer the gentlemen, John! but they are welcome to what we have, such as they are. You are the first strangers from the old settlements I have seen since we came to this clearing! Were you ever in Connecticut?" Anxiety and hope were most plainly depicted in the care-worn face of the speaker. I could not bear to reply in the negative, and evaded the question by noticing the children as we entered the house. Here, my companion was surprised at the progress that had been made in four short years by the labor of a settler of such slender means. Six decent chairs and a cherry-wood table ornamented the apartment — a well-made dough-trough, with a wide and smoothly planed top, served the purpose of a side-board — a large cup-board, with curious, home-made wooden locks and hinges, occupied one corner, and a rude settee contained, beneath the seat, a tool-chest and a receptacle for table-linen. The ample fire-place, with

its wooden chimney, was festooned with strings of venison, hung up to smoke in pieces, and the roughly plastered wall was ornamented with two rude engravings, in *domestic* frames — Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, and the victory of Lake Erie. To these was added a printed copy of the Declaration of Independence. A Bible stood open upon the table when we entered, and a prayer-book, Young's Night Thoughts, The Lady of the Lake, and a few torn old numbers of a monthly magazine, adorned a shelf above the fire. We missed the usual utensils of the cuisine, but these we afterwards discovered in a more fitting place. The universal ticking of the wooden clock was heard; but whence it came, we knew not, until the hour for retiring. It stood upon the stair-way.

Hanging his rifle and powder-flask on the wooden hooks, depending, according to custom, from a beam, our host remarked that we were dusty with travel.

"Tin is scarce with us here, gentlemen! — and crockery is brittle," said he; "so if you wish to wash your hands and faces, and will pardon our wild ways, follow me to the cellar, and you shall be accommodated!"

Taking a course but clean towel from the chest in the settee, he opened a door beneath the stairs, and descended; leading the way on this singular excursion. A cellar is a luxury in the simple cabin; but here we were provided with an apartment more complete, in its conveniences, than those of older countries: the floor being well levelled, and the walls faced with stones of ample size. The settler had formed, in one corner, a large cavity about three feet deep. This was lined with mortar, and paved with smooth, round pebbles from the brook. A tunnel, with a wooden trunk and sliding flood-gate, about four inches square, led from the bottom of this basin, through the foundations of the wall, to the bed of a rivulet at some distance on the lawn. The greater part of the waters of a spring, which rose very near the house and fed this runnel, being diverted from their original course, were conveyed through hollow logs, cleaned out and smoothed by burning, through the wall of the cellar, about four feet above the floor, and fell in a beautiful cascade into the basin below. But our host was far too fertile in resources to permit the whole of the current to take this direction. A well made milk-trough, constructed of timbers, some of which betrayed more intimate acquaintance with the axe than the plane, occupied nearly the whole remaining portion of that side of the cellar which corresponded with the earthen basin. It was supplied with water by means of a small canal composed of pieces of bark suspended from the beams above, and capable of being projected into the cascade, so as to receive any desirable portion of the falling fluid. Another tunnel, communicating with the first, carried off the surplus. As we viewed these curious results of Yankee ingenuity and perseverance, several fine speckled trout were seen disporting among pans or crocks of the richest milk and cream, into which, we were informed, they sometimes leaped, to the no small discomfort of the

tidy house-wife, when in their hide-and-whoop gambols, their daring over-acted their discretion. Here, then, we found, combined by the most simple means, the luxury of the washing-room, the drain, the bath, and the milk-house. Nor was this all! The waters of a spring, when flowing *pleno rivo*, never freeze. They carry with them, for a time, the heat which is the expression of the mean temperature of the earth, and share it with surrounding objects. The very stream, that thus contributed to his domestic comforts, and, as we afterwards discovered, rendered, in its excess, services equally important to his cattle in the farm-yard, preserved his stock of necessities from the effects of frost, and contributed to lessen the exertions required to procure fuel for the long and dreary winter. These arrangements rendered our host still more an object of curiosity and interest—for seldom had we seen such striking evidences of philosophical deduction in house-hold affairs:—and we could not avoid the hope, that the permanent enjoyment and gradual increase of the comforts created by his genius, might be his ultimate reward. But, alas! the prevalent disposition of his tribe, when once removed from home, is—roving! Never contented with the *status quo*—or satisfied with possession; they leave the enjoyment of ease for the hope of wealth, and are ever ready to sacrifice reality for a dream. Yet, it was not for us to censure our host severely, should he ultimately pursue the course so admirably described in one short technicality of the American woods-man—“*Flitting!*” Had we not both been *flitting* ourselves!—the one for honor, and the other for gold! My gown and my friend’s land were of equal value, and both had been purchased at the expense of solid sacrifices; but little does it concern us now, that the progress of population has thrown the former over shoulders well clad in broad-cloth, bought with the surplus of a decent salary, or that the other is studded with profitable farms! In many parts of America, twelve years form an age in human affairs, and, in western Pennsylvania, *we are of the last!*

Our ablutions completed, we returned to the sitting-room. The tea-table was spread with a tidy cloth, and a smoking pot of Liverpool ware made its appearance, replete with a beverage, *by the name of tea*; though, by the test of the olfactories, it might have been supposed some compound discovered among the ruins of the last Piquet village, in the days when the venerable Mr. Hooker first raised the standard of his faith among the ancestors of her whose hand distilled it.—Peace be with the spirit of the good old man! Long since our journey, I have gazed, as a stranger on his venerable tomb-stone in the central church-yard of Hartford, and felt at the moment,—it may be with some bitterness—that the descendants of his flock had lost but little in frankness and hospitality, by being transplanted to the wilds of the west! But *revenons ou nos moutons*.*

* It was ungrateful in the writer, not to acknowledge the marked courtesy and kindness received from several friends

The table was soon amply furnished with preserves, in nameless variety, formed from the wild fruits of the neighbouring woods, by the aid of maple sugar. The unvarying hard-crusted pie, sweet, well-baked corn-bread, and the constant attendant of the lighter meals in New England, the fried potatoe, completed the repast. We were seated, and—after a well-spoken grace—a service which the really respectable exile of Connecticut rarely neglects in any of the changing scenes of life—we did it ample justice.

Economy of light is a matter of serious importance in the log-cabin; and after tea, we gathered round the blazing hearth, (for the autumnal nights were beginning to be cool,) adding, occasionally, a pine knot from a group collected in the corner of the fire-place, by way of illuminating an idea or a face, whenever the subject-matter of the discourse became peculiarly interesting.

Quick and puzzling were the questions with which our hostess plied us, on all things relating to the “old settlements,” as she already styled the sea-board;—for the language and habits of the “far west,” are still strangely preserved in these mid-land wildernesses, over which the genius of civilization has bounded, to wave his omnipotent wand over the regions of the setting sun, like the last of the mammoths when he disappeared from the banded hunters of the olden time.

For a while, something like the liveliness of earlier days, stole over the features of the querist, which were fast settling into the habitual gloom, that gives character to the physiognomy of the recluse and the blind. But whatever direction might be given to the discourse, in a few moments it was sure to centre in Connecticut; until, evasion proving impracticable, we were compelled, reluctantly, to confess that our travels had never extended northward or eastward of the Housatonic—the American Tweed.—A deep sigh succeeded this announcement, and our hostess drew back her chair within the shadow of—what shall I call it?—*jams*, properly so styled, the fire-place had none! Its sides were formed of short, projecting logs, about three feet in length, piled, one above another, interlocking, by deep notches, with those which formed the walls of the building, at one end, and at the other, secured by short cross-sections of a smaller tree, similarly notched, set thwartwise between their projecting extremities, and bolted with strong wooden pins. This structure supported the ample chimney, which was constructed in like manner, and shared with it the usual protection against fire, a thick internal coat of clay, admixed with a very little lime. These chimney sides formed deep

during a short residence at Hartford, and if tempted to speak a little severely of the manners of the place, there is much more pleasure in the thought, that a town, honored by the residence of Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Wordsworth, the liberal patron of the *fine arts*, and the model of *fine feeling*, and Rev. Mr. Gualladet, the devoted philanthropist, can endure some censure upon its general hospitality. On a more suitable occasion, I should be most happy to extend this list, partly, because it would be no more than just to do so,

“And partly that bright names will hallow song!”

recesses on either hand, in one of which, the cupboard was accommodated, while the other was graced by the dining-table.

Near to one of these shaded recesses, our hostess drew her chair, and left the conversation, for a long time, to her husband.

He inquired, with an interest, seemingly as intense as a statesman, into the politics of the East, with the tenor of which he had contrived to keep pace astonishingly, when his isolated position is considered. I was curious to know how he managed to obtain such accurate information as to men and measures at the seat of government, in the midst of so many obstacles and such untiring agricultural efforts as his rapid improvements must have demanded. His reply furnished a melancholy proof of the natural disputatiousness of our species, while it illustrated the pertinacity with which a mind, once awakened to party feelings, will cling to its old friendships and antipathies when all interests in the result have ceased.

"Why," said he, "for a while it was easy enough; for the Post rides through here once a week, and leaves a New York paper to Squire Tomkins—so the winter I first came to these clearings, I used to walk over to read the paper every other Saturday afternoon, except when the snow was too deep, and came back on Sunday after dinner—so I learned what was going on pretty well. And sometimes one or other of the old blacksmith's boys—that's his grand-children!—for his two sons have gone off to Illinois—would come over of odd Saturdays, a horse-back—for the old soldier kept a horse—he's been many years in these parts, and has cleared and sold three farms, before he fixed where he is—and he'd take up Mary behind him, and ride over to the squire's—for one of us had to stay and tend the cow and feed the pigs; so we could not both go together—and bring her back again the next day.—And a great treat it was to Mary!—for sometimes she would see something in the paper about Connecticut.—She used to teach school in Connecticut for a while.—Poor Mary! she had a better education than I had—though mine wasn't a bad one, for a common school, the way the world goes; and I used to be able to *say my say* with any body; but somehow these woods are so lonely, that I'm out of practice.

"Poor Mary! her heart's in Connecticut still, though she never tells me so,—*but she looks it sometimes*—except may-be about Thanks-giving day,—and then she can't help *saying it* too! I'm sometimes a'most sorry she ever married such a wild and wandering fellow as me."

"Why, John!"—in a tone of the tenderest ex postulation, sounded from the corner. Almost unconsciously, I threw a pine knot on the fire, and the sudden flame lighted up a countenance, which would have reassured the most desponding husband. All traces of the inanity of solitude were gone; and over the cloud of sorrow, in which early recollections had veiled the features,—even while the tears of memory were starting from the eye,—the moon-beam of unalterable love poured its silvery light, and the pride

of the wife spoke plainly in the curve of a lip already raised and trembling with affectionate reproach. The moisture lingered threateningly upon the lids, but did not fall!—It paused a moment, as in doubt, what emotion called it there, and then retreated to its source.

The husband's face was wreathed in smiles; his voice became firmer; his language lost its parenthetical confusion on the instant, and he resumed his discourse.

"Well! well! It's all my fault, if fault there be. *She* never had a fault! and she's a blessing that would pay for twenty thousand faults of mine! There, Mary! Put the little ones to bed in the loft, and hear them say their prayers." He dismissed them with a parting kiss, and when his wife retired—continued his narrative.

"The squire and I were friends, all through the winter and spring. He and his two sons, with the blacksmith's boys, and three men from the furnace ten miles down the stream, assisted me to build my house; and I borrowed a horse from the smith and a wagon in town, to bring my lime for the plastering; so, when my new house was finished, we turned the old one, that I told you of as we came along, into a right good stable. I had laid up a full supply of provisions in the old house, the fall before,—bought me a plough and some tools,—felled a good deal of valuable pine timber, and put the four acres of clearing into winter grain. With the first spring-floods, I floated the pines, by the help of the squire's oxen, and carried enough down to the saw-mill, (it's only twelve miles,) to bring me a good round sum; and then I had money enough to pay my first instalment, buy me another cow and a pair of oxen, and pay my way till harvest, without draining all the savings I brought out with me. In the winter, I had also got three acres girdled, and the meadow half cleared; for it wanted but little attention; so, as my potatoes turned out uncommon well, and every thing prospered—I bought me a horse and wagon in the fall, and saved just enough to pay the second instalment;—trusting to Providence *and the stores* for the little we should want to buy next season.

"But this is not what I was talking of—I had like to have forgot the squire!—We got along very well till June or July—when we were mowing the meadow.—Yes! it was in July.—And the squire was a churchman and a democrat, but I was a federalist and a congregationalist—I did not much mind his jokes about the pilgrim fathers, though he said the Piquets were better men than those that planted the state; and laughed at them for hanging the Quakers in Boston. For the squire was a well read man before he came to the west—and he hated Connecticut, because he came from Lancaster county, and his father was killed in a quarrel with the settlers in Wyoming, long after the troubles were over. But when he said that Jefferson was a better man than General Washington, I could not stand it, and we quarrelled. I said what no Christian should say, and what I won't repeat;—so the squire and I have never spoken since, except when poor Marv was taken

down! and then I had to speak; for there was no other woman within ten miles, and no doctor but a quack, within twenty-five. But Mrs. Tomkins is a nurse and a doctor both — God bless her!

I'm getting to be very comfortable now, for I've got every thing around me that a man can desire in the woods, except money; and I've little use for that except to pay the last instalment; but I can't bear to keep that woman so lonely and sad for want of company! The old soldier's daughter comes over to see us once a month; but that is little for one who used to have a dozen young friends always around her in Connecticut, even if she was poor. To tell the truth, though the woods are full of venison and wild turkeys, and quails and squirrels to be had for the shooting, and though Tom can catch a mess of trout in the milk trough at any time, — for he lets his line run into the tunnel and there seems to be no end to them — yet I can't help thinking that if I had laid out my three hundred dollars of her's and my savings in old Connecticut — if I had worked half as hard there as I have done here, and she had gone on teaching school, we should both have been happier and richer than we are now. So I think I shall soon pull up stakes, sell out, and go to the prairies, where God makes the clearings, as you said, on the road — and it's real hard work for a man, I can tell you!"

This last remark threw me into a reverie of no pleasing nature; and I, in turn, retreated into the shade, as the light of the pine-knot subsided and the wife reëntered. I was dreaming of the future, when, the buoyancy of early manhood being over, stubborn habit would *compel* our really worthy host after all rational motive for change should have flown! — "Thou art one of a genus," I mentally ejaculated. "The mark of the wanderer is on thy brow —

"For thus I read thy destiny,
And cannot be mistaken."

There was much conversation afterwards; and at intervals I gleaned the strong points of his history, and that of her whose fate he now controlled. But I was busy with my dream! Peering into the far off future, I saw him in the last of his *flittings*! — deserted by those who should be the props of his age, but whose youthful fire would not permit them to remain inactive in the wilderness, after pictures of eastern wealth and luxury, clad in all the glorious hues of memory, had been rendered familiar as nursery tales by their suicidal parents. I saw him in the evening of his days — and where? — seated by his feeble and exhausted, though still affectionate partner, at the door of an ill-provided cabin, far in the north-west — Far beyond the present range of the pioneer! The gloom of night was slowly dropping its curtain around them, though the phosphorescent snow gave dim illumination to the broad and trackless expanse of the prairie — trackless then, even by the exterminated Buffalo. There were none even of the few conveniences of his present wood-land home; for the genius and the skill which had once enabled him to bend the stubborn gifts of nature to his will, were chilled by the frosts of age.

I could even hear the voices of future years stealing on the autumnal night breeze, as it moaned through the rough and ill-joined casement where we sat.

"Why, John, this is Thanks-giving night! Where can our oldest boy be wandering now? He was just thirty yesterday, and we have not heard from him these six years! — Not since you made your last flitting, John! He was always a good boy, and I'm sure he has written to us! John! you may depend upon it, there must be a letter in the office at St. Louis — St. Louis, was it? or was it Chicago? My memory begins to fail me so! He sent us fifty dollars the last time, when we lived in Wisconsin, away down in the States. It must have been in Chicago; for it was there he wrote before!"

"Ah! Mary! Mary! boys forget their mothers and their fathers too, when they are old and feeble! He is getting rich somewhere far over yonder, and little he thinks of us! But there's little Mary, where can she be? Her husband was just gone to New Orleans with a load of furs when the hunters went down to the bluffs in the fall, and they sent our letter after them — but may-be she never got it!"

"Yes, it's Thanks-giving night, Mary! and if I had loved the graves of my parents as I ought, we should not be here, where our children that are away will never find our own. Well, well! I'm too old to hunt, and if the trapping turns out no better than it did last year, we'll have our next Thanks-giving, Mary, where there will be no end to it! and sure you have earned the *right* to be at rest, by your faithfulness, however it may go with me!"

While this picture was floating through my mind, I had learned from occasional sentences, that our host was the son of parents of respectability; but his father had foolishly left the agricultural life, which he understood and was pursuing prosperously, for cities and merchandize, for which he had no talent. He died a bankrupt, leaving one son at the age of eight years and a daughter of eighteen. The latter had been affianced, during her father's prosperity, to the son of a man of wealth; but that wealth had been the result of the closest selfishness in early life. As usual, the native vulgarity of feeling and heartlessness of character which had caused his unwonted and undeserved pecuniary success, remained unchanged in the days of his spurious social elevation. He forbade the further visits of his son the moment the disaster of the parent of his intended wife was known. He forbade it suddenly and without a warning. The consequences were such as are almost too frequent to attract attention. A lovely woman pined a few years over the ill-requited needle, and died "in a decline."

"A young man about town" looked sad for a few months, and then married an heiress to extend the curse of hereditary meanness.

In the little village where our host was reared, by a near relative in the original occupation of his father, he formed his attachment to his present companion: She was then a teacher, starving upon the *liberal* salary that rewards the principal of a female common

school in "the State where education is universal." To marry at home would have required sacrifices of conventional rank on the part of his intended, to which his pride would not suffer him to reduce her; for how could he ask her to share the fortunes of a laborer in the field? To wait until their united efforts would enable them to secure a farm, was more than his impatience could endure. In evil hour a bright dream of the west had thrown him into the wilderness, and rendered him dependent upon the accidents of sun and rain for protection against the tender mercies of a Land Company — which calculated upon the profits of indiscretion and extended credit willingly, while accepting actual payment with regret. His energies might probably bear him through his trials, could he be contented to avoid expansion until the flood-tide of civilization might have time to reach his retreat, but already he was restless, and his eyes were directed to the fatal west — and it appeared painfully probable that a few short years would find him again dependent on his axe, or a prey to larger speculations in a deeper wilderness.

We soon retired to our comfortable cat-tail beds, by the light of a domestic candle, regretting that our kind entertainers refused us the extempore lodging on the floor to which, in true woodland courtesy, they condemned themselves.

It was long before sleep relieved the unpleasant thoughts awakened by the conversation of the evening. My mind wandered over many a tale of the woods, in which blighted hopes and ruined prospects constituted the prominent features. True, I had seen much of happiness in similar situations, — for Providence has constructed some one of the human family peculiarly fitted to occupy each niche in the great temple of society, — but how frequently the abuse of the inestimable privilege of *free will* renders it a curse instead of a blessing. I sometimes think that the exceptions constitute the rule, and that a small minority only ever accomplish the destiny for which they were created. Jarring, confusion, and disorder mark every page of nature, — every paragraph of history! Here was a man of spirit, enterprise, energy, and talent, who had fled from the only field where happiness was proffered at a slight expense of pride, to waste his powers upon a wilderness for the benefit, in all probability, of certain merchants and capitalists in Holland. He dragged down with him an amiable being who was fitted by her moral excellencies, and even by her education, humble as it may have been, for a far wider sphere of usefulness; and why? Because he could not bear to ask a fond and loving woman to descend to a station which she would have gloried to share with him!

How little men know of the true character of the self-sacrificing sex, until the frosts of old age begin to crown their venerable fronts, and they find their knowledge useless!

It is said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but, although legend upon legend crowded on my memory, the pathetic had still the ascendancy, and I entertained my companion with

stories, not all of which were colored in rain-bow hues, until the moon-light deserted the casement, and the fatigue of nearly forty miles of travel enabled us to sink into repose. As one of these recollections is pertinent to the occasion, and illustrative of life in the woods, it may not be amiss to offer it to the reader. It furnishes an instance of indiscretion which, could the effect have been foreseen, would be esteemed an act of cruelty worthy of the worst days of the inquisition. And yet it was perpetrated by a female — by one who should have known the peculiarities of her sex!

"Our highly intelligent friend, Mc ———," said I, "has resided for some years in the town of ———, and has become familiar with the independent life of a western village. She owns a considerable tract of wild land on the New York border, and, as her husband's eccentricities (for he is an American Old Mortality) are equal with his fame and classical acquirements, she thought it best to proceed by herself, on horse-back, to visit the property and examine its resources. After journeying for several days by every stages and frequented routes, she took an appropriate path and plunged into the forest.

After much difficulty and fatigue, she arrived at the cabin of a squatter, which she knew to have been located for many years on or near her line. The visit of the owner was not unsafe, for the man was a bee-hunter, trapper, and timber thief of the most gentle manners, and utterly despised all efforts at clearing beyond the acre. His pigs — his only stock — ran wild in the woods, and he cared nothing for real estate so long as there were trees left for a deer-cover, timber to be stolen, bees to be lined, and a bounty for wolves. He looked upon a new settlement as only another market and prowling ground, incommoding him in nothing, and likely to increase the dainties of his larder by an occasional chicken and eggs. He lived for the *present* — dreamed neither of the *past* nor the *future* — and nothing but habitual laziness prevented him from being perpetually peripatetic. He was absent from home when Mrs. — arrived, and she was received with back-woods hospitality by his wife; — for even this creature, whose only beverage was "Le vin ordinaire de ce pays ci — un liqueur abominable qu'on appelle *Ouiskey*!" actually had a wife, and an affectionate one, who had resided on or near the spot since the days of Jefferson! After a comfortable night of repose upon a bundle of dried leaves, in her riding suit, Mrs. — arose, and made preparations for *viewing the property*. No lady neglects the toilet, even in the most distressing circumstances. I have several times heard death preferred to the loss of a fine head of hair, in the wards of a hospital, and it is not to be supposed that Mrs. R. was unprovided with a looking-glass. She proceeded to withdraw the several apertures of the dressing-room from her well-stored portmanteau, narrowly and wonderingly watched by her kind hostess. But the instant the mirror appeared, the lonely denizen of the wilds exclaimed, with startling energy —

"Oh! dear Mrs. R.! That's a looking-glass! Do

let me look in it! I have not seen my face plainly for thirty years! I go down to the spring sometimes and try to see myself; but the water is so rough that it don't look at all like me! Do let me look at it! Do now!"

The glass was handed to the delighted woman. She cast but one glance upon it. The mirror fell in fragments on the floor, the unfortunate creature fainted and fell back on the rude bench behind her, and Mrs. R. visited her ample domain, that day, with a head half combed.

The very early breakfast the next morning was a cheerful one. When it was completed, we rode over by the squire's, with our host for a guide, and after proceeding about three miles into the woods, tied our horses at the termination of all signs of road, and advanced on foot. We soon separated, the merchant and the farmer to estimate the chances of water-power, iron beds, timber, and lime quarries, and I, with my host's rifle, a paper of pins, a botanical box, and a pocket insect net, to my favorite pursuits. We agreed to rendezvous at the place of parting when the hour of three arrived; and, being all familiar with the art of navigating the forest, there was no danger of a failure in meeting the engagement. When we returned from our excursions, and I observed the disappointed look of my Athenian friend, I felt myself the richer, notwithstanding he styled himself possessor of five thousand acres, and I bore upon my shield the footless birds of a younger son; for my hat was serried with glittering insects, impaled upon its crown and sides; my box was stored with rarities, and, on a hickory pole across my shoulder, hung a great horned owl, a hawk, twelve headless black squirrels, and a Canada porcupine!

We stopped at the squire's for a dinner; and, strange to say, succeeded in inducing our host to bear us company, despite his political aversions; so that we have reason to believe that our visit was successful in settling a feud which had seriously curtailed the comforts of both parties for nearly three long years. As we were rambling over the ground, while our meal was in preparation, our attention was called to a tamed marmot or ground hog, that had been a favorite of the family during several years. He had just commenced burrowing a residence for his long months of hybernation—for the coolness of the nights forewarned him that the period of activity was nearly over. By the orchard fence, upon a little mound commanding a broad view of the squire's improvements, he sat upright on the grass, by the

side of the yellow circle of dust which his labors already rendered sufficiently conspicuous. The sun obliquely shed a milder and more contemplative light over a scene softened by the autumnal haze. The foliage wore the serious depth of green which precedes the change of the leaf, and, on the higher ground, small patches of yellow, red and brown began to vary the uniformity of the forest. He sat with his fore-paws gently crossed upon his bosom, like an old man reposing at evening by the door of his cottage, calmly and peacefully reflecting that the labors of life were drawing to a close. The autumn wind sighed by, with a premonitory moan, and our philosophic friend threw up one ear to drink the ominous sound, shook his head, as it died away, with an obvious shudder, as though some chilly dream of winter disturbed his repose, and turning slowly round, commenced digging deliberately at his burrow. In a few minutes he reappeared and seemed again buried in contemplating the beauty of the scenery. Ere long another and a stronger blast swept through the trees, with a more threatening voice—bearing upon its wings a few withered leaves.

One of these fell close to the person of the marmot. The intimation was not to be mistaken. He gently descended to the horizontal attitude, crawled towards the unwelcome courier of decay, applied his nose to it for a moment, then, wheeling rapidly round, plunged suddenly into his hole and sent the dirt flying into the air by the rapid action of his fore-paws. I turned to the Exile of Connecticut, who had also watched this interesting scene, and remarked: "You propose to go to the prairies! It is summer with you yet, but I see that the leaves are beginning to turn: there are a few grey hairs gathering about your brow. Is it not time to choose your last resting place? to dig your last burrow?"

He felt the force of the query, and remained in thought for several minutes.

"If it were not for the next instalment, I think I should stay where I am till the neighborhood could grow up around us, and Mary could go to church and little John to school. But—I don't know!—I think I shall have to sell out and *fit* in the spring, if I could find a purchaser! I'm young yet; and that little beast did not throw the dirt so high in the spring."

Poor fellow! I hear that the ground reverted to the company two years afterwards; but whether he sold out and *fitted* with a full purse, or started on foot with his Mary and the children, and an axe on his shoulder, I have never heard.

SONNET.

STILL he is absent though the buds of Spring
Bursting, have flung their freshness o'er the earth,
And all its brightest flowers have waked to birth
The perfume in their petals slumbering;—
The bright green leaves of Summer's garnishing
Have blanched away;—the wild bird's song of mirth
Is hushed into an echo, and his wing

Child'd by the breath the north wind scatters forth:—
And yet the loved one is not with us, yet
He lingers in some foreign beauty's bower,
While we the lonely, we in vain regret
The distant rapture of the greeting hour,
Till hope seems; poised upon its wavering wings,
Departing like the fair earth's loveliest things. E. J. P.

THE FALSE LADYE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

THERE were merriment and music in the Chateau des Tournelles—at that time the abode of France's Royalty!—Music and merriment, even from the break of day! That was a singular age—an age of great transitions. The splendid spirit-stirring soul of chivalry was alive yet among the nations—yet! although fast declining, and destined soon to meet its death blow in the spear thrust that hurled the noble Henry, last victim of its wondrous system, at once from saddle and from throne!—In every art, in every usage, new science had effected even then mighty changes; yet it was the OLD WORLD STILL! Gunpowder, and the use of musquetry and ordnance, had introduced new topics; yet still knights spurred their barbed chargers to the shock, still rode in complete steel—and tilts and tournaments still mustered all the knightly and the noble; and banquets at high noon, and balls in the broad day-light, assembled to the board or to the dance, the young, the beautiful, and happy.

There were merriment and music in the court—the hall—the stair-case—the saloons of state! All that France held of beautiful, and bright, and brave, and wise, and noble, were gathered to the presence of their King.—And there were many there, well known and honored in those olden days; well known and honored ever after!—The first, in person as in place, was the great King!—the proud and chivalrous and princely!—becoming his high station at all times and in every place—wearing his state right gracefully and freely—the second Henry!—and at his side young Francis, the King-Dauphin; with her, the cynosure of every heart, the star of that fair company—Scotland's unrivalled Mary hanging upon his manly arm, and gazing up with those soft, dove-like eyes, fraught with unutterable soul, into her husband's face—into her husband's spirit.—Brissac was there, and Joyeuse, and Nevers; and Jarnac, the renowned for skill in fence, and Vielleville; and the Cardinal Lorraine, and all the glorious Guises,—and Montmorenci, soon to be famous as the slayer of his King, and every peer of France, and every peerless lady.

Loud pealed the exulting symphonies; loud sang the chosen minstrelsy—and as the gorgeous sunbeams rushed in a flood of tinted lustre through the rich many-colored panes of the tall windows, glancing on soft voluptuous forms and eyes that might out-dazzle their own radiance, arrayed in all the pomp and pride of that magnificent and stately period—a more resplendent scene could scarcely be imagined.

That was a day of rich and graceful costumes, when men and warriors thought it no shame to be adorned in silks and velvets, with chains of goldsmith's work about their necks, and jewels in their ears, and on their hatbands, buttons, and buckles, and sword-hilts; and if such were the sumptuous attire of the sterner and more solid sex, what must have been the ornature of the court ladies, under the gentle sway of such a being as Diane de Poitiers, the lovely mistress of the monarch, and arbitress of the soft follies of the Court?

The palace halls were decked with every fanciful variety, some in the pomp of blazoned tapestries with banners rustling from the cornices above the jocund dancers, some filled with fresh green branches, wrought into silver arbors, sweet garlands perfuming the air, and the light half excluded or tempered into a mild and emerald radiance by the dense foliage of the rare exotics. Pages and ushers tripped it to and fro, clad in the royal liveries, embroidered with the cognizance of Henry, the fugist salamander, bearing the choicest wines, the rarest cates, in every interval of the resounding dance.—It would be tedious to dwell longer on the scene; to multiply more instances of the strange mixture, which might be witnessed everywhere, of artificial luxury with semibarbarous rudeness—to specify the graces of the company, the beauty of the demoiselles and dames, the stately bearing of the warrior nobles, as they swept back and forth in the quaint mazes of some antiquated measure, were a task to be undertaken only by some old chronicler, with style as curious and as quaint as the manners he portrays in living colors.—Enough for us to catch a fleeting glimpse of the grand pageantry! to sketch with a dashy pencil the groups which he would designate with absolute and accurate minuteness!

But there was one among that gay assemblage, who must not be passed over with so slight a regard, since she attracted on that festive day, as much of wondering admiration for her unequalled beauties as she excited grief, and sympathy, and fear, in after days, for her sad fortunes,—but there was now no cloud upon her radiant beauty, no dimness prophetic of approaching tears in her large laughing eyes, no touch of melancholy thought upon one glorious feature—Marguerite de Vaudreuil, the heiress of a ducal fortune, the heiress of charms so surpassing, that rank and fortune were forgotten by all who gazed upon her pure high brow, her dazzling glances, her seductive smile, the perfect symmetry of her whole shape

and person! Her hair, of the darkest auburn shade, fell in a thousand ringlets, glittering out like threads of virgin gold when a stray sunbeam touched them, fell down her snowy neck over the shapely shoulders and so much of a soft heaving bosom—veined by unnumbered azure channels, wherein the pure blood coursed so joyously—as was displayed by the falling laces which decked her velvet bodice—her eyes, so quick and dazzling was their light, almost defied description, possessing at one time the depth and brilliance of the black, melting into the softer languor of the blue—yet they were of the latter hue, and suited truly to the whole style and character of her voluptuous beauty. Her form, as has been noticed, was symmetry itself; and every movement, every step, was fraught with natural and unstudied grace.—In sooth, she seemed almost too beautiful for mere mortality—and so thought many an one who gazed upon her, half drunk with that divine delirium which steeps the souls of men who dwell too steadfastly upon such wondrous charms, as she bounded through the labyrinth of the dance, lighter and springier than the world-famed gazelle, or rested from the exciting toil in panting abandonment upon some cushioned settle! and many inquired of themselves, could it be possible that an exterior so divine should be the tenement of a harsh worldly spirit—that a demeanor and an air so frank, so cordial, and so warm, should be but the deceptive veil that hid a selfish, cold, bad heart. Aye! many asked themselves that question on that day, but not one answered his own question candidly or truly—no! not one man!—for in her presence he had been more or less than mortal, who could pronounce his sentence unmoved by the attractions of her outward seeming.

For Marguerite de Vaudreuil had been but three short months before affianced as the bride of the young Baron de La-Hirè—the bravest and best of Henry's youthful nobles. It had been a love treaty—no matter of shrewd bartering of hearts—no cold and worldly convenience—but the outpouring, as it seemed, of two young spirits, each warm and worthy of the other!—and men had envied him, and ladies had held her more fortunate in her high conquest, than in her rank, her riches, or her beauties; and the world had forgotten to calumniate, or to sneer, in admiration of the young glorious pair, that seemed so fitly mated. Three little months had passed—three more, and they had been made one!—but, in the interval, Charles de La-Hirè, obedient to his King's behest, had buckled on his sword, and led the followers of his house to the Italian wars. With him, scarcely less brave, and, as some thought, yet handsomer than he, forth rode upon his first campaign, Armand de Laguy, his own orphaned cousin, bred like a brother on his father's hearth; and, as Charles well believed, a brother in affection. Three little months had passed, and in a temporary truce, Armand de Laguy had returned alone, leading the relics of his cousin's force, and laden with the doleful tidings of that cousin's fall upon the field of honor. None else had seen him die, none else had pierced so deeply into the hostile ranks; but Armand

had rushed madly on to save his noble kinsman, and failing in the desperate attempt, had borne off his reward in many a perilous wound. Another month, and it was whispered far and near, that Marguerite had dried her tears already; and that Armand de Laguy had, by his cousin's death, succeeded, not to lands and to lordships only, but to the winning of that dead cousin's bride.—It had been whispered far and near—and now the whisper was proved true. For, on this festive day, young Armand, still pale from the effects of his exhausting wounds, and languid from loss of the blood, appeared in public for the first time, not in the sable weeds of decent and accustomed wo, but in the gayest garb of a successful bridegroom—his pourpoint of rose-colored velvet strewn thickly with seed pearl and broideries of silver, his hose of rich white silk, all slashed and lined with cloth of silver, his injured arm suspended in a rare scarf of the lady's colors, and, above all, the air of quiet confident success with which he offered, and that lovely girl received, his intimate attentions, showed that for once, at least, the tongue of rumor had told truth.

Therefore men gazed in wonder—and marvelled as they gazed, and half condemned!—yet they who had been loudest in their censure when the first whisper reached their ears of so disloyal love, of so bold-fronted an inconstancy, now found themselves devising many an excuse within their secret hearts for this sad lapse of one so exquisitely fair. Henry himself had frowned, when Armand de Laguy led forth the fair betrothed, radiant in festive garb and decked with joyous smiles—but the stern brow of the offended prince had smoothed itself into a softer aspect, and the rebuff which he had determined—but a second's space before—to give to the untimely lovers, was frittered down into a jest before it left the lips of the repentant speaker.

The day was well-nigh spent—the evening banquet had been spread, and had been honored, duly—and now the lamps were lit in hall, and corridor, and bower; and merrier waxed the mirth, and faster wheeled the dance. The company were scattered to and fro, some wandering in the royal gardens, which overspread at that day, most of the Isle de Paris; some played with cards or dice; some drank and revelled in the halls; some danced unwearied in the grand saloons; some whispered love in ladies' ears in dark sequestered bowers—and of these last were Marguerite and Armand—a long alcove of thick green boughs, with orange trees between, flowering in marble vases, and myrtles, and a thousand odorous trees mingling their perfumed shadows, led to a lonely bower—and there alone in the dim starlight—alone indeed! for they might now be deemed as one, sat the two lovers. One fair hand of the frail lady was clasped in the bold suitor's right—while his left arm, unconscious of its wound, was twined about her slender waist; her head reclined upon his shoulder, with all its rich redundancy of ringlets floating about his neck and bosom, and her eyes, languid and suffused, fondly turned up to meet his passionate glances. "And can it be?"—he said, in the

thick broken tones that tell of vehement passion—"And can it be that you indeed love Armand?—I fear, I fear, sweet beauty, that I, like Charles, should be forgotten, were I, like Charles, removed—for him thou didst love dearly—while on me never didst thou waste thought or word."

"Him—never, Armand, never!—by the bright stars above us—by the great gods that hear us—I never—never *did* love Charles de La-Hirè—never did love man, save thee, my noble Armand.—False girlish vanity and pique led me to toy with him at first; now to my sorrow I confess it—and when thou didst look coldly upon me, and seem'dst to woo dark Adeline de Courcy, a woman's vengeance stirred up my very soul, and therefore to punish thee, whom only did I love, I well nigh yielded up myself to torture by wedding one whom I esteemed indeed and honored—but never thought of for one moment with affection—wilt thou believe me, Armand?"

"Sweet Angel, Marguerite!" and he clasped her to his hot heaving breast, and her white arms were flung about his neck, and their lips met in a long fiery kiss.

Just in that point of time—in that soft melting moment—a heavy hand was laid quietly on Armand's shoulder—he started, as the fiend sprang up, revealed before the temper of Ithuriel's angel weapon—he started like a guilty thing from that forbidden kiss.

A tall form stood beside him, shrouded from head to heel in a dark riding cloak of the Italian fashion; but there was no hat on the stately head, nor any covering to the cold stern impassive features. The high broad forehead as pale as sculptured marble, with the dark chestnut curls falling off parted evenly upon the crown—the full, fixed, steady eye, which he could no more meet than he could gaze unscathed on the meridian sun, the noble features, sharpened by want and suffering and wo—were all! all those of his good cousin.

For a moment's space the three stood there in silence!—Charles de La-Hirè reaping rich vengeance from the unconquerable consternation of the traitor! Armand de Laguy bent almost to the earth with shame and conscious terror! and Marguerite half dead with fear, and scarcely certain if indeed he who stood before her were the man in his living presence, whom she had vowed to love for ever; or if it were but the visioned form of an indignant friend returned from the dark grave to thunderstrike the false disturbers of his eternal rest.

"I am in time"—he said at length, in accents slow and unflinching, as his whole air was cold and tranquil—"in time to break off this monstrous union!—Thy perjuries have been in vain, weak man; thy lies are open to the day.—He whom thou didst betray to the Italian's dungeon—to the Italian's dagger—as thou didst then believe and hope—stands bodily before thee."

A long heart-piercing shriek burst from the lips of Marguerite, as the dread import of his speech fell on her sharpened ears—the man whom she *had* loved—*first* loved!—for all her previous words were

false and fickle—stood at her side in all his power and glory—and she affianced to a liar, a base traitor—a foul murderer in his heart!—a scorn and by-word to her own sex—an object of contempt and hatred to every noble spirit!

But at that instant Armand de Laguy's pride awoke—for he *was* proud, and brave, and daring!—and he gave back the lie, and hurled defiance in his accuser's teeth.

"Death to thy soul!" he cried—" 'tis thou that liest!—Charles!—did I not see thee stretched on the bloody plain? did I not sink beside thee, hewed down and trampled under foot, in striving to preserve thee?—and when my vassals found me, wert thou not beside me—with thy face scarred, indeed, and mangled beyond recognition, but with the surcoat and the arms upon the lifeless corpse, and the sword in the cold hand?—'Tis thou that liest, man!—'tis thou that, for some base end, didst conceal thy life; and now wouldst charge thy felonies on me—but 'twill not do—fair cousin.—The King shall judge between us!—Come lady"—and he would have taken her by the hand, but she sprang back as though a viper would have stung her.

"Back traitor!"—she exclaimed, in tones of the deepest loathing—"I hate thee, spit on thee! defy thee!—Base have I been myself, and frail, and fickle—but, as I live, Charles de La-Hirè—but as I live *now*, and *will* die right shortly—I knew not of this villany! I did believe thee dead, as that false murderer swore—and—God be good to me!—I did betray thee dead; and now have lost thee living! But for thee, Armand de Laguy, dog! traitor! villain! knave!—dare not to look upon me any more; dare not address me with one accent of thy serpent tongue! for Marguerite de Vaudreuil, fallen although she be, and lost for ever, is not so all abandoned as, knowing thee for what thou art, to bear with thee one second longer—no! not though that second could redeem all the past—and wipe out all the sin!—"

"Fine words! Fine words, fair mistress!—but on with me thou shalt!" and he stretched out his arm to seize her, when, with a perfect majesty, Charles de La-Hirè stepped in and grasped him by the wrist, and held him for a moment there, gazing into his eye as though he would have read his soul; then threw him off with force, that made him stagger back ten paces before he could regain his footing!—then! then! with all the fury of the fiend depicted on his working lineaments, Armand unsheathed his rapier and made a full longe, bounding forwards as he did so, right at his cousin's heart! but he was foiled again, for with a single, and, as it seemed, slight motion of the sheathed broadsword, which he held under his cloak, Charles de La-Hirè struck up the weapon, and sent it whirling through the air to twenty paces distance.

Just then there came a shout "the King! the King!"—and, with the words, a glare of many torches, and, with his courtiers and his guard about him, the Monarch stood forth in offended majesty.

"Ha!—what means this insolent broil?—What

men be these who dare draw swords within the palace precincts?"

"My sword is sheathed, sire," answered De La-Hirè, kneeling before the King and laying the good weapon at his feet—"nor has been ever drawn, save at your highness' bidding, against your highness' foes!—But I beseech you, sire, as you love honesty and honor, and hate deceit and treason, grant me your royal license to prove Armand de Laguy, recreant, base, and traitorous, a liar and a felon, and a murderer, hand to hand, in the presence of the ladies of your court, according to the law of arms and honor!"

"Something of this we have heard already"—replied the King, "Baron de La-Hirè!—But say out now, of what accuse you Armand de Laguy?—shew but good cause, and thy request is granted; for I have not forgot your good deeds in my cause against our rebel Savoyards and our Italian foemen—of what accuse you Armand de Laguy?"

"That he betrayed me wounded into the hands of the Duke of Parma! that he dealt with Italian bravoës to compass my assassination! that by foul lies and treacherous devices, he has trained from me my affianced bride: and last, not least, deprived her of fair name and honor.—This will I prove upon his body, so help me God and my good sword."

"Stand forth and answer to his charge De Laguy—speak out! what sayest thou?"

"I say," answered Armand boldly—"I say that he lies!—that he did feign his own death for some evil ends!—and did deceive me, who would have died to succeor him!—That I, believing him dead, have won from him the love of this fair lady, I admit.—But I assert that I did win it fairly, and of good right!—And for the rest, I say he lies doubly, when he asserts that she has lost fair name, or honor—this is *my* answer, sire; and I beseech you grant *his* prayer, and let us prove our words, as gentlemen of France and soldiers, forthwith, by singular battle!"

"Amen!" replied the King—"the third day hence at noon, in the tilt yard, before our court, we do

adjudge the combat—and this fair lady be the prize of the victor!—"

"No! sire," interposed Charles de La-Hirè, again kneeling—but before he had the time to add a second word, Marguerite de Vaudreuil, who had stood all the while with her hands clasped and her eyes riveted upon the ground, sprung forth with a great cry—

"No! no! for God-sake! no! no! sire—great King—good gentleman—brave knight! doom me not to a fate so dreadful.—Charles de La-Hirè is all that man can be, of good, or great, or noble! but I betrayed him, whom I deemed dead; and he can never trust me living!—Moreover, if he would take me to his arms, base as I am and most false hearted, he should not—for God forbid that *my* dishonor should blight *his* noble fame.—As for the slave De Laguy—the traitor and low liar, doom me, great monarch, to the convent or the block—but curse me not with such contamination!—For, by the heavens I swear! and by the God that rules them! that I will die by my own hand, before I wed that serpent!"

"Be it so, fair one," answered the King very coldly—"be it so! we permit thy choice—a convent or the victor's bridal bed shall be thy doom, at thine own option!—Meanwhile your swords, sirs; until the hour of battle ye are both under our arrest. Jarnac be thou Godfather to Charles de La-Hirè!—Nevers, do thou like office for De Laguy."

"By God! not I, sire," answered the proud duke. "I hold this man's offence so rank, his guilt so palpable, that, on my conscience! I think your royal hangman were his best Godfather!"

"Nevertheless, De Nevers—it shall be, as I say!—this bold protest of thine is all sufficient for thine honor—and it is but a form!—no words, duke! it must be as I have said!—Joyeuse, escort this lady to thy duchess—pray her accept of her as the King's guest, until this matter be decided. The third day hence at noon, on foot, with sword and dagger—with no arms of defence or vantage—the principals to fight alone, until one die or yield—and so God shield the right!"

SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

EVENING.

In robes of crimson glory sinks the Day;
The Earth in slumber closes her great eye
Like to a dying god's; from hills, that lie
Like altars kindled by the sunset ray,
The smoke in graceful volumes soars away;
From every wood a chorus soundeth nigh;
Those veils of day, the shadows, floating high
Around the tree-tops, fall upon the gay
And gem-like flowers that bloom beneath; the West
Its burnished gold throws back in softened lines
Upon the East, and, as it sweetly shines
On lapsing river and reposing dell,
Tingings with rosy light the hovering breast
Of the small, tremulous lark—boon Nature's evening bell.

HEREAFTER.

Oh, man is higher than his dwelling-place;
Upward he looks, and his soul's wings unfold,
And, when like minutes sixty years have rolled,
He rises, kindling, into boundless space.
Then backward to the Earth, his native place,
The ashes of his feathers lightly fall,
And his free soul, unveiled, disrobed of all
That cumbered it, begins its heavenly race,
Pure as a tone and brilliant as a star.
Even through the shadows on life's desert lawn
Hills of the future world he sees afar
In morning rays that beam not here below.
Thus doth the dweller in the realm of snow
Through his long night perceive the distant dawn.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

"And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers."

CHILDE HAROLD.

INTRODUCTORY.

I was sitting the other afternoon before my library fire, listening to the fitful breeze without that swayed the trees to and fro before the house and moaned down in the neighbouring woods, when I suddenly recollected that the last sheets of "The Reefer" had gone to press a fortnight before, and that, consequently, my career of authorship was closed. The idea, I confess, gave me pleasure, for I am by nature an indolent man, and would at any time rather dream by a cheery fire, with my slippers feet reposing on my tiger-skin rug, than tie myself down to a writing-table, even though it be to record my own or my friends' adventures, and "go about the world from hand to hand." I am not ambitious. I prefer ease to reputation, quiet to turmoil, the epicurean to all other philosophy. To read my favorite authors; to indulge in reveries at the twilight hour; to gaze on fine pictures, choice statues, and tasteful rooms; to listen to the melting airs of Burns, or the glorious hallelujahs of Handel; to sport on my own grounds on a clear, bracing morning; to gallop over the wild hills and through the romantic valleys which surround my residence;—these are the enjoyments in which I delight, and which I prefer to all the reputation either the pen or the sword can give. Others may choose a more bustling life; but I have had my share of that! Give me a quiet, happy home, for there only is true happiness to be found.

Musing thus, I was unconscious of the entrance of an intruder, until I heard a slight cough beside me, and looking up, I saw my faithful servant John standing over my chair. He laid on my lap, at the instant, a copy of Graham's Magazine for December. As John did so, he heaved a sigh, and then, as if something was on his mind, busied himself in arranging various articles in the room. I knew by these tokens that he was desirous of attracting my attention. The woe-begone expression which he wore during all this time, amused me, for I fancied I could guess what was passing through his mind. As I quietly cut the pages of the book, I indulged him by opening the conversation.

"Well, John," I said, "it is finished. 'The Reefer' has followed my own adventures, and you will have

no more trouble in acting as proof-reader for me. Our days," and here, at the use of the plural, the old fellow grinned from ear to ear, "our days of authorship are over. I think we had better retire while our laurels are green. Are you not glad?"

"Glad! What for Massa Danforth think that? No, no," and he shook his grey head mournfully, "John *not* glad."

"And why not, John? We shall have more time to ourselves. I'm afraid," I said, looking towards the window, and endeavoring to peer through the twilight without, "I am afraid our planting is sadly behind hand—the clump of trees out yonder wants thinning—and then the water-fall is getting out of order—and Mrs. Danforth has been pleading for an addition to her garden—all this requires overseeing—and besides these, there are a thousand other things which will require our attention."

I could see that the old fellow had, with difficulty, restrained himself until I had finished; for he kept moving his body unceasingly, and once or twice had opened his mouth to speak. He now broke out—

"Nebber do, Massa Danforth, nebber do to give up authorship, take old John word for dat. You now great man—talk of in all de papers—it Massa Danforth here and Massa Danforth dare—ebbery few month you get extra puff in de prospective of de Magazine—and think you dis continue if you give ober writing? Gor amighty nebber! Ebbery body can do planting,—dere Massa Jones, Massa Tyson, Massa Smit, and de oder blockheads in de county—but you be only one hereabout been to sea, or can drive a pen ober paper like a four-in-hand, polishing skrimanges for a hundred thousand readers—for dat many Massa Graham say thumb his book ebbery month. It plain text, plain sermon. Who so big as Massa Danforth de author?—who so little, beg pardon for say it, as Massa Danforth de farmer? De public like our sleepy boy Joe in de kitchen, he nebber know any one alive, unless dey keep bawling, bawling in his ear all de time."

"But what am I to do?" said I, smiling at his earnestness, and peculiar style of illustration. "Even if I wished to continue an author, I could not. My own adventures are published, so are those of the

Reefer,—if I go on, I must—to say nothing of the trouble—draw on my fancy, and that, you know, wouldn't do. I always bear in mind what honest Sancho Panza says—'Let every one take heed how they talk or write of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination.'"

"Massa Sanka Pancer had better keep his advice to himself, dat my mind—I nebber saw him here, or read his name in de papers, and he derefore no great shakes—but I no see dat dere be an accessory for any fiction about it. Ah! I hab him—I hab him. I think of a new feature."

"A new feature! Well—let's hear it."

"But first, dere be accessory for a story. Once Massa know I be a poor scoundrel in newspaper office—hard life dat, where kicks plenty and dinners scarce—and ebbery now and den when editor pushed to de wall for cash, he say in his paper dat de next day he come out wid a new feature. Well, ebbery body, besure, be on tip-toe. Office run down next mornin for paper. Massa editor fill his pockets for once anyhow—no trouble, little cost, all wit do it. How? He put in new head to his paper, and call dat 'new feature.' Now, suppose Massa Danforth get a new head to 'Cruising in de Last War,' and so be author, and dat widout trouble, for anoder year. Ah! ha! dat grand stroke."

I laughed heartily at the proposal, but replied—

"That would never do, John—but I must tell Graham of your idea."

"Eh! what?—put old John in print. Gor amighty dat make him grand as de minister—not dat he care much for it—he not vain—but, but, what Massa gwine to say?"

"You'll know in good time—but at present see who knocks at the library door."

"Package forgot at post-office," said John, returning from his errand, and giving me a huge bundle of manuscript.

"Ah! what have we here? A letter from Graham, I declare. What says he?—'a valuable private history of the revolutionary times,'—'only wants a little pruning'—'thrilling adventures'—'a run unsurpassed for years'—'unequaled'—'edit it as a great favor'—and so forth. Well, let us see what it is."

"Eh! yes—see what he is. Massa Graham one *obi* man, he know de quandary we in, and send dis to settle de argument. No escape now, Massa Danforth—it little trouble—thank God! you be great man still—and de people still say as we drive out togedder, 'dare go de celebrated Massa Danforth, and his man John!'"

And now, reader, having acquainted you with the manner in which the following history came into my hands, and given you a hint as to the reasons which have induced me to appear again in print, I will take leave of you without further parley, and let the autobiographer speak for himself.

THE WRECK.

The parting word had been said, the last look had been taken, and my traps had all been snugly stowed

away in the narrow room which, for some years, was to be my home. I stood by the starboard railing gazing back on the dear city I was leaving, and, despite the stoicism I had affected when bidding farewell to my friends, I could not now prevent a starting tear. Nor did my mess-mates seem in a more sportive mood; for they could be seen, some in the rigging and some leaning over the ship's side, looking back on the well known landmarks of the town with a seriousness in the aspect which betokened the thoughts passing through the heart. Yes! we were about leaving the scenes of our boyhood, to enter on a new and untried life—and who knew if any of us would ever return again to our homes? The chances of war are at all times dreadful, but in our case they were terribly increased by the flag under which we sailed. Who could tell whether the officers of the revolted colonies might not be considered as traitors as well as rebels? Who knew but that the very first enemy we should meet would either sink us or hang us at the yard arm? And yet, firm in the righteousness of our cause, and confiding in the God of battles, there was not one of our number who, having put his hand to the plough, wished to turn back. Sink or swim—live or die—we were resigned to either destiny.

Evening was closing fast around the scene, and, even as I gazed, the town melted into gloom, Copp's Hill alone standing up in solemn majesty over the shadowy city. The distant hum of the town died fainter and fainter on the darkness, the evening breeze came up fresher across the waters, the song of the fisherman and the dip of passing oars ceased, and, one by one, the white sails of the ships around us faded away, at first seeming like faint clouds, but finally losing themselves altogether in the darkness. All around was still. The low monotonous ground swell heaving under our counter, and rippling faintly as it went, alone broke the witching silence. Not a breath of air was stirring. The boatswain's whistle was hushed, the whisper had died away, no footfall rose upon the stillness, but over shore and sea, earth and sky, man and inanimate creation, the same deep silence hung.

Gradually, however, the scene changed. Lights began to flash along the town and from the ships in port, and, in a few moments, the harbor was alive with a long line of effulgence. A half subdued halo now hung over the city. The effect produced was like that of magic. Here a ship lay almost buried in gloom—there one was thrown out in bold relief by the lights—now a tall warehouse rose shadowy into the sky, and now one might be seen almost as distinctly as at noon day. The lights streaming from the cabin windows and dancing along the bay, the swell tinged on its crest with silver, but dark as night below, and the far off sails gleaming like shadowy spectres, though the uncertain light, added double effect to the picture. And when the stars came out, one by one, blinking high up in the firmament, and the wind began to sigh across the bay and wail sadly through our rigging, the weird-like character of the prospect grew beyond description. Hour after hour

passed away and we still continued gazing on the scene as if under the influence of some magician's spell; but, at length, exhausted nature gave way, and one after another went below, leaving only those on deck whose duty required their presence. For myself, though I sought my hammock, a succession of wild indistinct dreams haunted me throughout the livelong night.

A pleasant breeze was singing through the rigging as I mounted the gangway at dawn, and the tide having already made, I knew no time would be lost in getting under weigh. Directly the captain made his appearance, and, after a few whispered words, the pilot issued his orders. In an instant all was bustle. The boatswain's whistle, calling all hands to their duty, was heard shrieking through the ship, and then came the quick hurried tread of many feet, as the men swarmed to their stations. The anchor was soon hove short; the sails were loosed; the topsails, top-gallant sails and royals were sheeted home and hoisted, — the head yards were braced aback and the after yards filled away; a sheer was made with the helm; the anchor was tripped; the gib was hoisted; and as she paid beautifully off, the foretop sail was filled merrily away, and the spanker hauled out. Then the yards were trimmed, the anchor catted, and with a light breeze urging us on, we stood gallantly down the bay. As we increased our distance from the town, the wind gradually freshened. One after another of the green islands around us faded astern; the heights of Nahant opened ahead, glanced by and frowned in our wake; and before the sun had been many hours on his course, we were rolling our yard arms in a stiff breeze, leagues to sea. Before sun-down the distant coast had vanished from sight.

My mess mates had already gathered around the table in the long narrow room which was appropriated to the midshipmen, when I dove down the hatchway after the watch had been set. They were as jovial a set as I had ever seen, and, although our acquaintance was but of twenty-four hours standing, we all felt perfectly at home with each other; and as the salt beef was pushed from hand to hand, and the jug passed merrily around, the mutual laugh and jest bore token of our "right good fellowship."

"A pretty craft, my lads," said a tall fine-looking fellow, obviously the senior of the group, and whom I had been introduced to as a Mr. O'Hara; "a pretty craft and a bold captain we have, or I'm no judge. I've been at sea before, but never in as gallant a ship as this. Here's success to THE ARROW — no heel-taps."

The toast was drunk with a huzza, and O'Hara continued the conversation, as if, under the circumstances, he felt that he was the only proper person to play the host.

"You're most of you green-horns, my boys — excuse the word, but 'tell the truth,' you know — and will not be good for much if this swell continues. One or two of you are getting pale already, and, if I'm not mistaken, Cavendish and I are the only two of the set that have smelt salt water before. Now,

take a word of advice. Cut into the beef like the deuce, never mind if it does make you worse, cut away still, and bye and bye, when you get all your long shore swash out of you, you'll find that you feel better than ever. We're for a long voyage, and many a hard rub you'll get before its over, but never flinch from duty or danger — even if Davy Jones himself stares you in the face. Kick care to the wall, and be merry while you may. But always have an eye to what is due to your superiors. The captain's a gentleman. God bless him! The first lieutenant, I've a notion, is a sour sinner — never let him catch you tripping, — but you needn't mind him further, for he looks as if he ought to be tarred and feathered as the Boston boys served the exciseman. And now, lads, here's to a prosperous voyage, and let's turn in, one and all, for I've got the morning watch, and I've a notion this breeze will have settled down into a regular hurricane, and be blowing great guns and marlin-spikes before then."

The air of easy good-humor with which O'Hara spoke, attracted me to him at once. He was evidently my senior, and had seen some service; but it was equally as evident that he affected no superiority which was not his of right. I determined to know him better.

It was still dark when I was aroused from sleep by the calling of the watch, and, hastily springing up, I soon stood upon the deck. The first glance around me proved that O'Hara's anticipations were fulfilled, for the tempest was thundering through the rigging with an almost stunning voice, driving the fine spray wildly along, and blowing with an intensity that threatened to sweep one overboard. The men, bent before the blast, and wrapped in their thick overcoats, stood like statues half seen through the mist. The night was bitterly cold — the fine spray cut to the marrow. As far as the eye could see, on every hand around us, the sea, flattened until it was nearly as level as a table, was a mass of driving foam. The binnacle lamp burned faint and dim, with a sickly halo, through the fog. Above, however, all was clear, except a few white fleecy clouds, driven wildly across the frosty stars that twinkled in the heavens. As I ran my eye along the tall taper masts, now bending like rushes in the hurricane, I saw that nearly all the canvass had been taken in, and that we were scudding before the tempest with nothing spread but a close-reefed maintopsail, a reefed fore-course, and the foretopmast staysail, — and even these, as they strained in the gale, threatened momentarily to blow out into ribbons before the resistless fury of the wind. Under this comparative press of canvass, THE ARROW was skimming along, seeming to outvie even the spray in velocity. And well was it that she sped onward with such hot haste! — for, on looking astern, I saw the billows howling after us, urging on their white crests in fearful proximity, and threatening at every surge to roll in over our traffrail. Wilder and wilder, more and more even more fiercely they raced each other in the pursuit, like a pack of famished wolves pitching and yelling after their prey.

"Keep her so," said the first lieutenant, as he left the deck in charge of his successor, "for you see it is neck and neck with those yelling monsters astern. If the sails are blown from the bolt ropes they must go—but as the canvass is new I think they will stand."

"Ship ahoy!" shouted a look-out at this moment, startling us as though a thunderbolt had fallen at our feet, "a sail athwart hawse."

"Where, where?" exclaimed both the officers incredulously.

"Close under our fore-foot—a brig, sir."

"My God, we shall run her down," was the exclamation of the second lieutenant.

All eyes were instantly turned in the direction of the approaching danger, and there, sure enough, directly athwart our hawse, a small trim-looking brig was seen lying-to—the wild hurricane of flying spray, which covered the surface of the deck in places with an almost impervious fog, having hitherto concealed her from our sight. It was evident that the inmates of the brig had but just discovered us, for her helm was rapidly shifted and a few hurried orders, whose import we could not make out, were given on board of her. All, indeed, seemed confusion on the decks of the unhappy craft. Her crew were hurrying to and fro; the officer of the vessel was shouting in his hoarsest tone; two or three forms, as if those of passengers, rushed up the companion way; and to crown all, the sheets were let fly, and with a wild lurch she rolled over, and lay the next moment wallowing in the sea broadside on. I could almost have jumped on her decks. All this had passed with the rapidity of thought. Never shall I forget the shriek of horror which burst simultaneously from both vessels at this fearful crisis. Already were we close on to the brig, driving with the speed of a sea-gull with the gale, and we knew that before another moment should elapse, *aye!* almost before another breath could be drawn, the collision must take place. But the lightning is not quicker than was the officer of the deck.

"Port—a-port—ha—a—rd, *hard*," he thundered, grinding the words between his teeth in his excitement, and waving his hands to larboard, and the helmsman, taking his cue more from the gesture than from the words—for in the uproar of the tempest he could not hear a dozen yards to windward—whirled around the wheel, and our gallant craft, obedient to the impulse like a steed beneath the spur, swept around to starboard. For a second the ill-fated brig could be seen dancing under our stem, and then, rolling heavily around, she seemed as if she would escape, though narrowly, from her frightful position. A cry of joy was already rising to my lips; but, at that instant, I heard a crash, followed by a dull grinding noise, and simultaneously I beheld the brig come into collision with us just abaft the cathead, and, while all our timbers quivered with the shock, she whirled away astern, rolling and rubbing frightfully, and half buried in the brine. A shriek rent the air, on the instant, whose thrilling tones haunted me for days and nights, and seems even now to ring in my ears.

"God of my fathers!" I exclaimed, "every soul will be lost!"

"Heave her to," thundered the officer of the deck. "For life or death, my lads! Up with the foresail—down with your helm—brace up the after yards—set the mizzen stay sail there."

It is a libel on sailors to say they never feel. No men are more ready to aid the unfortunate. On the present occasion the crew seemed inspired with an energy equal to that of their officer, and springing to their duty performed the rapid orders of the lieutenant in an almost incredible space of time. Happily a momentary lull aided the manœuvre, and our proud craft obeying her helm came gallantly to.

"Meet her there, quarter-master," continued the officer of the deck; "set the main stay-sail—brace up the fore-yards—merrily, merrily—there she has it—" and, as these concluding words left his mouth, the manœuvre was finished, and we rode against the wind, rising and falling on the swell, and flinging the spray to our fore-yard arm as we thumped against the seas.

My first thought was of the brig. As soon, therefore, as our craft had been hove-to, I cast a hurried glance over the starboard bow to search for the unfortunate vessel. I detected her at once lying a short distance on our weather bow,—and it was evident that the injury she had sustained was of the most serious character, for even through the mist we fancied we could see that she was settling deeper in the water. Her officers were endeavoring to heave her to again; while rising over their orders, and swelling above all the uproar of the hurricane, we could hear the despairing wail of her passengers. At length she lay-to a few fathoms on our starboard bow, drifting, however, at every surge bodily to leeward. Confusion still reigned on her decks. We could see that the crew were at the pumps; but they appeared to work moodily and with little heart; and we caught now and then the sound of voices as if of the officers in expostulation with the men. A group of female figures also was discernable on the quarter-deck, and a manly form was visible in the midst, as if exhorting them to courage. At the sight a thrill of anguish ran through our breasts. We would have laid down our lives to save them from what appeared to be their inevitable doom, and yet what could we do in the face of such a tempest, and when any attempt to rescue them would only entail ruin on the adventurers, without aiding those we would preserve? As I thought of the impossibility of rendering succor to those shrinking females, as I dwelt on the lingering agonies they would have to endure, as I pictured to myself the brig sinking before our eyes, and we all powerless to prevent it, a thrill of horror shivered through every nerve of my system, my blood ran cold, my brain reeled around, and I could with difficulty prevent myself from falling, so great was my emotion. But rallying my spirits, I tried to persuade myself it was all a dream. I strained my eyes through the mist to see whether I might not be mistaken—to discover if possible some hope for the forlorn beings on board the brig. But, alas! it was in vain.

There were the white dresses blowing about in the gale as the two females knelt on the deck and clung to the knees of their protector—there was the crew mustered at the pumps, while jets of brine were pouring from the scuppers—and there were the crushed and splintered bulwarks betokening that the efforts of the men were dictated by no idle fears. I groaned again in agony. Had it been my own fate to perish thus, I could have borne my doom without a murmur; but to see fellow creatures perishing before my sight, without my having the power to succor them, was more than I could endure. I closed my eyes on the dreadful scene. Nor were my emotions confined to myself. Not a heart of our vast crew that did not beat with sympathy for our unhappy victims. Old and young, officers and men, hardy veterans and eager volunteers, all alike owned the impulses of humanity, and stood gazing, silent, spell-bound and horror-struck, on the ill-fated brig and her despairing passengers. At this instant a gray-haired man, whom we knew at once to be her skipper, sprang into the main-rigging of the wreck, and placing his hands to his mouth, while his long silvery locks blew out dishevelled on the gale, shouted,

"We—are—sink—ing!" and, as he ceased, a shiver ran through our crew.

"God help us," said the captain, for that officer had now reached the deck, "we can do nothing for them. And to see them sink before our eyes! But yet I will not despair," and raising his voice, he shouted, "can't you hold on until morning, or until the gale subsides a little?"

The skipper of the brig saw by our captain's gestures, that he had hailed, but the old man could not hear the words in the uproar of the gale, and he shook his head subdingly.

"We are sinking!" he shouted again; "there is a foot of water in the hold, and the sea is pouring in like a cataract. We have been stove."

Never shall I forget that moment, for, to our excited imaginations, it seemed as if the brig was visibly going down as the skipper ceased speaking. His words sounded in our ears like the knell of hope. A pause of several seconds ensued—a deep, solemn, awe-inspiring pause—during which every eye was fixed on the battered vessel. Each man held his breath, and looked in the direction of the brig, as she rose and fell on the surges, fearful lest the next billow would submerge her forever. We all saw that it was useless to attempt holding any communication with her, for no human voice, even though speaking in a voice of thunder, could be heard against the gale. The two vessels were, moreover, rapidly increasing the space betwixt them,—and, although objects on the deck of the brig had been at first clearly perceptible in the starlight, they had gradually grown dimmer as she receded from us until now, they could scarcely be seen. There was no alternative, therefore, but to abandon her to her fate. The skipper of the brig seemed to have become sensible of this, for, after having remained in the main rigging watching us for several moments longer, he finally de-

scended to the deck, waving his hand mournfully in adieu.

Meantime the aspect of the heavens had materially changed. When I first came on deck, the stars, I have said, were out bright on high, with only a few scud clouds now and then chasing each other over the firmament. Even then, however, I had noticed a small black cloud extending across the western horizon, and giving an ominous aspect to the whole of that quarter of the sky. But during the last half hour my attention had been so engrossed by the events I have just related that I lost all consciousness of this circumstance. Now, however, the increasing darkness recalled it to my mind. I looked up. Already dark and ragged clouds, precursors of the vast body of vapors following behind, were dimming the stars overhead, now wrapping the decks in almost total darkness, and now flitting by and leaving us once more in a dim and shadowy light, through which the men loomed out like gigantic spectres. The wind had perceptibly decreased, while the sea had risen in proportion. The spray no longer flew by in showers, but the white caps of the billows, as they rolled up in the uncertain light, had a ghastliness that thrilled the heart with a strange emotion, almost amounting to superstitious dread. The ship strained and creaked as she rose heavily on the billows, or sunk wallowing far down in the abyss; while ever and anon the sea would strike on her bows like a forge-hammer, breaking in showers of spray high over the forecastle, and often sending its foam as far back as the main hatchway.

The huge mass of vapors meanwhile had attained the zenith, and was rolling darkly onward towards the opposite horizon. Directly the wind died nearly altogether away, while a total darkness shrouded us in its folds. Even then, however, a few stars could be seen low in the eastern seaboard, twinkling sharp and serene, just under the edge of that ominous cloud, but casting only a faint and dreamy radiance around them, and in vain attempting to penetrate the gloom higher up in the sky. The brig was last seen to the north-west, where the darkness had become most intense. She was still doubtless in that quarter, but no trace of her could be discerned.

"It's as black up yonder as the eye of death," said the captain, "and I can see nothing there but a dense, impenetrable shadow—your sight is better, Mr. Duval," he continued, addressing the first lieutenant, "can you make out any thing?" The officer shook his head. "Well, we will hail, at any rate. I would not have run afoul of them for my commission!"

The hail rung out startlingly on the night, and every ear listened for the response. No answer came.

"Again!" said the captain.

"A—ho—o—y!—Hil—lo—o—o—o!"

A second of breathless suspense followed, and then another, when we were about giving up all hope; but at that instant a faint cry,—it might have been a wail or it might not, God knows!—came floating across the waste of waters. It fell on our listening ears like a lamentation for the dead.

"Heaven preserve us!" solemnly said the captain, "I'm afraid all is over with them."

"Amen!" ejaculated the lieutenant, and for an instant there was a breathless silence, as if each was too awe-struck to speak. Suddenly the huge sails flapped against the mast, bellied out again, and then whipped backward with a noise like thunder. The effect was electric. The captain started and spoke.

"The wind is shifting," he ejaculated, holding up his hand, after having first wet it slightly; "ha! the breeze is coming from the north. It will strike by the mainmast. Let her stretch away at first, but we'll heave-to as soon as possible. I wouldn't for the world desert this neighborhood: God grant we may find some vestige of the brig when morning dawns!"

The hurried orders of the officer of the deck to prepare for the coming hurricane had scarcely been given and executed, before it seemed to us as if we could see, even amid the blackness of darkness to the north, the whirling motion of gigantic clouds, and, almost simultaneously, with a roar as of ten thousand batteries, this new tempest was upon us. Its first fury was beyond description—surpassing imagination—defying belief. It howled, shrieked, and bellowed through the rigging in such awful and varied tones, that the oldest hearts were chilled with fear. It was as if the last convulsive throes of a world was at hand. It was as if the whole fury of the elements had been collected for one last effort—as if tortured nature, made frantic by agony, had broke loose from her tormentors—as if the mighty deep itself, in horror-struck penitence, was thundering its awful "*de profundis*" on the eve of final dissolution. I could scarcely breathe, much less stand. I could only grasp a rope, fling myself almost prostrate, and await either the subsidence of the storm, or the foundering of our ship,—for, during several minutes, it appeared to me as if every second was to be our last. Torrents of water, meanwhile, swept in sheets from the crests of the billows, were whirling like smoke-wreaths along the decks,—while the ravening surges, faintly seen like shadows through the gloom, chased each other in wild and rapid succession along our sides. All was darkness, doubt and terror.

But happily the duration of the squall was proportioned to its intensity, and, in less than five minutes, the hurricane began to decrease in violence. After the lapse of a short period more the gale rapidly subsided, although its power was still considerable. Before half an hour, however, we were lying-to as near to our old position as we could attain,—having suffered no loss except that of our maintop-sail, which was blown from the bolt ropes in the first moment of the squall, but with a noise which was lost in the louder uproar of the wind.

"They have never survived this," said the captain in a melancholy tone, when we were once more snugly hove-to: "how many souls are in eternity the All-Seeing Eye only knows! Keep her here," he added after a pause, turning to descend to his cabin, and addressing the officer of the deck, "and

with the first streak of light, if the gale shall have abated, as I suspect it will, cruize up to our old position, maintaining a sharp look-out in every direction. But I shall be on deck myself by that time," and with the words, taking a last but fruitless look towards the west, he went below. In half an hour the crowded decks were deserted by all except the silent watch; and no sound broke the whistle of the winds, except the tread of the men, or the cry of "all's well" passing from look-out to look-out along the decks.

With the first appearance of morning I was on deck. The gale had nearly gone down; the clouds had broken away; and the stars were out again, clear and bright, in the firmament. Yet the waves still rolled mountain high around us, now heaving their snowy crests above us in the sky, and now rolling their dark bosoms far away under our stern. Morning slowly dawned. Gradually, one by one, the stars paled on high, and a faint shadowy streak of light began to spread along the eastern seaboard. Over the boundless expanse of waters around us no living object met the eye, so that, in that dim mysterious light, the sense of loneliness was overpowering. But I had no thought then for aught except the ill-fated brig. I felt an unaccountable interest in her. It seemed as if some unknown sympathy existed between me and those on board of her, as if my destiny in some mysterious manner was connected with theirs. I could not rest on deck, but ascending to the cross-trees I took my station there, and gazed out anxiously over the waste of waters. Our ship had, by this time, been put about, and we were now, as near as I could judge, in the vicinity of the spot where the collision occurred. The moment came which was either to realize or confirm my fears. A strange emotion took possession of me. My heart beat nervously, my breath came heavily, I trembled in every fibre of my system. I strained my eyes in every direction around, and, once or twice, as a billow rolled its white crest upwards, I fancied I saw a sail,—but, alas! my agitation had deceived me, and all was a blank watery waste around. For more than an hour we cruized to and fro, but in vain. As time passed and hope died away, the officers and men, one by one, left the rigging, until finally even the captain gave up the search, and issued a reluctant order to put the ship away on her course. At that instant I saw, far down on the seaboard, what seemed to me a tiny sail; but as we sank in the trough of the sea the object faded from my sight. With eager eyes, I watched for it as we rose on the swell, and—God of my fathers!—it was the long looked for boat.

"A sail!" I shouted almost in a phrenzy—"they are in sight!"

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck, while every eye swept the horizon in eager curiosity.

"On the lee-beam!"

"What do you make it out?"

"A ship's launch—crowded with human beings!"

"God be praised!—it is the brig's crew," ejacu-

the bereaved widow by an affectionate letter of invitation.

Some three weeks after she had despatched her missive, at an early hour, on a cold autumnal morning, a carriage drove up to the door, and a loud ring announced the expected guest. Alice had not yet finished her morning toilet, and Mr. Wentworth hastened down to receive the lady; but scarcely had he got through the awkwardness of a self-introduction when his wife entered, full of impatience to embrace her early friend. During the mutual raptures of their meeting, he had leisure to scrutinize the new inmate of his family, and certainly his impressions were any thing but favorable. Cousin Agatha had taken a violent cold, her countenance was disfigured by a swollen cheek, and her eyes were bleared and inflamed by a severe attack of influenza, while the effect of steamboat slumbers and a steamboat toilet did not tend to the improvement of her appearance. Indeed Harry Wentworth could scarcely refrain from laughter when he contrasted his wife's enthusiastic description with the reality before him. But Alice, with ready hospitality, conducted her cousin to her apartment, and to that room the wearied traveller, overcome with illness and fatigue, was confined during the several succeeding days.

"When will your friend be presentable, Alice?" asked Mr. Wentworth one evening as he threw himself upon a sofa, after tea, "since she has been here you have not sat with me a half hour, for your whole time seems devoted to nursing."

"I hope she will be well enough to meet you at dinner to-morrow, Harry; the swelling has left her face and she begins to look like herself. What amuses you so much?" she asked, as her husband burst into a loud laugh.

"I was thinking of the force of contrast, Alice; you are an excellent painter, dear, but you draw your tints too exclusively from fancy; who could have recognized your *picturesque beauty* with soft *grey eyes* and *raven curls* in the dowdyish looking woman with red nose and redder eyes whom I welcomed as cousin Agatha?"

"For shame, Harry, you ought not to judge of her by her appearance at that time."

"Perhaps not; but first impressions are the most durable, and I shall never see any beauty in your cousin, for even if she should hereafter appear to advantage when dressed for display, I shall never forget how she looked in her travelling dishabille; one thing you may be sure of, Alley, you will never have cause to be jealous of your *picturesque* cousin."

"I don't mean to be jealous of any one, Harry, but I shall be much mistaken if you do not learn to admire cousin Agatha."

"Then you may prepare yourself for a disappointment, Alice; I do not think I should feel perfectly satisfied with any one who had thus broken in upon our tranquil happiness, and even if I were disposed to like your cousin elsewhere she would not please me in our quiet home. Besides, I was disappointed in my idea of her personal beauty, and her manners appeared to me abrupt and inelegant."

"Harry, you never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, well—it will be difficult to convince me of my error." A slight rustle at the door was heard as Mr. Wentworth finished his ungallant speech, and the next moment cousin Agatha entered.

"I thought I would endeavor to make my way to the drawing-room instead of depriving you any longer of the society of your husband, dear Alice," said she as she languidly sank into the softly-cushioned chair which Mr. Wentworth drew forward for her accommodation. Of course the usual congratulations followed, and as the invalid dropped the heavy shawl from her shoulders, Alice glanced towards her husband in the hope that he would not fail to observe the symmetry of her petite figure. He was too great an admirer of beauty to fail in such notice, yet still he could see little to claim admiration in her face. Her complexion was not clear; her mouth, though well formed and adorned with superb teeth, was large, and her eyes were dim from recent illness, while her curls were hidden beneath one of those fairy fabrics of gossamer and ribbon which often display the taste of the wearer at the expense of a crowning beauty. But, ere the evening had expired, Mr. Wentworth was forced to acknowledge that he had formed too hasty an opinion of her manners, for, whatever *brusquerie* he might have observed on the morning of her arrival, he was certainly struck now by the easy elegance and graceful dignity of her deportment.

From this time cousin Agatha laid aside the character of an invalid, and, quietly taking her place at the table and fireside, seemed to have no other wish than to make herself useful. Devoted in her attentions to Alice, she took little notice of Mr. Wentworth except to receive his courteous civility with profound gratitude. He was nothing more to her than the husband of her friend, and while she exhibited the deepest interest in the development of Alice's mind and feelings, she seemed scarcely to observe the fine taste, the elegant scholarship, and the nobleness of sentiment which characterized Mr. Wentworth. Alice suffered no small degree of mortification from this evident coldness between those whom she was so anxious to behold friends. She could not bear to find Agatha so totally blind to the perfections of her beloved Henry, and she was almost as much annoyed at her husband's indifference to the graces of her cousin.

"You are pained because I do not sufficiently admire your husband, Alice," said Agatha, one day, when they were alone, "but surely you would not have me estimate him as highly as you do?"

"I would not have you love him quite as well, but I would have you appreciate his exalted qualities."

"My dear coz," said Agatha, with a slightly sarcastic smile, "do not, I pray you, make it one of the conditions of our friendship that I should see through your eyes. Mr. Wentworth is a fine scholar, a tolerable amateur painter, and a most ardent lover of his pretty wife; is that not sufficient praise?"

Alice felt uncomfortable, though she could scarcely

tell why, at this and similar remarks from cousin Agatha. She had been accustomed to consider her husband a being of superior worth and endowments, but there was something in her cousin's manner of uttering commendation of him, which seemed to imply contempt even while it expressed praise. In the innocence of her heart, Alice several times repeated cousin Agatha's sayings to her husband, and they were not without their effect upon him. The self-love which exists, more or less, in every heart, was by no means a negative quantity in the character of Mr. Wentworth. He knew his wife overrated his talents, but he loved her the better for her affectionate flattery, and cousin Agatha's apparent ignorance of his character mortified and vexed him. He began to think that his prejudices had prevented him from showing himself in a proper light, and his wounded vanity led him to redouble his attentions to his guest. Heretofore he had never thought of her except when in her company; but now, the certainty that she was as yet blind to his merits, made her an object of interest. He was not a very vain man, but his wife's idolatry had gratified even while he was fully aware of its extravagance, and he was proportionably annoyed by the perfect coldness with which cousin Agatha regarded him. She seemed to think him a very good sort of a man, but not at all superior to the common herd, and he was determined to convince her of her mistake. Agatha had succeeded in her first design:—she had aroused him from the torpor of indifference.

Cousin Agatha was a most invaluable assistant to a young housekeeper, for she had a quick hand, a ready invention, and exquisite taste, so that whether a pudding was to be concocted, a dress trimmed, or a party given, she was equally useful. Alice had learned the duties of housekeeping theoretically and was now only beginning to put them in practice, as every young wife must do, for whatever she may know in the home of her childhood, she still finds much to be learned in organizing and arranging a new household. Cousin Agatha, on the contrary, had been trained from her childhood to *do* all these things, for the dependent orphan had early learned to earn her bread by her own usefulness. In the course of her married life she had been compelled to practice the thousand expedients which pride and poverty teach to a quick-witted woman, and it is not surprising, therefore, that her skill should far surpass that of the gentle and self-distrusting Alice. Doubting her own knowledge only because Agatha was near to advise, the young wife applied to her on all occasions, until at length the regulation of domestic affairs was entirely in her hands, and Alice was left only to assist in the execution of Agatha's plans. Cousin Agatha was always busied in some pretty feminine employment. She had very beautiful hands, and her long taper fingers were always engaged in some delicate needle-work or an elegant piece of tapestry. Did it ever occur to you, my fair reader, that a pretty hand never appears to such advantage as when busied with the needle? The piano extends the fingers until the hand sometimes resembles a bird's claw;—the pencil

or the pen contracts it until half its beauty is concealed; but needle-work, with the various turnings and windings necessary to its accomplishment, displays both hands in perfectly natural positions and in every variety of grace. This fact was not unknown to cousin Agatha; she had no accomplishments, but she was rarely seen without the tiniest of gold thimbles upon her slender finger.

Slowly and by scarcely perceptible degrees, Agatha seemed to learn the full value of the prize which her friend had drawn in the lottery of life. His fine talents seemed to dawn upon her with daily increasing vividness, his amateur sketches became more and more characterized by genius, his musical taste developed itself surprisingly, and, ere many weeks had elapsed, Alice had the satisfaction of repeating to her husband many a heart-warm compliment breathed into the ear of the happy wife by cousin Agatha in her hours of confidential communing with her friend. Nor was Mr. Wentworth slower in discovering the latent charms of his guest. Restored to her former health, and associating as the guest of Mrs. Wentworth, in a pleasant circle of society, cousin Agatha threw aside the weeds of widowhood, and appeared in all the attractive coquetry of tasteful and becoming dress. Her luxuriant tresses were once more allowed to shadow her low feminine brow, and fall upon her graceful neck, or, if bound up in conformity with fashion, the very restraint was studiously arranged in such a manner as to display their rich redundancy. Her grey eyes sometimes seemed actually flashing with light, and again were filled with the soft liquid lustre of intense sensibility; and then her smile, displaying her brilliant teeth and lighting up her whole face, had the effect of a sudden sunbeam upon a darkened landscape. The charm of Agatha's face was its vivid and varied expression; the grace of her person was the effect of long and carefully studied art. Not a look, not a gesture, not even a movement of her fringed eyelids, but was the result of frequent practice. There was a perfection of grace in her attitudes that seemed like Nature's self. Her head always assumed a pretty position, her curls always seemed to drop in their proper place, her drapery always fell in becoming folds, and no one observed that she was particular in avoiding cross lights, especially careful not to face a broad glare of sunshine, and remarkably fond of placing herself at the arm of a sofa, so as to obtain a fine back ground for the exhibition of her attitudes. Harry Wentworth wondered how he could ever have thought her ugly. And then her manners:—what could be more gentle, more feminine, more fascinating than the tenderness of her tones and the sweetness of her deportment? She seemed to look upon gentlemen as if she felt all a woman's helplessness, and was willing to consider man as a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," born to be her natural protector. There was something so pleading in the soft eyes which she lifted to the face of the sterner sex, that few could resist their charm, and actually Harry Wentworth was not one of those few.

Long before the time fixed for the termination of

Agatha's visit, Alice had urged her to prolong her stay, and, when Mr. Wentworth added his earnest entreaties, she was induced to promise that she would set no other limit to its duration than such as circumstances might create. But as week after week fled by, Alice began to doubt whether she had acted wisely in making this request. She was ashamed to acknowledge even to herself the feeling; but, somehow or other, she was not quite as happy as she had been before cousin Agatha's coming. She attributed it to the nervous irritability from which she was now suffering, and endeavored to think that when she should once more recover her health, she would find her former enjoyment in Agatha's society. But Agatha sometimes made such singular remarks;—they were uttered with the utmost simplicity and *nüiveté*, her smile was full of sweetness, her tones like the summer breeze when she spoke, and yet the import of her words was excessively cutting and sarcastic. There was often an implied censure in her manner of replying to Alice—not in the words themselves, but rather in their application, which the young wife, sick and dispirited, felt perhaps too keenly. Alice was uncomfortable and yet she scarcely could tell why. A shadow was resting upon her path, and she felt, although she saw it not, that there was a cloud in her sunny sky. The idea that she was no longer absolutely essential to her husband's comfort sometimes crossed her mind. During the many hours which she was obliged to spend in her own apartment, she found that Henry was fully occupied with his game of chess, or his favorite book in company with cousin Agatha, and though it seemed only a realization of her own wishes, yet she was not prepared to find herself so entirely thrown into the back-ground of the family picture.

At length Alice became a mother, and in the new emotions awakened in her bosom, she forgot her vague feelings of discomfort. Mr. Wentworth was too proud and happy to think of anything but his boy, and when Alice beheld him bending over their cradled treasure with a feeling almost of awe as well as love, she wondered how she could ever have felt unhappy for a moment. Cousin Agatha seemed to share in all their joy, and in the presence of the father she fondled and caressed the child as gracefully as possible.

"Do you not think, Alice," said she one day, as she sat with the babe lying on her lap, while Wentworth bent fondly over it, "do you not think your sweet little Harry resembles poor Charles Wilson?"

"No, indeed I do not," exclaimed Alice, quickly, while the blood mounted to her pallid cheek and brow.

"Well, I certainly see a strong likeness; there is the same peculiar dimple in the chin, which neither you nor Mr. Wentworth have, and even the color of his eyes reminds me of Charles," said cousin Agatha.

"His eyes are like his father's," said Alice, "and nothing is more common than to see in the face of a child a dimple which entirely disappears in later life."

"Well, Alice, dear, I did not mean to awaken any

painful reminiscence by my remark; I did not know you were so sensitive on the subject." These words were uttered in the blandest tones, and the sweet smile which accompanied them was as beautiful as a sunbeam on a troubled sea; but Alice felt both pained and vexed. Agatha had recurred to the only unpleasant recollections of her whole life, and she could not determine whether it had been done by design, or was merely the result of thoughtlessness. The remark had not been without its effect upon Mr. Wentworth. He saw with surprise the evident vexation of his wife at the mention of Charles Wilson's name, and while he feared to ask an explanation from her in her present feeble state of health, he determined to satisfy his curiosity by appealing to cousin Agatha.

"Did you never hear of Charles Wilson?" exclaimed Agatha, in great apparent surprise, when, a few hours afterwards, he asked the question.

"Never until I heard you mention him," was the reply.

"Then I ought not to tell you anything about him, because I cannot betray the confidence of a friend."

"But as a friend I entreat you to tell me."

"It is impossible, Mr. Wentworth:—what Alice has thought best to conceal I certainly will not disclose; strange that she should not have told you; there certainly ought to be the most perfect confidence between husband and wife."

"Agatha, you have excited such a painful interest in the secret, whatever it is, that I must know it."

"You will not betray me to Alice if I tell you?"

"Certainly not, if secrecy be the only condition on which I can learn the truth."

"And you promise not to think harshly of poor Alice?"

"It would be strange if I should think other than well of one whose purity of heart is so well known to me."

"Well, then," replied the insidious woman, with a slight, a very slight sneer on her lip, "since you have such undoubting faith in your wife there can be no harm in telling you. But really we are making a great affair of a very trifling occurrence. Charles Wilson was a clerk to Alice's father, and while she was yet at school, he made love to her in the hope of enticing her into a clandestine marriage. Alice was only about fifteen, and like all girls of her age was delighted with a first lover. He lived in the house with us, and of course enjoyed many opportunities of meeting her, so that before we knew anything about it, an elopement was actually planned. I happened to discover it, and as my duty required, I made it known to her parents. The consequence was that Wilson was dismissed and Alice sent to boarding-school; I dare say she has thanked me for it since, though then she could not forgive me. You look pained, Mr. Wentworth. I hope my foolish frankness has not made you unhappy. I really thought it such a childish affair that I felt no hesitation in alluding to it to-day, supposing that Alice had lost all sensitiveness about it, and I was never more surprised

than by her evident agitation. However, I confess I was wrong; I ought to have known that an early disappointment is not easily forgotten even in the midst of happiness."

"How long since this happened?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"Just before I was married—I suppose about eight years ago; I wonder Alice did not tell you the whole story, but she is such a timid creature that I suppose she could not summon courage enough to be perfectly frank with you."

Wentworth made no reply, but the poisoned arrow had reached its mark. His confidence in his wife was shaken; he had not been the first love of her young heart,—she had loved and been beloved,—she had plighted her faith even in her girlhood, and the creature whom he believed to be as pure in heart as an infant, had narrowly escaped the degradation of a clandestine marriage with an inferior. He was shocked and almost disgusted; he felt heartsick, and even the sight of his child, connected as it now was with the similitude of the early lover, was painful to him. He recalled a thousand trifling circumstances which would pass by unheeded but for cousin Agatha's kind attempts to explain Alice's meaning, and all now corroborated his suspicions of his wife's perfect sincerity. The more he discussed the matter with Agatha, the more dissatisfied did he become with Alice; and in proportion as she fell in his estimation the frank and noble character of Agatha arose. There was a high-toned sentiment about her, a sense of honor and an intensity of feeling which added new charms to her expressive countenance and graceful manners. Wentworth was not *in love* with Agatha, but he was a little *out of love* with his wife, and the constant presence of such a fascinating woman, at such a moment, was certainly somewhat dangerous. More than once he caught himself regretting that Alice was not more like her cousin, and long before Alice was well enough to leave her apartment, he had become quite reconciled to her absence from the drawing-room. Alice felt his increasing neglect, but she dared not allow herself to attribute it to its true cause. Cousin Agatha was so kind, so attentive to her, and studied so much the comfort of Mr. Wentworth, that she almost hated herself for the growing dislike which she was conscious of feeling towards her.

One day, about two months after the birth of her babe, Alice, who had been suffering from a slow fever, felt so much better that she determined to surprise her husband by joining him at dinner. Wrapping a shawl about her, she slowly proceeded down stairs, and finding the drawing-room door partly open, entered so silently as not to disturb the occupants of the apartment. Mr. Wentworth was lying on a sofa, while cousin Agatha sat on a low ottoman beside him, with one hand threading the mazes of his bright hair, while the other was clasped in his. The face of Agatha was hidden from her, but the wretched wife beheld the eyes of her husband upturned towards it with the most vivid expression of fondness and passion. Her very soul grew sick as she gazed;

she turned to glide from the room and fell senseless on the threshold. Weeks had elapsed ere she recovered her consciousness. The sudden shock which her weakened nerves had sustained, produced inflammation of the brain, and for many an anxious day her husband watched beside her sick bed, dreading lest every hour should be her last. She lay in a state of stupor, and her first signs of returning consciousness was the shiver that ran through her frame when the voice of cousin Agatha struck upon her ear.

Mr. Wentworth was conscience-stricken when, aroused by the sound of her fall, he had beheld Alice lying lifeless on the floor. He uttered not a word of enquiry, but he readily divined the cause of her condition, and, as he bore her to her apartment, he almost hated himself for the brief delirium in which his senses had been plunged. He could not be said to love Agatha, but her fascinations had not been without their effect upon his ardent nature. He did not attempt to analyse his feelings, but yielding to the spell which enthralled him, abandoned himself to the enjoyment of her blandishments. Hour after hour had he spent in listening to the false sentiment which fell from her lips in the most honied accents,—evening after evening had he consumed in attending her to parties of pleasure,—day after day had been bestowed on the completion of her portrait, while Alice was left to the solitude of her sick room. But now, when he beheld her stricken down at his very feet, the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and his infidelity of heart appeared to him in all its true wickedness. The toils which the insidious Agatha had woven about him were broken as if by magic, and his wife, his long-suffering, wronged Alice was dearer to him than all the world beside. He watched by her with all the kindness of early affection, and well did he understand her abhorrent shudder at the presence of Agatha. His devoted attention and the *adieu*s of cousin Agatha, who now found it necessary to terminate her visit, had no small share in restoring Alice to convalescence.

Alice was slowly regaining health and strength; the faint tint of the wild-rose was once more visible on her thin cheek, and her feeble step had again borne her to the room so fraught with painful remembrances. But far different were the feelings with which she now revisited that neglected apartment. Cousin Agatha was gone,—she was once more alone with her husband, and with true womanly affection she willingly forgot his past errors in his present tenderness. But there were some things yet to be explained before perfect confidence could exist between them. The serpent had been driven from their Paradise, but its trail had been left on many a flower;—the shadow of distrust still lay dark upon the pleasant paths of domestic peace, and yet both shrunk from uttering the mystic word which might chase its gloom forever. But the moment of explanation came. A letter from cousin Agatha was placed in the hands of Alice, and repressing the shudder with which she looked upon it, she proceeded to peruse it; but scarcely had she read three lines, when, with an exclamation of surprise, she handed it to her husband, and telling him

it interested him no less than herself, begged him to read it aloud. It was as follows :

"MY SWEET COUSIN,

"I write to repeat my thanks for the exceeding kindness and hospitality which I received while an inmate of your family. I feel especially bound to do this, because, as I am on the point of embarking for France, I may be unable for several years to offer my acknowledgments in person. You are doubtless surprised, but you will perhaps be still more so when I tell you that I am going to join *my husband*. Our marriage took place more than a year since; but we thought it prudent to conceal it both on account of my then recent widowhood, and because my husband was not then of age. His guardian was opposed to his union with your penniless cousin, and he was sent off on a European tour to avoid me; but we were secretly married before his departure, and as he has now attained his majority, he has written to me to meet him in Paris, where I hope to find that domestic felicity which I failed to derive from my former unhappy connection. By the way, my dear Alice, I fancied, when I was at your house, that there was some little coldness existing between you and your husband. I sincerely hope that I was mistaken, and that it was my love for you which rendered me too observant of the little differences which frequently occur in married life. I think Mr. Wentworth was piqued about your early engagement with Charles Wilson; you had better explain the matter to him and he will probably find as little cause for his jealousy as I, assure you, there was for yours. Don't pout, dear Alice, you certainly *were* a little jealous of me, but I only flirted harmlessly with your husband *pour passer le tems*; and perhaps a little out of revenge. I wanted to try whether a '*little dowdyish red-nosed woman*' could have any attractions for him."

"By Jupiter! she must have been listening at the door when I was discussing the subject of her ill-looks just after her arrival," exclaimed Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes, and mortified vanity will account for her well-practised seductions, Harry," said Alice; "but let us hear the end of this precious epistle." Mr. Wentworth resumed:

"I hope he has fallen into his old habits again and is as fond and lover-like as I found him on my arrival. One piece of advice I must give you, my sweet Alice; do not trust him too much with those who have greater powers of fascination than his little wife, for believe me, he possesses a very susceptible nature. Do not be such a good spouse as to show him my letter. Remember I write to you with my usual impudent frankness. Kiss little Harry for me and remember me most kindly to your amiable husband.

"Ever your devoted friend and cousin,

"AGATHA."

"P.S. Can I send you any *nicknackery* from Paris? I shall be delighted to be of service to you."

"Well, that is as characteristic a letter as I ever read," exclaimed Wentworth as he flung it on the table; "how adroitly she mingles her poison with her sweetmeats; and how well she has managed to affix a sting at the last: I wonder whom she has duped into a marriage."

"Some foolish boy, doubtless, for she speaks of him as being just of age, while she will never again see her thirtieth summer," said Alice; "but what does she mean Harry about my early engagement with Charles Wilson? He was a clerk to my father."

"She told me a long story Alice about a proposed elopement between you and this said Charles Wilson which had been prevented by her interference."

"Good Heavens! Harry how she must have misrepresented the affair. Wilson was in papa's employ and probably fancied it would be a good speculation if he could marry his employer's daughter. He became exceedingly troublesome to me by his civilities, and finally made love to me in plain terms, when I communicated the whole affair to cousin Agatha, and begged her to tell papa of it, because I was such a child that I was ashamed to tell him myself. She did so, and Wilson was dismissed; but I was then only a school girl."

"You seemed so agitated when she recurred to the subject that I readily believed her story."

"I was vexed, Harry, because she insinuated that there was a likeness between our dear boy and that vulgar fellow."

"How I have been deceived by a fiend in the form of an angel," exclaimed Wentworth; "we should have been saved much suffering if she had never entered our doors."

"Indeed we should, Harry, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for my folly in introducing such a serpent into our Elysium."

"Your motives were kind and good, Alice; and though it has been to you a severe lesson in the deceitfulness of the world, and to me a still more painful one in the deceitfulness of my own heart, yet, I trust, that to both of us it may not be without its salutary influences."

TO HELEN IN HEAVEN.

I think of thee by night, love,
In visions of the skies,
When glories meet the sight, love,
That dazzle mortal eyes—
I think a waving cloud, love,
A golden cloud I see,
A half transparent shroud, love,
That moveth like to thee!

I hear a voice of singing,
A sound of rushing wings,
A joyous anthem ringing
As if from silver strings,
A chorus loudly swelling,
A low sweet voice alone—
And I know thou hast thy dwelling
Beneath the eternal throne.

A. A. J.

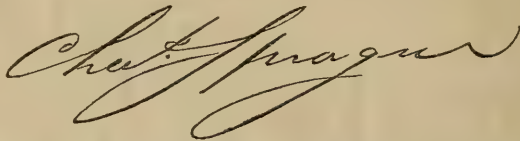
AN APPENDIX OF AUTOGRAPHS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In our November and December numbers we gave *fac-simile* signatures of no less than *one hundred and nine* of the most distinguished American *literati*. Our design was to furnish the readers of the Magazine with a *complete* series of Autographs, embracing a specimen of the MS. of *each of the most noted among our living male and female writers*. For obvious reasons, we made no attempt at classification or arrangement—either in reference to reputation or our own private opinion of merit. Our second article will be found to contain as many of the *Dii majorum gentium* as our first; and this, our third and last, as many as either—although fewer names, upon the whole, than the preceding papers. The impossibility of procuring the signatures now given, at a period sufficiently early for the immense edition of December, has obliged us to introduce this Appendix.

It is with great pleasure that we have found our anticipations fulfilled, in respect to the *popularity*

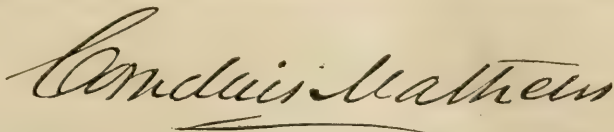
of these chapters—our individual claim to merit is so trivial that we may be permitted to say so much—but we confess it was with no less surprise than pleasure that we observed so little discrepancy of opinion manifested in relation to the hasty critical, or rather gossiping observations which accompanied the signatures. Where the subject was so wide and so necessarily *personal*—where the claims of more than one hundred *literati*, summarily disposed of, were turned over for re-adjudication to a press so intricately bound up in their interest as is ours—it is really surprising how little of dissent was mingled with so much of general comment. The fact, however, speaks loudly to one point:—to the *unity of truth*. It assures us that the differences which exist among us, are differences not of real, but of affected opinion, and that the voice of him who maintains fearlessly what he believes honestly, is pretty sure to find an echo (if the speaker be not mad) in the vast heart of the world at large.



The "Writings of CHARLES SPRAGUE" were first collected and published about nine months ago, by Mr. Charles S. Francis, of New-York. At the time of the issue of the book, we expressed our opinion frankly, in respect to the general merits of the author—an opinion with which one or two members of the Boston press did not see fit to agree—but which, as yet, we have found no reason for modifying. What we say now is, in spirit, merely a repetition of what we said then. Mr. Sprague is an accomplished *belles-lettres* scholar, so far as the usual ideas of scholarship extend. He is a very correct rhetorician of the old school. His versification has not been equalled by that of any American—has been surpassed by no one, living or dead. In this regard there are to be found finer passages in his poems than any elsewhere. These are his chief merits. In the *essentials* of poetry he is excelled by twenty of our countrymen whom we could name. Except in a very few instances he gives no evidence of the loftier idealism. His "Winged Worshippers" and "Lines on the Death of M. S. C." are *beautiful* poems—but he has

written nothing else which should be called so. His "Shakspeare Ode," upon which his high reputation mainly depended, is quite a *second-hand* affair—with no merit whatever beyond that of a polished and vigorous versification. Its imitation of "Collins' Ode to the Passions" is obvious. Its allegorical conduct is mawkish, *passé*, and absurd. The poem, upon the whole, is just such a one as would have obtained its author an Etonian prize some forty or fifty years ago. It is an exquisite specimen of mannerism without meaning and without merit—of an artificial, but most inartistic style of composition, of which conventionality is the soul,—taste, nature and reason the antipodes. A man may be a clever financier without being a genius.

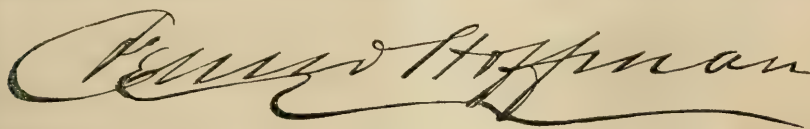
It requires but little effort to see in Mr. Sprague's MS. all the idiosyncrasy of his intellect. Here are distinctness, precision, and vigor—but vigor employed upon *grace* rather than upon its legitimate functions. The signature fully indicates the general hand—in which the spirit of elegant imitation and conservatism may be seen reflected as in a mirror.



Mr. CORNELIUS MATHEWS is one of the editors of "Arcturus," a monthly journal which has attained much reputation during the brief period of its existence. He is the author of "Puffer Hopkins," a clever satirical tale somewhat given to excess in caricature, and also of the well-written retrospective criticisms which appear in his Magazine. He is better known,

however, by "The Motley Book," published some years ago — a work which we had no opportunity of reading. He is a gentleman of taste and judgment, unquestionably.

His MS. is much to our liking — bold, distinct and picturesque — such a hand as no one destitute of talent indites. The signature conveys the hand.



Mr. CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN is the author of "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," and other productions of merit. At one time he edited, with much ability, the "American Monthly Magazine" in conjunction with Mr. Benjamin, and, subsequently, with Dr. Bird. He is a gentleman of talent.

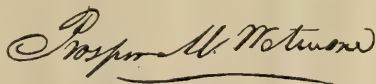
His chirography is not unlike that of Mr. Mathews. It has the same boldness, strength, and picturesqueness, but is more diffuse, more ornamented and less legible. Our *fac-simile* is from a somewhat hurried signature, which fails in giving a correct idea of the general hand.



Mr. HORACE GREELY, present editor of "The Tribune," and formerly of the "New-Yorker," has for many years been remarked as one of the most able and honest of American editors. He has written much and invariably well. His political knowledge is equal to that of any of his contemporaries — his general information extensive. As a *belles-lettres* critic he is entitled to high respect.

His MS. is a remarkable one — having about it a peculiarity which we know not how better to designate than as a *converse* of the picturesque. His characters are scratchy and irregular, ending with

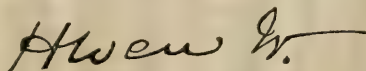
an *abrupt taper* — if we may be allowed this contradiction in terms, where we have the *fac-simile* to prove that there is no contradiction in fact. All abrupt MSS., save this, have square or *concise* terminations of the letters. The whole chirography puts us in mind of a *jig*. We can fancy the writer jerking up his hand from the paper at the end of each word, and, indeed, of each letter. What mental idiosyncrasy lies *perdu* beneath all this, is more than we can say, but we will venture to assert that Mr. Greeley (whom we do not know personally) is, *personally*, a very remarkable man.



The name of Mr. PROSPER M. WETMORE is familiar to all readers of American light literature. He has written a great deal, at various periods, both in prose and poetry, (but principally in the latter) for our Papers, Magazines and Annuals. Of late days we have seen but little, comparatively speaking, from his pen.

His MS. is not unlike that of Fitz-Greene Halleck,

but is by no means so good. Its clerky flourishes indicate a love of the beautiful with an undue straining for effect — qualities which are distinctly traceable in his poetic efforts. As many as five or six words are occasionally run together; and no man who writes thus will be noted for *finish* of style. Mr. Wetmore is sometimes very slovenly in his best compositions.



PROFESSOR WARE, of Harvard, has written some very excellent poetry, but is chiefly known by his "Life of the Saviour," "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching," and other religious works.

His MS. is fully shown in the signature. It evinces the direct, unpretending strength and simplicity which characterize the man, not less than his general compositions.

William B. O. Peabody

The name of WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, like that of Mr. Wetmore, is known chiefly to the readers of our light literature, and much more familiarly to Northern than to Southern readers. He is a resident of Springfield, Mass. His occasional poems have been much admired.

His chirography is what would be called beautiful

by the ladies universally, and, perhaps, by a large majority of the bolder sex. Individually, we think it a miserable one—too careful, undecided, tapering, and effeminate. It is not unlike Mr. Paulding's, but is more regular and more legible, with less force. We hold it as undeniable that no man of *genius* ever wrote such a hand.

Epes Sargent

EPES SARGENT, Esq., has acquired high reputation as the author of "Velasco," a tragedy full of beauty as a poem, but not adapted—perhaps not intended—for representation. He has written, besides, many very excellent poems—"The Missing Ship," for example, published in the "Knickerbocker"—the "Night Storm at Sea"—and, especially, a fine production entitled "Shells and Sea-Weeds." One or two Theatrical Addresses from his pen are very

creditable *in their way*—but the way itself is, as we have before said, execrable. As an editor, Mr. Sargent has also distinguished himself. He is a gentleman of taste and high talent.

His MS. is too much in the usual clerk style to be either vigorous, graceful, or easily read. It resembles Mr. Wetmore's but has somewhat more force. The signature is better than the general hand, but conveys its idea very well.

W. Allston

The name of "Washington Allston," the poet and painter, is one that has been long before the public. Of his paintings we have here nothing to say—except briefly, that the most noted of them are not to our taste. His poems are not all of a high order of merit; and, in truth, the faults of his pencil and of his pen are identical. Yet every reader will remember his "Spanish Maid" with pleasure, and the "Address to Great Britain," first published in Coleridge's "Sybil-line Leaves," and attributed to an English author, is a production of which Mr. Allston may be proud.

His MS. notwithstanding an exceedingly simple and even boyish air, is one which we particularly admire. It is forcible, picturesque and legible, without ornament of any description. Each letter is formed with a thorough distinctness and individuality. Such a MS. indicates caution and precision, most unquestionably—but we say of it as we say of Mr. Peabody's, (a very different MS.) that no man of original genius ever did or could habitually indite it under any circumstances whatever. The signature conveys the general hand with accuracy.

Alfred B. Street

MR. ALFRED B. STREET has been long before the public as a poet. At as early an age as fifteen, some of his pieces were published by Mr. Bryant in the "Evening Post"—among these was one of much merit, entitled a "Winter Scene." In the "New-York Book" and in the collections of American poetry by Messieurs Keese and Bryant, will be found many excellent specimens of his maturer powers. "The Willemoe," "The Forest Tree," "The Indian's Vigil," "The Lost Hunter" and "White Lake" we prefer to any of his other productions which have met our eye. Mr. Street has fine taste, and a keen sense of the beautiful. He writes carefully, elabo-

ately, and correctly. He has made Mr. Bryant his model, and in all Mr. Bryant's good points would be nearly his equal, were it not for the sad and too perceptible stain of the imitation. That he has imitated at all—or rather that, in mature age, he has persevered in his imitations—is sufficient warranty for placing him among the men of talent rather than among the men of genius.

His MS. is full corroboration of this warranty. It is a very pretty chirography, graceful, legible and neat. By most persons it would be called beautiful. The fact is, it is without fault—but its merits, like those of his poems, are chiefly negative.

R Penn Smith

MR. RICHARD PENN SMITH, although, perhaps, better known in Philadelphia than elsewhere, has acquired much literary reputation. His chief works are "The Forsaken," a novel; a pseudo-auto-biography called "Colonel Crocket's Tour in Texas;" the tragedy of "Caius Marius," and two domestic dramas entitled "The Disowned," and "The Deformed." He has also published two volumes of miscellanies under the title of "The Actress of Padua and other Tales," besides occasional poetry. We are not sufficiently cognizant of any of these works to speak with decision respecting their merits. In a biography of Mr. Smith, however, very well written by his friend Mr. McMichael of this city, we are informed of "The Forsaken," that "a large edition of it was speedily exhausted" — of "The Actress of Padua," that it "had an extensive sale and was much com-

mended"—or the "Tour in Texas," that "few books attained an equal popularity"—or of "Caius Marius," that "it has great capabilities for an acting play,"—or of "The Disowned" and "The Deformed," that they "were performed at the London theatres, where they both made a favorable impression"—and of his poetry in general, "that it will be found superior to the average quality of that commodity." "It is by his dramatic efforts," says the biographer, "that his merits as a poet must be determined, and judged by these he will be assigned a place in the foremost rank of American writers." We have only to add that we have the highest respect for the judgment of Mr. McMichael.

Mr. Smith's MS. is clear, graceful and legible, and would generally be called a fine hand, but is somewhat too clerky for our taste.

V. C. Holmes.

DR. OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES, of Boston, late Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, has written many productions of merit, and has been pronounced, by a very high authority, the best of the humorous poets of the day.

His chirography is remarkably fine, and a quick fancy might easily detect, in its graceful yet picturesque quaintness, an analogy with the vivid drollery of his style. The signature is a fair specimen of the general MS.

Elw Doane

JOANE, of New Jersey, is somewhat more known in his clerical than in a literary way, as he has accomplished much more than sufficient to entitle him to a place among the noted of our living men of letters. He is best known by his

published, we believe, during his professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Washington College, Hartford.

His MS. has some resemblance to that of Mr. Greely of "The Tribune." The signature is far bolder and altogether better than the general hand.

Albert Pike

ALBERT PIKE has never published in book form; nor has he written any of the "Hymns to the Gods," "The Bird," being printed in the "basis of his reputation." However, much better in his own pen, entitled "The Bird," in the "Boston African compositions. The spirit, and that of a well-disciplined. In the best sense

of the term, and of course his classicism is very different from that of Mr. Sprague—to whom, nevertheless, he bears much resemblance in other respects. Upon the whole, there are few of our native writers to whom we consider him inferior.

His MS. shows clearly the spirit of his intellect. We observe in it a keen sense not only of the beautiful and graceful but of the picturesque—neatness, precision and general finish, verging upon effeminacy. In force it is deficient. The signature fails to convey the entire MS. which depends upon masses for its peculiar character.

James McHenry

DR. JAMES MCHENRY, of Philadelphia, is well known to the literary world as the writer of numerous articles in our Reviews and lighter journals, but, more especially, as the author of "The Antediluvians," an epic poem which has been the victim of a most shameful cabal in this country, and the subject of a very disgraceful pasquinade on the part of Professor Wilson. Whatever may be the demerits, in some regard, of this poem, there can be no ques-

tion of the utter want of fairness and even of common decency which distinguished the Phillipic in question. The writer of a *just* review of the "Antediluvians"—the only tolerable American epic—would render an important service to the literature of his country.

Dr. McHenry's MS. is distinct, bold and simple, without ornament or superfluity. The signature well conveys the idea of the general hand.

R. S. Nichols

MRS. R. S. NICHOLS has acquired much reputation of late years, by frequent and excellent contributions to the Magazines and Annuals. Many of her compositions will be found in our pages.

Her MS. is fair, neat and legible, but formed somewhat too much upon the ordinary boarding-school model to afford any indication of character. The signature is a good specimen of the hand.

Rich.^d Locke

MR. RICHARD ADAMS LOCKE is one among the few men of *unquestionable genius* whom the country possesses. Of the "Moon Hoax" it is supererogatory to say one word—not to know *that* argues one's self unknown. Its rich imagination will long dwell in the memory of every one who read it, and surely if

the worth of any thing
Is just so much as it will bring—

if short, we are to judge of the value of a literary composition in any degree by its *effect*—then was the "Hoax" most precious.

BUT Mr. Locke is also a poet of high order. We

have seen—nay more—we have heard him read—verses of his own which would make the fortune of two-thirds of our poetasters; and he is yet so modest as never to have published a volume of poems. As an editor—as a political writer—as a writer in general—we think that he has scarcely a superior in America. There is no man among us to whose sleeve we would rather pin—not our *faith* (of which we say nothing)—but our *judgment*.

His MS. is clear, bold and forcible—somewhat modified, no doubt, by the circumstances of editorial position—but still sufficiently indicating a fine intellect.

R. W. Emerson

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON belongs to a class of gentlemen with whom we have no patience whatever—the mystics for mysticism's sake. Quintilian mentions a pedant who taught obscurity, and who once said to a pupil "this is excellent, for I do not understand it myself." How the good man would have chuckled over Mr. E! His present rôle seems to be the out-Carlyling Carlyle. *Lycophron Tenebrosus* is a fool to him. The best answer to his twaddle is *cui bono*?—a very little Latin phrase very generally mistranslated and misunderstood—*cui bono*?—to whom is it a benefit? If not to Mr. Emerson individually, then surely to no man living.

His love of the obscure does not prevent, nevertheless, from the composition of one in which beauty is apparent *by itself*—his effusions appeared in the "W" —more in the "Dial," of which the sun—or the shadow. "Sphinx," the "Problem," and some fine old-fashioned and stately maid whose

His MS. is bad, sprawling—although sufficiently legible, and no doubt is affectionate.

G. C. Verplanck

The name of GULIAN C. VERPLANCK has long been familiar to all American readers, and it is scarcely necessary to say more than that we coincide in the general view of his merits. His orations, reviews, and other compositions all evince the cultivated belles-lettres scholar, and man of intellect and taste. To high genius he has about the same claim as Mr.

Sprague, whom in many respects he closely resembles.

His chirography is unusually rambling and school-boyish—but has vigor and precision. It has no doubt been greatly modified by adventitious circumstances, so that it would be impossible to predicate anything respecting it.

"DORCHESTER."

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

["Dorchester" was a beautiful little country town on the banks of the river Keawah, now Ashley, about twenty miles from the city of Charleston, in South Carolina. It was chiefly settled by New Englanders. For a time it flourished and became a market town of some importance. The planters of the neighborhood were generally persons of substance, who lived in considerable state, and exercised the virtues of hospitality in an eminent degree; but with the war of the Revolution, in which it suffered greatly, it began to decline, and its only remains now are the ruins of its church and the open walls of the old British fort. From a memorandum which I made during a visit to the spot in 1833. I take the following:—"The fort made of tapia—works still in considerable preservation—the wood-work alone decayed—the magazine in ruins—and the area overgrown with plum trees. The church still standing—the steeple shattered by lightning, and the wooden interior torn out—the roof beginning to decay at the ends of the rafters. It will probably fall in before very long." This prediction was not permitted to be verified. The fabric, I learn, has since been utterly destroyed by an incendiary. Dorchester was distinguished by several actions of partisan warfare during the Revolution. It was, by turns, a military depot of the Carolinians and the British. These particulars will explain the little poem which follows.]

Not with irreverential thought and feeling I resign
The tree that was a chronicle in other days than mine;
Its mossy branches crown'd the grove, when, hastily array'd,
Came down the gallant partisan to battle in the shade;
It saw his fearless eye grow dark, it heard his trumpet cry,
When, at its roots, the combat o'er, he laid him down to die;
The warm blood gushing from his heart hath stain'd the sod
below —
That tree shall be my chronicle, for it hath seen it flow!

Sweet glide thy waters, Ashley, and pleasant on thy banks
The mossy oak and mossy pine stand forth in solemn ranks;
Thy crown thee in a fitting guise, since, with a gentle play,
Through bending groves and circling dells thou tak'st thy
lonely way:
Thine is the Summer's loveliness—thy Winter too hath
charms,
Thus sheltered in thy mazy course beneath their Druid arms;
And thine the recollection old, which honors thy decline,
When happy thousands saw thee rove, and Dorchester was
thine.

But Dorchester is thine no more, its gallant pulse is still,
The wild cat prowls among its graves and screams the
whippoorwill,
A mournful spell is on its homes, where solitude, supreme,
Still, couching in her tangled woods, dreams one unbroken
dream:
The cotter seeks a foreign home,—the cottage roof is down,
The ivy clammers all uncheck'd above the steeple's crown;

And doubly gray, with grief and years, the old church
tott'ring stands,
Ah! how unlike that holy home not built with human hands!
These ruins have their story, and, with a reverent fear,
I glide beneath the broken arch and through the passage
drear;
The hillock at my feet grows warm—beneath seats a
heart
Whose pulses wake to utterance, whose accents make me
start;
That heart hath beat in battle, when the thunder-cloud was
high,
And death, in every form of fate, careering through the sky;
Beside it now, another heart, in peace but lately known,
Beats with a kindred pulse, but hath a story of its own.
Ah! sad the fate of maiden whose lover falls in fight,
Condemned to bear, in widowhood, the lonely length of
light;—
The days that came without a sun, the nights that bring no
sleep;
The long, long watch, the weariness, the same, sad toil—
to weep!
Methinks, the call is happiness, when sudden sounds the
strain
That summons back the exiled heart of love to heaven
again;—
No trumpet-tone of battle, but a soft note sweetly clear,
Like that which even now is heard when doves are wooing
near.

THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

ONE church and three dwelling houses, occupied by bishops, had already been torn down to supply material for the magnificent palace which the Duke of Somerset was erecting for himself in the Strand,—a sacrilege which the populace were beginning to feel and resent, in a manner which threatened some disturbance to the public peace. A rumor went abroad that the Duke's workmen had received his commands to repair to Westminster on a certain day, in order to pull down the Church of St. Margaret's, and add its materials to those already so boldly wrested from their sacred purposes.

The gray of a summer's morning was yet hanging over the city, when a large number of workmen, each wearing the Lord Protector's badge, gathered in detached parties about the Abbey. These men had been employed in the destruction of St. Mary's Church but a few days before, and their coarse vestments were torn and covered with the lime and dust which they had brought from the ruin, a mark of their late sacrilegious employment, which brought upon them many a bitter taunt and frowning look from the wayfarers, even before they entered the parish of Westminster. So great was the manifestation of public resentment, that each band of workmen, as it went along, drew close together, and exhibited the pickaxes, crowbars, and other heavy tools of iron with which they were armed, like soldiers compelled on an irksome duty, but resolute to perform it. These men gathered slowly around the Abbey, and waited for a larger body of working-men, who were expected to leave their employment in the Strand and come to their assistance in a force and number that might awe the people into quiet submission to the injustice of their lord.

The morning wore on, but they still lingered about the church, trifling with their heavy tools and talking together with some degree of anxiety, for the expected aid had not yet arrived, and each instant the streets and angles about the Abbey became more and more thronged with sullen and discontented men, all with lowering brows and flashing eyes, bent menacingly upon them.

Still the crowd increased. Men hurried to and fro eagerly and with cloudy looks. The workmen gradually gathered in a close phalanx about the little church, whispered anxiously together, and brandished their tools with a faint show of defiance, yet seemed afraid or reluctant to level them against the sacred pile which stood among that mass of eager human

beings in the cool morning light, quiet and tranquil as the spirit of holiness that brooded over its altar.

Though the persons gathered about St. Margaret's were considerable in numbers, they were not yet condensed into a form that could justly be termed a mob. The streets were alive, but not yet blocked up with people. Men, and even women, might pass to and fro on ordinary business without much fear of injury or interruption, but with a certainty of being jostled and pushed about by the scattered stream of human life that flowed toward the cathedral.

While the neighborhood of St. Margaret's was in this unusual state, two females, followed by more than an equal number of serving-men, each with the Lord Protector's badge upon his sleeve, came suddenly round a corner, and, before they seemed aware of it, were encompassed by the crowd, through which it seemed each instant more difficult to make a free passage. The two females were muffled in their mantles, with the hoods drawn so closely that it was difficult to distinguish their features, or gather an idea of their station, save by a certain air of dignity and refinement which hung about the shorter of the two, and which no vestments could entirely conceal. Both this lady and her companion seemed bewildered and terrified by the rush of human beings with which they had become so strangely mingled. At first they attempted to retrace their steps, but the street through which they had come was now blocked up by a company of more than two hundred working-men, who were coming up from their employment on the Strand, to assist in the destruction of St. Margaret's. When thus convinced that all hopes of retreat were cut off, the female who had seemed most anxious to escape the crowd, put forth a white and trembling hand from beneath her mantle and drew the hood still more closely over her face, while the other in her fright allowed the drapery to fall back from her head and exposed the features of an elderly woman slightly wrinkled, and at the moment pale as a corpse with apprehension. Her sharp black eyes were keen with terror, and her wrinkled hands shook in a way that rendered the effort to draw her hood forward one of considerable difficulty. The servants who followed these bewildered persons were but little annoyed by the position which seemed so painful to them, but one, a tall insolent man, held up his arm that all might see the Lord Protector's badge, and ordered those immediately around him to make way for a noble lady of the

Duke's household to pass. He spoke loud and arrogantly, but the muffled female grasped his arm, and while her words came gaspingly from excess of fear, muttered—

"Dost thou not see how these men lower and frown upon us already? Hearest thou not my noble father's name banded from lip to lip, and each time with a curse coupled with it? Take down thy arm, good Richard—muffle the sleeve within thy cloak and let us struggle forward as we are best able."

The serving man hastened to obey this direction, and wrapped his arm in the short cloak which had been allowed to float back from his shoulder. This act was performed the more promptly as a score of burning eyes had flashed back a stern admonition of danger when challenged by the Somerset badge thus ostentatiously uplifted in their midst. Even as it was, the man's temerity might have been followed by violent consequences, but that a deeper and more general object of resentment presented itself in the body of workmen that had made its way up from the Strand through the cross street which our little party had left but a moment before, and now flung itself impetuously into the excited crowd. The moment these men were seen pushing their way towards their brethren gathered about St. Margaret's, shouting defiance and pushing the citizens about with their heavy iron tools, the spirit of discord broke loose like a wild beast from his cage. A hoarse shout thundered through the air. The hitherto stern and silent multitude swayed round and plunged forward, a mass of enraged, reckless, human life, eager to trample down the body of men who came among them armed to do sacrilege on the holy temple of their worship. When the first fierce cry of their onset swept over the females whose movements we have recorded, the one whose features were yet concealed grasped her companion's arm, and, shrieking with affright, sprang wildly on one side, forcing a passage to the steps of a dwelling-house, where she sunk at the foot of a granite pillar, panting like a wounded fawn beneath the drapery which still concealed her person. Her attendants strove to follow her but were swept away by the rushing multitude, and, spite of their struggles, forced into the *mêlée* raging between the citizens and the Somerset workmen. These men fought their way valiantly. Keeping in a compact body they resolutely cleared a path through the unarmed mob with their heavy crowbars and pickaxes, which proved most effective weapons of defence. The people goaded to fury by opposition rushed madly upon them, strove to wrest away their weapons by brute force, and when that failed tore up the pavement and hurled the massive stones furiously into their midst. Many were wounded, more than one dropped down dead, crushed beneath the deadly missiles which filled the air. The sweet breath of morning was made terrible by the groans and cries and harsh sounds of hot-blooded men, goaded to fury and fierce with a thirst for strife, which threatened to deluge the torn pavements with blood and carnage.

The band of workmen which had already reached St. Margaret's at first essayed to aid their companions

but it was impossible even to penetrate the mob of citizens which separated the two parties, and they returned to their station before the church, which the mob, in its blind eagerness to attack the larger and more obnoxious party, had left almost entirely at their mercy. Still their numbers were small, and the enraged people so near at hand that but the lifting of an implement of destruction would have placed them in imminent peril. So they remained inactive, contenting themselves with a hope that Somerset, the Lord Protector, would hear of the riot and come to his people's rescue. Still the fight raged on, the workmen were driven back, step by step, to a cross street whence they had emerged, and which their numbers choked up, forming a solid front, narrow and compact, which the assailants found impossible to break and difficult to contend against, as few had the hardihood to come within the sweep of those heavy iron bars which were never wielded but they crushed some human being to the earth. While the workmen maintained this position the assailants were compelled to abate the fury of their attack. The scene of strife too had been considerably removed from the first place of encounter.

The young female, who is the especial object of our interest, crouched at the base of the granite pillar where she had sought refuge, shuddering and sick with fear, amid this tumult of strife and terrible passions raging about her. She heard the shrieks and howling cries of the multitude as they struggled together, heard them tear up the pavement with curses, and felt the air tortured into unnatural currents as the heavy stones whirled fiercely over her head. Still she neither shrieked nor moved a limb, but clung with a shuddering clasp to the pillar, helpless and almost stupified with terror. While the fight raged fiercest about her she remained unnoticed, for even there, amid that throng of men tugging at each other's throats and wrangling like wild animals together, females were to be seen fighting and eager for strife—the most relentless among the throng. In this terrible mingling of sexes and strife of angry passions, a helpless and prostrate female, shrinking from a scene too horrible even for her imagination, might well have been overlooked. All were too fiercely occupied to offer her protection or insult. But as the scene of strife became more distant the dense crowd around her was scattered, and more than one of the rude persons who hang about the skirts of a riotous mob from idle curiosity or in hopes of plunder, observed the deadly stillness of her position. There was a delicacy in the small white hand and rounded arm which clung to the pillar, exposed by the falling drapery and flung out in beautiful relief upon the stone as if a limb of exquisite sculpture had been chiselled there. But the persons who gazed were too rude for thoughts of beauty though so strangely betrayed. A cluster of brilliants that blazed on one of the fingers, and the rich drapery that lay in a picturesque heap over her whole person, conveyed hopes of rich plunder, and many a covetous eye twinkled with expectation that when the crowd were drawn to a distance she might be left helpless and exposed to their rapa-

city. At last an artisan or mechanic of the lowest order ascended the steps where she had sought refuge, and, apparently heedless of her presence, sat down on the opposite side of the pillar, so near that his dusty leathern jerkin almost touched the arm still wound immovably around it. He now uncovered his head and wiped the perspiration from a low and disagreeable forehead with the sleeve of his jerkin, pushed back a mass of coarse hair that had fallen over his eyes, and was about replacing his cap, when a flash of sunshine fell upon the cluster of brilliants which gemmed one of the fingers just in a range with his eye. A look of coarse delight came to his repulsive features, a cunning avaricious joy disagreeable beyond description. He cast an eager look upon the throng, which was still great, and toyed with his cap, waving it up and down with both hands carelessly as if to cool his face when any person seemed especially regarding him. At last, when the general attention was drawn another way by a party of horsemen coming at a hard gallop down the street, he, as if by accident, held his cap so as to conceal his face from the multitude, and drew back slowly till the pillar half concealed him, then, softly removing the hand from its clasp on the stone, he drew the ring away quick as lightning, and grasping it in his rough palm allowed the little hand to fall down cold and lifeless upon the step.

"Plunder from the dead is free to the first comer," he muttered, replacing his cap, "a woman completely killed or in a swoon is the same thing, and one or the other state belongs to this dainty lady, I take it."

As he muttered these words, the plunderer sauntered with a heavy idle swagger down the steps, and would have mingled with the crowd, but at that moment an elderly man, evidently the servitor of some noble family, paused by the steps, glanced at the recumbent figure, and hastily inquired who the person was, and why no assistance had been rendered. The artisan, to whom he addressed himself as the nearest person, was suddenly taken with a decided and absorbing interest in the struggle that still raged farther down the street, and, when the question had been thrice repeated, only withdrew his attention long enough to declare that he was quite ignorant regarding the lady so strangely situated, and, in truth, had observed her for the first time when pointed out by the worshipful questioner.

The new comer ran hastily up the steps, flung back the mantle which had fallen over her face, and revealed the features of a young girl, pale as death, and lying cold and lifeless close to the pillar. A flood of rich chestnut-brown hair had broken loose, and the string of rough emeralds that had confined it lay broken and scattered among the folds of her dress. The man seemed to recognize those sweet features, for he turned pale, and an exclamation, almost of terror, broke from his lips. "She is dead!" he cried in a voice of keen emotion—"her hands are cold as ice. What shall I say to my poor lord—who will dare tell him?"

"Then she has taken leave within a short space of time," muttered the artisan, who stood with his

back toward the pillar, gazing intently afar off, as if he had some heavy stake which the contest would decide. "I can swear that her hand trembled as I pulled off the ring."

"For the love of heaven, is there no one here who will call assistance!" exclaimed the new comer, kneeling down and raising the senseless lady with his arm.

"Can I do anything?" inquired the artisan, gruffly, as if aroused to a consciousness that the fainting lady required some attention.

"Thank you, good friend, yes—run, I beseech you for the nearest leech, or rather look out my Lord Dudley, who has just ridden by; say to him that a lady whose welfare is dear to him, has swooned in the street, and is in danger from the mob. Go, good man, go at once, or I fear me our blithesome lady will never smile again!"

"Nay," said the artisan, who had fixed a greedy eye on the emeralds scattered over the lady's dress. "As I may not know the Lord Dudley when he is found, had you not better leave the poor lady to me while you seek him out yourself; the more especially as you may see that her mouth is red again, and there is a tear breaking through the thick eyelashes that were so black and still when you first uncovered her face. The air has done her good. Leave her to me, and by the time you come back with the gentleman you wot of she will be well again. Truly, my jerkin is none of the cleanest," he added in reply to a glance which the other had cast on his mean raiment, "nor my face much to your liking, I see; but I shall not run off with your dainty trouble there, not being fool enough to cumber myself with anything of womankind, be she gentle or simple, so you can trust me."

There was something in the artisan's manner more than in his appearance—and that was suspicious enough, that rendered the person he addressed reluctant to trust a being so helpless to his charge. He hesitated and was deliberating how to act, when the multitude came rushing back to their old station near the church, shouting fiercely and uttering terrible imprecations on the Duke of Somerset, who had sent a large body of armed men up the Thames, who had landed at the foot of Westminster Bridge, resolute to support his artisans in the destruction of St. Margaret's. It was the first charge of this party, as it joined the body of workmen, which still defended the passage up St. Margaret's street, that sent the crowd rushing back upon the church. The small band of horsemen which had just passed, wheeled suddenly round and came back almost by compulsion, for their way was entirely blocked up by the populace, and behind were the Somerset men, urged to fierce resentment, and goading them on to madness.

The leader of this equestrian band—for it evidently belonged to neither of the contending parties—was a young and remarkably handsome man, who seemed entangled with the crowd by accident, and only desirous of continuing his morning ride in tranquillity. The magnificent trappings of his black charger—the jewelled buckle which fastened the plumes on his

cap, leaving a fine open forehead and a mass of light curling hair exposed to view. The short cloak of dark green velvet bordered with gold—the slashed and pointed doublet and hose underneath, betrayed him as one of the brightest and most noble ornaments of the young King Edward's court, and were all in striking contrast with the rude mob from which he was deliberately striving to extricate himself. He was followed by a number of retainers well mounted, and all wearing his family badge; yet it was not till they were forced to retrace their way and made some slight commotion in the crowd in wheeling their horses, that the tumultuous populace seemed to recognize them. But when the leader was known, those men not actively engaged in the fight, pressed back to give him way, and greeted him with uncovered heads—a few flung their caps in the air, calling out for those in advance to make room for the Lord Dudley; others took up the cry, and then went up a loud eager shout of

“A Warwick! a Warwick! room, room for a Warwick!” Thus sounding a defiance to the Somerset battle-cry, that rang so fiercely up from the distance.

This recognition by the mob seemed to annoy the object of their clamor beyond measure. He lifted his hand with an imperative motion, in a vain effort to silence their noisy greeting; but when he saw that this was mistaken for encouragement, and that his family name rang louder and with more joyous acclamation above all the tumult, he bent his noble head to the multitude with forced resignation, and strove more resolutely to retreat from a scene, which from many causes, filled him with anxiety and regret. More than once his high spirit was so chafed by the notice which he had unwillingly obtained, that nothing but compassion for the multitude seemed to prevent him giving a free rein to the noble beast which shook his head, champed angrily his tightened bit, and curveted with impatience among the mass of human beings that scarcely gave his hoofs free play upon the pavement.

The two men whom we left near the young female, who was just returning to animation, were interrupted in their discussion by these two sources of renewed commotion which we have just related, and when the cry of “a Warwick, a Warwick,” swept by, the last comer, who was still supporting the lady, started to his feet, placed a hand over his eyes to shade them from the sun, and looked earnestly over the sea of human heads rising and falling and flowing by, like the motion of a forest when the wind sweeps over it. All at once he uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and rushing down the steps, forced his way to the young horseman who was now almost opposite the place he had occupied. Pushing eagerly through the crowd which surrounded the struggling charger, he seized him by the bit, as the only means of attracting the rider's attention in a scene where his voice was exerted in vain; but so great was the tumult that even this method proved ineffectual, and it was not till he had flung the beast almost upon his haunches that he was recognized

by the anxious nobleman. The young man bent his head, for the eager face of his retainer startled him, though the words he would have uttered were swept away by the thousand fierce sounds that filled the air. At last, by the aid of gesture and such broken words as reached his master's ear, the man made himself understood. The horseman started upright in his stirrups, cast a keen look toward the spot pointed out by his attendant, and, heedless of all former caution, plunged his spurs into the restless charger, which reared and plunged with a violence that sent the people back upon each other, and cleared a space of some yards about him. Regardless of consequences, the nobleman scarcely gave his horse time to recover himself, but urged him through the frightened crowd with an impetuosity that sent a shower of sparks about his hoofs when they struck upon the lower most of the stone flags where the lady had taken shelter.

The young man sprang from his saddle, and pushing aside the artisan who still hung about her, took the now partially recovered lady in his arms, and in a voice of hurried and anxious affection inquired if she were hurt, and multiplied questions one upon another, mingling them with broken expressions of tenderness, which she could only answer by sobs and the profuse tears that rushed over her burning cheeks. She seemed entirely overcome with joy at his presence, and the intense shame arising from her extraordinary situation. All his questions only served to make her weep the more bitterly; but she clung nervously to his hand, trembling between the pleasure of his protection and the fear that he might condemn her, and besought him, in broken tones, to take her home, to forgive her, but, above all things, to help her away from the mob of coarse rough faces that were gazing upon her humiliation.

“Nay, compose yourself,” said Dudley, in those low and persuasive tones best calculated to allay her nervous excitement, “are you not safe with me? you are too feeble to move yet. In a little time I trust that we may pass in safety, but—”

“Forgive me, my lord,” interrupted the man who had informed his master of the lady's plight. “If her ladyship can find strength to walk, had we not better remove her at once to a place of safety? It is yet possible to make our way round the corner, and so into the Park.”

The Lord Dudley looked upon the crowd and shook his head.

“See, my lord,” said the man still more earnestly, “the people are becoming more turbulent than ever—in less than five minutes the space between this and the church will be crowded full again.”

“I fear she is too weak for the attempt,” replied Dudley, looking down with tender anxiety into the sweet troubled face lifted with an expression of timid confidence to his.

“Oh, no, I am quite strong now; I can walk very well if you are with me,” said the young girl; but her pale and trembling lips belied the words as she turned her back to the people and strove with unsteady hands to gather the scattered masses of her

hair beneath the hood, which scarcely served to conceal its rich beauty, dishevelled and loose as it was.

"See, I am quite ready," she added, wrapping the mantle about her, and gathering courage beneath the concealment of its folds, and clinging to the young nobleman's arm she stood terrified, it is true, but willing to submit herself to his guidance.

"My poor bird, how it pants and trembles beneath my arm," murmured Dudley. And amid all the annoyance of his position, his heart thrilled with a sense of the protection which it gave to the object of his love; but the feeling gave way to one of keen anxiety; for the populace were by this time assailed so fiercely by the Somerset men that it was giving way before them, and rapidly condensing itself around the Abbey, which threatened soon to become the scene of contention.

"What can be done? which way shall we go?" said Dudley, appealing to his attendant.

The man looked around and gravely shook his head. "I see no plan of escape unless we struggle through the crowd," he replied despondingly, "and yet there is but your lordship and my humble self to protect the Lady Jane, and the press threatens to be great."

The artisan who had made a show of holding Dudley's horse, while he concealed the ring and as many of the jewels which had dropped from the lady's hair as he could purloin during the short time that she had been left alone with him, in the sleeve of his jerkin—now slipped the bridle over his arm, and came up the steps so far as its length would permit.

"If I might advise, fair sir," he said, doffing his cap, and concealing a large emerald that had before escaped him, with his foot, as he spoke. "If I might make bold to give an opinion, three stout men are enough to cover the retreat of one woman any day. Your gallant self and my worshipful friend here, to say nothing of the man before you, who lacks not both tough bone and sinew in a fair fight, and the noble horse, which I take it, is worth at least two men, having a fine knack, as I but now witnessed, of scattering a crowd with his hoofs. Well now, fair sir, supposing you mount this noble nag and push a way through the crowd, while my worshipful friend and humble self follow at his heels with the lady between us. Oh, this does not jump with the lady's humor, I see," continued the man without breaking the thread of his speech, as the Lady Jane drew closer to her companion and murmured in an affrighted voice, "no, no Dudley—keep you with me or I shall die with terror else."

Dudley answered by a gentle pressure of the arm clinging to his, and the man went on, as we have said, regardless of the interruption.

"Well, if she does not fancy the cut of my face, perhaps the black charger there will have better taste. Shall I mount and clear a path for you? It is not often that I sit on a crimson saddle with housings of velvet and gold—but there is an old saying or a new one, it matters not which, that if you 'put a beggar on horseback he will ride'—I must not say

exactly where in the presence of this lady, but to such a journey a passage through this crowd of hooting scoundrels would be child's play—shall I mount, fair sir? you see the fight is getting nearer and there will be hot work anon."

As the man finished speaking, he dropped his sheepskin cap quite by accident, and displayed considerable awkwardness in picking it up again. For a person rather shabbily dressed he certainly was somewhat fastidious in replacing it jauntily on one side of his head; but in the process a large emerald was sent, with a dexterous movement of the fingers, flashing down the sleeve of his jerkin, which probably had some connection with this elaborate display of taste.

At any other time Dudley would have rebuked the fellow's boldness, but he was too anxious for thoughts of station or dignity, and turning from the rude speaker to his attendant, he demanded earnestly if his plan were practicable. Before the person addressed could reply, an immense paving stone was hurled by his temple, and, tearing off the artisan's cap in its progress, was dashed to pieces against the granite pillar which had so long sheltered the Lady Jane Saymore. A shriek burst from her pale lips, and every face in that little group turned white as death. After a moment the artisan took up his cap, and thrusting his hand through a hole cut in it by the stone, tried to convince himself and those about him, by a broad laugh, that he was a man of decided courage and not to be daunted by trifles that could drive the blood from a nobleman's cheek; but his voice died in the miserable attempt, and he slunk down to the horse's head again, for the moment subdued into silence.

"For the love of heaven, let us be gone," said Lord Dudley, terrified by the danger which threatened the object of his love. "Mount, fellow; and if you clear a way for this lady, you shall have gold!"—

Before he could finish the sentence, the artisan sprang to a seat on the gorgeous saddle, and striking his mutilated cap down upon his head with one hand, drew up the bridle, and shouting, "Make room for the noble Dudley—a Warwick, a Warwick," plunged into the crowd.

Dudley threw his arm firmly round the Lady Jane, and directing his attendant to keep close on the other side, followed his strange conductor, who proved an excellent guide; for in his appeal now to the people in behalf of their favorite noble, now to the Somerset men as one of their number, he succeeded in forcing a passage for the party till they had almost reached the front of St. Margaret's; but here their position became more dangerous than ever, for a detachment of the Somerset men, after a desperate struggle to force a passage through the body of people, had found the way across a corner of the park and along Prince's street, almost within a stone's throw of the church, before their movement was discovered by those resolute on its defence. It was in vain the artisan pleaded for a passage now, his voice was overwhelmed by the roar. He was raised considerably above the crowd, and was among the first to discover

this new difficulty. He arose in the saddle, cast a crest-fallen look over the sea of human heads that surrounded him, then bending backwards, he addressed the young lord and his companion in a voice that was less steady than he would gladly have rendered it—

"To the church, my lord—to the church at once! The street is choked, as far as I can see—is choked up with Somerset men; but they are mistaken if they hope to reach St. Margaret's; here are stout angry fellows enough to keep them at bay till Michaelmas. Seek shelter for the lady, fair Sir, before they all see as much as I do, for there will be bloody work there, or I am no reader of men's faces."

There was no time for parley or delay, the pale craven face of the artisan bore witness to the truth of what he said. Lord Dudley clasped his companion more firmly, and forced his way with almost supernatural strength toward the church. The artisan would gladly have sought the shelter which he had so wisely recommended to his noble companion; but the horse had become restive under a strange guidance, and before his head could be turned toward St. Margaret's, the mob had discovered the Somerset workmen, and closed round him with a violence that rendered a change of direction impossible. It was in vain that he waved his cap, shouted Lord Dudley's name, and craved a free passage. His voice was overwhelmed in the roar and rush of a conflict more dreadful than had been witnessed that day. The people saw the spoilers almost upon their consecrated ground, and they fought like lions to protect the sacred rest of their dead and the altar of their worship. It was a just cause, but the strife a terrible one indeed. So great was the press, that our artisan found the motion of his horse cramped and almost prevented. His limbs were crushed against the noble animal till the pain became almost insupportable. He would gladly have dismounted and have taken his chance with the throng, but so dense was the sea of human beings crowding upon him, that there was not an inch of space through which he might hope to reach the ground. So horse and rider were violently borne forward at the mercy of the crowd, and exposed to the shower of missiles that now darkened the air.

Meantime Dudley and his companions had reached the door of St. Margaret's; but it was closed, and a company of armed men stood resolutely before it. The little band of workmen, which had kept its station there till within the last hour, had at length deserted their post, terrified by this guard of armed men added to the mob which they had so long braved. Despairing of escape they had clambered, each as he best might, up the gothic windows and rough stone work of the little church, and were now crouching in groups on the roof, and striving to conceal themselves behind the small turrets or steeples that surmounted its four corners, afraid of being detected by the populace, who were each moment becoming more and more exasperated by their brethren.

"In the name of heaven, good friends, allow me

to find shelter for this lady within the church," exclaimed Lord Dudley, as pale and fearfully agitated he turned in despair from the bolted door which he had reached in spite of the pikes presented by the self-constituted guard, "I am a friend to the people, and this lady"—

"Is his sister," interrupted the attendant hastily, well knowing that her true title would harden the men's hearts against her, though she was almost lifeless, and only kept from sinking at their feet by the strong arm of her noble protector.

"But, even our church may soon be no place of safety," said one of the men, "a few minutes and this building where our parents worshipped—where our children were baptised—may be a heap of ruins like those of St. Mary. Our holy altar stones may be made into door steps for the Duke of Somerset's fine palace—yes, our chancels sacked to yield stones to flag his wine-cellars, while the bones and sacred dust of our fathers are cast into the street, and scattered to the four winds of heaven."

Dudley felt the gentle being, who clung to him for safety, tremble and shrink, as if this angry speech had been levelled at her alone.

"I know that the people have suffered some wrong," he said, in a mild but unsteady voice, for he was painfully agitated, both by his late struggle with the crowd, and the torture which the man's impetuous speech was inflicting on his gentle charge. "But let me beseech you, unclothe the door, my—my poor sister is well nigh sinking to the earth with fatigue and terror."

Still the men remained obstinate, not only refusing to open the door, but guarding it with a close row of levelled pikes. The sound of fierce strife, which now arose with appalling violence, within a few rods of the church, seemed to fill them with cold and stubborn bitterness. At last, when a loud and terrible cry swept over them—a cry of triumph from the Somerset men, mingled with a yell of defiance from the mob, in which Somerset, the Lord Protector's name, was winged by shouts and curses through the dense air, the man who had spoken before turned almost menacingly on the young nobleman.

"Did I not tell you," he exclaimed, "this is no place for a lady? If we cannot guard our dead, how can your charge be safe? Hear that shout—the Duke of Somerset is himself coming up from the river to reinforce his band of pillagers. A curse light upon his sacrilegious head for this day's work—a curse on him and his!"

"Oh no, no; do not curse him!" exclaimed the Lady Jane, starting from Dudley's arm, and flinging the hood back from her pale face with a wild impulse—he does not know—he has not thought how dreadful all this is: you do not dream how kind he is. In pity—for sweet mercy's sake, do not curse my father!"

"Her father," exclaimed the men almost simultaneously, and with menacing looks; "her father!"

Lord Dudley drew the young girl back to his side, pulled the mantle almost roughly over her face, and turned sternly upon the men.

"Behold," he said, with a flashing eye, "behold the effect of your cruel delay; my poor sister is driven stark mad at last."

The speech, and the pale steadfast features of the young man, had the desired effect. The guard did not open the door, it is true, but their manner was more subdued, and they consulted in a low voice together.

"And if we unlock the church, what warrant have we that you are not a partisan of the Duke's?" said the leader, glancing suspiciously at the young nobleman's rich vestments; "you may be of his household, nay, his son, for aught we know."

"You have the word of a Warwick, and this proof that the pledge is not given without right," said the young man, flinging aside his velvet cloak, and displaying the family crest, set in brilliants, on his sword-hilt. "Now, sirs, let me pass! I have no share in this broil, and would gladly have escaped from it unknown."

"Pass in, and heaven's blessing go with you!" said the man, almost angrily striking up the line of weapons which his hand still kept levelled.

He unlocked the heavy door, and while the dense mob shouted around him, eager to know why he acted thus for a stranger, he stood, with uncovered head, till the young nobleman had entered the church; then, he closed the door again with a half repeated blessing upon the lips that had been almost blistered with imprecations a few moments before. The solemn stillness and cool atmosphere, which pervaded that little church, fell like a breath from heaven on the three persons who entered it, weary and faint from the turmoil that raged without.

The blended hues of purple and gold and crimson, shed from the stained and diamond-shaped glass that filled the gothic windows, flooded the building with a dim mellow light, and slept, in a rich haze, among the funereal urns of snowy marble placed in the various niches, once occupied by images of Catholic worship. A shadowy light, such as beams from a mild sunset, lay upon the altar-stone, which gleamed out white and pure above the purple velvet that carpeted its steps. A baptismal fount of marble stood on the right hand filled with clear water; but in that rich light it seemed almost brimming with wine. Two censers of massive silver stood above the altar, but only as remnants of a discarded faith, for no incense had been kindled in their hearts since the divorce of the late Henry and Catherine of Arragon.

The whole church was pervaded with a beautiful quiet, such as might reign in the shadowy dwellings of paradise. Dudley yielded to its influence, and drew a deep breath, half in awe, half in thankfulness, as he gently placed the Lady Jane upon one of the steps of the altar, and sprinkled her pale face with the water which he dipped with his hand from the baptismal fount. He took off the mantle which she still unconsciously held tightly about her person, and gathering up the rich tresses of her hair as they fell upon the marble, made an awkward attempt to bind them round her head. The poor lady was conscious of his kindness, but so exhausted that she had no power to thank him. The very effort to unclothe her eyes was an exertion too much for her languid state, and the soft light which fell over her like a rich sunset seemed lending beauty to a marble statue, so pale and deathlike were her features. When Dudley inquired with anxious tenderness after her welfare, from time to time, she answered him with a faint clasp of the hand which he took in his, and grateful tears gushed in bright drops through her closed lashes, and fell, one after another, like jewels upon the purple velvet beneath her cheek. At last she opened her eyes, a sweet and tender expression of pleasure came to her face, and one of the familiar smiles which Dudley loved so well sprang like sunlight to her reddening lips. She was yet bewildered and dreamy, but tranquillized by the one dear presence, and the holy quiet which brooded over the place of her rest. For a time she was unconscious of the tumult which still raged without, for the sounds came but faintly to that holy place, and seemed more like the heaving beat of a far off ocean than a strife of angry men, heated and drunken with bad passions.

All at once a shout so long, loud and fierce, that it filled that tranquil building like the howl of a demon, fell upon her ear. She started up with a full consciousness of all that had happened to her during the morning, and again sinking upon the steps of the altar buried her face between her hands, and held her breath with a feeling of terror such as she had never known before.

At that moment Dudley's attendant, who had remained near the church door, came hurriedly toward his master with information that the Duke of Somerset had joined his men in person, and was now within a few paces of the church.

(To be continued.)

THE ZEPHYR.

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

I SAT by the casement; before me there
Lay a treasured thing, a long tress of hair,
And it moved my heart with a touching power—
'Twas the cherished gift of a parting hour.
The sun-shine lay 'mid its nut-brown fold

With a loving smile, as it did of old,
When the curl waved free in its careless grace,
Like a cloud in the sky, o'er the smiling face
Of the gentle girl that I loved so well—
A dimming tear on the bright lock fell

As thoughts of the loved one far away,
 And the teeming past, on my sad heart lay.
 A Zephyr, that all this time had play'd,
 Like a laughing child, 'mid the rose tree's shade,
 Flew up, like a bird, to the easement there,
 And bore off in triumph the lock of hair.
 'Twas a cruel theft! and harsh words of blame,
 Like a mountain stream, from my full heart came,
 For the reckless deeds of the careless thing,
 Ever hovering near on mischievous wing.
 But the day before, he had entered my bower,
 And scattered the leaves of its loveliest flower,
 And bore off a letter that lay unread,
 'Neath the scented buds, on a mossy bed,
 To the brook hard by, who, with dimpled cheek
 And a smothered laugh at the Zephyr's freak,
 Received the gift, and bounded on
 As wild, and free, as a forest fawn,
 To its hiding spots 'neath the greenwood shade,
 Glancing back, through the leaves, where the young wind
 play'd.

"Now! Spirit of Air," I cried, "gay breeze—
 Are all thine acts as unkind as these?
 Thy wings are unfettered—thy path is free—
 Yet mine is the power to follow thee."
 Then thought sprang up on her weariless wing,
 And tracked the wind, in imagining.
 He stole the white plume from the thistle's crest,
 Which was light as down on the swan's pure breast,
 And with waving wing bore the prize away
 To a happy group 'mid the flowers at play,
 And fanning the cheek of each laughing boy,
 With his cooling wing, waved the downy toy
 Their bright heads above, and the careless band,
 With eager eye, and with outstretched hand,
 Ran away, in chase of the silvery thing
 That the Zephyr bore on exulting wing.
 Now slowly it floated their hands beneath—
 Now upward it sprang on a stronger breath—
 Now wafted afar—'twas a merry race
 The Zephyr to lead, and the children in chase!
 He left them behind, but bore along
 Their glee-toned voices, in joyous song,
 And each lone mother looked up and smiled,
 As she caught the tones of her darling child,
 And paused awhile from her toil, to bless
 The heart, o'erflowing with happiness.

Then he went his way and on manhood's brow
 His cooling fingers are busy now,
 He parts the dark hair from its resting place,
 And prints a kiss on the anxious face,
 And woos him to leave the dust and glare
 Of the crowded town, for a spot more fair,
 Where trees in blossom, and birds on wing,
 Lead the rapt heart from each worldly thing.
 But man heeds not, for his rest is sold,
 And his heart bows down to the god of gold;
 For the tempting Zephyr he "cares not a groat,"
 He is eagerly reaching a "ten pound note,"
 That ragged, and soiled on the counter doth lay,
 But the Zephyr indignantly bears it away.
 He toss'd it, he puff'd it, he twirled it around,
 Now high in the air, and now low on the ground,
 He moaned in derision, he whistled with glee,
 Ah! never was Zephyr as merry as he,
 Till at length, in his frolic, he entered a shed
 Where a widow was praying for daily bread,
 In the voice of faith, low, subdued and mild,
 She prayed for food for her starving child:

Then the wind bowed down with its burden there,
 And Heaven thus answered the widow's prayer.
 Then he entered the halls, where many a scene
 Of joyous pleasure, and mirth had been—
 He softly sighed o'er the festal board,
 Where the jest had passed, and the red wine poured,
 He swept the harp with his quivering wing,
 And woke the tones of each mournful string,
 While his murmuring voice, with its gentle chime,
 Seemed singing a song of the olden time,
 Or breathing a dirge o'er the gay hearts fled
 To their silent homes 'mid the lowly dead.
 He sighed through the banners that hung on high—
 (Dimmed was their gorgeous blazonry,)
 But they waved aloft, as they waved of old,
 When the shout and song shook each heavy fold,
 While the dust fell down in a dark'ning cloud—
 And the moth was rocked in her silken shroud—
 And the bat sprang forth from his loathsome nest,
 'Mid the pinnons there, an unseemly guest!

Then he went to the violet's lonely bowers,
 And gathered their breath, though he left the flowers,
 And hastened on with the rich perfume
 And a gladsome song, to the invalid's room.
 He hushed his voice as he entered there,
 For holy and sad rose the sound of prayer,
 With his wealth from the woods he wafted on,
 And rushing memories of bright things gone
 To the dying bore, while a low-breathed sigh,
 Told of the Zephyr's sympathy.
 One tender act that he did that day,
 Was a moment to pause where a stranger lay,
 In an unknown land, with no loved one near
 To breathe a sigh o'er his lowly bier,
 Or moisten his grave with the tear-drops shed
 From the mourning heart, o'er the loved and the dead.
 Then mounting upward, on breezy wing,
 To the white haw tree richly blossoming,
 And, gathering its sweets with a gentle wave,
 He spread them like snow o'er the stranger's grave.
 Green leaf, and bud, and starry flower,
 Filled the rich air, like a lovely shower
 Of bright things, sent from a fairy land,
 And lay on the grave as though some kind hand
 Had scattered, that silent heart above,
 The sweets that in life it had learned to love.

But 'twere vain to tell of his wanderings free
 O'er leafy land, and o'er foaming sea—
 How he swept round the palace, and played through the
 cot—
 Passed "the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot;"
 How he wafted the purple of lordly pride,
 And fluttered the rags of the beggar aside,
 How he made of a spray-capped wave his steed,
 And rode o'er the ocean with Jehu speed,
 ("Till his charger tossed its snowy mane,
 And sank to its native depths again,)
 How he hastened the ship on her homeward way,
 And scattered her track with the ocean's spray.
 'Twere vain to number the acts like these,
 That were done that day, by the joyous Breeze—
 While I could but mark that, what first seemed rude,
 Was gentle, and tender, and kind, and good.
 I followed him far on his wayward track,
 And when, from wandering, I turned me back,
 He whispered at parting, these words, methought,
 To my hasty heart,—"Judge not! JUDGE NOT!"

SHAKSPEARE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

It is the fashion to consider Macbeth a spotless and noble soul, ensnared by the toils of the fiends, and pulled down from heaven to hell by the chance meeting of the weird sisters on the heath. There is a serious objection to this view. It makes machines of men. It takes from us the most obvious and sublime attribute of an immortal being, viz: free agency. If a high-minded and God-revering mortal is unprotected against the attacks of supernatural beings—if foul witches may watch for him in unguarded moments, and weave around his enchanted feet the fatal snares of crime and death, then are we truly a wretched race. But this is not Shakspeare's creed. This is not the character of the tragedy. Macbeth was a villain. He had deliberately adopted vice as his god long before the fiends were permitted to patter with him. They come as a *consequence* not as a *cause* of wickedness. The withered and wild sisters on the blasted heath were conjured up by his own cherished weaknesses and *secret* deeds.* They were the haggard and hellish impersonations of his own hidden thoughts and passions. He was not the pure, generous, heaven-adoring person he is represented. The germs of his guilt he had received into his heart by himself years before, and they lay shooting there in silence, only waiting the quickening beam of opportunity—waiting the first, feeblest temptation to start forth in all their force. He was one of those fair-seeming men who pass for honest and noble. The world contains now, as then, many such. Many a man with an uplifted brow and a clear name, waits only *occasion* to prove himself a scoundrel. It is such specious hypocrites that gather around them (as the smell of carrion does the hawk and vulture) the plotting witches who watch for power over the children of men. They had never tempted the pure good old King Duncan. He might have passed the blasted heath every day of his life, and these hags would never have dreamed of appearing to him. His soul was not prepared for their wiles. But that of Macbeth—as well as that of his stern wife—was corrupted by the whole tenor of their previous life.

Had there been left no evidence of this, I should still have asserted it. The innocent—the pure in heart—they who daily commune with their Maker—who acknowledge their weakness and danger when left to themselves—and implore humbly at his feet his all-sufficient aid—never fall victims to the

accursed fiends, whether they appear in the deformity of Paddock and Graymalkin, or disguised under the fair temptations of life.

But Shakspeare has left proof enough in his tragedy. He meant to show, not (as is frequently asserted) the downfall of noble grandeur and unsuspecting innocence, but the destruction of a fair-showing, unsuspected villain—the wreck of a ship whose outward semblance was tall and imposing, but which was unseaworthy and destined to go down before the first gale.

In the first place, why does not *Banquo* suffer from the fiends? He is with Macbeth when they appear. He even boldly addresses them, and at once—with the frank fearlessness of a noble and virtuous mind, conscious of its honesty, commands them, if they can read the future, to speak to *him* also.

"Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear your favors nor your hate."

Here is at once a man not to be tampered with. They promise *him* also as well as Macbeth a dazzling future good—a posterity of kings—but it in no way changes his plans of life, or raises the least idea in his mind of crime or intrigue. Even when, according to the prediction of the witches, Macbeth instantly receives intelligence, of his being thane of Cawdor, Banquo's *clear-seeing sense of right*, his innocence of nature takes the true and virtuous view of the affair, looks, at a glance, through all the complicated web of the sisters' plots, and keeps himself unsoiled, unendangered by them.

Banquo. "But 'tis strange;
And often-times, to win us to *our harm*,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence."

And while he is making this just reflection, the obvious impulse of a mind not warped from the erectness of a moral and religious integrity and reverence, Macbeth soliloquizes with a kind of inexpressible anticipatory triumph.

"Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme."

And he then goes on, like a ready made, long-matured rascal as he is—like one whose mind had no habit of virtuous or religious contemplation, but which has always had a familiarity with evil and a tendency downward:

—"Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair," etc.

* *Vide a future ¶.*

The very moment his attention is directed to the subject of his becoming *king*, he conceives the idea of murdering the actual occupant of the throne, notwithstanding the fact that there are two sons living.

An innocent man, were he told he would become king of England, would not instantly set about murdering the queen. He would (supposing him to have faith in the prediction) say to himself, as indeed Macbeth does at one time :

"If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me, without my stir."

The very first page of the tragedy marks Macbeth for a villain even before he has made his appearance.

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won;
3. *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
1. *Witch.* Where the place?
2. *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

Why have these fiendish women selected the gallant soldier as their victim? What gathers them about the "battle" that is raging near? *What but the scent of a sinful heart?*

But there are other proofs of an extrinsic nature, which settle the previous character of Lady Macbeth at the same time, and shows how ripe they both were for the fiends.

If a man's true nature may be supposed to be known to any one it is to his wife. He may put on a smooth face before his best friend; he may write or speak virtuous sentiments to the public; he may give charitable donations, and follow the career of a flaming patriot or a meek saint, but the lady upon whom he has conferred with his name, the right of being with him continually, will be pretty able to tell how matters really are. I do not say that, because a wife abuses her husband and calls him names, he must necessarily be a rascal; but, as a general rule, the partner of his woes and joys has better opportunities of *knowing the man* than almost any one else—at least, if she be a person of Lady Macbeth's discrimination. Well then, see what his lady says of him, to herself, on receiving his letter recounting the prediction of the weird sisters.

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way."

That she should suppose him *too full of the milk of human kindness* to do cruel actions is a skilful stroke in the delineation both of his nature and hers. However well she knew him, as he had been till then, an unprincipled man—even *she* had never fathomed those depths of character, (for good or for evil common to all men, and equally unfathomed probably by himself,) which the subsequent events disclosed. Shakspeare somewhere else says, "It is not a year or so that shows us a man"—and it is an important truth, that we are not thoroughly known by our best friends, and do not know ourselves till late in life. This same person, so full of the milk of

human kindness that she feared his "softer nature" could never be brought to the necessary resolution, no sooner finds himself once fairly compromised than his atrocities throw the cruelties of ordinary oppressors quite into the shade.

"Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly
Thou would'st holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win," etc. etc.

This passage has been often misunderstood. "Without the *illness*" that should attend ambition—"what thou would'st highly thou would'st holily," does not mean, thou art without the *vices* which should attend ambition, and, what thou would'st highly—thou would'st in a *holy spirit*. It means, he is without the *courage* to bear the risk and odium necessary to the successful carrying out of ambitious plans, although he is willing enough to be *guilty* if he may not *appear* to be so. "What he would highly," he would also with an *appearance of holiness*. He loves the *mask* of virtue, but he loves also the sweets of sin. He has thus far enjoyed the good opinion of the *world*. He cannot bear to throw aside the wreath which he has worn and which flatters his weakness and vanity. It is the *world* which alone he thinks of. This is his only god. Of the Supreme Being, there is not a word; but of his inclination to assume the moral responsibility there is a distinct acknowledgment:

"Would'st not play false
And yet would'st wrongly win. 'Thou'd'st have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do if thou have it!'
And that which thou dost rather fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone."

Here we have Macbeth's character. Here we have the secret of his goodness. It is *fear and love of the world*.

Shakspeare meant to draw a very—very common character, only he has made it colossal. How many men in the common life of this day are irreproachable from the same considerations—fear and love of the world, joined to a certain dislike of the trouble, exertion and risk of wrong. ("If we should fail!") That these are the moving springs of this seemingly noble and generous but really remorseless and impious character we see again from a remark of his own. After contemplating the murder for some time, he concludes to abandon the plan. Why? Because he will not incur the moral guilt? Because he has thoughts of his God, whose eye is on him, and who cannot but punish a crime? Because the commandment has been written, "Thou shalt do no murder?" Because the Deity himself has decreed "blood for blood?"

No. For reasons much more suited to his irreligious, infidel, worldly mind:

"We will proceed no further in this business!
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon."

These are his reasons for not wishing to proceed. Not a thought of his Maker—not an allusion to a future world. He expressly says, in another passage,

if he could but be secure against detection *in this world*, he does not feel any apprehension respecting the other. He'll "*jump the world to come*."

No man, not corrupt by long previous backslidings either of thought or deed, would act as Macbeth acts. He grasps at the first idea of murder with the true zest of an assassin. All his struggles are only those of fear. The first time he meets the king, his generous, grateful, and gracious master, he seems already to have arranged the murder in his mind, and his hypocrisy and cruelty do not waver an instant. He discovers the self-possession and plausible villany of a practised criminal, and this too before he sees his wife upon the subject. It almost seems as if they had spoken on this point before. When Duncan heaps him with thanks and rewards, he answers :

Mac. "The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor."

When the King says, as if in dark conformity to the witches' prediction :

"from hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you,"

Macbeth, like a hungry leopard trembling with joy at seeing his victim take refuge in his very den, says, with an affectation of grateful submission :

Mac. "The rest is labor which is not used for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach."

And then *already*, to himself :

Mac. "The Prince of Cumberland ! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap ;
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

His famous soliloquy, "Out, out, brief candle," is in itself a superb piece of earthly philosophy, but it becomes resplendently significant when regarded as the *creed of infidelity* which has brought him where he is ; for he is an atheist, and therefore he is a murderer.

"Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

These are not the thoughts of the gentle, happy-hearted Shakspeare. These are the blasphemous outbursts of a blood-drenched, disbelieving soul, vainly striving to make head against God's vengeance by denying his existence. No. Life's *not* a walking shadow. It is more than a poor player — than a tale signifying nothing. It signifies much not to be known by the "ignorant present," as they find, unhappy lost ones, who mistake such wicked blasphemies for truth.

The pertinacity with which his selfish soul is wedded to the world is again betrayed in one of his last soliloquies, where, in running a kind of balance in his accounts between the gains and losses of his murderous ambition, he complains :

"And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, ~~troth~~ of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

Always the world bounds his hopes and his fears.

The original viciousness of his nature is also betrayed by the readiness with which, once embarked in the career of crime, he plunges in headlong. The very morning of the murder of the king, he stabs in their sleep the two grooms of the chamber, then Banquo and Fleance (which latter escapes by chance.) He rushes on from murder to murder with the rabid fury of a hound maddened with the taste of blood. He adopts the direst principles of action,

Mac. "From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand."

Surprises the castle of Macduff, and massacres his wife, his babes,

"And all the unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line."

That Shakspeare meant to draw, in this remarkable portraiture, a worldly character unsupported by religion, is evident from the *tone of piety* which runs through the other characters. The gentlewoman's "Heaven knows what she has known," and her "pray God it be well." The doctor's "God, God forgive us all !" Macduff's

"Did Heaven look on
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now."

This is the oft repeated apprehension of a pious heart which fears still its own weakness, and finds, in the inscrutable and most awful visitations of God a merited blow — a chastener of its still corrupt desires — a lesson to unlink it yet more from its grasp on mortality.

Immediately again Macduff prays to heaven — and in the same page Malcolm says :

"Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments."

Another instance of the pure christian piety with which the poet invests his good characters, and of which he deprives his bad ones, telling strongly for Dr. Ulrici's theory, occurs in the third scene of the fourth act, where Malcolm, the heir to the throne, in order to try Macduff, represents himself as being full of vices. Macduff replies,

"Thy Royal Father
Was a most sainted King ; the Queen, that bore thee, —
Often upon her knees than on her feet."

In his answer, Malcolm uses the expression, full of pious reverence :

"But God above
Deal between thee and me," &c.

And still another, the morning after the murder, when Macduff says.

"In the great hand of God I stand," &c.

THE DAUGHTERS OF DR. BYLES.

A SKETCH OF REALITY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

On my first visit to Boston, about nine years since, I was offered, by a lady of that kind and hospitable city, (the paradise of strangers,) an introduction to the two daughters of the celebrated Mather Byles: and I gladly availed myself of this opportunity of becoming acquainted with these singular women, whom, I had been told, were classed among the curiosities of the place.

Their father, a native Bostonian, (born in 1706, during the reign of Queen Anne,) was connected with the family of Cotton Mather. His education was completed in England, where he studied theology at Cambridge, and was afterwards ordained a minister of the gospel according to the Episcopal faith. On his return to Boston, Mather Byles was inducted into the first pastor-ship of Hollis street church, then a newly-erected edifice, constructed entirely of wood, as were most American churches of that period. He became proprietor of a house and a small piece of ground near the junction of Tremont and Nassau streets. In this house all his children were born, and here the two that survived were still living. His wife was a daughter of Governor Taylor.

The position of Dr. Byles as a clergyman, his literary acquirements, his shrewd sense, and his ready wit, caused him to be highly popular at home, and brought him into personal acquaintance or epistolary correspondence with many of the principal men of his time, on both sides of the Atlantic. He frequently exchanged letters with Pope and with Dr. Watts: and among the visitors at his "modest mansion" might be enumerated some of the most distinguished persons of his native province—while strangers of note eagerly sought his acquaintance.

All went smoothly with Dr. Byles till America became impatient of her dependence on the crown of Britain; and, unfortunately for him, his sympathies were on the side of the mother country. He could not be persuaded that her children of the new world had sufficient cause for abrogating the authority of the nation from whence they had sprung; and he considered their alleged grievances as mere pretexts for throwing off a chain which, in his opinion, had pressed but lightly on them; and that, in short, as Falstaff said of the Percy and Mortimer insurrection,—"Rebellion lay in their way, and they found it." His congregation had warmly and almost unanimously espoused the popular cause, and, consequently, were much irritated at the ultra royalist feelings and

opinions of their pastor, whose difficulties with his flock seeming daily to increase, Dr. Byles eventually thought it best to resign his situation as minister of Hollis street church.

The war broke out; the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and Boston was subsequently occupied by the British army, and besieged by the Americans, who established themselves in hostile array upon the heights that commanded the town,—and, with a view of dislodging the enemy, they vigilantly exerted themselves in stopping all supplies of fuel and provisions. After holding out against the patriots during a leaguer of more than eight months, the British finally withdrew their forces, and embarked them to carry the war into another section of the country. Now, that something like order was again restored in the town of Boston and its vicinity, it was thought time to punish those who had rendered themselves obnoxious by aiding and abetting the cause of the enemy. Some of the most noted royalists were expelled from the province and took refuge in Nova Scotia, others went into voluntary exile and repaired to England, where they preferred a claim of indemnification for the losses they had sustained by adhering to the cause of monarchy. Among others, Dr. Mather Byles was denounced at a town-meeting, for his unconcealed torism: for having persisted in praying for the king; and for interchanging visits with the British officers, most of whom were received familiarly at his house. Upon these charges he was tried before a special court, and at first sentenced to have his property confiscated, and himself and family transported to England. But the board of war, out of respect to his private character, commuted his punishment to a short imprisonment in his own house, under the guard of sentinels, and allowed him to retain his possessions.

The rebellion eventuated in a successful revolution; and honor, fame, and the gratitude of their country rewarded those who had assisted in the glorious contest for independence; while all who had held back, and all who had sided with the enemy, were contumeliously cast into the shade, regarded with contempt by their former associates, or compelled to wear out their lives in exile from the land of their birth. Most of the connections of the Byles family quitted the States. But the doctor remained, and finding that he could not regain his former place among his townsmen, he lived in retirement during

the residue of his life, and died at his own house in Boston, in 1788, in the 82d year of his age. He was interred beneath the pavement of the chancel in Trinity church, having worshipped there with his family after quitting that of Hollis street.

In the old family house his two surviving daughters had ever since continued to reside, steadily refusing to sell either the building or the lot of ground attached to it, though liberal offers for its purchase had repeatedly been made to them. So deep-rooted was their attachment to this spot, where they had been born, and where they had always lived, that they considered it impossible for them to exist in any other place, continually asserting that a removal from it would certainly kill them. They had a trifling source of income which brought them two hundred dollars annually, and they contrived to save nearly the whole of this little sum. Also, they possessed a tolerable quantity of old-fashioned plate, which they had put away in a chest up stairs, never to be used or sold while they lived. In the mean time their wants were chiefly supplied, (and, indeed, many little luxuries were furnished them,) by the benevolence of certain ladies of Boston, who, in the goodness of their hearts, overlooked the anomaly of two women who had the means of a comfortable independence within their reach, submitting to receive assistance from eleemosynary bounty rather than relinquish the indulgence of what, in those matter-of-fact times, would, by most persons, be regarded as a mere morbid fancy. But on this point of feeling they believed their happiness to depend; and their tolerant benefactresses kindly enabled them to be happy in their own way.

The Miss Byleses kept no domestic; but a man came every morning to attend to the wood and water part of their *ménage*, and to go their errands—and a woman was employed every week to do up the Saturday work. A newspaper was sent to them gratuitously—books were lent to them, for the youngest was something of a reader, and also wrote verses; and they frequently received little presents of cakes, sweetmeats, and other delicacies. They rarely went out, except to Trinity church. Then they put on their everlasting suits of the same Sunday clothes: their faces being, on these occasions, shaded with deep black veils suspended from their bonnets, not so much for concealment as for gentility.

The lady who volunteered to introduce me to the daughters of Dr. Byles, was, as I afterwards understood, one of those who assisted in affording them some of the comforts which they denied to themselves. We set out on our visit on one of the loveliest mornings of a Boston summer, the warmth of the season being delightfully tempered by a cool breeze from the sea. After passing the beautiful Common, (why has it not a better name?) my companion pointed out to me, at what seemed the termination of the long vista of Tremont street, an old black-looking frame-house, which, at the distance from whence I saw it, seemed to block up the way by standing directly across it. It was the ancient residence of

Mather Byles, and the present dwelling of his aged daughters; one of whom was in her eighty-first and the other in her seventy-ninth year. This part of Tremont street, which is on the south-eastern declivity of a hill, carried us far from all vicinity to the aristocratic section of Boston.

At length we arrived at the domain of the two antique maidens. It was surrounded by a board fence, which had once been a very close one, but time and those universal depredators, "the boys," had made numerous cracks and chinks in it. The house (which stood with the gable end to the street) looked as if it had never been painted in its life. Its exposure to the sun and rain, to the heats of a hundred summers and the snows of a hundred winters, had darkened its whole outside nearly to the blackness of iron. Also, it had, even in its best days, been evidently one of the plainest and most unbeautiful structures in the town of Boston, where many of the old frame-houses can boast of a redolence of quaint ornament about the doors, and windows, and porches, and balconies. Still, there was something not unpleasant in its aspect, or rather in its situation. It stood at the upper end of a green lot, whose long thick grass was enamelled with field flowers. It was shaded with noble horse-chestnut trees relieved against the clear blue sky, and whose close and graceful clusters of long jagged-leaves, fanned by the light summer breeze, threw their chequered and quivering shadows on the grass beneath, and on the mossy roof of the venerable mansion.

We entered the enclosure by a board gate, whose only fastening was a wooden latch with a leather string; like that which secured the wicket of Little Red Ridinghood's grand-mother. There was a glimpse of female figures hastily flitting away from a front window. We approached the house by a narrow pathway, worn by frequent feet, in the grass, and a few paces brought us to the front door with its decayed and tottering wooden steps. My companion knocked, and the door was immediately opened by a rather broad-framed and very smiling old lady, habited in a black worsted petticoat and a white short-gown, into the neck of which was tucked a book-muslin kerchief. Her silver hair was smoothly arranged over a wrinkled but well-formed forehead, beneath which twinkled two small blue eyes. Her head was covered with a close full-bordered white linen cap, that looked equally convenient for night or for day. She welcomed us with much apparent pleasure, and my companion introduced her to me as Miss Mary Byles. She was the eldest of the two sisters.

Miss Mary ushered us into the parlor, which was without a carpet, and its scanty furniture seemed at least a century old. Beneath a surprisingly high mantel-piece was a very low fire-place, from whence the andirons having been removed for the summer, its only accoutrement was a marvellous thick cast-iron back-plate, of a pattern antique even to rudeness. There were a few straight tall-backed chairs, some with bottoms of flag-rush, and others with bottoms of listing; and there was one *fauteuil*, to be

described hereafter. My attention was attracted by the oldest-looking table I had ever seen, and of so dark a hue that it was difficult to tell whether it was mahogany or walnut. When opened out it must have been circular; but, now that the leaves were let down, it exhibited a top so strangely narrow (not more than half a foot in width) that it was impossible to divine the object in making it so; unless, indeed, it was the fashionable table of the time. And fashion, at all periods, has been considered reason sufficient for anything, however inconvenient, ugly or absurd. To support the narrow top and the wide leaves, this table seemed to be endowed with a hundred legs and a proportionate number of bars crossing among them, in every direction, all being of very elaborate turned work. I opine that this must have been a great table in its day.

My companion inquired after the health of Miss Catherine Byles, the youngest of the ladies. Miss Mary replied that sister Catherine was quite unwell, having passed a bad night with the rheumatism. Regret was expressed at our losing the pleasure of seeing her. But Miss Mary politely assured us that her sister would exert herself to appear, rather than forego an opportunity of paying her respects to the ladies; and we as politely hoped that, on our account, she would not put herself to the smallest inconvenience. While compliments were thus flying, the door of the next room opened, and Miss Catherine Byles made her entrance, in a manner which showed us that she went much by gracefulness.

Miss Catherine was unlike her elder sister, both in figure and face; her features being much sharper, (in fact, excessively sharp,) and her whole person extremely thin. She also was arrayed in a black bombasin petticoat, a short-gown, and a close lined cap, with a deep border that seemed almost to bury her narrow visage. She greeted us with much cordiality, and complained of her rheumatism with a smiling countenance.

My eyes were soon rivetted on a fine portrait of Dr. Mather Byles, from the wonderful pencil of Copley—wonderful in its excellence at a period when the divine art was scarcely known in the provinces, and when a good picture rarely found its way to our side of the ocean. And yet, under these disadvantages, and before he sought improvement in the schools of Europe, did Copley achieve those extraordinary fac-similes of the human face, that might justly entitle him to the appellation of the Reynolds of America, and are scarcely excelled by those of his cotemporary, the Reynolds of England.

The moment I looked at this picture I knew that it *must* be a likeness; for I saw in its lineaments the whole character of Dr. Byles, particularly the covert humor of the eye. The face was pale, the features well-formed, and the aspect pleasantly acute. He was represented in his ecclesiastical habiliments, with a curled and powdered wig. On his finger was a signet-ring containing a very fine red cornelian. While I was contemplating the admirably-depicted countenance, his daughters were both very voluble in directing my attention to the cornelian ring, which

they evidently considered the best part of the picture; declaring it to be an exact likeness of that very ring, and just as natural as life.

Before I had looked half enough at Copley's picture, the two old ladies directed my attention to another portrait which they seemed to prize still more highly. This, they informed me, was that of their nephew, "poor boy," whom they had not seen for forty years. It was painted by himself.—His name was Mather Brown, and he was the only son of their deceased elder sister. He had removed to London, where, as they informed me, he had *taken* the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York—"and, therefore," said one of the aunts—"he is painter to the royal family." They both expressed much regret that they had not been able to prevail on their father, after the revolution, to give up America entirely, and remove with his family to England. "In that case," said Miss Mary, "we should all have been introduced at court; and the king and queen would have spoken to us; and I dare say would have thanked us kindly for our loyalty."

The truth was, as I afterwards found, that a much longer period than forty years had elapsed since their nephew left America; but they always continued to give that date to his departure. He had painted himself with his hair reared up perpendicularly from his forehead, powdered well, and tied behind,—and, in a wide blue coat with yellow buttons, and a very stiff hard-plaited shirt-frill with hand-ruffles to match. In his hand he held an open letter, which, both his aunts informed me, contained the very words of an epistle sent by one of them to him, and, therefore, was an exact likeness of that very letter. To gratify them, I read aloud the pictured missive, thereby proving that it really contained legible words.

Having looked at the pictures, I was invited by Miss Mary Byles to take my seat in the large arm-chair, which she assured me was a great curiosity, being more than a hundred years old, having been sent over from England by "government," as a present to their maternal grandfather, Governor Taylor. The chair was of oak, nearly black with age, and curiously and elaborately carved. The back was very tall and straight, and the carving on its top terminated in a crown. This chair was furnished with an old velvet cushion, which was always (by way of preservation) kept upside down, the underside being of dark calico. Miss Mary, however, did me the honor, as a visitor, to turn the right side up, that I might sit upon velvet; and as soon as I had placed myself on it, she enquired if I found it an easy seat? On my replying in the affirmative. "I am surprised at that!"—said she, with a smile—"I wonder how a republican can sit easy under the crown."—Beginning to understand my cue, I, of course, was properly diverted with this piece of wit.

Miss Catherine then directed my attention to the antique round table, and assured me that at this very table Dr. Franklin had drank tea on his last visit to Boston. Miss Mary then produced, from a closet by the chimney-side, an ancient machine of timber and iron in the form of a bellows, which she informed

me was two hundred years old. It looked as if it might have been two thousand, and must have been constructed in the very infancy of bellows-making, about the time when people first began to grow tired of blowing their fires with their mouths. It would have afforded a strange contrast, and a striking illustration of the march of intellect, if placed by the side of one of those light and beautiful, painted, gilt and varnished fire-improvers which abound in certain shops in Washington street. This bellows of other days was so heavy that it seemed to require a strong man to work it. The handles and sides were carved all over with remarkably cumbrous devices; and the nozzle or spout was about the size and shape of a very large parsnep with the point cut off.

Miss Mary now asked her sister if *she* had no curiosities to show the ladies? Miss Catherine modestly replied that she feared she had nothing the ladies would care to look at. Miss Mary assured us that sister Catherine had a box of extraordinary things, such as were not to be seen every day, and that they were universally considered as very great curiosities. Miss Catherine still seemed meekly inclined to undervalue them. My companion, who *had* seen the things repeatedly, begged that their Philadelphia visitor might be indulged with a view of these rarities—and, finally, after a little more coquetry, a sort of square hand-box was produced, and Miss Catherine did the honors of her little museum.

She showed us the envelope of a letter addressed to her father by no less a person than Alexander Pope, and directed in the poet's own hand. The writing was clear and handsome, and had evidently been executed with a new pen, and with a desire that the superscription should look well. Next, were exhibited four commissions, each bearing the signature of a different British sovereign. The names of the royal personages were placed at the top of the document and not at the bottom. This, the old ladies told us was to show that royalty ought to go before every thing else. The first signature was that of Queen Anne, and headed the appointment of their grandfather to the government of the province of Massachusetts. I have never in my life seen any autograph so bad as that of "great Anne whom three realms obeyed"—if this was to be considered a fair specimen. It looked as if nobody had ever taught her to write, and had the appearance of being scratched on the paper, not with a *pen* but with a *pin* dipped in ink. I believe it is related of the Emperor Charlemagne (who pressed the seals of his missives with the hilt of his dagger) that he effected his signature by plunging his thumb into the ink, and making with it a large black spot or blot on the parchment. No doubt, being a man of sense, he took care that his dab or smear should always be of exactly the same shape and dimension, and so *unique* in its look as to preclude the possibility of counterfeits.

The next document shown us by Miss Catherine, was honored with the name of the First George—that sapient Elector of Hanover, whose powers of

comprehension were so obtuse that he never could be made exactly to understand by what means he succeeded to the throne of England, and often said "he was afraid he was keeping some honest man out of his place." His majesty's pen-maker was palpably unworthy of holding that office, for, in this autograph, both up strokes and down were so thick that they looked as if done with the feather of the quill instead of its point.

Afterwards was displayed a commission signed by George the Second. Here the royal caligraphy seemed on the mend. The signature was well written, and his majesty's pen-provider was evidently fit for his station.

Last, was a paper bearing the name of George the Third, written in a fair and easy hand, but rather inferior to that of his predecessor, notwithstanding that the second of the Hanoverian monarchs had "never liked bainting or boetry in all his life, and did not know what good there was in either."

It is a most fallacious and illiberal hypothesis that the hand-writing is characteristic of the mind. And those who profess that theory frequently employ it as a vehicle for the conveyance of impertinent and unjust remarks.

We were next shown a small portion of moss gathered from the time-honored roof of Bradgate Hall, the mansion in which the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey first saw the light.

These relics of the departed great were followed by the exhibition of some little articles, only remarkable as specimens of mechanical ingenuity. Among them was a large deep-red mulberry, looking surprisingly like a real one.

"And now," said Miss Catherine, "I will show you the greatest curiosity of all." She then took out an inner pasteboard box that had been placed within the larger one, and setting it on the floor, produced, from a round hole in the lid, an artificial snake, that looked something like a very long, very close string of button-molds. By giving it some mysterious impulse, she set the reptile in motion, and caused it to run about in the neighborhood of our feet. We thought it best to be a little startled and a little frightened, and very greatly surprised at the ingenuity of the thing. After we had sufficiently enjoyed the sight, Miss Catherine attempted to replace her snake in the box, telling him it was time to go home. But he seemed rather refractory, and quite unwilling to re-enter his prison. "What?"—said she—chastising him with two or three smart taps—"won't you go in.—Are you a rebel too?"—The serpent stood rebuked; and then obediently hurried back into his hole. And we laughed as in duty bound—also with some admiration at the old lady's slight of hand in managing the reptile.

Miss Mary, having completed the exhibition of her snake, now addressed Miss Mary, and proposed that her sister should show us an extraordinary trick, "which always astonished the ladies." To this Miss Catherine made some objection, lest we should have her taken up and hanged for a witch. On our promising not to do so, she took a scrap of white

paper which she tore into four little bits, and then laid them in a row on the table. Having done this, she left the room, shutting the door closely after her, so as to convince us, that while remaining outside it was impossible for her to see or hear anything that was done in her absence. Miss Catherine now desired me to touch, with my finger, one of the bits of paper — any one I pleased. I touched the second — and Miss Mary was then called in by her sister, who said to her, as she entered, — “Be quick.” — Miss Mary immediately advanced to the table, and unhesitatingly designated the second paper as that which I touched while she was out of the room. Being unacquainted with the trick, I was really surprised; and wondered how she could have guessed so correctly. The trick was several times repeated, and every time with perfect success.

After I had been thoroughly astonished, and declared my utter inability to fathom the mystery, the sisters explained to me its very simple process. The four bits of paper, arranged on the table in a row, denoted the four first letters of the alphabet. — When I touched the second, (which signified B,) Miss Catherine directed her sister to it by saying, as she returned to the room — “Be quick.” — When I touched the third — D — Miss Mary, on her entrance, was saluted by her sister with the words — “Do you think you can tell?” — After I had touched the first paper, A, Miss Mary was asked — “Are you sure you can guess?” — and when I touched C, Miss Catherine said to Miss Mary, “Come and try once more.” And thus, by commencing each sentence with the letter that had just been touched, she unfailingly pointed out to her sister the exact paper. To succeed in this little trick, there must, of course, be an understanding between the two persons that exhibit it: and to most of the uninitiated it appears very surprising. By adopting a similar plan of collusion, some of the professors of Mesmerism have

contrived to obtain from their magnetized sleepers, replies which, to the audience, seemed truly astonishing.

We now arose to take our leave; and our attention was then directed to a square pine table standing by one of the windows, and covered with particularly uninviting specimens of pincushions, needle-books, emery-bags, &c. The old ladies informed us that this was a charity table, which they kept for the benefit of “the poor.” I had thought that the Miss Byleses were their own poor. However, we gratified them by adding a trifling sum to their means of doing good; and I became the proprietor of the ugliest needle-book I had ever seen. But I magnanimously left the less ugly things to tempt the choice of those persons who really make an object of their purchases at charity tables. — “Dear good little me.”

The Miss Byleses were very urgent in inviting me to repeat my visit, saying, that any time of the day after nine o’clock, they were always ready to see company, and would be happy to receive me and such friends as I might wish to bring with me. And they enumerated among their visitors, from other parts of the Union, some highly eminent personages.

While we were listening to the “more last words” of Miss Catherine, her sister slipped out into the very short passage that led to the house door, and then slipped back again. We, at last, paid our parting compliments, and Miss Mary escorted us to the front door, but seemed to find it locked, and seemed to find it impossible to unlock. This gave her occasion to say wittily — “The ladies will have to send home for their night-caps; as they are likely to be kept here all night.” Luckily, however, this necessity was obviated, by the key yielding as soon as it was turned the right way: and finally Miss Mary Byles curtsied and smiled us out.

(To be concluded.)

THE EYES OF NIGHT.

BY MISS MARY SPENCER.

NIGHT has eyes — sparkling eyes!
Some soft, some bright;
The flashing fire ne’er dies
From eyes of night.

Night has many wooers
To watch her eyes,
To love her silent hours
And mellow skies.

Night has a witching spell
To bind the heart;
Its silent glances quell
And awe impart.

A perfumed breath has Night:
It wafts the sighs
Of flowers young and bright
Around the skies.

Night has a breathing tone
Like distant swell
Of softest music, thrown
From fairy’s knell.

Oh! how I love the Night!
Its sparkling eyes —
Its softened shadowy light —
Its melodies.

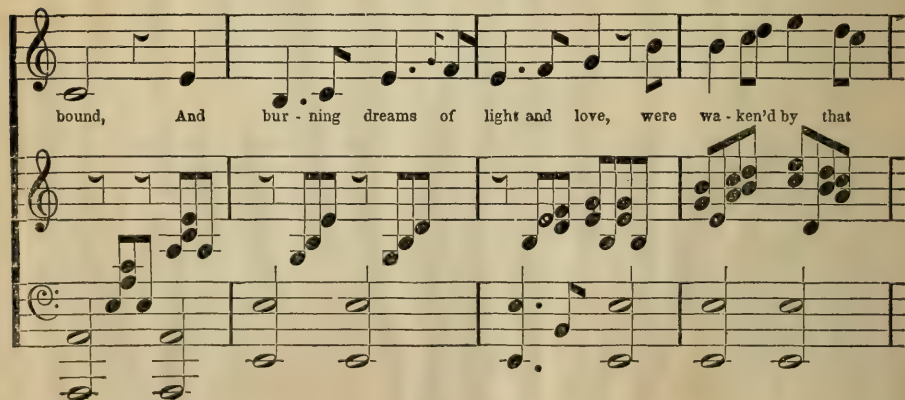
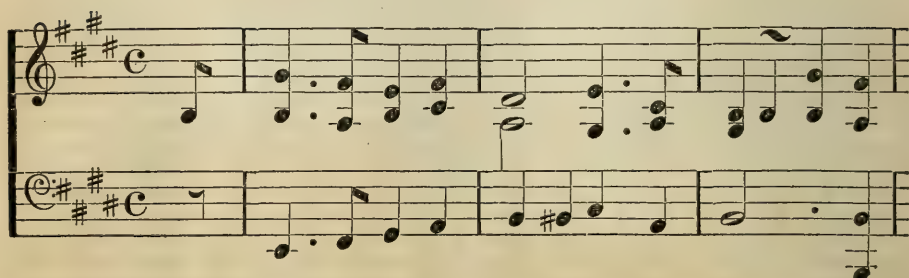
· THY NAME WAS ONCE A MAGIC SPELL.
B A L L A D.

SUNG BY MR. DEMPSTER.

WRITTEN BY

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 Chesnut Street.



The musical score is written for three parts: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords in the piano part.

sound my heart beat quick, when stran - - ger tongues with

i - - - dle praise or blame, A - - - - woke its deep - est

thrill of life, To trem - - ble at thy name.

Long years, long years have pass'd away,
 And alter'd is thy brow,
 And we who met so fondly once,
 Must meet as strangers now ;
 The friends of yore come round me still,
 But talk no more of thee ;
 'T is idle e'en to wish it now —
 For what art thou to me ?

Yet still thy name, thy blessed name,
 My lonely bosom fills,
 Like an echo that hath lost itself,
 Among the distant hills,
 Which still with melancholy note,
 Keeps faintly lingering on,
 When the joyous sound that woke it first,
 Is gone, for ever gone.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

In commencing, with the New Year, a New Volume, we shall be permitted to say a very few words by way of *exordium* to our usual chapter of Reviews, or, as we should prefer calling them, of Critical Notices. Yet we speak *not* for the sake of the *exordium*, but because we have really something to say, and know not when or where better to say it.

That the public attention, in America, has, of late days, been more than usually directed to the matter of literary criticism, is plainly apparent. Our periodicals are beginning to acknowledge the importance of the science (shall we so term it?) and to disdain the flippancy *opinion* which so long has been made its substitute.

Time was when we imported our critical decisions from the mother country. For many years we enacted a perfect farce of subserviency to the *dicta* of Great Britain. At last a revulsion of feeling, with self-disgust, necessarily ensued. Urged by these, we plunged into the opposite extreme. In throwing *totally* off that "authority," whose voice had so long been so sacred, we even surpassed, and by much, our original folly. But the watchword now was, "a national literature!"—as if any true literature *could* be "national"—as if the world at large were not the only proper stage for the literary *histrion*. We became, suddenly, the merest and maddest *partisans* in letters. Our papers spoke of "tariffs" and "protection." Our Magazines had habitual passages about that "truly native novelist, Mr. Cooper," or that "staunch American genius, Mr. Paulding." Unmindful of the spirit of the axioms that "a prophet has no honor in his own land" and that "a hero is never a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*"—axioms founded in reason and in truth—our reviews urged the propriety—our booksellers the necessity, of strictly "American" themes. A foreign subject, at this epoch, was a weight more than enough to drag down into the very depths of critical damnation the finest writer owning nativity in the States; while, on the reverse, we found ourselves daily in the paradoxical dilemma of liking, or pretending to like, a stupid book the better because (sure enough) its stupidity was of our own growth, and discussed our own affairs.

It is, in fact, but very lately that this anomalous state of feeling has shown any signs of subsidence. Still it is subsiding. Our views of literature in general having expanded, we begin to demand the use—to inquire into the offices and provinces of criticism—to regard it more as an art based immovably in nature, less as a mere system of fluctuating and conventional dogmas. And, with the prevalence of these ideas, has arrived a distaste even to the home-dictation of the bookseller-coterie. If our editors are not as yet *all* independent of the will of a publisher, a majority of them scruple, at least, to *confess* a subserviency, and enter into no positive combinations against the minority who despise and discard it. And this is a *very* great improvement of exceedingly late date.

Escaping these quicksands, our criticism is nevertheless in some danger—some very little danger—of falling into

the pit of a most detestable species of cant—the cant of *generality*. This tendency has been given it, in the first instance, by the onward and tumultuous spirit of the age. With the increase of the thinking-material comes the desire, if not the necessity, of abandoning particulars for masses. Yet in our individual case, as a nation, we seem merely to have adopted this bias from the British Quarterly Reviews, upon which our own Quarterlies have been slavishly and pertinaciously modelled. In the foreign journal, the review or criticism properly so termed, has gradually yet steadily degenerated into what we see it at present—that is to say into anything but criticism. Originally a "review," was not so called as *lucus a non lucendo*. Its name conveyed a just idea of its design. It reviewed, or surveyed the book whose title formed its text, and, giving an analysis of its contents, passed judgment upon its merits or defects. But, through the system of anonymous contribution, this natural process lost ground from day to day. The name of a writer being known only to a few, it became to him an object not so much to write well, as to write fluently, at so many guineas per sheet. The analysis of a book is a matter of time and of mental exertion. For many classes of composition there is required a deliberate perusal, with notes, and subsequent generalization. An easy substitute for this labor was found in a digest or compendium of the work noticed, with copious extracts—or a still easier, in random comments upon such passages as accidentally met the eye of the critic, with the passages themselves copied at full length. The mode of reviewing most in favor, however, because carrying with it the greatest *semblance* of care, was that of diffuse essay upon the subject matter of the publication, the reviewer (?) using the facts alone which the publication supplied, and using them as material for some theory, the sole concern, bearing, and intention of which, was mere difference of opinion with the author. These came at length to be understood and habitually practised as the customary or conventional *fashions* of review; and although the nobler order of intellects did not fall into the full heresy of these fashions—we may still assert that even Macaulay's nearest approach to criticism in its legitimate sense, is to be found in his article upon Ranke's "History of the Popes"—an article in which the whole strength of the reviewer is put forth to *account* for a single fact—the progress of Romanism—which the book under discussion has established.

Now, while we do not mean to deny that a good essay is a good thing, we yet assert that these papers on general topics have nothing whatever to do with that *criticism* which their evil example has nevertheless infected *in se*. Because these dogmatising pamphlets, which *were once* "Reviews," have lapsed from their original faith, it does not follow that the faith itself is extinct—that "there shall be no more cakes and ale"—that criticism, in its old acceptance, does not exist. But we complain of a growing inclination on the part of our lighter journals to believe, on such grounds, that such is the fact—that because the British

Quarterlies, through supineness, and our own, through a degrading imitation, have come to merge all varieties of vague generalization in the one title of "Review," it therefore results that criticism, being everything in the universe, is, consequently, nothing whatever in fact. For to this end, and to none other conceivable, is the tendency of such propositions, for example, as we find in a late number of that very clever monthly magazine, *Arcturus*.

"But *now*" (the emphasis on the *now* is our own) — "But *now*," says Mr. Mathews, in the preface to the first volume of his journal, "criticism has a wider scope and a universal interest. It dismisses errors of grammar, and hands over an imperfect rhyme or a false quantity to the proof-reader; it looks *now* to the heart of the subject and the author's design. It is a test of opinion. Its acuteness is not pedantic, but philosophical; it unravels the web of the author's mystery to interpret his meaning to others; it detects his sophistry, because sophistry is injurious to the heart and life; it promulgates his beauties with liberal, generous praise, because this is its true duty as the servant of truth. Good criticism may be well asked for, since it is the type of the literature of the day. It gives method to the universal inquisitiveness on every topic relating to life or action. A criticism, *now*, includes every form of literature, except perhaps the imaginative and the strictly dramatic. It is an essay, a sermon, an oration, a chapter in history, a philosophical speculation, a prose-poem, an art-novel, a dialogue; it admits of humor, pathos, the personal feelings of auto-biography, the broadest views of statesmanship. As the ballad and the epic were the productions of the days of Homer, the review is the native characteristic growth of the nineteenth century."

We respect the talents of Mr. Mathews, but must dissent from nearly all that he here says. The species of "review" which he designates as the "characteristic growth of the nineteenth century" is only the growth of the last twenty or thirty years in Great Britain. The French Reviews, for example, which are *not* anonymous, are very different things, and preserve the *unique* spirit of true criticism. And what need we say of the Germans? — what of Winkelmann, of Novalis, of Schelling, of Goethe, of Augustus William, and of Frederick Schlegel? — that their magnificent *critiques raisonnées* differ from those of Kaimes, of Johnson, and of Blair, in principle not at all, (for the principles of these artists will not fail until Nature herself expires,) but solely in their more careful elaboration, their greater thoroughness, their more profound analysis and application of the principles themselves. That a criticism "*now*" should be different in spirit, as Mr. Mathews supposes, from a criticism at any previous period, is to insinuate a charge of variability in laws that cannot vary — the laws of man's heart and intellect — for these are the sole basis upon which the true critical art is established. And this art "*now*" no more than in the days of the "Dunciad," can, without neglect of its duty, "dismiss errors of grammar," or "hand over an imperfect rhyme or a false quantity to the proof-reader." What is meant by a "test of opinion" in the connexion here given the words by Mr. M., we do not comprehend as clearly as we could desire. By this phrase we are as completely enveloped in doubt as was Mirabeau in the castle of *If*. To our imperfect appreciation it seems to form a portion of that general vagueness which is the *tone* of the whole philosophy at this point: — but all that which our journalist describes a criticism to be, is all that which we sturdily maintain it *is not*. Criticism is *not*, we think, an essay, nor a sermon, nor an oration, nor a chapter in history, nor a philosophical speculation, nor a prose-poem, nor an art novel, nor a dialogue. In fact, it *can* be nothing in the world but — a criticism. But if it were all that *Arcturus* imagines, it is not very clear why it might not be equally "imaginative" or "dramatic" — a romance or a melo-drama, or both. That it would be a farce cannot be doubted.

It is against this frantic spirit of generalization that we

protest. We have a word, "criticism," whose import is sufficiently distinct, through long usage, at least; and we have an art of high importance and clearly-ascertained limit, which this word is quite well enough understood to represent. Of that conglomerate science to which Mr. Mathews so eloquently alludes, and of which we are instructed that it is anything and everything at once — of this science we know nothing, and really wish to know less; but we object to our contemporary's appropriation in its behalf, of a term to which we, in common with a large majority of mankind, have been accustomed to attach a certain and very definitive idea. Is there no word but "criticism" which may be made to serve the purposes of "Arcturus?" Has it any objection to Orphicism, or Dialism, or Emersonism, or any other pregnant compound indicative of confusion worse confounded?

Still, we must not pretend a total misapprehension of the idea of Mr. Mathews, and we should be sorry that he misunderstood us. It may be granted that we differ only in terms — although the difference will yet be found not unimportant in effect. Following the highest authority, we would wish, in a word, to limit literary criticism to comment upon *Art*. A book is written — and it is only *as the book* that we subject it to review. With the opinions of the work, considered otherwise than in their relation to the work itself, the critic has really nothing to do. It is his part simply to decide upon the *mode* in which these opinions are brought to bear. Criticism is thus no "test of opinion." For this test, the work, divested of its pretensions as an *art-product*, is turned over for discussion to the world at large — and first, to that class which it especially addresses — if a history, to the historian — if a metaphysical treatise, to the moralist. In this, the only true and intelligible sense, it will be seen that criticism, the test or analysis of *Art*, (*not* of opinion,) is only properly employed upon productions which have their basis in art itself, and although the journalist (whose duties and objects are multifarious) may turn aside, at pleasure, from the *mode* or vehicle of opinion to discussion of the opinion conveyed — it is still clear that he is "*critical*" only in so much as he deviates from his true province *not* at all.

And of the critic himself, what shall we say? — for as yet we have spoken only the *poem* to the true *epopea*. What *can* we better say of him than, with Bulwer, that "he must have courage to blame boldly, magnanimity to eschew envy, genius to appreciate, learning to compare, an eye for beauty, an ear for music, and a heart for feeling." Let us add, a talent for analysis and a solemn indifference to abuse.

Stanley Thorn. By Henry Cockton, Esq., Author of "*Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist*," etc., with *Numerous Illustrations*, designed by Cruikshank, Leech, etc., and engraved by Yeager. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

"Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "Valentine Vox," "Stanley Thorn," and some other effusions now "in course of publication," are novels depending for effect upon what gave popularity to "Peregrine Pickle" — we mean *practical joke*. To men whose animal spirits are high, whatever may be their mental ability, such works are always acceptable. To the uneducated, to those who read little, to the obtuse in intellect (and these three classes constitute the mass) these books are not only acceptable, but are the only ones which can be called so. We here make two divisions — that of the men who *can* think but who dislike thinking; and that of the men who either have not been presented with the materials for thought, or who have no brains with which to "work up" the material. With these classes of people "Stanley Thorn" is a favorite. It not only

demands no reflection, but repels it, or dissipates it—much as a silver rattle the wrath of a child. It is not in the least degree *suggestive*. Its readers arise from its perusal with the identical ideas in possession at sitting down. Yet, *during* perusal, there has been a tingling physico-mental exhilaration, somewhat like that induced by a cold bath, or a flesh-brush, or a gallop on horseback—a very delightful and very healthful matter in its way. But these things are not *letters*. “Valentine Vox” and “Charles O’Malley” are no more “*literature*” than cat-gut is music. The visible and tangible tricks of a baboon belong not less to the *belles-lettres* than does “Harry Lorrequer.” When this gentleman adorns his countenance with lamp-black, knocks over an apple-woman, or brings about a rent in his pantaloons, we laugh at him when bound up in a volume, just as we would laugh at his adventures if happening before our eyes in the street. But mere incidents, whether serious or comic, whether occurring or described—*mere incidents* are not books. Neither are they the basis of books—of which the idiosyncrasy is *thought* in contradistinction from *deed*. A book without action cannot be; but a book is only such, to the extent of its thought, independently of its deed. Thus of Algebra; which is, or should be, defined as “a mode of computing with symbols by means of signs.” With numbers, as Algebra, it has nothing to do; and although no algebraic computation can proceed without numbers, yet Algebra is only such to the extent of its analysis, independently of its Arithmetic.

We do not mean to *find fault* with the class of performances of which “Stanley Thorn” is one. Whatever tends to the amusement of man tends to his benefit. Aristotle, with singular assurance, has declared poetry the most philosophical of all writing, (*spoudiotaton kai philosophikotaton genos*) defending it principally upon that score. He seems to think,—and many following him, have thought—that the end of all literature should be instruction—a favorite dogma of the school of Wordsworth. But it is a truism that the end of our existence is happiness. If so, the end of every separate aim of our existence—of every thing connected with our existence, should be still—happiness. Therefore, the end of instruction should be happiness—and happiness, what is it but the extent or duration of pleasure?—therefore, the end of instruction should be pleasure. But the cant of the Lakists would establish the exact converse, and make the end of all pleasure instruction. In fact, *ceteris paribus*, he who pleases is of more importance to his fellow man than he who instructs, since the *dulce* is alone the *utile*, and pleasure is the end already attained, which instruction is merely the means of attaining. It will be said that Wordsworth, with Aristotle, has reference to instruction with eternity in view; but either such cannot be the tendency of his argument, or he is laboring at a sad disadvantage; for his works—or at least those of his school—are professedly to be understood by the few, and it is the many who stand in need of salvation. Thus the moralist’s parade of measures would be as completely thrown away as are those of the devil in “Melmoth,” who plots and counterplots through three octavo volumes for the entrapment of one or two souls, while any common devil would have demolished one or two thousand.

When, therefore, we assert that these practical-joke publications are not “*literature*,” because not “*thoughtful*” in any degree, we must not be understood as objecting to the thing in itself, but to its claim upon our attention as critic. Dr.—what is his name?—strings together a number of facts or fancies which, when printed, answer the laudable purpose of amusing a very large, if not a very respectable number of people. To this proceeding upon the part of the Doctor—or on the part of his imitator, Mr. Jeremy Stockton, the author of “Valentine Vox,” we *can* have no objec-

tion whatever. His *books* do not please us. We will not read them. Still less shall we speak of them seriously as *books*. Being in no respect works of art, they neither deserve, nor are amenable to criticism.

“Stanley Thorn” may be described, in brief, as a collection, rather than as a series, of practical haps and mishaps, befalling a young man very badly brought up by his mother. He flogs his father with a codfish, and does other similar things. We have no fault to find with him whatever except that, in the end, he *does not* come to the gallows.

We have no great fault to find with *him*, but with Mr. Bockton, his father, much. He is a consummate plagiarist; and, in our opinion, nothing more despicable exists. There is not a *good* incident in his book (?) of which we cannot point out the paternity with at least a sufficient precision. The opening adventures are all in the *style* of “Cyril Thornton.” Bob, following Amelia in disguise, is borrowed from one of the Smollet or Fielding novels—there are many of our readers who will be able to say *which*. The cab driven over the Crescent *trottoir*, is from Pierce Egan. The swindling tricks of Colonel Somebody, at the commencement of the novel, and of Captain Filcher afterwards, are from “Pickwick Abroad.” The doings at Madame Pompour’s (or some such name) with the description of Isabelle, are from “Ecarté, or the Salons of Paris”—a *rich* book. The Sons-of-Glory scene (or its *urrait*) we have seen—*somewhere*; while (not to be tedious) the whole account of Stanley’s election, from his first conception of the design, through the entire canvass, the purchasing of the “Independents,” the row at the hustings, the chairing, the feast, and the petition, is so obviously *stolen* from “Ten Thousand a-Year” as to be disgusting. Bob and the “old venerable”—what are they but feeble reflections of young and old Weller? The *tone* of the narration throughout is an absurd *echo* of Boz. For example—“We’ve come agin about them there little accounts of ourn—question is do you mean to settle ‘em or don’t you?” His colleagues, by whom he was backed, highly approved of this question, and winked and nodded with the view of intimating to each other that in their judgment that was the point.” Who so dull as to give Mr. Bogton any more credit for these things than we give the buffoon for the *role* which he has committed to memory?

That the work will prove amusing to *many* readers, we do not pretend to deny. The claims of Mr. Frogton, and not of his narrative, are what we especially discuss.

The edition before us is clearly printed on good paper. The designs are by Cruikshank and Leech; and it is observable that those of the latter are more effective in every respect than those of the former and far more celebrated artist.

The Vicar of Wakefield, A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. With an Account of the Author’s Life and Writings. By J. Aikin, M. D., Author of *Select Works of the British Poets*. D. Appleton and Co: New York.

This publication is one of a class which it behoves every editor in the country to encourage, at all times, by every good word in his power—the class, we mean of well printed and, especially, of well illustrated works from among the standard fictions of England. We place particular emphasis upon the mechanical style of these reprints. The criticism which affects to despise these adventitious aids to the enjoyment of a work of art is at best but *étourderie*. The illustration, to be sure, is not always in accordance with our own understanding of the text; and this

fact, although we never hear it urged. is, perhaps. the most reasonable objection which *can* be urged against pictorial embellishment — for the unity of conception is disturbed; but this disturbance takes place only in very slight measure (provided the work be worth illustration at all) and its disadvantages are far more than counterbalanced by the pleasure (to most minds a very acute one) of comparing our comprehension of the author's ideas with that of the artist. If our imagination is feeble, the design will probably be in advance of our conception, and thus each picture will stimulate, support, and guide the fancy. If, on the contrary, the thought of the artist is inferior, there is the stimulus of contrast with the excitement of triumph. Thus, in the contemplation of a statue, or of an individual painting of merit, the pleasure derivable from the comments of a bystander is easily and keenly appreciable, while these comments interfere, in no perceptible degree, with the force or the unity of our own comprehension. We never knew a man of genius who did not confess an interest in even the worst illustrations of a good book — although we have known many men of genius (who should have known better) make the confession with reluctance, as if one which implied something of imbecility or disgrace.

The present edition of one of the most admirable fictions in the language, is, in every respect, very beautiful. The type and paper are magnificent. The designs are very nearly what they should be. They are sketchy, spirited cuts, depending for effect upon the higher merits rather than upon the minor morals of art — upon skilful grouping of figures, vivacity, *naïveté* and originality of fancy, and good drawing in the mass — rather than upon finish in details, or too cautious adherence to the text. Some of the scraps at the commencement are too diminutive to be distinct in the style of workmanship employed, and thus have a *blurred* appearance; but this is nearly all the fault we can find. In general, these apparent trifles are superb; and a great number of them are of a nature to elicit enthusiastic praise from every true artist.

The Memoir by Dr. Aikin is highly interesting, and embodies in a pleasing narrative, (with little intermixture of criticism upon what no longer requires it,) all that is, or need be known of Oliver Goldsmith. In the opening page of this Memoir is an error (perhaps typographical) which, as it is upon the opening page, has an awkward appearance, and should be corrected. We allude to the word "*protégé*," which, in the sense, or rather with the reference intended, should be printed *protégé*. This is a very usual mistake.

Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe. By a Lady of Virginia. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

Barring some trifling affectation, (apparent, for example, in heading a plain English chapter with the French *Pensées*.) this volume is very creditable to Mrs. Rives — for it seems to be well understood that the fair author, in this case, is the wife of the well-known Senator from Virginia.

The work is modestly prefaced, and disclaims all pretension. It is a mere re-gathering of sketches, written originally for the amusement of friends. A lady-like taste and delicacy (without high merit of any kind) pervade the whole. The style is somewhat disfigured by pleonasm — or rather, overburdened with epithets: a common fault with enthusiastic writers who want experience in the world of letters. For example:

"There is an *inexpressible* pleasure in gliding rapidly in a little car, over the *neat* but *narrow* turnpike roads, bordered

by *hawthorn* hedges, looking out upon *bright* fields, clothed with the *richest* and most *exquisite* verdure, occasionally catching a glimpse of some *sequestered* cottage, with its *miniature* gravel walks, and *innumerable* flowers, which, at this season, in the *distant* land of the traveller, may have bloomed and passed away, but which here offer their *brilliant* tints, and *rich* perfume; while on the other hand some *proud* castle rises in *bold* relief against the *dappled* sky."

Of mere errors of grammar there are more than sufficient; and we are constrained to say that the very first sentence of the book conveys a gross instance of faulty construction.

"The gratification of friends must once more serve as an apology for permitting the following souvenirs to see the light."

Has the gratification of friends *ever before* served as an apology for permitting the following souvenirs to see the light?

The Poetical Works of Reginald Heber, Late Bishop of Calcutta. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

It was only a year ago that the poems of Heber were first given to the public in a collection, from which the present edition is a re-print; but, individually, the pieces here presented have been long and favorably known — with the exception of two or three lighter effusions, now first published.

The qualities of Heber are well understood. His poetry is of a high order. He is imaginative, glowing, and vigorous, with a skill in the management of his means unsurpassed by that of any writer of his time, but without any high degree of originality. Can there be anything in the nature of a "classical" life at war with novelty *per se*? At all events, few fine scholars, such as Heber truly was, are original.

The volume before us is a *study* for the poet in the depth and breadth of its execution. Few nobler poems were, upon the whole, ever penned than are "Europe," "The Passage of the Dead Sea," and the "Morte D'Arthur." The minor pieces generally are *very naïve* and beautiful. The Latin "*Carmen Seculare*" would not have disgraced Horace himself. Its versification is perfect. A sketch of the author's life would have well prefaced the edition, and we are sorry to miss it.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Complete in one volume. J. B. Lippincott and Co: Philadelphia.

This is a duodecimo of six hundred and eight pages, including *all* the poetic works of Lord Byron. The type is, of course, small — a fine nonpareil — but very clear and beautiful; while the paper is of excellent quality, and the press-work carefully done. There is a good plate engraved by Pease from Saunders' painting of the poet at nineteen, and another (by the same engraver) of a design of Hucksall Church by Westall. The binding is neat and substantial; and the edition, on the whole, is one we can recommend. The type is somewhat too diminutive for weak eyes — but for readers who have no deficiency in this regard — or as a work of reference — nothing could be better.

As a literary performance it is scarcely necessary to speak of this compilation. We make objection, however, and pointedly, to the omission of the biographer's name. A sketch of the nature here inserted is worth nothing when anonymous. Nine-tenths of the value attached to a certain very rambling collection of Lives, depends upon our cognizance of their having been indited by Plutarch.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By Christopher North, (Professor Wilson.) In Three Volumes. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.

This publication is well-timed—if, at least, there be any truth in the report, that Professor Wilson is about to visit this country. The reception of the man will thus be made a part of the perusal of his works. And very glorious works they are. No man of his age has shown greater versatility of talent, and few, of any age, richer powers of imagination. His literary influence has far exceeded that of any Englishman who ever existed. His scholarship, if not profound, is excursive; his criticism, if not always honest, is analytical, enthusiastic, and original in manner. His wit is vigorous, his humor great, his sarcasm bitter. His high animal spirits give a dashing, free, hearty and devil-may-care tone to all his compositions—a tone which has done more towards establishing his literary popularity and dominion than any single quality for which he is remarkable. The faults of Professor Wilson, as might be supposed from the traits of his merits, are many and great. He is frequently led into gross injustice through personal feeling—this is his chief sin. His tone is often flippant. His scholarship is questionable as regards extent and accuracy. His style is apt to degenerate, or rather rush, into a species of bombastic periphrasis and apostrophe, of which our own Mr. John Neal has given the best American specimens. His analysis, although true in principle (as is always the case with the idealist) and often profound, is nevertheless deficient in that calm breadth and massive deliberateness which are the features of such intellects as that of Verulam. In short, the opinions of Professor Wilson can never be safely adopted without examination.

The three beautiful volumes now published, will be followed by another, embracing the more elaborate criticisms of the author,—the celebrated critiques upon Homer, &c., which it has not been thought expedient to include in this collection.

Pocahontas, and Other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Harper and Brothers: New York.

Some years ago we had occasion to speak of "Zinzendorf, and Other Poems." By Mrs. Sigourney, and at that period we found, or fancied that we found many points, in her general manner, which called for critical animadversion. At no period, however, have we been so rash as to dispute her claim to high rank among the poets of the land. In the volume now published by the Messieurs Harper, we are proud to discover not one of those more important blemishes which were a stain upon her earlier style. We had accused her of imitation of Mrs. Hemans—but this imitation is no longer apparent.

The author of "Pocahontas" (an unusually fine poem of which we may take occasion to speak fully hereafter) has also abandoned a very foolish mannerism with which she was erewhile infected—the mannerism of heading her pieces with paragraphs, or quotations, by way of text, from which the poem itself ensued as a sermon. This was an exceedingly inartistic practice, and one now well discarded.

The lesser pieces in the volume before us have, for the most part, already met our eye as fugitive effusions. In general, they deserve all commendation.

"Pocahontas" is a far finer poem than a late one on the same subject by Mr. Seba Smith. Mrs. Sigourney, however, has the wrong accentuation of Powhatan. In the second stanza of the poem, too, "harassed" is in false quantity. We speak of these trifles merely *en passant*.

Hereafter we may speak in full.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford: Including Numerous Letters now first published from the Original Manuscripts. In Four Volumes. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

HORACE WALPOLE has been well termed "the prince of epistolary writers," and his Letters, which in this edition are given chronologically, form a very complete and certainly a very *piquant* commentary on the events of his age, as well as a record, in great part, of the most important historical transactions from 1735 to 1797.

Prefixed to the collection are the author's "Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and Second"—Reminiscences which have been styled "the very perfection of anecdote writing." There is, also, the "Life," by Lord Dover. The volumes are magnificent octavos of nearly 600 pages each, beautifully printed on excellent paper, and handsomely bound. It is really superfluous to recommend these books. Every man who pretends to a library will purchase them of course.

The Early English Church. By EDWARD CHURTON, M. D., Rector of Crayke, Durham. With a Preface by the REVEREND L. SILLIMAN IVES, M. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of N. Carolina. From the second London edition. D. Appleton and Co.: New York.

The title of this volume does not fully explain its character. The aim of the writer, to use his own words, has been "by searching the earliest records of English history, to lay before the English reader a faithful picture of the life and manners of his Christian forefathers." This design, as far as we have been able to judge in a very cursory examination, is well executed.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DE FOE, with a Memoir of the Author, and an Essay on his Writings. With Illustrations by GRANDVILLE. D. Appleton and Co.: New York.

A magnificent edition—to our taste the most magnificent edition—of Robinson Crusoe. The designs by Grandville are in a very superb style of art—bold, striking, and original—the drawing capital.

Somerville Hall, or Hints to those who would make Home Happy. By Mrs. ELLIS, author of "Women of England," "Poetry of Life," etc. etc. D. Appleton and Co.: New York.

This interesting volume is one of a series to be entitled "Tales for the People and their Children." To this series Miss Martineau and Mary Howitt will contribute.

Wild Western Scenes. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. By J. BEAUCHAMP JONES. Philadelphia: Drew and Scammell.

Mr. Jones is a man of talent, and these descriptions of Wild Western life evince it. We read each successive number with additional zest.







GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.

PHILADELPHIA: FEBRUARY, 1842.

No. 2.

HARPER'S FERRY.

THE scenery at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, is perhaps the most picturesque in America. The view given in the accompanying engraving is taken from the Blue Ridge, from whence the tourist enjoys the finest prospect of this delightful spot. Lofty as the summit is, and difficult as the ascent proves to the uninitiated, the magnificence of the view from the top of the ridge amply compensates the adventurer for his trouble. Immediately beneath your feet are seen the Potomac and Shenandoah enveloping the beautiful village of Harper's Ferry in their folds, and then joining, their waters flow on in silent beauty, until lost behind the gorges of the mountains. Far away in the distance stretch a succession of woody plains, diversified with farm-houses and villages, and gradually growing more and more indistinct, until they fade away into the summits of the Alleghanies. But we cannot do better than give President Jefferson's unrivalled description of this scene. "The passage," he says, "of the Potomac, through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountains a hundred miles to seek a vent, on your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also: in the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that, in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley,—that continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah—the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character;

it is a true contrast to the foreground; it is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous,—for the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small closet of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate in the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself, and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac just above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging over you, and, within about twenty miles, reach Fredericktown and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

Enthusiastic as Jefferson is in this description, he does not exceed the truth. Foreigners have borne ample testimony to the splendor of the prospect from the top of the ridge at Harper's Ferry, admitting that there are few scenes in Europe which surpass it.

It is time to do justice to American scenery. Hundreds of our citizens annually cross the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting the scenery of Europe, under the mistaken supposition that their own country affords nothing to compensate them for the trouble of a visit. This ignorance is less general than formerly, but it still prevails to a considerable extent. Yet no country affords finer or more magnificent scenery than America. Go up the Hudson, travel along the banks of the Susquehanna, cross the Alleghanies or ascend the Catskill, loiter over the fairy-like waters of lake Horicon, and you will cease to believe that America affords no scenery to reward the traveller. We say nothing of Niagara or Trenton falls, or of the mountain scenery scattered all over the south. We say nothing of the vast prairies of the west, of the boundless melancholy expanse of the Mississippi, of the magnificent scenery on the route to St. Anthony's Falls. Let our people visit these before going abroad. Let them learn to do justice to the country of their birth.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

THE ESCAPE.

THE night after the rescue of the passengers and crew of the brig was to me a restless one. I could not sleep. Hour after hour I lay in my hammock eagerly courting repose, but unable to find it, for the images of the past crowded on my brain, and kept me in a feverish excitement that drove slumber from my pillow. My thoughts were of my boyhood,—of Pomfret Hall,—of my early schoolmate—and of his little seraph-like sister, Annette. I was back once more in the sunny past. Friends whom I had long forgotten,—scenes which had become strangers to me,—faces which I once knew but which had faded from my memory, came thronging back upon me, as if by some magic impulse, until I seemed to be once more shouting by the brookside, galloping over the hills, or singing at the side of sweet little Annette at Pomfret Hall.

I was the son of a decayed family. My parents lived in honorable poverty. But, though reduced in fortune, they had lost none of the spirit of their ancestors. Their ambition was to see their son a gentleman, a man of education. I had accordingly been early put to school, preparatory to a college education. Here I met with a youth of my own age, a proud, high-spirited, generous boy, Stanhope St. Clair. He was the heir of a wealthy and ancient family, whose residence, not far from Boston, combined baronial splendor with classic taste. We formed a fast friendship. He was a year or two my senior, and being stronger than myself, became my protector in our various school frays; this united me to him by the tie of gratitude. During the vacation I spent a month at his house; here I met his little sister, a sweet tempered innocent fairy, some four or five years my junior. Even at that early age I experienced emotions towards her which I am even now wholly unable to analyze, but they came nearer the sentiment of love than any other feeling. She was so beautiful and sweet-tempered, so innocent and frank, so bright, and sunny, and smiling, so infinitely superior to those of her age and sex I had been in the habit of associating with, that I soon learned to look on her with sentiments approaching to adoration. Yet I felt no reserve in her society. Her frankness made me perfectly at home. We played, sung and laughed together, as if life had nothing for us but sunshine and joy. How often did those old woods, the quaintly carved hall, the green and smiling lawn ring with

our gladsome merriment. We studied, too, together; and as I sat playfully at her feet, looking now on her tresses undulated in the breeze and frolicked over my face, I experienced sensations of strange pleasure unlike anything I had ever experienced. At length the time came when I was to leave this Eden. I remember how desolate I felt on that day, but how from pride in my sex I struggled to hide my emotions. Annette made no attempt to conceal her sorrow. She flung herself into my arms and wept long and bitterly. It was the grief of a child, but it filled my heart with sunshine, and dwelt in my memory for years.

I returned to school, but my playmate was always in my thoughts. In dream or awake, at my tasks or in play, loitering under the forest trees or wandering by the stream, in the noisy tumult of day or musing in the silent moonshine, the vision of that light-hearted and beauteous girl was ever present to my imagination. It may seem strange that such emotions should occupy the mind of a mere boy; but so it was. At length, however, St. Clair took sick, and died. How bitter was my grief at this event. It was the first thing that taught me what real sorrow was. This occurrence broke up my intimacy with the St. Clair family, for, young as I was, I could perceive that my presence would be a pain to the family, by continually reminding them of their lost boy. I never therefore visited Pomfret Hall again,—but often would I linger in its vicinity hoping to catch a glance of Annette. But I was unsuccessful. I never saw her again. Our spheres of life were immeasurably separated, the circles in which she moved knew me not. We had no friends in common, and therefore no medium of communication. God knew whether she thought of me. Her parents, though kind, had always acted towards me as if an impassable barrier existed betwixt the haughty St. Clairs and the beggared Cavendish, and now that their son was no more they doubtless had forgotten me. Such thoughts filled my mind as I grew up. The busy avocations of life interfered, my father died and left me penniless, and, to ensure a subsistence for my mother and myself, I went to sea. The dreams of my youth had long since given way to the sad realities of life,—and of all the sunny memories of childhood but one remained. That memory was of Annette.

It is a common saying that the love of a man is but an episode, while that of a woman is the whole story

of life, nor is it my purpose to gainsay the remark. The wear and tear of toil, the stern conflict with the world, the ever changing excitements which occupy him,—war, craft, ambition,—these are sufficient reasons why love can never become the sole passion of the stronger sex. But, though the saying is in general true, it has one exception. The first love of a man is never forgotten. It is through weal and woe the bright spot in his heart. Old men, whose bosoms have been seared by seventy years conflict with the world, have been known to weep at the recollection of their early love. The tone of a voice, the beam of an eye,—a look, a smile, a footstep may bring up to the mind the memory of her whom we worshipped in youth, and, like the rod of Moses, sunder the flinty rock, bring tears gushing from the long silent fountains of the heart. Nor has any after passion the purity of our first love. If there is anything that links us to the angels, it is the affection of our youth. It purifies and exalts the heart—it fills the soul with visions of the bright and beautiful—it makes us scorn littleness, and aspire after noble deeds. Point me out one who thus loves, and I will point you out one who is incapable of a mean action. Such was the effect which my sentiments for Annette had upon me. I saw her not, it is true,—but she was ever present to my fancy. I pictured continually to myself the approbation she would bestow on my conduct, and I shrunk even from entertaining an ignoble thought. I knew that in all probability we should never meet, but I thirsted to acquire renown, to do some act which might reach her ears. I loved without hope, but not the less fervently. A beggar might love a Princess, as a Paladin of old looked up to his mistress, as an Indian worshipper adored the sun, I loved, looked up to, and adored Annette. What little of fame I had won was through her instrumentality. And now I had met her, had been her preserver. As I lay in my hammock the memory of these things came rushing through my mind, and emotions of bewilderment, joy, and gratitude, prevented me from sleep.

I had seen Annette only for a moment, as the fatigue they had endured, had confined herself and companion to the cabin, during the day. How should we meet on the morrow? My heart thrilled at the recollection of her delighted recognition—would she greet me with the same joy when we met again? How would her father receive me? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my brain, and kept me long awake—and when at length I fell into a troubled sleep, it was to dream of Annette.

When I awoke, the morning watch was being called, and springing from my hammock I was soon at my post on deck. The sky was clear, the waves had gone down, and a gentle breeze was singing through the rigging. To have gazed around on the almost unruffled sea one would never have imagined the fury with which it had raged scarcely forty-eight hours before.

Early in the day Mr. St. Clair appeared on deck, and his first words were to renew his thanks to me of the day before. He alluded delicately to past

times, and reproved me gently for having suffered the intimacy betwixt me and his family to decline. He concluded by hoping that, in future, our friendship—for such he called it—would suffer no diminution.

I was attending, after breakfast, to the execution of an order forwards, when, on turning my eyes aft, I saw the flutter of a woman's dress. My heart told me it was that of Annette, and, at the instant, she turned around. Our eyes met. Her smile of recognition was even sweeter than that of the day before. I bowed, but could not leave my duty, else I should have flown to her side. It is strange what emotions her smile awakened in my bosom. I could scarcely attend to the execution of my orders, so wildly did my brain whirl with feelings of extatic joy. At length my duty was performed. But then a new emotion seized me. I wished and yet I feared to join Annette. But I mustered courage to go aft, and no sooner had I reached the quarterdeck, than Mr. St. Clair beckoned me to his side.

"Annette," he said, "has scarcely yet given you her thanks. She has not forgotten you, indeed she was the first to recognise you yesterday. You remember, love, don't you?" he said, turning to his daughter, "the summer Mr. Cavendish spent with us at the Hall. It was you, I believe, who shed so many tears at his departure."

He said this gayly, but it called the color into his daughter's cheek. Perhaps he noticed this, for he instantly resumed in a different tone:

"But see, Annette, here comes the captain, and I suppose you would take a turn on the quarterdeck. Your cousin will accompany him,—Mr. Cavendish must be your *chaperon*."

The demeanor of Mr. St. Clair perplexed me. Could it be that he saw my love for his daughter and was willing to countenance my suit? The idea was preposterous, as a moment's reflection satisfied me. I knew too well his haughty notions of the importance of his family. My common sense taught me that he never had entertained the idea of my aspiring to his daughter's hand—that he would look on such a thing as madness—and his conduct was dictated merely by a desire to show his gratitude and that of his daughter to me. These thoughts passed through my mind while he was speaking, and when he closed, and I offered to escort his daughter, I almost drew a sigh at the immeasurable distance which separated me from Annette. Prudence would have dictated that I should avoid the society of one whom I was beginning to love so unreservedly, but who was above my reach. Yet who has ever flown from the side of the one he adores, however hopeless his suit, provided she did not herself repel him? Besides, I could not, without rudeness, decline the office which Mr. St. Clair thrust upon me. I obeyed his task, but I felt that my heart beat faster when Annette's taper finger was laid on my arm. How shall I describe the sweetness and modesty with which Annette thanked me for the service which I had been enabled to do her father and herself—how to picture the delicacy with which she alluded to our childhood, recalling the bright hours we had spent together by the little

brook, under the old trees, or in the rich wainscoted apartments of Pomfret Hall! My heart fluttered as she called up these memories of the past. I dwelt in return on the pleasure I had experienced in that short visit, until her eye kindled and her cheek crimsoned at my enthusiasm. She looked down on the deck, and it was not till I passed to another theme that she raised her eyes again. Yet she did not seem to have been displeased at what I had said. On the contrary it appeared to be her delight to dwell with innocent frankness on the pleasure she had experienced in that short visit. The pleasure of that half hour's promenade yet lives green and fresh in my memory.

We were still conversing when my attention was called away by the cry of the look-out that a sail was to be seen to windward. Instantly every eye was turned over the weather-beam, for she was the first sail that had been reported since the gale. An officer seized a glass, and, hurrying to the mast-head, reported that the stranger was considered a heavy craft, although, as yet, nothing but his royals could be seen. As we were beating up to windward and the stranger was coming free towards us, the distance betwixt the two vessels rapidly decreased, so that in a short time the upper sails of the stranger could be distinctly seen from the deck. His topgallant-yards were now plainly visible from the cross-trees, and the officer aloft reported that the stranger was either a heavy merchantman or a frigate. This increased the excitement on deck, for we knew that there were no vessels of that grade in our navy, and if the approaching sail should prove to be a man-of-war and an Englishman, our chances of escape would be light, as he had the weather-gauge of us, and appeared, from the velocity with which he approached us, to be a fast sailer. The officers crowded on the quarter-deck, the crew thronged every favorable point for a look-out, and the ladies, gathering around Mr. St. Clair and myself, gazed out as eagerly as ourselves in the direction of the stranger. At length her topsails began to lift.

"Ha!" said the captain, "he has an enormous swing—what think you of him, Mr. Massey?" he asked, shutting the glass violently, and handing it to his lieutenant.

The officer addressed took the telescope and gazed for a minute on the stranger.

"I know that craft," he said energetically, "she is a heavy frigate,—the Ajax,—I served in her some eight years since. I know her by the peculiar lift of her top-sails."

"Ah!" said the captain; "you are sure," he continued, examining her through his glass again; "she does indeed seem a heavy craft and we have but one chance—we should surely fight her?"

"If you ask me," said the lieutenant, "I say no!—why that craft can blow us out of the water in a couple of broadsides; she throws a weight of metal treble our own."

"Then there is but one thing to do—we must wear, and take to our heels—a stern chase is proverbially a long one."

During this conversation not a word had been spoken in our group; but I had noticed that when the lieutenant revealed the strength of the foe, the cheek of Annette for a moment grew pale. Her emotion however continued but a moment. And when our ship had been wore, and we were careering before the wind, her demeanor betrayed none of that nervousness which characterized her cousin.

"Can they overtake us Mr. Cavendish?" said her companion. "Oh! what a treacherous thing the sea is. Here we were returning only from Charleston to Boston, yet shipwrecked and almost lost,—and now pursued by an enemy and perhaps destined to be captured."

"Fear not! sweet coz," laughingly said Annette, "Mr. Cavendish would scarcely admit that any ship afloat could out sail THE ARROW, and you see what a start we have in the race. Besides, you heard Captain Smythe just now say, that, when night came, he hoped to be able to drop the enemy altogether. Are they pursuing us yet Mr. Cavendish?"

"Oh! yes, they have been throwing out their light sails for the last quarter of an hour—see there go some more of their kites."

"But will not we also spread more canvass?"

I was saved the necessity of a reply by an order from the officer of the deck to spread our studding-sails, and duty called me away. I left the ladies in the charge of Mr. St. Clair, and hurried to my post. For the next half hour I was so occupied that I had little opportunity to think of Annette, and indeed the most of my time was spent below in superintending the work of the men. When I returned on deck the chase was progressing with vigor, and it was very evident that THE ARROW, though a fast sailer, was hard pressed. Every stitch of canvass that could be made to draw was spread, but the stranger astern had, notwithstanding, considerably increased on the horizon since I left the deck. The officers were beginning to exchange ominous looks, and the faces of our passengers wore an anxious expression. One or two of the older members of the crew were squinting suspiciously at the stranger. The captain however wore his usual open front, but a close observer might have noticed that my superior glanced every moment at the pursuer, and then ran his eye as if unconsciously up our canvass. At this moment the cry of a sail rang down from the mast-head, startling us as if we had heard a voice from the dead, for so intense had been the interest with which we had regarded our pursuer that not an eye gazed in any direction except astern. The captain looked quickly around the horizon, and hailing the look-out, shouted

"Whereaway?"

"On the starboard-bow."

"What does he look like," continued Captain Smythe to me, for I had taken the glass at once and was now far on my way to the cross-trees.

"He seems a craft about as heavy as our own."

"How now?" asked the captain, when sufficient space had elapsed to allow the topsails of the new visitor to be seen.

"She has the jaunty cut of a corvette," I replied.

A short space of time—a delay of breathless interest—sufficed to betray the character of the ship ahead. She proved, as I had expected, a corvette. Nor were we long left in doubt as to her flag, for the red field of St. George shot up to her gaff, and a cannon ball ricocheting across the waves, plumped into the sea a few fathoms ahead of our bow. For a moment we looked at each other in dismay at this new danger. We saw that we were beset. A powerful foe was coming up with us hand over hand astern, and a craft fully our equal was heading us off. Escape seemed impossible. The ladies, who still kept the deck, turned pale and clung closer to their protector's arm. The crew were gloomy. The officers looked perplexed. But the imperturbable calm of the captain suffered no diminution. He had already ordered the crew to their quarters, and the decks were now strewn with preparations for the strife.

"We will fight him," he said; "we will cripple or sink him, and then keep on our way. But let not a shot be fired until I give the order. Steady, quartermaster, steady."

By this time I had descended to the deck, ready to take my post at quarters. The ladies still kept the deck, but the captain's eye happening to fall on them, the stern expression of his countenance gave way to one of a milder character, and, approaching them, he said,

"I am afraid, my dear Miss St. Clair, that this will soon be no place for you or your fair companion. Allow me to send you to a place of safety. Ah! here is Mr. Cavendish, he will conduct you below."

"Oh! Mr. Cavendish," said Isabel, with a tremulous voice, "is there any chance of escape?"

Annette did not speak, but she looked up into my face with an anxious expression, while the color went and came in her cheek. My answer was a confident assertion of victory, although, God knows, I scarcely dared to entertain the hope of such a result. It reassured my fair companions, however, and I thought that the eyes of Annette at least expressed the gratitude which did not find vent in words.

"We will not forget you in our prayers," said Isabel, as I prepared to reascend to the deck, "farewell—may—may we meet again!" and she extended her hand.

"God bless you and our other defenders," said Annette. She would have added more, but her voice lost its firmness. She could only extend her hand. I grasped it, pressed it betwixt both of mine, and then tore myself away. As I turned from them, I thought I heard a sob. I know that a tear-drop was on that delicate hand when I pressed it in my own.

When I reached the deck, I found Mr. St. Clair already at his post, for he had volunteered to aid in the approaching combat. Nor was that combat long delayed. We were now close on to the corvette, but yet not a shot had been fired from our batteries, although the enemy was beginning a rapid and furious cannonade, under which our brave tars chafed like chained lions. Many a tanned and sun-browned veteran glared fiercely on the foe, and even

looked curiously and doubtingly on his officers, as the balls of the corvette came hustling rapidly and more rapidly towards us, and when at length a shot dismounted one of our carriages and laid four of our brave fellows dead on the deck, the excitement of the men became almost uncontrollable. At this instant, however, the corvette yawed, bore up, and ran off with the wind on his quarter. Quick as lightning Captain Smythe availed himself of the bravado.

"Lay her alongside, quartermaster," he thundered.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old water-rat, and during a few breathless moments of suspense we crowded silently after the corvette. That suspense, however, was of short duration. We were now on the quarter of the enemy. The captain paused no longer, but waving his sword, he shouted "FIRE," and simultaneously our broadside was poured in, like a hurricane of fire, on the foe. Nor during ten minutes was there any intermission in our fire. The combat was terrific. The men jerked out their pieces like playthings, and we could soon hear over even the din of the conflict, the crashing of the enemy's hull and the falling of his spars. The rapidity and certainty of our fire meanwhile seemed to have paralysed the foe, for his broadsides were delivered with little of the fury which we had been led to expect. His foremast at length went by the board. The silence of our crew was now first broken, and a deafening huzza rose up from them, shaking the very welkin with the uproar.

"Another broadside, my brave fellows," said Captain Smythe, "and then lay aloft and crowd all sail—I think she'll hardly pursue us."

"Huzza, boys, pour it into her," shouted a grim visaged captain of a gun, "give her a parting shake, huzza!"

Like a volcano in its might—like an earthquake reeling by—sped that fearful broadside on its errand. We did not pause to see what damage we had done, but while the ship yet quivered with the discharge the men sprang aloft, and before the smoke had rolled away from the decks our canvass was once more straining in the breeze and we were rapidly leaving our late enemy. When the prospect cleared up we could see her lying a hopeless wreck astern. The frigate which, during the conflict, had drawn close upon us, was now sending her shots like hail-stones over us, but when she came abreast of her consort she was forced to stop, as our late foe by this time had hung out a signal of distress. We could see that boats, laden with human beings, were putting off from the corvette to the frigate, which proved that our late antagonist was in a sinking condition. Before an hour she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

I was the first one to hurry below and relieve the suspense of Annette and her cousin by apprising them of our success. A few hours repaired the damage we had sustained, and before night-fall the frigate was out of sight astern. So ended our first conflict with our enemy.

THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 56.)

THE artisan whom we left mounted on Lord Dudley's charger was, much against his inclinations, swept onward by the crowd, till he found himself heading, like a single item of cavalry, upon the body of Somerset men now drawn up directly before him. He had no power to change his course or dismount from the conspicuous situation which placed him in full view of both parties, and which, under all the circumstances, was rather annoying to a man of his retiring and modest nature. Still he exerted himself to restrain the onward course of his charger with one hand, while the other was bent in and the fingers clenched together over the edge of his sleeve with a prudent regard for the diamond ring and the emeralds which had been so hastily bestowed there. All at once he gave a start that almost unclenched the grasp upon his sleeve and jerked the bridle with a vehemence which brought the red and foaming mouth of the spirited animal he bestrode down upon his chest with a violence that sent the foam flying like a storm of snowflakes over his black shoulders and mane. The proud and fretted creature gave an angry snort and recoiled madly under this rough treatment. With burning eyes and a fiercer toss of the head he recovered himself and leaped into the midst of a body of armed horsemen which that moment formed a line across the street, just above St. Margaret's, and backed by an armed force, was slowly driving the mob inch by inch from the ground they had occupied.

The plunge was so sudden and furious that a slightly built but stern and aristocratic man, who rode in the centre of his party, was almost unhorsed by the shock, and a great deal of confusion was created among the horses and people thus forced back upon those eagerly pressing toward the church. The man, who had been so nearly flung from his saddle, fiercely curbed his plunging horse, and pressing his feet hard in the broad stirrups, regained his position, but with a pale face and eyes flashing fire at the rude assault which he believed to have been purposely made upon his person.

"What, ho! take yon caitiff in charge," he shouted, pointing sternly with his drawn sword toward the artisan, "or cleave him to the earth a base leader of a rabble as he seems."

Instantly the fiery and still restive charger was

seized by the bit, a dozen hands were laid upon the pale and frightened being who crouched upon his back, and he was drawn face to face with Somerset, the Lord Protector of England.

There was something in the abject and insignificant figure of the artisan which made the stern anger levelled at him by the haughty man before whom he was forced almost ludicrous. This thought seemed to present itself to the Lord Protector, for his mouth relaxed into a contemptuous smile as he gazed upon his prisoner, and letting his sword drop as if it had been a riding whip, he gave a careless order that the man should be secured, and was about to move forward when his eye fell upon the rich housings of Lord Dudley's charger. At first a look of surprise arose to his face, which gradually bent his brow into a heavy and portentous frown. Once more lifting his sword, he pointed toward the horse, demanding in a stern voice of the artisan, how he came there, and so mounted?

"May it please your highness," faltered the artisan, resuming something of his natural audacity when he saw that there was a chance of extricating himself by craft rather than blows,— "May it please your highness, the horse belongs to my good Lord of Dudley whom I left but now among the rioters yonder. They lack a leader and cannot spare him yet, or he would vouch for my honesty and care which I have taken to bestow myself and the good horse into safe quarters without meddling hand or foot in this affray."

"And how came Lord Dudley or his charger at St. Margaret's?" said Somerset, frowning still more heavily, "answer the truth now—how came your lord here?"

The artisan seemed at a loss how to reply; but when the Protector grew impatient, he shook his head with a look of shrewd meaning, and said that his lord had ridden forth to seek a fair lady in the morning who had promised him a meeting somewhere in the neighborhood, but that being called upon by the mob, he had led the rioters for a time in their attack upon the workmen, and at last had joined them on foot, consigning the charger to his, the artisan's care, and that was all he knew of the matter.

"Think ye this varlet speaks truth," said Somerset, bending to a nobleman who rode at his left hand,

"or does he make up this tale of the lady to screen the premeditated share his master has taken in this riot?"

"He has a lying face," replied the person thus consulted, "the look of an unwashed dog, and but for the charger which speaks for itself, and the cry which arose but now from the heart of the mob, I should doubt."

"Nay, it must be true, traitor as he looks," exclaimed Somerset, abruptly interrupting the other, "how could I expect aught else from a Warwick? root and branch they are all alike ambitious and full of treachery. Take this man in charge!" he called aloud to those about him, "and see that he find no means of escape. And now on, my good men, that we may face this young traitor in the midst of his rabble followers—a glorious band to be led on by a Warwick!" he added, tossing a scornful glance over the rude throng which was beginning to give way before the long pikes of his men.

The artisan, who had been allowed to sit freely on his horse while under examination, was again seized at the command of Somerset; but this time he refused to submit tamely to the hands laid upon him. In the struggle his fingers were torn from their hold on his sleeve, and the stolen jewels fell sparkling upon the long black mane of the charger. Before he could free his hands and snatch them up, they were observed and secured by one of the men to whom he had been consigned, who approached the Lord Protector, as he finished his scornful comment on the rioters, and laid them in his hand, informing him how they had been obtained.

Somerset glanced carelessly at the jewels, and was about to return them, saying,

"We will attend to it all anon; keep strict guard of the wretch and see that he does not escape."

He had dropped part of the gems into the messenger's hand again, when his eye fell upon the ring; instantly the color flashed up to his forehead, and he examined the stones with an intense interest, amounting almost to agitation, for they circled his own family crest, and not many hours before he had seen them on the hand of his youngest and favorite daughter. He cast a keen glance on the man who had brought the jewels to him, as if to ascertain if he had discovered the crest, and then quietly reaching forth his hand he took the emeralds, examined them closely, and forcing his horse up to the artisan, motioned that those around him should draw back. He was obeyed so far as the crowd would permit, and then drawing close to the prisoner, with a face almost as white and agitated as his own, he demanded in a low severe voice how he came in possession of the jewels?

"How did I come in possession? May it please your highness, as an honest man should. The ring was given me by a fair lady for good service rendered in bringing her and her sweet-heart together; and as for the green stones there, which may be of value and may not, there is no gold about them; and I have my doubts, for in these cases I have always found the lady most liberal of the party—for the

emeralds—why my young master was generous as well as the lady—and well he might be, for I had much ado to bring them together, besides fighting through the crowd, and caring for the horse, and helping my lord to make a passage for his light-o-love."

"Hound! speak the word again and I will cleave thee to the earth, if it be with my own sword, loth as I am to stain it so foully!" said Somerset in a voice of intense rage.

"I did but answer the question your highness put," replied the artisan cringingly.

"Peace!" commanded the Protector. After a moment, he said with more calmness, but still in the low and stern voice of concentrated anger—

"Know you the lady's name who gave you this ring?"

"My lord called her Jane, or Lady Jane, which may be the true name and may not—such light-o'—I crave your highness' pardon—such ladies sometimes have as many names as lovers—and this one may be Lady Jane to my lord, and Mistress Jane, or Mary, or—"

"Enough," interrupted the Protector—"and this ring was given by the—a lady to reward thee for bringing her to an interview with Lord Dudley. How happened it that thy services were required?"

"Well, as near as I can understand the matter," replied the artisan, somewhat reassured by the low calm tone of his questioner, though there was something in the stern face that made his heart tremble, he knew not why, "the lady, whoever she be, was to have met my lord somewhere near the church yonder, but when he came to meet one person, behold a whole parish of hotheaded people had taken possession, so instead of a love passage he consoled himself by turning captain of the riot, and played the leader to a marvel, as your highness may have heard by the clamorous outcry with which he was cheered by the mob. I am but an humble man and content me with looking on in a broil, so as I bestowed myself to a safe corner, behold the fair lady of the ring had taken shelter there also, and at her entreaties, urged in good sooth by a host of tears and those sparklers almost as bright, she won me to give my lord an inkling of her whereabouts, so as much for the bright tears as the gems I fought my way through the mob and whispered a word in the eagle's ears, which soon brought him from his war flight to the dove cot, whereupon he gave me charge of the horse here, and, taking the lady under his arm, went—"

"Whither, sirrah, whither did he take her?" said the Lord Protector, in a voice that frightened the man, for it came through his clenched teeth scarcely louder than a whisper, and yet so distinct that it fell upon his ear sharply amid all the surrounding din."

"I lost sight of them in the crowd, for this strong-bitted brute was enough to manage without troubling myself with love matters. They were together, I had my reward, and that is the long and short of the matter," replied the artisan, mingling truth and falsehood with no little address, considering the state of terror into which he had been thrown.

"And thou art ignorant where she is now?" inquired Somerset, still in a calm constrained voice.

"Even so, your highness. Lord Dudley has doubtless nestled his dove into some safe nook hereabouts, while he leads on the rioters near the church. I heard them shouting his name just as your lordly followers seized my mettlesome beast by the bit. So there is little fear that he will not be found all in good time."

The Lord Protector turned away his head and wheeled his horse around without speaking a word, but his followers were struck by the fierce deep light that burned in his eyes and the extraordinary whiteness of his face. The artisan took this movement as a sign of his own liberation, and, glad to escape even with the loss of his plunder, he gathered up the bridle and was about to push his way from a presence that filled him with fear and trembling.

The Lord Protector's quick eye caught the motion, and, as if all the passions of his nature broke forth in the command, he thundered out—

"Seize that man and take good care that he neither speaks nor is spoken to. God of Heaven!" he added, suddenly bending forward with all the keen anguish of a father and a disgraced noble breaking over his pale features as they almost touched the saddle-bow—"Father of Heaven, that the honor of a brave house should lie at the mercy of a slippery knave's tongue!"

These words, spoken in a low stifled voice, were lost amid the din of surrounding strife; but instantly that pale proud head was lifted again and turned almost fierce upon his followers. The naked sword flashed upward, and a shout, like that of a wounded eagle fierce in his death-struggle, broke upon his white lips and rang almost like a shriek upon the burthened air.

"On to the church—on, on through the mob—trample them to the earth till we stand face to face with the leader!"

Instantly the men with their long pikes made a rush upon the multitude. The horsemen plunged recklessly forward, crushing the unarmed people to the earth, and trampling the warm life from many a human heart beneath the hoofs of their chargers.

It was the cry and struggle which arose from this onset that reached the Lord Dudley in the dim and solemn quietude of St. Margaret's church. It was this which made the Lady Jane spring wildly upon the altar where she had been extended so weak and helpless, put back the hair from her face and listen, white and breathless as a statue, for another sound of her father's voice like the one shrill war-cry that had cut to her heart like a denunciation.

Lord Dudley hurried down the aisle again, for there was something in the wild terror of her look that made him forgetful of everything but her. As his foot was lifted upon the first step of the altar, the tumult increased around the church till its foundation seemed tottering beneath the levers of a thousand fiends, all fierce and clamorous for a fragment of the sacred pile. There was a sound of heavy weapons battering against the entrance. Shout rang

upon shout—a terrible crash—the great arched window was broken in. A fragment of the stone casement fell upon the baptismal font, forcing it in twain and dashing the consecrated water about till the censers and velvet footcloths were deluged with it. A storm of painted glass filled the church—whirled and flashed in the burst of sunshine, thus rudely let in, and fell upon the white altar-stone, and the scarcely less white beings that stood upon it, like a shower of gems shattered and ground to powder in their fall. Then the door gave way, and those who had kept guard rushed in with uplifted hands, and faces filled with terrible indignation, beseeching Lord Dudley to arouse himself and come to their aid against the tyrant who even then was planting his foot upon the ashes of their dead.

It was no time for deliberation or delay; the foundation of the church shook beneath their feet, a body of armed men hot with anger and chafed by opposition thundered at the scarcely bolted entrance. Perhaps the brave blood which burned in Dudley's veins, urged him on to the step which now seemed unavoidable. Still he would have died, like a lion in his lair, rather than become in any way the leader of a mob, but he could not see that bright and gentle being, so good and so beloved, perish by the violence of her own father. He snatched her from the altar where she stood, and bearing her to a corner of the church most distant from the entrance, forced her clinging arms from his neck, pressed his lips hurriedly to her forehead, and rushed toward the door, followed by the men who had hitherto guarded it. The effort proved a useless one. The doors were blocked up by a phalanx of parishioners, and he could not make himself known or force a passage out. The brave band was almost crushed between the walls of the church and the Lord Protector, who, with his horsemen, had driven them back, step by step, till they were wedged together, resolute but almost helpless from want of room.

"To the window—stand beneath that I may mount by your shoulders," exclaimed Dudley to the men who surrounded him.

Instantly the group gathered in a compact knot beneath the shattered window. Lord Dudley sprang upon the sort of platform made by their shoulders, and thence, with a vigorous leap to the stone sill where he stood, exposed and unarmed before the people—his cloak swaying loosely back from his shoulder—his cap off and his fine hair falling in damp heavy curls over his pale forehead.

A joyful shout and a fierce cry burst from the multitude and mingled together as he appeared before them. A world of flashing eyes and working faces was uplifted to the window, and for a moment the strife raging about the church was relaxed, for men were astonished by his appearance there, almost in open rebellion, face to face with the Lord Protector.

"Bring that man to the earth dead," shouted Somerset, pointing toward the young nobleman, "and then set fire to the building, to-morrow shall not see a single stone in its place."

A shower of deadly missiles flew around the young noble, but he sprang unhurt into the midst of the throng, which made way for him to pass till he stood front to front with the man who had just commanded his death. Somerset turned deadly pale, and, clenching his teeth with intense rage, lifted his sword with both hands, as if to cleave the youth through the head.

"My Lord Duke," said Dudley, in a manner so calm that it arrested the proud nobleman's hand, though his weapon was still kept uplifted, "I do beseech your grace draw the soldiers away; the parishioners are furious, and I am convinced will defend the church till you trample an entrance over their dead bodies."

Dudley spoke respectfully and as a son to his parent, but with much agitation, for everything that he held dear seemed involved in the safety of the church. He knew that estrangement existed between the duke and his own noble father, but up to that moment had no idea that his personal favor with Somerset was in the least impaired. He had not believed that the command levelled against his life was indeed intended for him, and was therefore both astonished and perplexed when the duke bent his face bloodless and distorted with rage close down to his and exclaimed,

"Dastard and traitor! where is my child?"

"She is yonder within the church," replied Dudley with prompt and manly courage. "Safe, thank God! as yet, but if this fierce assault continue she must perish in the ruin!"

"So shall it be," replied the Protector fiercely. "Let her life and her shame be buried together."

"Her shame, my Lord Duke," said Dudley, laying his hand on Somerset's bridle-rein, and meeting the stern glance fixed on him with one full of proud feeling. "Another lip than yours had not couched such words with the pure name of Jane Seymour, and lived to utter another. But you are her father."

"Ay, to my curse and bitter shame be it said, I am her father," replied the duke, "and have power to punish both the victim and the tempter. Your conduct, base son of a baser father, shall be answered for before the king, but first stand by and see your weak victim meet the reward of her art."

As he spoke, Somerset grasped the youth by his arm, and hurling him among his followers, shouted, "secure the traitor, or if he resist cut him down. Now on to the attack. A hundred pounds to the first man who forces an entrance to the church. Set fire to it if our strength be not enough, and let no one found there escape alive."

The confusion which followed this order was instant and tremendous. The mob rushed fiercely upon the Protector in a fruitless effort to rescue Lord Dudley, while the soldiers sprang forward upon the building, and half a score were seen clambering like wild animals along the rough stone-work toward the windows, for still the mob kept possession of the door.

The group which we left within the church hearing this command, looked sternly into each other's faces,

and their leader—he who had admitted Dudley and his companion—was aided by his friends, and sprang within the shattered window just as the head of a clambering assailant was raised above the sill. The sexton, for the man held that office in the church, planted one foot upon the soldier's fingers, where they clung with a fierce gripe upon the stone, and stooping down he seized the poor fellow by both shoulders, bent him back till his body was almost doubled, and then with hands and foot spurned him from the wall with a violence that hurled him many paces into the crowd. Another and another shared the fate of this unfortunate man, and there stood the sexton, unharmed, guarding the pass like a lion at bay, and tearing up fragments of stone to hurl at the soldiers whenever he was not compelled to act on the defensive; but his situation soon became very critical, for his station was the point of general attack, and Somerset's voice was still heard fiercely ordering his men to fire the building; for a moment the shower of missiles hurled from the soldiers beat him down, and he was forced to spring into the church among his companions again for shelter. The poor young lady heard the savage command of her parent, and, rushing to the men, frantically besought them to inform the Duke of Somerset his child was in the building, and that, she was certain, would save it from destruction. There was something in the helplessness and touching beauty of that young creature as she stood before them, wringing her hands, and with tears streaming down her pale cheek, that touched the men with compassion, or she might have perished by their hands when her connection with their oppressor was made known. They looked in each other's faces and a few rapid words passed between them. The sexton sprang once more upon the window, the rest turned upon the terrified lady and she was lifted from hand to hand, till at last they placed her by his side, trembling and almost senseless.

"Behold," cried the sexton, lifting the poor girl up before the multitude and flinging back the hood from her pale and affrighted features, that her father might recognise them, and feel to his heart, all the indignity and peril of her position. "Behold, I say, lift but another pike, hurl a stone but the size of a hazelnut against these walls, and this proud lady shall share them all side by side with the humble sexton. My Lord of Somerset," he shouted, grasping the lady firmly with one arm, as if about to fling her from the window, "Draw off your soldiers, leave these old walls, where we may worship our God in peace, or I will hurl your child into the midst of my brethren, that she may be trampled beneath their feet, even as you have crushed human limbs this day under your iron-shod war horses."

These words were uttered by a rude man, but excitement made him eloquent, and his voice rang over the crowd like the blast of a trumpet. When he ceased speaking, a silence almost appalling, after the previous wild sounds, fell upon the multitude. The horsemen stayed their swords, the soldiers stood with their pikes half lifted, and Somerset him-

self sat like one stupified by the sudden apparition of his child; among all that rade throng there was no hand brutal enough to lift itself against that beautiful and trembling girl, but many a glistening eye turned from her to the stern but now agonized face of the duke, anxious that he should draw off his men. He was very pale, his lip quivered for a moment, and then his face hardened again like marble.

"Her blood be upon thy head, young man," he exclaimed, bending his keen but troubled eyes on Lord Dudley, who stood vainly struggling with his captors; then lifting his voice he cried out,

"Tear down the church; neither wall of stone nor human being must stop our way!"

Still a profound silence lay upon the multitude. There was something horrible in the command that caused the coarsest heart to revolt at its cruelty. So still and motionless remained the throng that the faint shriek which died on the pale lips of that helpless girl as her father's command fell upon her ear, was distinctly heard even by the stern parent himself. He lifted his eyes to the place where she was kneeling, her hands clasped, her face like marble, and those eyes, usually so tranquil and dove-like, glittering with terror and fixed imploringly upon his face.

He turned away his head and tried to repeat his command, but the words died in his throat, and he could not utter them. Again her locked hands were extended, and her heart seemed breaking with wonder at his cruelty as she uttered the single word, "Father!"

That little word as it came like a frightened dove over the listening mob, settled upon the heart of that stern man, and awoke feelings which would not be hushed again. It was the first word his child had ever spoken. Her rosy infancy was before him—the sweet smile, the soft tiny hands clasped triumphantly together, when those syllables were mastered, seemed playing with his heart-strings, the same heart

which had thrilled with so sweet a pleasure to her infant greeting. It was a strange thing that these memories should fall upon him when his passions were all aroused and amid a concourse of rough contending people, but the heart is an instrument of many tones, and nature sometimes hangs forth its sweetest music in singular places, and amid scenes that we cannot comprehend. The Lord Protector bent his head, for tears were in his eyes, and, like many a being before and since, he was ashamed of his better nature. At last he conquered his agitation, and in a loud firm voice, commanded his soldiers to withdraw, and pledged his knightly word to the rioters that the church should receive no farther injury.

The people were generally satisfied with this assurance, and began to disperse when they saw the soldiery filing away toward the river. The duke dismissed his followers at the door of St. Margaret's, saw Lord Dudley conducted from his presence under a strong guard, and then entered the church alone and much agitated. He found his child sitting upon a step of the altar, shivering as with cold, and with her face buried in her hands. She knew his step as he came slowly down the aisle, and lifted her dim eyes with a look of touching appeal to his face. It was stern, cold, and unforgiving. She arose timidly and moved with a wavering step to meet him. His face was still averted, but she reached up her arms, wound them about his neck, and swooned away with her cheek pressed to his, like a grieved child that had sobbed itself to sleep. Again the thoughts of her infancy came to his heart, and though it was wrung with a belief that she had been very blameable and had trifled with her proud name, she was senseless and could not know that he had caressed her as of old; so the stern man bent his head and wept, as he kissed her forehead.

(To be continued.)

MY BONNIE STEED.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

My bonnie steed, with merry speed,
Away we gallop free,
The first to drink the morning breeze,
Or brush the dewy lea,
To hail the sun as o'er the hills
His slanting ray he flings,
Or hear the matin of the lark
That high in heaven rings.

My bonnie steed, o'er noontide mead
We've swept in canter gay,
Through woodland path have boldly dash'd,
Oh! what can check our way?
With hound and horn in jocund band
And hearts that smile at fear,
And flowing rein and gay halloo,
We've chased the flying deer.

My bonnie steed, with matchless speed
At eve we dash away,
The zephyrs laughing round our path
As children at their play,
And while in merry race and free,
Away, away we fly,
The thick stars shining overhead
Seem speeding swifter by.

My bonnie steed, my bonnie steed,
True friend indeed thou art,
And none are brighter in mine eye
Or dearer to my heart.
Let others smile on gallants gay
I mock the lover's creed,
Then onward press, away, away,
My bonnie, bonnie steed.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

CHARLES DICKENS.

[For the truly characteristic letter here published, and for the sketch which accompanies it, we are indebted to the obliging attention of Mr. JOHN TOMLIN of Tennessee.—With our own warm admiration of the writings and character of Dickens we can well understand and easily pardon the enthusiasm of our friend.]

IN setting about that most difficult of all tasks, the sketching of the character of a living author, I feel that I cannot entirely keep clear of that weakness of the human mind, which praises the foibles of a friend and condemns the virtues of an enemy. There is no task more difficult of performance than the one I have imposed upon myself—no task but what can be more easily performed correctly, than the presentation to the world, in their nice distinctive shades, of living characters. To admire one is to praise him—and to cover all of his faults in the blindness of charity, is the weakness of our nature. It is scarcely possible then, Mr. Poe, for one like me, whose love is as strong as the faith of the martyr, when at the stake he expires, and whose hate is as deep as the depths of the sea, to shun the errors that almost every one has fallen into, who undertakes the task of sketching characters, *life-like*, of eminent living individuals.—To succeed partially is in my power, and in the power of almost every one, but to succeed wholly in introducing to the mind's eye the character as it really is, of any individual, is scarcely possible. I will not say that I am peculiarly fitted to shine in this province, nor will I say that I am equal to the task that I have voluntarily imposed upon myself—but I will say that everything I say will be said from a conviction of belief.

Nay, do not start and turn pale, gentle reader, when I tell you that "Boz," the inimitable "Boz," is the subject of the present sketch. It is indeed true that Charles Dickens, the great English author—he who lives in London amid the exciting scenes and struggles of this world's great Metropolis, is now about to be "talked off," by a backwoodsman—but he will do it with an *admiring* reverence, and a *most partial* discretion. I will not speak of his published works, for they have been numbered among our household gods,—nor of the genius of the mind that has made them such. So long as there is mind to appreciate the high conceptions of mind, and a taste to admire the purity of thought, so long will Charles Dickens live "the noblest work of God."

Charles Dickens as an author is too well known for me to say aught for or against him. It is only in his private capacity will I speak—only as Charles Dickens, the private man. Those social qualities of the nature so requisite in the making up of a good man, belong to him essentially and justly. He could not be Charles Dickens and have not

those qualities of the soul which but few possess. Had all of us the true nobility of nature, all of us would be like him in spirit. There is in him a gentleness that commands our love as much as his genius has our admiration. The kindness of his nature is as great as his talent is pre-eminent. He could never be otherwise than "Boz" nor less than Charles Dickens—the being of all kindly feeling.

Dwelling in a little hamlet that is scarcely known beyond the sound of its church bell—and in a place that a few years ago, resounded only to the winds of the magic woods, or the moccasin tread of the Indian on the dry leaves,—I, a creature less known by far than my village, addressed a letter to "Boz," and, in answer from him, received the following letter:

"1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate.

Regent's Park, London.

Tuesday, Twenty-third February, 1841.

DEAR SIR:—You are quite right in feeling assured that I should answer the letter you have addressed to me. If you had entertained a presentiment that it would afford me sincere pleasure and delight to hear from a warm-hearted and admiring reader of my books in the back-woods of America, you would not have been far wrong.

I thank you cordially and heartily, both for your letter, and its kind and courteous terms. To think that I have awakened a fellow-feeling and sympathy with the creatures of many thoughtful hours among the vast solitudes in which you dwell, is a source of the purest delight and pride to me; and believe me that your expressions of affectionate remembrance and approval, sounding from the great forests on the banks of the Mississippi, sink deeper into my heart and gratify it more than all the honorary distinctions that all the courts in Europe could confer.

It is such things as these that make one hope one does not live in vain, and that are the highest reward of an author's life. To be numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen and associated with their homes and quiet pleasures—to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with one in the spirit—is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.

That I may be happy enough to cheer some of your leisure hours for a very long time to come, and to hold a place in your pleasant thoughts is the earnest wish of Boz.—And with all good wishes for yourself, and with a sincere reciprocation of all your kindly feeling, I am, Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. JOHN TOMLIN.

Can anything be more *unique*—or more sweetly beautiful than this letter? In it there is the poetry of

feeling warmed into life by his sympathies with the "creatures of many thoughtful hours." The brain has never yet loosened from her alembic fountain, and dropped upon an author's page, thoughts more gem-like than those that we see sparkling like diamonds in his letter. Time in her ravages on the thoughts of the departed never harvested more sparkling things than what appears here from the granary of "Boz's" original mind. Throughout there is a tenderness breathing its seer-like influence on every thought, until it seems to become hallowed like the spirit-dream of a lover's hope.

The great difference between mankind is, that there is a feeling of kindness in the heart of some that is not possessed by others. To live in this world without conferring on others, benefits, is to live without a purpose. Of what value to our fellow creatures is mind, no matter how splendidly adorned, if it bestows no favors on them? The rich gems that lie buried in the caves of the oceans, are not in their secret caves intrinsically less valuable, but their value is really not known until they yield a profit.—Napoleon in his granite mind impressed no stamp of heaven on his countrymen. Hard as the winter of his Russian Service lived his life on the memory of man! Frozen tears as thickly as hail-drops from a thunder-shower fell from the eyes of his army to blight and wither the affections of civilized Europe. In his life he toiled for a name which he won at the sacrifice of the lives of millions, and perished a prisoner on a bleak and rocky isle of the ocean!—The splendid intellect of Byron, more dazzling than the sunbeam from a summer sky, by one untoward circumstance came to prey upon every good feeling of his heart—and what was he?—a misanthrope!—That ill-fated and persecuted star, P. B. Shelley, what could he not have been, had the genius of his high-toned feelings been directed aright?

With all of the genius of these three beings Charles Dickens has a good heart, with all of the philanthropy and patriotism of a Washington. How few indeed are the great men that have lived in any age or in any country whose social qualities of the

heart have not been materially injured, and in many instances totally destroyed, by eccentric peculiarities. Sometimes these peculiarities are real, but mostly have they been assumed. To be as nature made us is hardly possible now with any being who has the least prospect of a brilliant career in the world of letters. When nature bestows her high endowments on the mind, the favored one immediately aspires to oddity, and often to insanity,—and makes a nondescript of his genius. To have the world's affability, and those social qualities of the heart that give so much of happiness and pleasure to our fellow creatures, is not considered by a man of genius as a thing at all worthy of possession, or as gifts adding one lustre to the character. Instead of being as they are, forming epochs in time and being bright exemplars in the annals of chroniclers, which nature intended them to do, they by the most odd monstrosities endeavor to mar the genial warmth of the feeling by misanthropic actions, and destroy from their very foundation the most kindly emotions.

To see one of our fellow creatures on whom nature has with an unsparing hand bestowed her best gifts, doing deeds unworthy the high standing of his parentage, and disgracing the purity of his privileges, is to the noble in spirit the source of its most feverish excitement. With the best of minds, organized artistically, Byron fell into habits so monstrously bad, that among the virtuous his name became a term used in denoting disgrace. No excuse can be offered for the man who has disgraced his name—no charity is so blind as not to see the stain.

In the world's history, as far back as the memory reaches into the past, we have seen the most brilliant minds, associated in connection with some of the worst qualities of the heart. There is occasionally some solitary instance, standing as some beautiful *relief* on the epoch of time, of beings whose splendid endowments of mind have not been more remarkable in their era of history for talent, than the generous breathings of the holy purity of heart have been for kindness. Such cases as these are few, and happen but seldom. In "Boz" these two qualities have met.

NYDIA, THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL OF POMPEII.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Thou beautiful misfortune! image fair
Of flowers all ravished, yet their sweetness giving
To the rude hand that crushed them! thou dost wear
Thy loveliness so meekly — thy love living
Within thy deepest heart-cells — that the air
Pauses enamored, from thy breath contriving
To steal the perfume of the incensed fire
Which brightly burns within, yet burns without desire.

Thy life should be among the roses, where
Beauty without its passion paints each leaf,
And gently-falling dews upon the air
The light of loveliness exhale, and brief

And glorious, without toil, or pain, or care,
They prideless bloom and wither without grief.
Thou shouldst not feel the slow and sure decay
Which frees ignoble spirits from their clay.

Farewell, thou bright embodiment of truth —
Too warm to worship, yet too pure to love!
Thou shalt survive in thy immortal youth
Thy brief existence — while thy soul above
Rests in the bosom of its God. No ruth,
Or anguish, or despair, or hopeless love,
Again shall rend thy gentle breast — but bliss
Embalm in that bright world the heart that broke in this

THE DUELLO.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

It was a clear bright day in the early autumn when the royal tilt-yard, on the Isle de Paris, was prepared for a deadly conflict. The tilt-yard was a regular, oblong space, enclosed with stout squared palisades, and galleries for the accommodation of spectators, immediately in the vicinity of the royal residence of the Tournelles, a splendid gothic structure, adorned with all the rare and fanciful devices of that rich style of architecture—at a short distance thence arose the tall gray towers of Notre Dame, the bells of which were tolling minutely the dirge for a passing soul. From one of the windows of the palace a gallery had been constructed, hung with rich crimson tapestry, leading to a long range of seats, cushioned and decked with arras, and guarded by a strong party of gentlemen in the royal livery with partizans in their hands and sword and dagger at the belt—at either end of the list was a tent pitched, that at the right of the royal gallery a plain marquee of canvass of small size, which had apparently seen much service, and been used in real warfare. The curtain which formed the door of this was lowered, so that no part of the interior could be seen from without; but a particolored pennon was pitched into the ground beside it, and a shield suspended from the palisades, emblazoned with bearings, which all men knew to be those of Charles Baron de La-Hirè, a renowned soldier in the late Italian wars, and the challenger in the present conflict. The pavilion at the left, or lower end, was of a widely different kind—of the very largest sort then in use, completely framed of crimson cloth lined with white silk, festooned and fringed with gold, and all the curtains looped up to display a range of massive tables covered with snow-white damask, and loaded with two hundred covers of pure silver!—Vases of flowers and flasks of crystal were intermixed upon the board with tankards, flagons, and cups and urns of gold, embossed and jewelled—and behind every seat a page was placed, clad in the colors of the Counts de Laguy—a silken curtain concealed the entrance of an inner tent, wherein the Count awaited the signal that should call him to the lists.—Strange and indecent as such an accompaniment would be deemed now-a-days to a solemn mortal conflict—it was then deemed neither singular nor monstrous—and in this gay pavilion Armand de Laguy, the challenged in the coming duel, had summoned all the

nobles of the court to feast with him, after he should have slain, so confident was he of victory, his cousin and accuser, Charles Baron de La-Hirè. The entrances of the tilt-yard were guarded by a detachment of the King's sergeants, sheathed *cap-a-piè* in steel, with shouldered arquebuses and matches ready lighted—the lists were strewn with saw-dust and hung completely with black serge, save where the royal gallery afforded a strange contrast by its rich decorations to the ghastly draperies of the battleground. One other object only remains to be noticed; it was a huge block of black-oak, dented in many places as if by the edge of a sharp weapon and stained with slashes of dark gore. Beside this frightful emblem stood a tall muscular gray-headed man, dressed in a leathern frock and apron stained like the block with many a gout of blood, bare-headed and bare-armed, leaning upon a huge two-handed axe, with a blade of three feet in breadth. A little way aloof from these was placed a chair, wherein a monk was seated, a very aged man with a bald head and beard as white as snow, telling his beads in silence until his ministry should be required.

The space around the lists and all the seats were crowded well nigh to suffocation by thousands of anxious and attentive spectators; and many an eye was turned to watch the royal seats which were yet vacant, but which it was well known would be occupied before the trumpet should sound for the onset. The sun was now nearly at the meridian, and the expectation of the crowd was at its height, when the passing bell ceased ringing, and was immediately succeeded by the accustomed peal, announcing the hour of high noon. Within a moment or two, a bustle was observed among the gentlemen pensioners—then a page or two entered the royal seats, and, after looking about them for a moment, again retired. Another pause of profound expectation, and then a long loud blast of trumpets followed from the interior of the royal residence—nearer it rang, and nearer, till the loud symphonies filled every ear and thrilled to the core of every heart—and then the King, the dignified and noble Henry, entered with all his glittering court, princes and dukes, and peers and ladies of high birth and matchless beauty, and took their seats among the thundering acclamations of the people, to witness the dread scene that was about to follow, of wounds and blood and butchery. All were arrayed in the most gorgeous splendor—all except one, a girl of charms unrivalled, although

* See the "False Ladye," page 27.

she seemed plunged in the deepest agony of grief, by the seductive beauties of the gayest. Her bright redundant auburn hair was all dishevelled—her long dark eyelashes were pencilled in distinct relief against the marble pallor of her colorless cheek—her rich and rounded form was veiled, but not concealed, by a dress of the coarsest serge, black as the robes of night, and thereby contrasting more the exquisite fairness of her complexion. On her all eyes were fixed—some with disgust—some with contempt—others with pity, sympathy, and even admiration. That girl was Marguerite de Vaudreuil—betrothed to either combatant—the betrayed herself and the betrayer—rejected by the man whose memory, when she believed him dead, she had herself deserted—rejecting in her turn, and absolutely loathing him whose falsehood had betrayed her into the commission of a yet deeper treason. Marguerite de Vaudreuil, lately the admired of all beholders, now the prize of two kindred swordsmen, without an option save that between the bed of a man she hated, and the life-long seclusion of the convent.

The King was seated—the trumpets flourished once again, and at the signal the curtain was withdrawn from the tent door of the challenger, and Charles de La-Hirè stepped calmly out on the arena, followed by his godfather, De Jarnac, bearing two double-edged swords of great length and weight, and two broad-bladed poniards. Charles de La-Hirè was very pale and sallow, as if from ill health or from long confinement, but his step was firm and elastic, and his air perfectly unmoved and tranquil; a slight flush rose to his pale cheek as he was greeted by an enthusiastic cheer from the people, to whom his fame in the wars of Italy had much endeared him, but the flush was transient, and in a moment he was as pale and cold as before the shout which hailed his entrance. He was clad very plainly in a dark morone-colored pourpoint, with vest, trunk-hose, and nether stocks of black silk netting, displaying to admiration the outlines of his lithe and sinewy frame. De Jarnac, his godfather, on the contrary, was very foppishly attired with an abundance of fluttering tags and ruffles of rich lace, and feathers in his velvet cap. These two had scarcely stood a moment in the lists, before, from the opposite pavilion, De Laguy and the Duke de Nevers issued, the latter bearing, like De Jarnac, a pair of swords and daggers; it was observed, however, that the weapons of De Laguy were narrow three-cornered rapier blades and Italian stilettoes, and it was well understood that on the choice of the weapons depended much the result of the encounter—De Laguy being renowned above any gentleman in the French court for his skill in the science of defence, as practised by the Italian masters—while his antagonist was known to excel in strength and skill in the management of all downright soldierly weapons, in coolness, in decision, presence of mind, and calm self-sustained valor, rather than in slight and dexterity. Armand de Laguy was dressed sumptuously, in the same garb indeed which he had worn at the festival whereon the strife arose

which now was on the point of being terminated—and forever!

A few moments were spent in deliberation between the godfathers of the combatants, and then it was proclaimed by De Jarnac, "that the wind and sun having been equally divided between the two swordsmen, their places were assigned—and that it remained only to decide upon the choice of the weapons!"—that the choice should be regulated by a throw of the dice—and that with the weapons so chosen they should fight till one or other should be *hors de combat*—but that in case that either weapon should be bent or broken, the seconds should cry "hold," and recourse be had to the other swords—the use of the poniard to be optional, as it was to be used only for parrying, and not for striking—that either combatant striking a blow or thrusting after the utterance of the word "hold," or using the dagger to inflict a wound, should be dragged to the block and die the death of a felon."

•This proclamation made, dice were produced, and De Nevers winning the throw for Armand, the rapiers and stilettoes which he had selected were produced, examined carefully, and measured, and delivered to the kindred foemen.

It was a stern and fearful sight—for there was no bravery nor show in their attire, nor aught chivalrous in the way of battle. They had thrown off their coats and hats, and remained in their shirt sleeves and under garments only, with napkins bound about their brows, and their eyes fixed each on the other's with intense and terrible malignity.

The signal was now given and the blades were crossed—and on the instant it was seen how fearful was the advantage which De Laguy had gained by the choice of weapons—for it was with the utmost difficulty that Charles de La-Hirè avoided the incessant longes of his enemy, who springing to and fro, stamping and writhing his body in every direction, never ceased for a moment with every trick of feint and pass and flourish to thrust at limb, face and body, easily parrying himself with the poniard, which he held in his left hand, the less skilful assaults of his enemy. Within five minutes the blood had been drawn in as many places, though the wounds were but superficial, from the sword-arm, the face and thigh of De La-Hirè, while he had not as yet pricked ever so lightly his formidable enemy—his quick eye, however, and firm active hand stood him in stead, and he contrived in every instance to turn the thrusts of Armand so far at least aside as to render them innocuous to life. As his blood, however, ebbed away, and as he knew that he must soon become weak from the loss of it, De Jarnac evidently grew uneasy, and many bets were offered that Armand would kill him without receiving so much as a scratch himself. And now Charles saw his peril, and determined on a fresh line of action—flinging away his dagger, he altered his position rapidly, so as to bring his left hand toward De Laguy, and made a motion with it, as if to grasp his sword-hilt—he was immediately rewarded by a longe, which drove

clear through his left arm close to the elbow joint but just above it—De Jarnac turned on the instant deadly pale, for he thought all was over—but he erred widely, for De La-Hirè had calculated well his action and his time, and that which threatened to destroy him proved, as he meant it, his salvation—for as quick as light when he felt the wound he dropped his own rapier, and grasping Armand's guard with his right hand, he snapped the blade short off in his own mangled flesh and bounded five feet backward, with the broken fragment still sticking in his arm.

"Hold!" shouted each godfather on the instant—and at the same time De La-Hirè exclaimed, "give us the other sword—give us the other sword, De Jarnac!"

The exchange was made in a moment, the stilettoes and the broken weapons were gathered up, and the heavy horse-swords given to the combatants, who again faced each other with equal resolution, though now with altered fortunes. "Now De La-Hirè," exclaimed De Jarnac, as he put the well poised blade into his friend's hand—"you managed that right gallantly and well—now fight the quick fight, ere you shall faint from pain and bleeding!"—and it was instantly apparent that such was indeed his intention—his eye lightened, and he looked like an eagle about to pounce upon his foe, as he drew up his form to its utmost height and whirled the long new blade about his head as though it had been but a feather. Far less sublime and striking was the attitude and swordsmanship of De Laguy, though he too fought both gallantly and well. But at the fifth pass, feinting at his head, Charles fetched a long and sweeping blow at his right leg, and striking him below the ham, divided all the tendons with the back of the double edged blade—then springing in before he fell, plunged his sword into his body, that the hilt knocked heavily at his breast bone and the point came out glittering between his shoulders—the blood flashed out from the deep wound, from nose, and ears, and mouth, as he fell prostrate, and Charles stood over him, leaning on his avenging weapon and gazing sadly into his stiffening features—"Fetch him a priest," exclaimed De Nevers—"for by my halidome he will not live ten minutes."

"If he live *five*," cried the King rising from his seat—"if he live *five*, he will live long enough to die upon the block—for he lies there a felon and convicted traitor, and by my soul he shall die a felon's doom—but bring him a priest quickly."

The old monk ran across the lists, and raised the head of the dying man, and held the crucifix aloft before his glazing eyes, and called upon him to repent and to confess as he would have salvation.

Faint and half choked with blood he faltered forth the words—"I do—I do confess guilty—oh! double guilty!—pardon! oh God—Charles!—Marguerite!"—and as the words died on his quivering lips he sank down fainting with the excess of agony.

"Ho! there!—guards, headsman!"—shouted Henry

—"off with him—off with the villain to the block, before he die an honorable death by the sword of as good a knight as ever fought for glory!"

Then De La-Hirè knelt down beside the dying man, and took his hand in his own and raised it tenderly, while a faint gleam of consciousness kindled the pallid features—"Mey God as freely pardon thee as I do, oh my cousin!"—then turning to the King—"You have admitted, sire, that I have served you faithfully and well—never yet have I sought reward at your hand—let this now be my guerdon. Much have I suffered, even thus let me not feel that my King has increased my sufferings by consigning one of my blood to the headsman's blow—pardon him, sire, as I do—who have the most cause of offence—pardon him, gracious King, as we will hope that a King higher yet shall pardon him and us, who be all sinners in the sight of his all-seeing eye!"

"Be it so," answered Henry—"it never shall be said of me that a French King refused his bravest soldier's first claim upon his justice—bear him to his pavilion!"

And they did bear him to his pavilion, decked as it was for revelry and feasting, and they laid him there ghastly and gashed and gory upon the festive board, and his blood streamed among the choice wines, and the scent of death chilled the rich fragrance of the flowers—an hour! and he was dead who had invited others to triumph over his cousin's slaughter—an hour! and the court lackeys shamefully spoiled and plundered the repast which had been spread for nobles.

"And now," continued Henry, taking the hand of Marguerite—"Here is the victor's prize—wilt have him, Marguerite?—'fore heaven but he has won thee nobly!—wilt have her, De La-Hirè, methinks her tears and beauty may yet atone for fickleness produced by treasons such as his who now shall never more betray, nor lie, nor sin forever!"

"Sire," replied De La-Hirè very firmly, "I pardon her, I love her yet!—but I wed not dishonor!"

"He is right," said the pale girl—"he is right, ever right and noble—for what have such as I to do with wedlock? Fare thee well!—Charles—dear, honored Charles!—The mists of this world are clearing away from mine eyes, and I see now that I loved thee best—thou only! Fare thee well, noble one, forget the wretch who has so deeply wronged thee—forget me and be happy. For me I shall right soon be free!"

"Not so—not so," replied King Henry, misunderstanding her meaning—"not so, for I have sworn it, and though I may pity thee, I may not be forsworn—to-morrow thou must to a convent, there to abide for ever!"

"And that will not be long," answered the girl, a gleam of her old pride and impetuosity lighting up her fair features.

"By heaven, I say forever," cried Henry, stamping his foot on the ground angrily.

"And I reply, not long!"

DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

SUNDAY AT SEA—A REVERY.

"We could not pray together on the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
Soft, solemn, holy!" HEMANS.

'Tis Sunday!—Far to the westward lie the regions of the Amazonians, and, in the east, the Caffre hunts the ostrich. From the south, the lonely island of Tristan d'Acunha looms high above the horizon. Although twenty-three miles of water intervene between us and the base of this extinct volcano, the spray of the long billows of the southern ocean rises in misty clouds above the perpendicular and rocky shores, shading the mountain with a pearly veil, widely different in color from the soft blue tint of distance.—Even from the mast-head, whither the desire of solitude has led me, the summits of three or four billows complete the range of vision; for, around the entire circuit of the earth, the eternal west winds sweep, with scarce a barrier to their action.

To those who are familiar with the Atlantic only—that comparatively diminutive expanse, which Humboldt has appropriately called "an arm of the sea,"—the extent of these mountain swells must appear almost incredible. It is not their height—for this is fixed within narrow limits by an immutable law—but their vast, unbroken magnitude, that awes the observer with the consciousness of infinite power. What are the proudest monuments of human strength and skill, dotting the surface of creation, when compared with these majestic waves, which are themselves but the ripple of a passing breeze.

Reclining in the main-top, above all living things except the wild sea bird—an antiquated volume on the Scandinavian mysteries in hand—I give myself up to solitary reflection.—Dark dreams of superstition!—and must the order and loveliness of this glorious world be terminated in one wild wreck—one chaos of hopeless ruin!—shall all the labors of creative goodness sink beneath the power of the unchained demon of destruction!

We move upon the hardened crust of a volcanic crater!—The solid pillars of the earth have given way once and again!—The stony relics of a former world forewarn proud man himself, that he too, with all his boastful race is hurrying to his doom!—All things have their cycles.

"This huge rotundity we tread grows old!"

What a pitiful guide is the unaided light of human

reason, when it grapples with the mysteries of creation! The good and great have lived in every land, and all have striven to elevate the soul of man above the grovelling passions and desires that link him with the brutes—pointing his attention to the future, and instilling a belief in other powers, by whose high hest our destiny is governed, and whose wise decrees will prove hereafter the reward of virtue and the scourge of vice.—Yet what have they accomplished!—Each forms a Deity, whose attributes are the reflection of the physical objects which surround him, or the echo of his own ill-regulated feelings!

In the bright regions of the East, where the unremitting ardor of the sun gives birth to an infinity of life, and the decaying plant or animal is scarce resolved into its elements, ere other forms start forth from its remains—*there*, the soul of man must wander from link to link in the great chain of Nature, till, purified by ages of distress, it merges into the very essence of the power supreme!—a power divided and engaged in an eternal contest with itself! a never-ceasing war between the principles of Good and Evil!

In those distant regions of the North, where winter rules three-quarters of the year, and the orb of day, with look askance, but half illuminates man's dwelling and his labors—where verdure, for a few days, clothes the hills with transitory grace; but all that seeks support from vegetable aliment is endowed with fleetness like the reindeer, or migrates, in the icy season, to more genial climes with the wild duck and the pigeon;—in that gloomy circle, where the frozen earth scarce yields a foot in depth to all the warming influence of summer, and men, curtailed of half the sad resource spared even in the primeval curse, swept with their robber hordes the provinces of their more fortunate neighbors until the iron art of war barred up the avenues to these precious granaries;—in that inhospitable region where dire necessity inters the living infant with the departed mother, and resigns the aged and decrepit to starvation!—the Parent of Good is a warrior armed, compelled to struggle fruitlessly with Fate, until, with Thor's dread hammer in his hand, he yields, and breathes his last beneath the arm of liberated Locke!

All! all contention!—Our very nature refuses credence in annihilation! Then—

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,"
"Ah! whither flies the immortal mind!"

Is there no place of rest?—no truth in the visions which haunt us as the sun declines, and the rich hues of evening fade away—when the spirits of those we have loved "sit mournfully upon their clouds," gazing, with a chastened melancholy which refines but cannot darken the calm bliss of Paradise, upon the ceaseless, bootless turmoil of their once cherished friends? Mythology presents us with no brighter future than the wild riot of the Hall of Odin, the lethæan inanity of Hades, or the sensual and unmanly luxury of the Moslem Bowers of the Blest.

But hark! A manly voice, speaking of a loftier philosophy, rises upon the clear air from the very bowels of the vessel.

"And the earth," it cries, "was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Slowly and in measured cadence poured forth, from the lips of one who felt the truths he uttered, the exposition of the order of creation and the high destinies of the creature. 'Tis a layman's effort, clothed in language suited to the rude ideas of simple-minded men:—I am not of his faith,—and cannot crowd my thoughts within the narrow compass of our wooden walls:—aloft in air, my temple is the canopy of heaven!—my hymn—the wild tone of the ocean-wind with the low rushing of the billows!—the symphony of Nature!—yet, as the words of prayer ascend upon the gale, my own thoughts follow them.—I know them for the pure aspiration of the heart,—the breathing of a contrite spirit!—They are registered above!

All is still!—But, again, the harmony of many voices strikes the ear. A hymn of praise from the wide bosom of the southern ocean!—No hearer but the spirit to whose glory these sweet notes are tuned!

The distance, and the deadening influence of the narrow hatches, render words inaudible; but, such as this, their tenor might have been.

Being of almighty power,
On the wide and stormy sea,
In thy own appointed hour,
Here, we bow our hearts to thee!

What is man, that he should dare
Ask of Thee a passing thought?
Ruling ocean, earth, and air,
Thou art all—and he is naught!

Like a mote upon the earth!
(Earth—a mote in space to Thee!)
What avails his death or birth?
What, his hopes or destiny?

Yet, a spirit Thou hast given
To thy creature of the clay;
Ranging free from Earth to Heaven,
Heir of an eternal day!

In thy image Thou hast made,
Not the body, but the mind!
That shall lie defiled—decayed!
This to loftier fate consigned,

Shall, above the tempest roar,
Viewless, gaze on all below,
And, its mundane warfare o'er,
Calmly watch Time's ceaseless flow!

Aid us! Father! with thy power!
(Without Thee our strength is naught!)
Thus, in Nature's dreaded hour,
We may own the peaceful thought,

That, our blinded efforts here,
May not mar Thy great design,
And each humble work appear
Worthy of a child of Thine!

The voices have ceased.—The service, in which all the company except the helmsman and myself had joined, is ended; and, one by one, the officers of the vessel, followed by the watch on duty, in their well blanchèd trousers and bright blue jackets, appear on deck; their sobriety of mien, and cheerfulness of countenance speaking volumes in favor of the benign influence of Christianity, even when acting upon what are erroneously considered by many, the worst materials.

ROSALINE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THOU look'd'st on me all yesternight,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright
As when we murmur'd our trothplight
Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline!
Thy hair was braided on thy head
As on the day we two were wed,
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead—
But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline!

The deathwatch tick'd behind the wall,
The blackness rustled like a pall,
The moaning wind did rise and fall
Among the bleak pines, Rosaline!

S*

My heart beat thickly in mine ears:
The lids may shut out fleshly fears,
But still the spirit sees and hears,
Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline!

A wildness rushing suddenly,
A knowing some ill shape is nigh,
A wish for death, a fear to die,—
Is not this vengeance, Rosaline!
A loneliness that is not lone,
A love quite withered up and gone,
A strong soul trampled from its throne,—
What would'st thou further, Rosaline!

'Tis lone such moonless nights as these,
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze,
And the leaves shiver in the trees,
And then thou comest, Rosaline !
I seem to hear the mourners go,
With long black garments trailing slow,
And plumes anodding to and fro,
As once I heard them, Rosaline !

Thy shroud it is of snowy white,
And, in the middle of the night,
Thou standest moveless and upright,
Gazing upon me, Rosaline !
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,
But evermore that meek surprise,—
Oh, God ! her gentle spirit tries
To deem me guiltless, Rosaline !

Above thy grave the robin sings,
'And swarms of bright and happy things
Flit all about with sunlit wings,—
But I am cheerless, Rosaline !
The violets on the hillock toss,
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss,
For Nature feels not any loss,—
But I am cheerless, Rosaline !

Ah ! why wert thou so lowly bred ?
Why was my pride galled on to wed
Her who brought lands and gold instead
Of thy heart's treasure, Rosaline !
Why did I fear to let thee stay
To look on me and pass away
Forgivingly, as in its May,
A broken flower, Rosaline !

I thought not, when my dagger strook,
Of thy blue eyes ; I could not brook
The past all pleading in one look
Of utter sorrow, Rosaline !
I did not know when thou wert dead :
A blackbird whistling overhead
Thrilled through my brain ; I would have fled
But dared not leave thee, Rosaline !

A low, low moan, a light twing stirred
By the upspringing of a bird,
A drip of blood,—were all I heard—
Then deathly stillness, Rosaline !
The sun rolled down, and very soon,
Like a great fire, the awful moon
Rose, stained with blood, and then a swoon
Crept chillily o'er me, Rosaline !

The stars came out ; and, one by one,
Each angel from his silver throne
Looked down and saw what I had done :
I dared not hide me, Rosaline !

I crouched ; I feared thy corpse would cry
Against me to God's quiet sky,
I thought I saw the blue lips try
To utter something, Rosaline !

I waited with a maddened grin
To hear that voice all icy thin
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin
To hell and Heaven, Rosaline !
But no voice came, and then it seemed
That if the very corpse had screamed
The sound like sunshine glad had streamed
Through that dark stillness, Rosaline !

Dreams of old quiet glimmered by,
And faces loved in infancy
Came and looked on me mournfully,
Till my heart melted, Rosaline !
I saw my mother's dying bed,
I heard her bless me, and I shed
Cool tears—but lo ! the ghastly dead
Stared me to madness, Rosaline !

And then amid the silent night
I screamed with horrible delight,
And in my brain an angel light
Did seem to crackle, Rosaline !
It is my curse ! sweet mem'ries fall
From me like snow—and only all
Of that one night, like cold worms crawl
My doomed heart over, Rosaline !

Thine eyes are shut : they nevermore
Will leap thy gentle words before
To tell the secret o'er and o'er
Thou could'st not smother, Rosaline !
Thine eyes are shut : they will not shine
With happy tears, or, through the vine
That hid thy casement, beam on mine
Sunfull with gladness, Rosaline !

Thy voice I nevermore shall hear,
Which in old times did seem so dear,
That, ere it trembled in mine ear,
My quick heart heard it, Rosaline !
Would I might die ! I were as well,
Ay, better, at my home in Hell,
To set for ay a burning spell
'Twixt me and memory, Rosaline !

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,
Wherein such blessed memories,
Such pitying forgiveness lies,
Than hate more bitter, Rosaline !
Woe's me ! I know that love so high
As thine, true soul, could never die,
And with mean clay in church-yard lie—
Would God it were so, Rosaline !

SONNET.

If some small savor creep into my rhyme
Of the old poets, if some words I use,
Neglected long, which have the lusty thews
Of that gold-haired and earnest hearted time,
Whose loving joy and sorrow all sublime
Have given our tongue its starry eminence,—
It is not pride. God knows, but reverence

Which hath grown in me since my childhood's prime ;
Wherein I feel that my poor lyre is strung
With soul-strings like to theirs, and that I have
No right to muse their holy graves among,
If I can be a custom-fettered slave,
And, in mine own true spirit, am not brave
To speak what rusheth upward to my tongue. J. R. L.

MRS. NORTON.*

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

IN the last edition of Mrs. Norton's poems, the unrivalled burine of Lewis has attempted to trace the form and lineaments of the authoress—one of the most perfect specimens of female loveliness that ever furnished an idea to the painter or inspiration to the poet. Affliction, which has graven such deep lines into her heart, has not yet effaced the beauty of her countenance, or impaired the perfection of her form. We have, in the engraving before us, the full maturity of that gorgeous beauty, which, in its infancy, commanded the unqualified admiration of the most severe and fastidious critics, that ever sat in the Court of Fashion. We have still spared to us, that full and voluptuous bust—the arm that statuary's delight to chisel, and a neck that would have crazed Canova, while it rivals in whiteness, the purest Carrara of his studio. But it is the more minute and delicate lines of her beauty that have been swept by the touch of grief. Her countenance is sad and subdued; her full and flexible lip is no longer played upon by ever-varying smiles, and her eye, which once beamed with every expression, from the twinkle of arch simplicity to the flash of an insulted Jewess, has now settled into the melting, mournful, appealing gaze of heart-breaking sorrow.

When we consider that a form so peerless, is the dwelling place of a most brilliant and gifted spirit—that a countenance so winning and expressive is but the reflex of a pure and exalted soul,—that her eye is moistened by the swelling fountain beneath—that lips whose mute beauty is so persuasive, are the oracles of “thoughts that breathe and of words that burn,” we can no longer discredit the miracles, which, in all ages, female loveliness has wrought, the devotion and the sacrifices it has wrung from the stern and selfish spirit of man. We are at no loss for the reason, why the Greeks of old raised altars to incarnate Beauty, why heroes bent their knees at her feet, and purchased trophies with their blood that they might suspend them in her temples.

If such endowments melt us into fealty, when, like the distant stars, they shine above our reach and our aspirations,—if such a being commands our respectful yet ardent love, when moving in a sphere

we never can approach, exacting homage from a thousand hearts, and raised as much above our sympathy as our position—what strength of affection, what full, free, unreserved devotion is enlisted in her service, when she is brought *near* to us by sorrow, when the sympathy of the humblest may be a balm to the wounded spirit of the highest, when innocence is assailed in *her* form, her character defamed, her honor maligned, her “life's life lied away!”

It must be known to most of our readers, that, incited by the political enemies of Lord Melbourne, the husband of Mrs. Norton commenced legal proceedings against that nobleman, alleging at the same time, the infidelity of his own wife. No means, which personal hatred or political bigotry could employ, were left untried, to sustain the accusation, and the fate of this unfortunate lady became involved with the triumph or the overthrow of Cabinets. All the arts, which were so successfully used to blacken the memory and hurry to an early grave the illustrious consort of George the Fourth, were revived against Mrs. Norton. Servants were bribed, spies were employed, key-holes searched, perjury encouraged, letters forged, surmises whispered about as facts, and doubts magnified into certainties, that the lady might be convicted and the minister crushed. The whole life, conduct, and conversation of the victim were subjected to the most searching scrutiny, her letters and private papers, her diary even—the communings of an imaginative woman with her own soul—were placed in the hands of dexterous and sophistical attorneys, that they might be tortured into proofs of guilt. Acts which the most rigid duenna would not have named—indiscretions, the out-gushings of a heart conscious of its own purity, the confiding conduct of innocence, and the licentiousness of her grandfather, were the strong proofs of adultery which counsel had the impudence to present to an English Jury. On the testimony of bribed witnesses, perjured coachmen and lubricious chambermaids, they sought to impeach the unsullied honor of a British matron; to fix stain on the pure lawn of a seraph by evidence which would not have sullied the flaunting robes of a Cyprian. Need it be said that the result of such an infamous attempt was the complete and triumphant vindication of the accused? But the acquittal of a Jury can be no reparation to a woman whose honor has been publicly assailed. Female virtue must not only be above reproach, but beyond suspicion, and the breath of calumny is frequently as fatal to it as the decrees of truth. The

*The Dream and other poems, by the Honorable Mrs. Norton—Dedicated to Her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland.

“We have an human heart
All mortal thoughts confess a common home.”

Shelley.

verdict of "not guilty," is no bar to the malignity of scandal-loving human nature; there remain the cavi, the sneer, the "damning doubt," the insolent jest. She is separated by an impassible gulf from her only lawful protector; she can fly to no other without shame; she is placed in the most ambiguous position in society—that of an *unmarried* wife; fettered by all the restraints, watched with all the jealousy, but entitled to none of the privileges of the conjugal tie. And, in addition to all this, she becomes a bereaved mother; for the "righteous law entrusts the children to the exclusive guardianship of the father." Such is the position which a combination of most untoward circumstances has forced upon a lady who has every claim upon the protection, the respect, the admiration and the love of mankind.

We have dwelt thus long upon the domestic infelicity of Mrs. Norton, for the purpose of illustrating the influence which it has had in modifying her genius, and accounting for the undercurrent of deep melancholy which is discernible in many of her pieces, and for the outbreaks of passionate sympathy with the peculiar sorrows and sufferings of her own sex, which distinguish all of her more recent productions. Not alone, however, is Mrs. Norton in her misfortunes. She is but one of a large sisterhood, who, finding the waters poisoned that rill from "affection's springs," have sought to relieve their thirst from the "charmed cup" of Fame, who, in the deep and bitter fountains of unrequited love, in the gulfs of their own woe, have gathered pearls to deck the brow of female genius. The mournful song of Hemans, of Tighe and of Landon, had scarcely died away, before the lips of a fourth were touched with live coals from the same furnace of affliction. Indeed, domestic infelicity is so often connected with the development of the poetical faculty in woman, is so frequently the cause which first awakens those deep and vivid emotions which are the essence of poetry, is so universally the concomitant and the burthen of female song, that the relation between the two is well worthy of philosophic investigation.

It seems to us that the effect is a very manifest result of the cause. The female mind is distinguished from that of the sterner sex, by its more delicate organization, by its keener sensibility, by its stronger and more sensitive affections; by its inferiority in mere strength of intellect, clearness of understanding, and range of observation. Her vision, therefore, though nicer, more accurate and susceptible, within its own range, takes in but a very small portion of that poetic realm which stretches from "heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven." She is consequently more entirely introversive than man, and draws whatever she communicates more from within than from without. She does not derive her inspiration, she does not form her genius, from a wide and accurate survey of human passions. The emotions which gave birth to such creations as Satan, Prometheus, Shylock, Manfred; the frightful visions which glare from the lurid page of Dante's *Inferno*; the wide range of incident, description and passion which distinguish the poetry of Scott and Southey—it would

be unnatural and unreasonable to expect from the delicate and peace-loving nature of woman. Her heart could never "bide the beatings" of such storms. She can, at the most, but love ardently, hope lastingly, and endure faithfully; and when she sings she can be but the oracle of her own heart. When her hopes are baffled, when her household gods are scattered, when despair takes up its abode within her breast these emotions become vocal, and she sings of yearning love, of deathless affections, of unshaken constancy, of patient endurance, of self-sacrificing devotion. As by the law of her nature, so by her position in society, the cultivation of her affections must be by far the most prominent object of her life, as well as her most reliable source for enjoyment.

In man's life love is but an episode; in woman's it is the entire action of the piece. With him it is but one act in the drama, with her it is the beginning, middle, and end. Man's warfare with the world is like the battle array of the Romans—they had their first, second, and third rank. If the first was defeated it fell back into the intervals of the second, and both together renewed the attack; if vanquished again they were received into the wider intervals of the third, and the whole mass united made a more impetuous onset. Thus with man, if unsuccessful in Love he rallies on Ambition; if again defeated, he falls back with accumulated energy upon Avarice—the peculiar passion of old age. Not so with woman; upon her success as a wife and a mother, her whole happiness is risked. In her encounter with the world she has no passion in reserve; she concentrates her whole force into one line and trusts herself and her fortune upon the success of a single charge. If unfortunate in this venture, she has no place for retreat except the recesses of her own heart. Can we wonder, then, that disappointment in what she values the most, the utter blight of her hopes, affections driven back upon her heart, and trust betrayed, should excite those strong and fervent emotions which will not "down" at mortal bidding, but express themselves in song? or, that the wing of her spirit while brooding over the ruin of her peace, should gather strength for poetic flight?

We do not know where we could have found a more complete illustration of these views than in the history of Mrs. Norton. The blow which blighted the fair promise of her spring, found her a poetess of some celebrity. She had given to the world many pieces, imbued with the warm sensibility, the pure, ardent, and devoted love of woman; but nothing which in sincerity, strength, fervor and truthfulness of passion, can compare with the "Dream"—gushing as it does from the heart of the betrayed wife and abandoned mother. We had intended to speak at some length of the characteristics of Mrs. Norton's genius, but we believe that the same end will be accomplished more to the edification of our readers, by giving a short analysis of this beautiful poem.

The story of the piece, is brief and simple, and was undoubtedly suggested to her mind by the association of contrast. We are presented with a widowed mother watching

"her slumbering child.
On whose young face the sixteenth summer smiled."

And we have the following exquisite family piece presented—"O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior."

"So like they seem'd in form and lineament,
You might have deem'd her face its shadow gave
To the clear mirror of a fountain's wave;
Only in this they differ'd; that, while one
Was warm and radiant as the summer sun,
The other's smile had more a moonlight play,
For many tears had wept its glow away;
Yet was she fair; of loveliness so true,
That time which faded, never could subdue;
And though the sleeper, like a half-blown rose,
Show'd bright as angels in her soft repose.
Though bluer veins ran through each snowy lid,
Curtaining sweet eyes by long dark lashes hid—
Eyes that as yet had never learnt to weep,
But woke up smiling like a child from sleep;
—Though fainter lines were pencil'd on the brow,
Which cast soft shadow on the orbs below;
Though deeper color flush'd her youthful cheek,
In its smooth curve more joyous and less meek,
And fuller seem'd the small and crimson mouth,
With teeth like those that glitter in the south,—
She had but youth's superior brightness, such
As the skill'd painter gives with flattering touch,
When he would picture every lingering grace,
Which once shone brighter in some copied face;
And it was compliment when'er she smiled
To say, "Thou'rt like thy mother, my fair child."

Over such a child the mother hangs with devoted fondness, with sweet recollections of her infancy, and

"of the change of time and tide
Since Heaven first sent the blessing by her side,"

and with mournful anticipations, of what would befall the fledged bird, when it should grow impatient of the nest. The child at length awakes—

"And when her shadowy gaze
Had lost the dazzled look of wild amazement,

she relates her dream to the mother.

"Methought, oh! gentle mother, by thy side
I dwelt no more as now, but through a wide
And sweet world wander'd, nor even then alone;
For ever in that dream's soft light stood one,—
I know not who,—yet most familiar seem'd
The fond companionship of which I dream'd!
A Brother's love is but a name to me;
A Father's brighten'd not my infancy,
To me in childhood's years no stranger's face
Took from long habit friendship's holy grace;
My life hath still been lone, and needed not,
Heaven knows, more perfect love than was my lot
In thy dear heart; how dream'd I then, sweet Mother,
Of any love but thine, who knew no other?"

Dear little innocence! you have much to learn. Thy "shadow and herself" wander together by the "blue and boundless sea," the shore is covered with flowers and "tangled underwood" and "sunny fern." The ocean, "the floating nautilus," the "pink-lipped" shells—

"And many color'd weeds
And long bulbous things like jasper beads,"

and ships with "swelling sails unfurled," dance before her in this delightful vision until—

"The deep spirit of the wind awoke,
Ruffling in wrath each glassy verdant mound,
While onward roll'd the army of huge waves,
Until the foremost with exulting roar,
Rose proudly crested o'er his brother slaves,
And dashed triumphant to the groaning shore."

The ocean finally passes from her sleeping vision and the winged travellers fly into a different scene—

"We look on England's woodland fresh and green,"

and a beautiful picture is presented of the rural scenery of Great Britain, until the scene changes again to some romantic resting place of the dead, to some *Père la Chaise*, or Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn, to a—

"heath
Where yew and cypress seemed to wave
O'er countless tombs, so beautiful, that death
Seemed here to make a garden of the grave."

And as the fair one wanders over the "mighty dead," over "warriors," and "sons of song" and orators—

"whose all-persuading tongue
Had moved the nations with resistless sway,"

and "pale sons of science"—

"He who wandered with me in my dream
Told me their histories as we onward went,
Till the grave shone with such a hallowed beam,
Such pleasure with their memory seem'd blent
That, when we looked to heaven, our upward eyes
With no funereal sadness mock'd the skies."

We are ourselves getting rapidly to envy that "fellow" who is "wandering with her." In our opinion she will soon be able to answer her own naïve question about love. Her companion leads her, with admirable discernment, as we think, into a glorious "old library." What better place could he have selected to impress the heart of an imaginative and appreciating "little love." If the cemetery and those "histories" did not explain to her the novel psychological emotion about which she consulted her mother, what occurs in the library certainly will. For see how the youth plays with the susceptibilities of a girl of "sixteen"—

"We sate together: his most noble head
Bent o'er the storied tome of other days,
And still he commented on all we read,
And taught me what to love and what to praise.
Then Spencer made the summer day seem brief,
Or Milton sounded with a loftier song,
Then Cowper charmed, with lays of gentle grief,
Or rough old Dryden roll'd the hour along.
Or, in his varied beauty dearer still,
Sweet Shakspeare changed the world around, at will;
And we forgot the sunshine of that room
To sit with Jacques in the forest gloom;
To look abroad with Juliet's anxious eye
For her gay lover 'neath the moonlight sky;
Stand with Macbeth upon the haunted heath,
Or weep for gentle Desdemona's death;
Watch on bright Cydnus' wave, the glittering sheen,
And silken sails of Egypt's wanton Queen;
Or roam with Ariel through that island strange,
Where spirits and not men were wont to range,
Still struggling on through brake and bush and hollow,
Hearing the sweet voice calling "Follow! follow!"

Nor were there wanting lays of other lands,
For these were all familiar in his hands:
And Dante's dream of horror work'd its spell,—
And Petrarch's sadness on our bosoms fell,—
And prison'd Tasso's—he, the coldly loved,
The madly-loving! he, so deeply proved
By many a year of darkness, like the grave,
For her who dared not plead, who would not save,
For her who thought the poet's suit brought shame,
Whose passion hath immortalized her name!
And Egmont, with his noble heart betrayed,—

And Carlo's haunted by a murder'd shade,—
And Faust's strange legend, sweet and wondrous wild,
Stole many a tear:—Creation's loveliest child!
Guileless, ensnared, and tempted Margaret,
'Who could peruse thy fate with eyes unwet?'"

If such a quantity of poetry and such poetry—Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Cowper, Shakspeare, Dante, Tasso and Goethe did not enlighten the "young innocent," respecting the emotions with which she regarded the "fond companion of her dreams," we do not know to whom to commend her for instruction. But we must hurry on with the story; the pair wander over Italy, and a picture is presented, of mountain and vale, of orange and myrtle groves, of grottoes, fountains, palaces, paintings, and statues that would "create a soul" under the ribs of a utilitarian. We were inclined to think that he of "the most noble brow," entrapped the young affections of the dreamer in the "old library," but we do not believe that she breathed the delicious confession into his ear until they reached the sunny clime of Italy. It was the unrivalled music of that land which unsealed her lips.

"We sate and listened to some measure soft
From many instruments; or faint and lone
(Touch'd by his gentle hand or by my own)
The little lute its chorded notes would send,
Tender and clear; and with our voices blend
Cadence so true, that when the breeze swept by
One mingled echo floated on its sigh!
And still as day by day we saw depart,
I was the living idol of his heart:
How to make joy a portion of the air
That breathed around me seemed his only care.
For me the harp was strung, the page was turned;
For me the morning rose, the sunset burn'd;
For me the Spring put on her verdant suit;
For me the Summer flowers, the Autumn fruit;
The very world seemed mine, *so mighty strove*
For my contentment that enduring love."

But the slumbers of the dear girl are at length broken, she discovers that it is *but a dream*, and thus repines over the contrast.

"Is all that radiance past—gone by for ever—
And must there in its stead for ever be
The gray, sad sky, the cold and clouded river,
And dismal dwelling by the wintry sea?
Ere half a summer altering day by day,
In fickle brightness, here, hath passed away!
And was that form (whose love might well sustain)
Naught but a vapor of the dreaming brain?
Would I had slept forever."

The "mournful mother" now speaks. And how sweetly come from her lips the lessons of piety and resignation. She gently rebukes her daughter, contrasts the world which fancy paints with the stern realities of existence, and distils into the opening mind of the child the wisdom which her own sad experience had taught.

"Upbraid not Heaven, whose wisdom thus would rule
A world whose changes are the soul's best school:
All dream like thee and 't is for mercy's sake
That those who dream the wildest soonest wake;
All deem Perfection's system would be found
In giving earthly sense no stint or bound;
All look for happiness beneath the sun,
And each expects what God hath given to none."

It is in this part of the argument that we discover the fervor, strength, and pathos that the lessons of ex-

perience impart. It is here that Mrs. Norton teaches in song what she has herself learnt in suffering. If the following is not poetry it is something that moistens the eye very much like it.

"Nor ev'n does love whose fresh and radiant beam
Gave added brightness to thy wandering dream,
Preserve from bitter touch of ills unknown,
But rather brings strange sorrows of its own.
Various the ways in which our souls are tried;
Love often fails where most our faith relied.
Some wayward heart may win, without a thought,
That which thine own by sacrifice had bought;
May carelessly aside the treasure cast
And yet be madly worshipped to the last;
Whilst thou forsaken, grieving, left to pine,
Vainly may'st claim his plighted faith as thine;
Vainly his idol's charms with thine compare,
And know thyself as young, as bright, as fair.
Vainly in jealous pangs consume thy day,
And waste the sleepless night in tears away;
Vainly with forced indulgence strive to smile,
In the cold world heart-broken all the while;
Or from its glittering and unquiet crowd,
Thy brain on fire, thy spirit crushed and bow'd,
Creep home unnoticed, there to weep alone,
Mock'd by a claim which gives thee not thy own;
Which leaves thee bound through all thy blighted youth
To him, whose perjured heart hath broke its truth;
While the just world beholding thee bereft,
Scorns—not his sin—but *thee*, for being left!

* * * * *
"Those whom man, not God, hath parted know,
A heavier pang, a more enduring woe;
No softening memory mingles with their tears,
Still the wound rankles on through dreary years,
Still the heart feels, in bitterest hours of blame
It dares not curse the long familiar name;
Still, vainly free, through many a cheerless day,
From weaker ties turns helplessly away,
Sick for the smile that bless'd its home of yore,
The natural joys of life that come no more;
And, all bewildered by the abyss, whose gloom
Dark and impassable as is the tomb,
Lies stretch'd between the future and the past,—
Sinks into deep and cold despair at last.
Heaven give thee poverty, disease or death,
Each varied ill that waits on human breath,
Rather than bid thee linger out thy life
In the long toil of such unnatural strife.
To wander through the world unreconciled,
Heart-weary as a spirit-broken child,
And think it were an hour of bliss like Heaven
If thou could'st die—forgiving and forgiven,—
Or with a feverish hope, of anguish born,
(Nerving thy mind to feel indignant scorn
Of all thy cruel foes who 'twixt thee stand,
Holding thy heart-strings with a reckless hand,)
Steal to his presence now unseen so long,
And claim his mercy who hath dealt the wrong!
Within the aching depths of thy poor heart
Dive, as it were, even to the roots of pain
And wrench up thoughts that tear thy soul apart,
And burn like fire through thy bewildered brain.
Clothe them in passionate words of wild appeal
To teach thy fellow creatures *how* to feel,—
Pray, weep, exhaust thyself in maddening tears,—
Recall the hopes, the influences of years.
Kneel, dash thyself upon the senseless ground,
Write as the worm writhes with dividing wound,
Invoke the heaven that knows thy sorrow's truth,
By all the softening memories of youth—
By every hope that cheered thee earlier day—
By every tear that washes wrath away—
By every old remembrance long gone by—
By every pang that makes thee yearn to die;
And learn at length how deep and stern a blow
Near hands can strike, and yet no pity show!
Oh! weak to suffer, savage to inflict,
Is man's commingling nature; hear him now
Some transient trial of his life depict,
Hear him in holy rites a suppliant bow;
See him shrink back from sickness and from pain,
And in his sorrow to his God complain—
'Remit my trespass, spare my sin,' he cries,
'All-merciful, All-mighty, and All-wise:
Quench this affliction's bitter whelming tide,
Draw out thy barbed arrow from my side:—'

And rises from that mockery of prayer
To hate some brother-debtor in despair."

From what deep fountains of suffering must these lines have been drawn! What days, weeks, months of deferred hope, of doubt, and of final despair are recorded here!

What life-drops from the minstrel wrung
Have gushed with every word?

The mother at length ceases, and the spirited girl shrinking from the picture of life which has been presented to her, thus replies:—

"If this be so, then mother, let me die
Ere yet the glow hath faded from my sky!
Let me die young; before the holy trust,
In human kindness crumbles into dust;
Before I suffer what I have not earned
Or see by treachery my truth returned;
Before the love I live for fades away;
Before the hopes I cherish'd most decay;
Before the withering touch of fearful change
Makes some familiar face look cold and strange,
Or some dear heart close knitted to my own,
By perishing, hath left me more alone!
Though death be bitter, I can brave its pain
Better than all which threatens if I remain,
While my soul, freed from ev'ry chance of ill,
Soars to that God whose high mysterious will,
Sent me, foredoom'd to grief, with wandering feet
To grope my way through all this fair deceit."

The mother then breaks forth in a beautiful strain,

inculcating confidence in God and submission to his will. We have never heard a homily from any pulpit that has taught these lessons with one half the force and eloquence of these beautiful lines. If any of our readers, in the midst of sorrow, suffering or despair, are inclined to forget that there is "another and a better world," we advise them to learn patience under tribulation from the lips of Mrs. Norton. We wish we could quote them—but we cannot—we have already transcended our limits and can only give the beautiful and touching end of this "sad and eventful history.

"There was a pause; then with a tremulous smile,
The maiden turned and pressed her mother's hand:
'Shall I not bear what thou hast borne erewhile?
Shall I, rebellious, Heaven's high will withstand?
No! cheerly on, my wandering path I'll take;
Nor fear the destiny I did not make:
Though earthly joy grow dim—though pleasure waneth—
This thou hast taught thy child, that God remaneth!'"

"And from her mother's fond protecting side
She went into the world, a youthful bride."

Fain would we linger longer among the brilliant creations of Mrs. Norton's genius; but, like her own beautiful sleepers, our "dream" is broken, and we must return from fairy-land to encounter "the rude world."

THE VEILED ALTAR,

OR THE POET'S DREAM.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I BENT me o'er him as he lay upon his couch,
Deep sleep weighed down the curtains of his eyes,
Forever and anon the seraph seemed to touch
His dreaming soul with radiance of the skies!
I bent me o'er him then, for mighty thoughts did seem
To pant for utterance, as he sighed for breath,
And strove to speak—for in that dark and fearful dream
He passed the portals of the phantom Death!

"The chains that clogged my spirit's pinions roll
Powerless back to earth—a vain, base clod,
And awe-inspiring thoughts brood o'er my soul,
As angels hover round the ark of God!
I see before me in the distance far
A mystic altar veiled, and part concealed
Amid the tresses of a burning star,
Whose mysteries from earth are ever sealed!

"It gleams—that fountain of mysterious light
At holy eve, far in the western sky,

And angels smile, when man ascends by night
To read in it his puny destiny!
A something bears me onward towards the throne
With speed which mocks the winged lightning's glance!
And here, amid the stars' eternal home
I stand, with senses steeped as in a trance!

"I feel a power, a might within my soul
That I could wrest from angels, themes for song!
My earth-freed spirit soars and spurns control,
While deep and chainless thoughts around me throng!
I know the veil is pierced—the altar gained—
I bend me lowly at its foot sublime;
Yet false inspirers, who on earth have feigned
The God, depart from this eternal clime!"

He woke—and swift unto the land of misty sleep
His dreams rolled back, and left him still on earth,
But ever after did the Poet's spirit keep
This deep, unchanging, mystic, second birth!

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes." *Merchant of Venice.*

"I WANT to ask you a question, Mildred, but I am afraid you will deem it an impertinent one."

"Ask me what you please, dear Emily, and be assured that you shall receive a frank reply; we have known and loved each other too long to doubt that affection and not mere idle curiosity prompts our mutual inquiries respecting each other's welfare during our separation."

"When I bade farewell to my native land, Mildred, I left you surrounded by a wide circle of admirers; you were beautiful and rich,—these gifts alone would have won you many a suitor,—but you were also possessed of the noblest qualities of heart and mind, and were as worthy to be loved as to be admired. How has it happened then that from among the many who sought your hand, you selected one so — so —"

"I understand you, Emily,—so misshapen and ugly, you would say; it is precisely because I possessed a little more heart and soul than usually belongs to a fashionable belle."

"What do you mean, Mildred? when I parted from you I thought you were more than half in love with the handsome Frank Harcourt."

"And you return to find me married to his crooked cousin."

"I did not know Mr. Heyward was related to your quondam admirer."

"Ah, I see I must tell the whole story; 'wooded an' married an' a' is not enough for you; I must relate all the particulars which led to such an apparently whimsical choice."

"You remember me doubtless as the *enfant gâtée* of society; the spoiled child of doting parents, and the flattered votary of fashion. My web of life, unbroken by a single sombre thread, seemed woven only of rose-color and gold. My mirror taught me that the world spoke truth, when it assigned to me the brightest of all womanly gifts: experience showed me my superiority in mind over the well dressed dolls of society: and the earnestness of my affection for the friends of my youth, convinced me that many stronger and deeper emotions still lay latent within my heart. Yet with all these gifts, Emily, I narrowly escaped the fate of a fashionable flirt. I could not complain, like Voltaire, that 'the world was stifling me with roses,' but I might have truly said, that the

incense offered at the shrine of my vanity was fast defacing, with its fragrant smoke, the fine gold that adorned the idol. Selfishness is a weed which flourishes far more luxuriantly beneath the sunshine of prosperity than under the weeping skies of adversity; for, while sorrow imparts a fellow-feeling with all who suffer, happiness too often engenders habits of indulgence, utterly incompatible with sympathy and disinterestedness. Wherever I turned I was met by pleasant looks and honied words, everybody seemed to consider me with favor, and I was in great danger of believing that the world was all sincerity and Miss Mildred all perfection. The idea that I shone in the reflected glitter of my father's gold never occurred to me. Too much accustomed to the appliances of wealth to bestow a thought upon them; entirely ignorant of the want and consequently of the value of money, I could not suppose that other people prized what to me was a matter of such perfect indifference, or that the weight of my purse gave me any undue preponderance in the scale of society. Proud, haughty and self-willed as I have been, yet my conscience acquits me of ever having valued myself upon the adventitious advantages of wealth. Had I been born in a hovel I still should have been proud:—proud of the capabilities of my own character,—proud because I understood and appreciated the dignity of human nature,—but I should have despised myself if, from the slippery eminence of fortune, I could have looked with contempt upon my fellow beings.

"But I was spoiled, Emily, completely spoiled. There was so much temptation around me,—so much opportunity for exaction and despotism that my moral strength was not sufficient to resist the impulses of wrong. With my head full of romantic whims, and my heart thrilling with vague dreams of devoted love and life-long constancy; a brain teeming with images of paladin and troubadour, and a bosom throbbing with vain longings for the untasted joy of reciprocal affection,—I yet condescended to play the part of a consummate coquette. But, no; if by coquetry be meant a deliberate system of machinations to entrap hearts which become worthless as soon as gained, then I never was a coquette, but I certainly must plead guilty to the charge of thoughtless, aimless, mischievous flirtation. If the Court of Love still existed,—that court, which, as you know, was

instituted in the later days of chivalry, and composed of an equal number of knights and dames, whose duty it was to try all criminals accused of offences against the laws of Love; if such a tribunal still existed, I think it might render a verdict of *wilful murder* against a *coquette*, while only *manslaughter* could be laid to the charge of the *flirt*. The result of both cases is equally fatal, but the latter crime is less in degree because it involves no *malice prepense*. Do not misunderstand me, Emily, I do not mean to exculpate the lesser criminal; for if the one deserves capital punishment the other certainly merits imprisonment for life, and, next to the slanderer, I look upon the coquette and habitual flirt as the most dangerous characters in society. Yet I believe that many a woman is imperceptibly led to the very verge of flirtation by a natural and even praiseworthy desire to please. The fear of giving pain when we suspect we possess the power, often gives softness to a woman's voice and sweetness to her manner, which, to the heart of a lover, may bear a gentler interpretation. Among the chief of our minor duties may be ranked that of making ourselves agreeable; and who does not know the difficulty of walking between two lines without crossing either? You think I am saying all this in exculpation of my past folly, and perhaps you are right.

"I was just nineteen, and in the full enjoyment of my triumphs in society, when I officiated as your bridesmaid. I must confess, Emily, that the marriage of such a pretty, delicate creature, as you then were, with a man full twice your age, in whose dark whiskers glistened more than one silver thread, and on whom time had already bestowed a most *visible crown*, seemed to me one of the marvels of affection for which I could not then account."

"Now you are taking your revenge, Mildred, for my saucy question respecting your husband; but if you can give as good a reason for your choice as I found for mine, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Let me gratify my merry malice, ladye fair; time has shown some little consideration for you in this matter, for, while he has left no deeper impress on your husband's brow, he has expanded the slender girl into the blooming, matronly-looking woman. You are now well matched, Emily, and your husband is one of the handsomest men of—*his age*."

The arch look of the speaker interpreted the equivocally-worded compliment, and, with a joyous laugh, Miss Heyward resumed:

"It was about the time of your marriage, and shortly before your departure for Europe, that I became acquainted with Frank Harcourt. You must remember his exceeding beauty. The first time I beheld him, Byron's exquisite description of the Appollo Belvidere rose to my lips:

—In his delicate form,—a dream of Love
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose heart
Longed for a deathless lover from above
And maddened in that vision, is express
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood."

His admirable symmetry of form, and a face of such perfect contour, such exquisite regularity of feature,

that its semblance in marble might have been valued as a relic of Grecian ideal beauty, were alone sufficient to attract the admiration of such a lover of the beautiful as I always have been; but the charm of perfect coloring, the effect of light and shade was not wanting in this finished picture. His full dark eye sparkled beneath a snow-white forehead,—his cheek was bronzed by exposure and yet bright with health,—his lips were crimson and velvet-like as the pomegranate flower,—his teeth white as the ocean pearl,—his raven curls fell in those rich slight tendrils so rarely seen except on the head of infancy,—while the soft and delicate shadowing in his lip and chin resembled rather the silken texture of a lady's eyebrow, than the wiry and matted masses of hair usually cherished under the name of whiskers and moustache."

"You are quite impassioned in your description, Mildred; what would your husband say if he were to hear you?"

"He would agree with me in thinking that Frank Harcourt is the most beautiful specimen of humanity that ever presented itself to my admiring eyes."

"He has less jealousy than in his nature than most of his sex."

"A man has little cause to be jealous of a rival he has so utterly discomfited."

"Harcourt soon professed himself my admirer and need I say that his attentions were by no means displeasing to me. The buzz of admiration which met my ear whenever he appeared,—the delight with which ladies accepted his slightest civilities,—the manoeuvres constantly practised to secure his society, all tended to render me vain of his homage. Had he been merely a beautiful statue,—a rich but empty casket, I should soon have become weary of my conquest. But Harcourt possessed a mind rather above mediocrity, fine taste, elegant manners, and, what was especially useful to him, great skill in decyphering character and consummate tact in adapting himself to its various peculiarities. When those beautiful lips parted only to utter the language of high-toned sentiment, or to breathe the impassioned words of Byron and Moore,—when those bright eyes glistened with suppressed tears at the voice of melancholy music, or sparkled with merry delight at the tones of gayety; when that fine person swayed itself with inimitable grace to the movements of the mazy dance, or bent its towering altitude with gentle dignity over the slight form of some delicate girl, it is not strange, that, even to my eyes, he should seem all that was noble and majestic in mind as well as person. Flattered by his courtly attentions, congratulated by my fashionable friends, and captivated by his brilliant qualities, my imagination soon became excited to a degree which bore a strong semblance to affection. He offered me his hand and was accepted. You look surprised, Emily; I thought you knew that I was actually engaged to him."

"Indeed I did not, Mildred, and I regret now to learn that such was the case. There is something to me very wrong,—I might almost say *disgraceful* in the disruption of such bonds; and the levity with

which young ladies now *make and break* engagements, argues as ill for the morality of society, as does the frequency of bankruptcies and suspensions."

"I agree with you, Emily, and since it has become the fashion to consider the most solemn obligations only as a strait-laced garment which may be thrown off as soon as we can shut out society from our solitude,—since women pledge their hands without even knowing whether they have such an article as a *heart* to accompany it,—since men with equal ease *repudiate* their debts and their wives, I am afraid the next generation has little chance of learning morality from their parents. But sometimes, Emily, the sin is in *making* not in *breaking* the engagement. However, hear my story, and then judge.

"All the world knew that I was affianced to the handsome Frank Harcourt, and I was quite willing to enjoy my triumph as long as possible, before I settled myself down to the dull routine of domestic life. This disposition to defer my marriage might have led me to suspect the nature of my feelings, for no woman will ever shrink from a union with one to whom her soul is knit in the close bonds of affection. My lover was respectably connected, but had been educated for no profession and was not possessed of fortune. He had left his native village to find employment, and, as he hoped, wealth, in the busy mart of the Empire state. How he managed to satisfy my father, who, in the true spirit of an old Dutch burgomaster, looked upon every man as a rogue if he did not possess some visible occupation, I never could discover. He probably flattered his self-love by listening to all his schemes for the reformation of society; and, I am not sure that he did not draw up the constitution and by-laws of a certain association which my father wished to establish,—to be entitled a "Society for the Encouragement of Integrity among men of Business," and of which the old gentleman meant to constitute himself president.

"It was agreed that our marriage should take place at the expiration of a year, and my father (who was as fond of coincidents as a newspaper editor) declared that on the very day of our nuptials, the name of Harcourt should be added to the very respectable firm of Marchmont, Goodfellow & Co. About this part of the arrangement I cared very little. I enjoyed the present moment, and lavished my time, my thoughts and my feelings as foolishly as I did the gold with which my father supplied me. I was a mere child in my knowledge of the duties of life, and perhaps there never was one of my age to whom the word '*responsibility*' was so mystical a sound.

"I soon discovered that I had a serious rival in the affections of my future husband. Frank Harcourt loved himself far better than he did his mistress; and though his tact enabled him to avoid any offensive expression of this Narcissus-like preference, it was still very perceptible to me. Yet how could I blame him when I looked upon his handsome person? Indeed I often found myself quoting Pope's celebrated couplet, but with a difference,

"If to his share a coxcomb's errors fall,
Look in his face and you forget them all."

The truth was, that my vanity induced me to excuse his weakness. I was proud of exhibiting, as my lover, the man whom all admired; and I felt redoubled satisfaction in hearing him applauded by the very people who had already bestowed on me the meed of praise. I was even so foolish as to be vain of his costume, and although I knew that he wasted hours upon the adornment of his person, I delighted to see him appear attired in that manner, so peculiarly his own, which gave a graceful negligence to a toilet the most *soignée* and made a fanciful poet once style his dress "*an elegant impromptu*." Like some other (so-called) impromptus, many a weary hour had been bestowed upon the task of making it *seem* extemporaneous.

The only one of Frank Harcourt's family with whom I then became acquainted, was his cousin Louis Heyward, and, among the whole circle of my acquaintances, there was no one whom I so cordially disliked. His form was diminutive and slightly misshapen, while his face would have been positively ugly, but for the effect of a pair of large, dark, soft eyes which seemed to speak a more fluent language than his lips. His manners were cold, quiet and indifferent; he mingled but little in society, and I think our well-filled library and my music alone induced him to conquer his reserve sufficiently to become one of my habitual visitors. To me he was always polite and gentlemanly but no more. He never flattered,—never even commended, though he often looked as if he would have censured, had he felt himself privileged to do so. Frank used to take great pains to bring him out into company, (Heaven forgive me if I wrong him in believing *now* that he wanted him as a foil to his own exceeding beauty,) but, excepting at our house, Louis was rarely seen in society. He had devoted himself to the gospel ministry, and, in order to support himself independently during the period of his theological studies, he had engaged to give instructions in some of the higher branches of education, at one of our principal schools. In fact Louis Heyward was only a poor student, a school-master,—yet he dared to criticise the conduct of the flattered and spoiled Mildred Marchmont; and he alone,—of all the gifted and the graceful who bowed before her power,—he alone—the deformed, the unlovely—seemed to despise her influence."

"Pray how did you discover that he was actuated by such feelings? he surely did not venture to disclose them?"

"No, Emily; he was usually silent and abstracted in my presence. His relationship to Frank, placed him at once on a familiar footing in our family, and, we soon became accustomed to his somewhat eccentric manners. When not listening to my harp or piano, he was often occupied with a book, seeming utterly regardless of every one around him. But, often, when I have been sitting in the midst of an admiring circle of 'danglers' bestowing on one a smile, on another a sweet word, on another a trifling command, and, in short, playing off the thousand petty airs which belles are very apt to practise in order to claim the attentions of all around them,—I

have stolen a glance at that cold, grave countenance, and there has been such severe expression in his speaking eyes,—such a smile of contempt on his pale lip, that I have blushed for my own folly even while I hated the cynic who made me sensible of it. I was constantly disputing with him about trifling matters of opinion, and I delighted in uttering beautiful fallacies, which I knew he would contradict. It was a species of gladiatorial game which I enjoyed because it was new and exciting. I had been so long accustomed to assent and flattery that it was quite refreshing to meet with something like opposition, which could arouse the dormant powers of my mind. The information with which my early reading had stored my memory,—the quickness of repartee which generally belongs to woman,—the readiness to turn the weapon of the assailant with a shield for our own weakness which is so very *feminine* a mode of argument,—all afforded a new gratification to my vanity, and while I heartily disliked the disputant, I yet eagerly sought the dispute. Louis at length discovered my motives for thus seeking to draw him into discussions, and, after that, no provocation could induce him to enter into a war of wit with me. In vain I uttered the most mischievous sophistries,—in vain I goaded him with keen satire; he smiled at my futile attempts, as if I were a petted child, but deigned me no reply. It was not until then that I estimated the treasures of his gifted mind, for when he no longer allowed himself to be drawn from his reserve,—when his fine conversational powers were no longer exerted, I felt I had lost a positive enjoyment which when in my possession I had scarcely thought of valuing.

"I happened one afternoon to be walking on the Battery with the two cousins, when we overtook an acquaintance who was unattended, except by a young brother. We immediately joined her, and, with a feeling of gratified vanity, (knowing that she had once diligently sought to attract Mr. Harcourt,) I stepped back, and taking the arm of Louis, left the lady in uninterrupted possession, *for a short time*, of my handsome lover. There was a mean and petty triumph in my heart at which I now blush, and, as I looked up into the face of my companion, after performing the manœuvre, I was almost startled at the stern contempt which was visible in his countenance."

"Come, Mr. Heyward, do make yourself agreeable for once," I exclaimed, with levity, "do tell me you are flattered by my preference of your society."

"I never utter untruths," was the cold reply.

"My first impulse was to withdraw my arm from his, but I restrained myself, and flippantly said:

"You are as complimentary as usual, I perceive."

"Would you have me to feel flattered by being made the tool of your vanity, Madam?" said he, while his cheek flushed and his eye sparkled; "do I not know that you only sought to gratify a malicious triumph over your less fortunate rival?"

"A denial rose to my lips, but my conscience forbade me to utter it. I was perfectly silent—yet, perhaps, there was something of penitence in my countenance, for he immediately added:

"Good Heavens! Mildred,—Miss Marchmont, I

mean—what capabilities of mind,—what noble characteristics of feeling you are daily wasting in society! How rapidly are the weeds of evil passion springing up amid the rich plants of virtue which are still rooted in your heart! How awful is the responsibility of one so nobly gifted as yourself!"

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed I, startled at his earnestness.

"Have you never read the parable of the unfaithful steward who hid his talent in the earth?" was his reply: "God has given you beauty and mental power, and wealth and influence; yet what is your beauty but a snare?—What are your talents but instruments to gratify your vanity? Where is your wealth expended if not in ministering to your luxuries? What suffering fellow-being has ever been cheered by your sympathy?—or what weak and erring mortal has ever been strengthened in duty, or awakened to virtue by your influence?"

"I cannot describe how deeply I was shocked and pained at these impressive words. An emotion resembling terror seized me;—I was actually alarmed at the picture they abruptly presented to my view.

"Louis continued: 'forgive me, Miss Marchmont, if I have trespassed beyond the limits of decorum. I speak the language of *truth*,—a language you are but little accustomed to hear; but my conscience and my heart have long reproached my silence.'

"You are a severe judge, Mr. Heyward," said I, with a faint attempt at a smile; and just at that moment we were interrupted by some jesting remarks from the party who preceded us. No opportunity was afforded for renewing our conversation; but as we approached home, Louis lingered so as to secure a moment's time, and said in a low voice:

"I will not ask you to forgive my frankness, Miss Marchmont, for something tells me that the time will come when you will not resent my apparent rudeness. I owe to you some of the happiest, and, it may be, some of the saddest moments of my life. Before we part, I would fain awaken you to a sense of your own true value, for amid all the frivolities which now waste your life, I have discovered that *you were born for better things*.' As he uttered these words, we found ourselves at my father's door, and with a cold bow he turned away.

"That night I was engaged to attend a brilliant ball, but my spirits were depressed, and my brow clouded by unwonted sadness. Whether wheeling in the giddy dance, or gliding with light words and lighter laugh amid the groups of pleasure-seeking guests, still the deep voice of Louis Heyward rung in my ears; and the words '*you were born for better things*,' seemed written upon everything that I beheld.

"You are *triste* to-night, *ma belle*,' said Frank Harcourt, as he placed me in the carriage to return home: 'I shall be quite jealous of my crooked cousin, if a *tête-à-tête* with him has such power to dim your radiance.'

"Many a truth is uttered in the language of mockery. That walk with Louis had become an era in my life. How I longed to weep in solitude! The weariness

and satiety which had long unconsciously possessed me,—the unsatisfied cravings for excitement, which had long been my torment, now seemed to me fully explained. Louis Heyward had unfolded to me the truth,—he had revealed the secret of my hidden discontent, when he told me *I was born for better things*. I had *placed my happiness lower than myself*; and therefore did I gather only disappointment and vexation. Why did I not utter these thoughts to my affianced lover? Why did I not weep upon his bosom and seek his tender sympathy? Because I instinctively knew that he would not understand me. The charm which enrobed my idol was already unwinding, and I had learned that there were many subjects on which there could exist no congenial sentiments. For the first time in my life, I began to reflect; and, with reflection, came remorse for wasted time and ill-regulated feelings. Like the peasant girl in the fairy tale, mine eyes had been touched with the ointment of disenchantment, the illusion which had made life seem a scene of perfect beauty and happiness was dispelled forever, and I now only beheld a field where thorns grew beneath every flower, and a path where duties were strewn far more thickly than pleasures.

"A circumstance which soon after occurred confirmed my melancholy impressions. Do you remember little Fanny Rivers whom my mother took while yet a child, with the intention of making her my confidential servant and dressing-maid? She was about my age, and had grown up to be very pretty,—with one of those sweet, innocent, child-like faces, which are always so lovely in woman. Soon after your marriage she abruptly left my service, and much to my regret I was unable to obtain any trace of her. At the time of which I have just spoken, however, I received a note from her. She was sick and in distress, and she requested from me some pecuniary aid. I did not receive the appeal with indifference, and instead of merely sending her assistance I determined to seek her in person. I found her residing with a relative, a poor washerwoman, and as I sat by the sick bed of the young invalid, I for the first time beheld, with my own eyes, the actual life of poverty. Hitherto I had been lavish of money in charity, from a thoughtless and selfish wish to avoid the sight of suffering, but now I learned to sympathise with the poor and unhappy. Poor Fanny was dying with consumption, and daily did I visit her humble apartment, led thither as much by my morbid and excited feelings as by my interest in the failing sufferer. But it was not till she was near her death-hour that she revealed to me her painful story. Never shall I forget her simple words:

"I used to think ma'm, that nothing was so desirable as fine clothes, and when I saw you dressed in your beautiful silks and satins, I used to cry with envy because I was only a servant. As I grew older this wicked feeling increased, and often when you had gone to a party, I have locked myself in your dressing-room, and put on your laces, and flowers and jewels, just to see how I should look in such fine dress. I felt very proud when the large glass

showed me that I looked just like a lady; but it only made me more envious and unhappy. At last my hour of temptation came. One,—whose name I have sworn never to reveal,—came to me with promises of all that I had so long wanted. He offered me silk dresses, and plenty of money, and said I should have servants to wait on me if I would only love him. He was so handsome, and he brought me such costly presents,—he talked to me so sweetly and pitied me so much for being a servant when I ought to be a lady, that I could not refuse to believe him. He told me I should be his wife in the sight of Heaven, and he ridiculed what he called my old-fashioned notions, until he made me forget the prayers which my poor mother taught me and the Bible which she used to read to me. I was vain and so I became wicked. I sold my happiness on earth and my hopes of Heaven hereafter, for the privilege of wearing fine clothes; for indeed, Miss Mildred, I never was happy after I left your house."

"I sought to learn no more of poor Fanny's history, Emily; I scarcely heard the tale of her subsequent desertion and destitution. My conscience was awakened, and fearfully did she knell in my ears my own condemnation. 'Who made ye to differ?' asked my heart, as I gazed on this victim to vanity and treachery. Who taught this fallen creature to value the allurements of dress beyond the adornment of innocence? Who sowed in her bosom the seeds of envy and discontent, and nurtured them there until they bore the poisoned fruit of sin? Was I guiltless of my brother's blood? Had not I been the first tempter of the guileless child? Here, then, was an evidence of my influence;—how fatally exercised!

"Emily, have repented in tears and agony of spirit:—I have prayed that this weight of blood-guiltiness might be removed from my soul; and I humbly trust my prayer has not been in vain:—but even now my heart sickens at the recollection of the being whom my example first led astray. It was at the bedside of the dying girl,—when my spirit was bowed in humble penitence,—that the words of religious truth first impressed themselves upon my adamant heart. I had listened unmoved to the promises and denunciations of the gospel, when uttered from the pulpit; but now, the time, the place, the circumstance gave them tenfold power. I visited Fanny Rivers daily, until death released the penitent from her sufferings, and then, I fell into a deep melancholy from which nothing could arouse me, and for which no one could account.

"Frank Harcourt was annoyed and vexed at this change. He earnestly pressed our immediate marriage, and talked about a trip to Paris as an infallible cure for my '*nervous excitement*.' But in proportion as my better feelings were awakened, my attachment to him decreased, until I actually shrunk from a union with him. He now appeared to me frivolous in his tastes, and the light tone with which he spoke of moral duties, though often listened to as an idle jest, in calmer times, now offended and disgusted me. In vain I tried to recall my past feelings. In vain gazed upon his exquisite face and watched

the movements of his graceful form, in the hope of again experiencing the thrill of pleasure which had once been awakened by his presence. The flame had been kindled at the unholy shrine of vanity, and already the ashes of perished fancies had gathered over it to dim its brightness. I could no longer cheat myself into the belief that I loved Frank Harcourt. He was still as glorious in beauty,—still the idol of society; but the spell was broken, and I looked back with wonder to my past delusion.

"You will ask where, during all these changes, was Louis Heyward. The very day after the conversation which had so awakened my remorse of conscience, he bade me farewell, having been summoned to take charge of a small congregation, and to 'build up a church in the wilderness.' I would have given much for his counsel and his sympathy, but he was far away, absorbed in noble duties, and had probably ceased to remember with interest, the being whom his *one true word* had rescued from destruction. I was exceedingly wretched, and saw no escape from my unhappiness. The approach of the period fixed upon for my marriage only added to the horror of my feelings, and I sometimes fancied I should be driven to madness.

"But the *dénouement*,—a most unexpected one—came at length. The aunt of poor Fanny, who was very grateful for my attentions to the unhappy girl, accidentally heard that I was on the point of marriage with Mr. Harcourt, and, instigated no less by revenge than by a sense of gratitude to me, she revealed to me the name which Fanny had *sworn*, and she had *promised* to conceal. You can imagine the rest, Emily. With the indignant feeling of insulted virtue and outraged womanhood, I instantly severed the tie that bound me to him. Did I not do right in breaking my engagement?

"More than two years passed away. I had withdrawn from the follies, though not from the rational enjoyments of society; and, having joined myself to the church, I endeavored to live in a manner worthy of my profession. Alas! all my good deeds were insufficient to make amends for my wasted years and baleful example. The world ceased, at last, to wonder and ridicule my sudden reformation, (which they kindly attributed to my lover's fickleness,) and I was beginning to enjoy the peace of mind, always attendant on the exercise of habitual duty, when I was surprised by the intelligence that Louis Heyward had been chosen to succeed the deceased pastor of our church. The day when he preached his first sermon for us will long live in my remembrance. Associated, as he was, with my brightest and my darkest hours, I almost feared to see him, lest the calm of my feelings should be disturbed by painful recollections. But he now appeared before me in a new and holier light. He was a minister of truth unto the people, and as I watched the rich glow of enthusiasm mantling his pale cheek, and the pure light of zeal illumining his dark eyes, I thought there was indeed 'a beauty in holiness.'

"Do not think I was in love with our young pastor. I fancied that my heart was dead to such impressions,

and it was only with quiet friendship that I greeted him when he renewed his acquaintance with her whom he had once known as the glittering belle of a ball-room. I saw him frequently, for I now understood the value of wealth and influence when they could be made subservient to the interests of religion and humanity. My purse as well as my time was readily bestowed for the good of others. Always in extremes, I was in danger of running into the error of fanaticism, and I owe it to Louis that I am now a rational, and I trust, earnest Christian. But a long time elapsed after this renewal of our intercourse before I was permitted to read the volume of his heart. It was not until he was well assured that the change which he beheld was the result, not of temporary disgust with the world, but of a thorough conviction of error, that he ventured to indulge the affections of his nature. He had loved me, Emily, during my days of vanity and folly. His cold, stern manner was a penance imposed upon himself, to expiate his weakness, and while he strove to scorn my levity, he was, in fact, the slave of my caprice. But he crushed the passion even in its bud, and forced himself to regard me only as his cousin's bride. Yet the glimpses of better feelings which sometimes struggled through every frivolity, almost overcame his resolution, and the conversation which first awakened me to reflection, was the result of a sense of duty strangely blended with the impulses of a hopeless passion.

"Perfect confidence now existed between us. My external life had been almost an unbroken calm, but my heart's history was one of change and tumult and darkness. Louis wept,—aye, wept with joy, when he learned that his hand had sown the good seed within my bosom. It is Madame de Stael who says that 'Truth, no matter by what atmosphere it is surrounded, is never uttered in vain;' and I am a living proof that she is right. I have now been five years a wife; and, though my husband has not a face that lingers love to paint and ladies to look upon,—though his form is not moulded to perfect symmetry, and his limbs lack the graceful comeliness of manly strength,—in short,—though he is a *little, ugly, lame man*, yet I look upon him with a love as deep as it is enduring, for the radiant beauty of his character has blinded my feeble eyes to mere personal defects. Frank Harcourt was the sculptured image,—the useless ornament of a boudoir, but Louis,—my own Louis is the unpolished casket,—rude in its exterior, but enclosing a pearl of price,—the treasure of a noble spirit."

"And what has become of your former lover?"

"He is the ornament of Parisian saloons; living no one knows how, but suspected to be one of that class, termed in England, '*flat-catchers*,' lending the aid of his fine person and fascinating manners to attract victims to the gaming-table. He is said to be as handsome as ever,—dresses well, and is the admiration of all the young ladies as well as the dread of all the mammas who are on the watch to avoid '*ineligibles*.' And now that you have heard my story, Emily, are you still surprised at my choice?"

THE BLUE VELVET MANTILLA.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"I do admire
Of womankind but one." *John Gilpin.*

"So then, Julius, you are at last a lawyer, out and out?—how did you pass your examination?"

"Just to please myself, uncle, I wasn't stumped once."

"Bravo! I am glad to hear it; that was exactly following my example. Before I got through, they tried hard to pose me, but I was an overmatch for them. I would have made a capital lawyer, Julius, had I chosen to practise."

"What a pity you did not, uncle!"

"Yes, that's what all my friends say, and that, if I had not been too rich to need it, they would have given me all the business in their power,—every cent's worth of it. Many of them wish that I had been poorer, that I might have been of greater service to the public."

"What kind friends you must have, sir!"

"You rascal! I see that you are laughing at me. However, I intend to take you for my raw material, and make of you everything that I have failed to be myself. In the first place, you are to rise to the height of the profession here, in this very city, to make amends for my not having attained the station."

"But the opposite reason to yours will forbid my accomplishing that, my dear sir,—too light a purse, is, in the generality of cases, a greater obstacle than one too heavy."

"An ingenious lawyer, to presume that, when I employ you to do my work for me, I expect you to go upon your own means! why, my worshipful attorney, you must live here with me, in my own house, and make use of my own purse. It is my place to pay the expenses."

"Dear uncle! how kindly you are! how generous! —I can never be sufficiently grateful—"

"Spare your eloquence to plead my causes for me! —we lawyers know how much speeches ought to go for, so I want none of them here, just now. Am I not telling you that you are to work for me in return? —and I wish you to fulfil another of my duties towards society."

"Anything in the world, uncle, after all the kindness—"

"Poh! it's not any uncommon task I wish you to undertake. It is only to marry a wife and to raise a family. You may imitate me in everything but in being an idler, and an old bachelor."

"Why, everybody thinks you, sir, the happiest,

most independent, most contented old bachelor in the world. Quite an enviable person."

"I am not at all to be envied, Julius. As to being happy,—that's all a sham. I have never been contented since they called me an old bachelor. No, no,—you must have a wife. I have picked one out for you."

"Indeed! pray who is she, uncle?"

"One of the loveliest girls in the city,—your cousin Henrietta Attwood."

"Etty Attwood! the pretty little second-cousin who used to come sometimes to visit us when I was a boy! I remember her well;—the most beautiful, sweetest tempered child in the world; with bright brown eyes, and flaxen ringlets curling over her shoulders and down to her waist! if she is as charming a woman as she was a child, I have not the shadow of an objection. I used to call her my little wife then, and the first poetry I ever perpetrated, was some stanzas addressed to her on her birthday."

"Yes, she has shown them to me more than once; she remembers you as well as you do her, and often inquires of me about her cousin and old playfellow, Julius Rockwell."

"But do you think she would have me, uncle?"

"Why shouldn't she?—you are plaguy good-looking,—you know that well enough,—very much like what I was at your age; you have sense plenty,—that is, if you are not a degenerate shoot of your family; if you have not, you must acquire it; you have formed no bad habits, I hope;—if you have, I must cane them out of you. And Etty will do whatever I bid her,—I know she will. She is aware that I was looking for you, and will expect you to call to see her immediately."

"I shall be delighted to do so; can you take me this evening, uncle? But how does it happen that she is in the city. Her parents, I believe, reside in the country still?"

"She is with her aunt, Mrs. Attwood, a rich widow, who having married off all her own daughters, has begged a share of her time for the sake of her company. She is very much of a belle, but if you manage properly, you and she will make a match of it in less than six months, or my name is not Herman Holcroft. You must then live with me. I begin to feel lonesome as I grow old, and, you perceive, I have house-room for twenty more."

"My dear uncle, you are too kind!"

"Stop a moment! remember it is only on condition you bring Etty with you; I don't know that I would like any one else. So I will go with you, and introduce you to-night. I was afraid you would have to wait to be provided with a new suit, but am agreeably disappointed. You look not only genteel but fashionable. Your country tailors must be on the march of improvement."

"Oh! since steam-engines are so abundant, no one need be behind the fashions, unless he chooses;—but, uncle,—look here, quick!—Ah! she has gone around that corner!"

"Who?—what is it?" asked the old bachelor, hastily rising from his superb, damask covered rocking-chair, to approach the window.

"A young lady,—the loveliest, brightest—"

"Pho!" returned Mr. Holcroft, sinking again into his cushions with a look of disappointment; "why I see thousands of lovely, bright-looking girls passing here every day, and so it has been for the last twenty years. That, I suppose, is one reason why I have not married. I never could get one pretty face fixed in my heart, before a hundred others presented themselves to drive it away."

The windows of the apartment, in which the gentlemen sat, opened upon one of the most noted thoroughfares on this side of the Atlantic, which at that hour, was crowded by an unusually brilliant throng of the fair and the gay, called out by the bright sunshine of a clear December afternoon, to exhibit, each, her new assortment of winter finery. During the foregoing dialogue, young Rockwell had not been so much occupied as to be unable to throw an occasional glance into the street, and the one which preceded his exclamation, had been met by a pair of radiant eyes, with an expression so cordial and familiar, that he was quite startled,—and the more easily, that they belonged to one of the most beautiful faces and one of the richest costumes that he had noticed on the crowded pavé. "I could never have seen her before,—no, I never did,"—said he to himself, and the passage of Moore so generally known to the sentimental and romantic youths, who sigh in our language, came into his mind:—

"As if his soul that moment caught
An image it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all his sighs,
And never be forgot again.
Sparkled and smiled before him then."

"That is a favorite excuse with you old bachelors," said he, at length, remembering that a reply might be expected to his uncle's last observation; "but this young lady,—*such* a face could not be easily driven away! I wonder who she can be?—perhaps you know her,—she is evidently one of your *élite*, but I can't describe her; one thing I noticed, however, she had on a blue velvet,—what is the name of those new articles?—neither a cloak nor a shawl;—you understand what I mean, uncle."

"A mantilla, you blockhead!" replied the old bachelor, consequentially, as if proud of being so far read in women's gear.

"Yes, a mantilla,—a blue velvet mantilla, worked in yellow figures."

"Embroidered in gold color, or straw, or canary, or lemon, the ladies say," returned Mr. Holcroft, in a tone of correction; "there are plenty of blue velvet mantillas, and how am I to know which you mean?"

Julius admitted that it might be rather difficult, and looked out of the window with renewed interest, while his uncle kept up a rambling discourse which required no reply. In a few moments the blue mantilla again appeared, another witching glance was thrown upon him, and snatching up his hat, without a word of explanation or excuse, he darted from the room. Immediately after, a fine looking young man entered, and was saluted by the name of Elkinton, by Mr. Holcroft, who sat wondering at his nephew's sudden disappearance.

"Has Rockwell arrived, Mr. Holcroft?" asked the visitor.

"Yes,—did you not meet him at the door?—he reached this an hour or two ago, and has just bolted out as if life and death depended on his speed. I suppose he saw something wonderful in the street. These rustics, when they come to town, are always on the stare for novelties. A fire-bell startles them as much as an earthquake would us. But won't you sit down?—he will be back again in a few minutes, no doubt."

"Thank you, I have not time to wait. I merely called in to see if he had come. Perhaps I may find him in the street."

Meanwhile Julius was eagerly tracing the fair unknown, and unpractised as he was in threading the mazes of a city crowd, he found little difficulty in gaining upon the light, quick step he followed. But at length, as he joyfully held, his good genius befriended him. She was stopped by a distinguished looking girl, whose tall figure, dark eyes, and black hair, contrasted strongly with her own rather *petite* proportions, hazel eyes and ringlets of light brown. He came up in time to hear the lady of his pursuit say to the other, "I half expect visitors this evening, but should they not call, I shall go certainly. I believe it is the Vandenhooffs' benefit, and, no doubt, a treat may be looked for."

Just then a carriage drew up to the curbstone, and an elderly lady called from it, "I have half a notion to make you both walk home;—I have been driving up and down 'street for an hour, expecting to meet you. Get in,—quick!"

The steps were let down, and the black-eyed damsel was handed in. Her companion was about to follow, when, glancing over her shoulder, she beheld our hero. She paused, half-smiled, blushed, and springing into the carriage, was driven off, and out of sight in a moment, while Julius stood transfixed where she left him. He was aroused by a hand laid on his arm, and turning, he exclaimed, somewhat abashed at being found in a position so equivocal, "Is it possible, Elkinton?"

"My dear Rockwell! I am rejoiced to see you! I

almost passed without recognising you; I could scarcely have expected to meet you, fresh from the country, standing in a brown study, in the most crowded square of the city!"

The two young men had been classmates at college, and though a regular correspondence had not been kept up between them, they were always the warmest of friends whenever they chanced to meet. They turned to walk together towards Mr. Holcroft's.

"Pray, Elkinton, do you know any lady who wears a blue velvet mantilla?" asked Julius as soon as politeness allowed him to introduce an extrinsic subject.

"Very probably I may, but I never recollect ladies by their dress, as I seldom pay the slightest attention to it. What sort of a lady do you mean?"

"A young, very beautiful one, with bright complexion, clear hazel eyes and sunny tresses."

"I know several such,—you may see plenty of them passing any hour; but what about her?"

"Oh, nothing! only I saw her in the street and was struck with her appearance."

"Pshaw! you will be struck ten times a minute if you are on the look-out for beauty. For my part, I have given up looking at the ladies in general."

"Then it must be because you are engrossed by one in particular."

"Right, and I'll introduce you to her for old acquaintance sake. Don't you remember our standing argument, that neither of us would marry without a communication to, and a consultation with, the other?"

"Of course," replied Julius abstractedly; "I must try to find out who she is."

"You shall know all about her, my Julius, and become acquainted with her, as soon as you are at leisure, I should like to have your impression of my choice," returned Elkinton cordially; of course alluding to his own lady love; "but I have not time to talk longer, just now. I'll call to see you in the morning."

"Stay, at which house are the Vandenhooffs to perform to-night?" asked Julius, detaining him.

Elkinton named the theatre and hurried away.

On returning to his uncle, there being visitors present, no questions were asked about his absence, and when they were again alone, the old gentleman desired him to have himself in readiness to call on his cousin, Miss Attwood, after tea. With some hesitation, he excused himself. "Perhaps you would like to go to see the Vandenhooffs, as this is their last night," said Mr. Holcroft, presuming that to be his objection; "if so, by going early to visit Etty, we may have a chance to take her along, if she is not engaged. You need not mind being out of etiquette, as I shall propose it myself."

Still Julius demurred about the visit, and added, "It was my intention to go to the theatre, but I should prefer going alone."

"Going alone!" repeated the old gentleman, looking at him scrutinizingly; "that is altogether wrong, Julius. A young man should not, if possible, appear

at a place of amusement, which ladies are sanctioned to attend, without having one along. They are a protection from improper associations, and add greatly to the respectability of one's appearance. On the present occasion, your attendance on Henrietta Attwood will establish your standing in society at once. She is certainly one of the most admired girls in the city."

"No doubt of it, uncle; but for my part I never admired dumpy girls."

"Dumpy girls?—what do you intimate by that, sir? why Etty has one of the most perfect figures I ever saw! she is a very sylph."

"Indeed! when she was a child, she was very short and fat. At any rate, she must have white hair,—she formerly had,—and I have no great partiality for 'lint white locks.'"

"White hair! what the plague has got into the fellow? she has no such thing. An hour or two ago you were all anxiety that I should take you to see her, and you seem ready to decline going altogether."

"Excuse me, uncle, but really I don't feel in the humor for ladies' society this evening."

"Oh, very well, sir; consult your own pleasure," replied the old bachelor in a tone of pique, and took his tea in silence.

Julius noticed it, but though sorry to displease him, was ashamed to confess his motive for wishing to go alone, and, after a few minutes of constraint, in the drawing-room, he set off for the theatre.

He arrived early, and selecting a place which commanded a view of the whole house, he kept his eyes in constant motion from door to door, with the purpose of scanning every group that entered, a feat not easy to accomplish, as an unusual number were thronging the house. At length, a round of applause, on the rising of the curtain, distracted his attention, for a moment, and on again turning round, he beheld in a box near him, the identical blue velvet mantilla, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, and the tall brunette. The best acting of the season was all lost upon him, the one object alone chaining his eyes and his thoughts. She, too, evidently perceived him, while surveying the audience. At the end of the first act, and several times afterward, she met his gaze with conscious blushes, and an apparent effort to repress a smile. He also fancied that some communication on the subject passed between her and her companions.

The play at length was over, and the party rose to go. Julius pushed through the crowd until he found himself beside them. In the press, the mantilla became unfastened, and, unperceived, by its owner, a gentleman set his foot upon it. "The lady's mantilla, sir!" said our hero, eagerly catching it up. She nodded her thanks with looks half downcast, and confusedly taking it from his hand, wrapped it around her and, in a few minutes, they had reached the door. The old gentleman handed his fair charges into a carriage in waiting, and, saying that he would walk, ordered the servant to drive on.

"Have a hack, sir?" asked a coachman.

"Yes,—follow that carriage," replied Julius, and springing in, was driven into one of the most fashionable streets of the city. The carriage stopped before one of the handsomest houses in it, and he saw the ladies alight and enter the door. Then discharging his coach, he reconnoitered the house and square, to know them again, and congratulating himself on his discovery, he returned to his uncle's.

Mr. Holcroft had recovered, in some degree, from his displeasure against the morning, and with a return of his usual manner, he questioned his nephew upon the quality of the past night's entertainment.

"I can hardly tell, sir; that is,—I believe it was good, sir;" answered he with some incoherence.

"Why, my good fellow, I hope you are not so green as not to know whether a theatrical performance was good or the contrary!" said the old bachelor, staring at him, whereupon the young gentleman felt himself necessitated to be somewhat less abstracted.

After breakfast he took up his hat with unexpressed intention to visit the scene of his discovery, and half formed hopes, and his uncle, having observed that in a stroll through the city he might see some books, or other such matters, which he would like to possess, kindly proffered him funds to purchase them.

Julius thanked him, and answered that he was provided with a sum, naming it, amply sufficient for the expenses of the three or four weeks he had proposed for the length of his visit.

"Don't forget to be back again at twelve," said Mr. Holcroft; "against that time I shall want you to go with me to see your cousin Etty."

"Hang my cousin Etty!" thought Julius, but he said nothing, and, with a bow, he departed. On reaching the place where his thoughts had been all the morning, he examined the door, but could find no name, nor could he see a child or a servant within half a square, of whom he might have obtained information. But, crossing the street in his disappointment, he noticed on the first house before him, a large brass door-plate, inscribed "BOARDING," and actuated by the first suggestion of his fancy, he rang the bell, and inquired if he could obtain lodgings for a short time.

"My rooms are all taken, sir,—that is, all the best apartments," replied the mistress of the mansion, presuming, from his appearance, that none but good accommodations would answer.

Julius paused a moment, but having gone so far, he concluded not to draw back. "I would be willing to put up with an inferior one, provided it is in the front of the house," said he.

"The small room, in the third story, over the entrance, is vacant," said the lady, hesitating to offer it.

"I'll take it, madam," he returned, and without farther question or examination, he hastened to have his baggage brought. This he executed without the knowledge of his uncle, the old gentleman having rode out after breakfast.

He felt half ashamed of his precipitancy, when he

saw his trunks deposited in a chamber, so filled up by a narrow bed, a washstand and a single chair, that there was hardly space enough for them, but on approaching the window, he beheld the blue mantilla descending from the steps of the house opposite, and he regarded himself as fully compensated for the sacrifice.

"Who lives in the house immediately across the way?" asked he of the servant who was arranging the room.

"Mr. Lawrenson, sir,—that gentleman coming out." It was the old gentleman of the theatre.

"There are a couple of young ladies in the house, are there not?"

"Only one, sir, that I know of,—a great belle among the quality. The gentlemen call her the *beautiful* Miss Lawrenson."

Julius was satisfied. He knew the family by reputation, and to have attracted the attention, and commenced a flirtation of the eyes with a beauty so distinguished, he felt was an adventure to be pursued without respect to little inconveniences. He was strengthened in this sentiment by some of the gentlemen at the dinner-table stating, that one of the most prominent ornaments of the dress circle, at the theatre, the night before, was the beautiful Charlotte Lawrenson.

After dinner he watched long for the return of his fair neighbor, an occupation not the most comfortable, as there was no chimney in the room, and therefore no possibility of his having a fire; but she did not again appear, and recollecting that his uncle ought to be informed of his change of quarters, he proceeded to fulfil that duty. On his way he had some misgiving that the old gentleman would not receive his appraisal on the best of terms, and he was projecting some plausible excuse to satisfy him, when the result of his ingenuity was annihilated by his encountering, face to face, the lady of his thoughts,—his heart, as he believed. The same half-smile met him,—there might have been observed an additional expression of familiarity;—the same blush, and he would have turned to follow her again, but his sense of propriety had not so far left him, as to admit of the repetition,—particularly as there was no object to be gained by it. So, satisfied that from his close vicinity, he could have an opportunity of seeing her daily, and of taking advantage of any favorable accident for a better acquaintance, he entered the drawing-room of the old bachelor, who received him with an exclamation of "Where upon earth have you been all this day, Julius?"

"At my lodgings, sir," replied the youth, having come to the conclusion that it would be best to treat his desertion in the most matter of course way possible.

"Your lodgings!" repeated Mr. Holcroft, in astonishment.

"Yes, uncle; as I don't like to trouble my friends more than I can help, I decided upon taking boarding, and your absence, when I came to remove my baggage, prevented my informing you of it."

"What, after I had proposed your taking up your

residence in my house, not only during your visit, but during my life time! I need a better excuse than that. Where have you gone?"

Julius named the place.

"One of the most expensive establishments in the city, and one frequented by dandies, *roués*, and *bon vivants*,—the very worst sort of society for a young man, who aspires to attaining eminence in one of the learned professions. You might, at least, have consulted me about a place proper for you, even though you had decided upon mortifying me by leaving my house. How long have you engaged to stay?"

"Only a week or two, uncle," replied Julius, devoutly hoping that no questions would be asked, which would compel him to confess that he had ensconced himself in the worst apartment in the house.

"I waited dinner for you an hour, after having expected you for two or three to go with me to visit your cousin Etty. However, you can stay to tea, and go with me in the evening."

"Excuse me, dear sir,—I have a particular reason for declining."

"What! again?—how do you intend to dispose of yourself?"

"I—I shall stay in my own room, I believe, uncle."

"You vex and surprise me more and more, Julius. Independent of my earnest desire that you should see your cousin, your duty as a gentleman and as a relative requires that you should make her a visit, and the sooner it is done, the more it will be to your credit."

"The young lady in question being only my second-cousin, I cannot perceive that there is any duty connected with the matter. Second-cousins, except in cases of convenience, are seldom regarded as relatives at all."

"Whew! I presume that, after all that, I need not be surprised if you should propose to dissolve the connection between me and yourself! I, a queer, plain, old fellow, will hardly be likely to remain an *acknowledged* kinsman of one who declines the relationship of one of the loveliest girls that ever the sun shone upon!"

"My dear uncle, I meant no disrespect towards Miss Atwood, much less to you, but really, I have something to attend to, that will debar me from the pleasure of fulfilling your wishes, to-night. I will see you again in the morning. Good evening."

"I must keep a sharp watch on that youngster," said the old bachelor to himself; "he can't have formed an attachment at home, for he appeared delighted, at first, with my proposition for his settlement. As to his leaving my house, it strikes me that it was done for the purpose of escaping my *surveillance*. I must be careful as to what sort of habits he has formed, before I decide on carrying out my plans. I must go to see Etty this evening myself, and as she will expect some excuse for his not calling, I can tell her that he is diffident,—not used to ladies' society, or something that way. She has not been here for several days, I presume on his account; so I'll tell her that he has taken boarding at Mrs.

W—'s. I have no notion of being cheated out of my only lady visitor by the ungrateful scamp." And the old gentleman carried his resolve into execution.

Julius had really told the truth in saying that he intended to remain at home that evening, but he would not for any thing in the world,—except, indeed, the heart under the blue velvet mantilla,—have acknowledged his reason for so doing. The fact was, he had concluded that no time was to be lost in pursuing his advantage, and that, as he had been the poet of his class at college, he might be inspired, if in solitude, to produce a metrical accompaniment for some pretty *gaze d'amour*, to be sent the next morning. His muse not unpropitious, but cabin'd, confined, in his fireless dormitory, his ardour would, no doubt, have abated, had he not, by an occasional glance out of the window, been reminded, by the blue sky and its golden embroidery of stars, of the azure mantilla. Thus refreshed, whenever he found himself flagging, he completed his performance to his full satisfaction, and after copying it on paper perfumed and gilt,—with his washstand for a writing table,—he retired to dream the night into day.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, he set off in quest of his intended gift, and seeing the gorgeous display of exotics, in the window of a celebrated florist, he stopped and selected flowers for a bouquet, the richest and rarest, without regard to cost, and ordering them to be sent immediately to his lodgings, he hastened to meet them there. He was stopped, however, in his course by his friend Elkinton.

"I am glad at the accident of meeting you," said the latter; "I called last evening and this morning at Mr. Holcroft's in expectation of your coming in,—the servants having told me yesterday that you had changed your residence. Where do you lodge?—your uncle was not at home, and, consequently, I did not ascertain."

Julius evaded an answer, afraid of exposing to any acquaintance how comfortless a place he had deposited himself in, and though they had now nearly reached it, he walked off in a contrary direction to avoid suspicion, talking all the while with much more animation than he would have been likely to do in his present state of feeling, if there had not been a strong motive to prompt him.

"Have you any engagement for this evening?" asked Elkinton; "if not, I will take you to see my *fiancée*, as I promised you the other day. I really wish to have your congratulations on my selection. All the fellows of my acquaintance regard me with envy;—you need not smile,—I say it without vanity or boasting."

Julius declined without offering an excuse.

"When will you go then?" persisted the intruder.

"I don't know,—in truth I go very little into ladies' society at present," replied Rockwell, with an air of *nonchalance*.

That his friend should be totally indifferent towards his mistress, is little less unpardonable to a lover, than that he should attempt to rival him in her affections; accordingly Elkinton, after replying coolly,

"very well, I hold you to no appointment," bowed stiltily, and walked away.

Not giving his friend's change of deportment a thought, Julius hastened to his room, where the flowers had arrived before him, and folded his poetical billet-doux to send with them. How to direct it was the next question, and determining that it would be disrespectful, without his having an introduction, to address it to "Miss Lawrenson," he substituted, in place of her name, to "The Blue Velvet Mantilla." He then rang the bell, and giving the waiter who appeared, a liberal *douceur* to carry it across the street, and leave it for Miss Lawrenson, with the bouquet, he watched at the window until he saw it delivered to a servant at the door.

The other boarders having left the parlors, he took possession of one of the front windows with a newspaper in his hand, and watched every movement across the way. In a short time the tall brunette emerged from the doorway, but her companion of the sunny ringlets did not appear. After dinner she really did present herself,—he was on the watch again;—and he noticed that, before she reached the steps, she glanced across with apparent curiosity, from which he conjectured that she had discovered, by means of the servant, whence the offering had come. And then, when she turned to look again, after she had pulled the bell, he was confident that she recognised his figure at the window. Towards evening he tore himself from his loadstone long enough to saunter out with the object of paying his respects to his uncle, but the old gentleman not being in the house, he did not enter, and returning to his room, he busied himself, as the evening before, in writing verses for a future occasion.

Thus ended one day of folly, and the next was spent in a similar manner, except that he sent a costly English annual, as his second tribute, and, to his surprise and ecstasy, received, in return, by his messenger, a geranium leaf, enclosed in a sheet of rose-colored note-paper, in which was inscribed, in a dainty female hand, the single line,—“From the Blue Velvet Mantilla.”

The third day, he sent a present equally elegant, and employed some of the most skilful members of a famous band to discourse their most elegant music under her window in the night, and he felt not a little flattered, secretly, to hear some of the boarders pronounce it the most delightful serenade ever heard, even in the neighborhood of Miss Lawrenson. But it would be tedious to follow him in his extravagances. He dispensed his flowers, and books, and music, and tasteful *bijoux* as prodigally as if he had possessed the purse of a Fortunio, until better than a week had passed. During this time he forced himself to call daily on his uncle, and daily declined a visit to his cousin, until the old gentleman, deeply offended, ceased to invite him to his house, and he for the same reason, ceased to go. Elkinton, too, met him once or twice, and, in remembrance of his want of courtesy, passed him with merely a nod, but what was all that, in comparison with the compensation he received from the lady of the mantilla?—sundry

glances and blushes, when he chanced to meet her on the street; a wave of her scarf across the window, which could not have been accidental; and above all, two several notes, containing, each, familiar quotations, in her own delicate hand, as answers to some of his impassioned rhapsodies. A new incident, however, brought him somewhat to his senses.

One morning his messenger, on returning, presented him with a note, markedly different, from its bold penmanship, to the others, and on opening it, he read to the following effect:—

“The person, who, for a week past, has been so liberal of his favors to Miss C——L——, is requested to call this afternoon, three o'clock, at No. 26, — Hotel, and explain his conduct to one possessed of a right to demand it. Should he not comply, it will be presumed that he is unworthy of being treated as a gentleman, and he shall be dealt with accordingly.”

“From whom did you receive this?” asked he of the servant.

“From Mr. Lawrenson's footman, sir, who always receives my messages; he said it was given to him by a gentleman who ordered him not to tell his name.”

“Very well; that is sufficient,” said Julius, with considerably more self-possession than if it had contained another quotation or geranium leaf.

What explanation should he make?—was he to meet a father, or a brother? whom? or, what? was he to be called upon to apologize, or to fight? or what was to be done? He could settle none of these questions to his satisfaction, and so he concluded to remain as unconcerned as possible, and be guided by the relative position and deportment of his challenger.

The appointed hour came, and found our hero at the house designated. He asked to be shown to No. 26, and, on rapping at the door, to his surprise, it was opened by Elkinton. The latter, also, looked surprised, but presuming that he had called to atone for his former unfriendliness, he invited him in, and seated him, with much cordiality. Julius looked around, and perceiving no other person in the room, took the letter from his pocket, and remarked—“There must be some mistake here. To confess the truth, Elkinton, I did not expect to find myself in your apartment. This note directed me to number 26, but it must be a mistake of the pew. However, as I am here, I would be very glad of your advice as a friend. Read this.”

Elkinton glanced at the note, and, with a heightened color, returned, “There must, indeed, be some mistake. I am the writer of this, but you, certainly, cannot be the person for whom it was intended.”

Julius started, but commanded himself to reply coolly,—“Judging from its import, it undoubtedly was destined for my hands.”

Elkinton paced the room once or twice, and then, seating himself beside his visitor, remarked, “This is a delicate affair, Julius, but, as old friends, let us talk it over quietly. That there may be no misunderstanding, let us be certain that we both interpret these initials alike.”

"I presumed them to be those of Miss Lawrenson, —Charlotte Lawrenson," answered Julius.

"She, indeed, is the person meant, and to prove to you my right to interfere in this matter, she is the lady to whom I am engaged, of which I informed you,—who is affianced to be my wife in a few months."

Julius sprang to his feet, and turned pale as marble. To be thus flirled and betrayed!

"Now," pursued Elkinton, earnestly, "you will understand why I should have felt indignant at any one presuming to make such advances, as you have done, towards the lady in question, and you will not be surprised if I ask by what you were encouraged to persist in them, so assiduously."

"By the lady's own conduct," said Julius, with his usual impetuosity; "by her accepting my presents, which were invariably accompanied by expressions of admiration,—nay, of passion; by her noticing those expressions with answers, which, if not explicitly favorable, could not have been construed otherwise, as they were not reprobatory; by tokens of personal recognition from her house, and by conscious, and not discouraging looks, whenever we met in the street."

"Stay, Julius! these are serious charges, and such as no man could patiently listen to of his affianced wife. Your presents I know she received, for from her jestingly showing them to me, and pointing out the house from which they came, I was led to write the note in your hand, of which she is aware; but that a girl of Charlotte Lawrenson's dignity of character would answer love-letters from an entire stranger, and exchange coquetish glances with him in the streets, is more than I can credit."

"That is language, Elkinton, that I cannot and will not submit to," retorted Julius angrily; "if you must have proofs farther than the word of a man of honor, take these!" and he drew the notes from his bosom, where, in the most approved fashion of lovers, he had kept them secured day and night.

Elkinton snatched them, and after a scrutinizing examination replied, "I can say, almost positively, that not a word here is in her handwriting."

"No doubt, you find it very satisfactory to feel thus assured," said Julius, with a sarcastic smile.

"To save further dispute, by which neither of us can be convinced," returned Elkinton, endeavoring to be more composed, "I will go directly to Miss Lawrenson, and ask an explanation from her, without which, I at least, cannot feel satisfied. If you shall be at leisure, I will call on you, or, if you prefer it, shall expect you here at eight this evening."

For particular reasons, unnecessary to specify, Julius chose the latter, and Elkinton, escorting him out with cold politeness, proceeded, in much perturbation, to the mansion of Mr. Lawrenson.

Our hero was punctual to his appointment in the evening, and found Elkinton impatiently awaiting him. "I have laid your representations before Miss Lawrenson," and, for your sake, am sorry that she disclaims their veracity. Though she again acknowledges having your presents in her possession, she

denies having answered your notes, or even having opened them; denies ever having given you a mark of recognition, and denies that, to her knowledge, she ever saw you in the street."

Julius stood aghast. To have the truth so pointedly disowned, to have his word so plainly doubted, it was not to be borne. "Her retaining my love-tokens, I think, might be sufficient evidence to you that all is not exactly as you would desire," he replied indignantly, "a woman who encourages the advances of a total stranger, in everything but words, while betrothed to another, and then, to preserve his favor, denies the whole course of her conduct, is unworthy the notice of any man who calls himself a gentleman."

"One thing can yet be done," said Elkinton, repressing a furious answer; "let me have those notes, and, through them, Miss Lawrenson may probably be enabled to discover by whom they were produced. If that cannot be done, I shall hold you responsible for gross misrepresentations of her character;" and he strode out, leaving his rival in possession of his room.

Matters now wore a serious aspect. Should the lady make no confession, a challenge would be the consequence, and even should she vouchsafe to explain, it would be to make him a laughing stock by proving him quizzed, coquetted and jilted. If the first were to occur, it behoved him to prepare to leave the world; if the latter, at least to leave the city. And on his way homeward, he decided to put his affairs in order. He remembered that his landlady had sent in her bill that morning, requiring money for a pressing engagement, and that, having pretty well exhausted his funds in his expensive outlays for his fair enchantress, he had concluded to apply to his uncle for means to discharge it. Accordingly he stopped to inquire for him, but not finding him at home, he left on his secretaire a note, requesting the loan of the sum he required, and saying he would call for it in the morning. He then retired to his lodgings in such a state of excitement as it had not been his lot before to experience.

In the morning, when completing his toilet, for breakfast, he heard the sound of a stick and an unusually heavy step on the stairs, and after a loud rap on the door, Mr. Holcroft, to his great surprise, presented himself.

"So," said the old bachelor, seating himself on the side of the bed, the only chair being occupied by Julius' collar and cravat, and looking around in astonishment, "a pretty exchange you have made, young gentleman, for the pleasant apartments to which I welcomed you on your arrival!"

Julius saw that his ire was aroused, but unable to conjecture why, and somewhat abashed at the shabbiness of his surroundings, he could only stammer something about having found it impossible to obtain the accommodation of a better room.

"And what are your reasons, young man, for submitting to such discomforts and inconveniences?—You need not take the trouble to fabricate an answer. Your last night's demand for money has given me a

full insight into your character and pursuits, and I have come to assert my tacit right as your mother's brother, and your nearest living relation, to use the power of a guardian, and remove you from scenes in which you are in a fair way to prove a disgrace to me and to the memory of your parents. On your arrival in the city, I laid before you my plans for your future benefit,—that you should make your home with me as my son, and my prospective heir, an offer which almost any young man would have considered extraordinary good fortune,—and suggested to you an alliance which, I felt confident, would secure your happiness. I was not such an old blockhead to expect you to marry your cousin without your own conviction that she would suit you, but merely named her to you as a woman who, to any reasonable man, would be a treasure, such as, I fear, you will never deserve to possess. Then, instead of calling on your cousin, as I requested, if only through civility to me,—you displayed a churlish indifference to female society, which young men of good principles and education seldom feel, and to escape from the watch and control which you supposed I would keep on your movements,—you clandestinely left my house. To be sure, you did make a show of respect, by coming occasionally to see me, but your abstracted manner, and entire silence as to your engagements and mode of spending the time, confirmed my suspicions that your amusements were such as you were ashamed to confess them to be. On one occasion, however, you committed yourself,—in naming the amount of funds you had brought with you,—quite sufficient for any young man of good habits for a month, situated as you are; and now, though I am perfectly willing to give you the sum you require, and as much in addition, as will take you away from temptation as far as you may choose to go, I demand in return, to know how your own has been spent."

Hurt, mortified and vexed at suspicious so unjust and injurious, Julius did not attempt to interrupt him, and against he concluded, had made up his mind to confess the whole truth, which he did, circumstantially and minutely.

"Can it be possible that my sister's son should have made such a fool of himself?" exclaimed the old gentleman, raising his hands in amazement, "that you should have given up the comforts of my house, and the pleasures of the agreeable society you would have met there, for this inconvenient dungeon in a boarding-house; squandered your money like a tragedy hero, and put yourself into a situation to shoot, or to be shot by, one of your best friends, all for the sake of a girl who was silly and impudent enough to cast a few coquettish glances at you in the street! truly! truly!—however, it is not quite so bad as I apprehended, certainly less unpardonable that you should play the idiot than to have turned out a gambler or *roué*, as I suspected. But just see how easily all this might have been avoided!—merely by your going with me to see your cousin, and falling in love with her, and thus putting yourself out of danger of becoming entangled in the snares of another. It is a lucky thing for you, my gentle Romeo, that we came

to an understanding so soon, for I had made up my mind, partly, to marry Mrs. Attwood, the widow, right off, and as Etty would have been a sort of niece, to make her my heiress. What d'ye think of that? But there's your breakfast bell, and my carriage is waiting for me. Go down, and in half an hour I will call and take you home with me. In the meantime I will see Elkinton, and try if the matter can't be settled without pistols."

At the end of the half-hour Mr. Holcroft returned, and apprising Julius that he had made an appointment with Elkinton to meet him at eleven, he took him away, talking all the time with much spirit, evidently to engage and amuse the thoughts of the chagrined and disappointed lover. This seemed to have little effect, when, thinking of another expedient, he ordered his coachman to stop at the rooms of an eminent painter, where, he stated to Julius, he was getting some pictures executed, which he would like him to examine. He would take no refusal, and the young gentleman was obliged to alight and accompany him into the gallery. When they had reached it, he found no difficulty in recognizing the first piece pointed out to him as the portrait of his uncle himself, and after giving it the appropriate measure of approbation, he strolled away, on seeing the artist approach. With occasionally a cursory glance at them, he walked in front of a row of ladies and gentlemen, who smiled upon him from the canvass in a manner that, to his moodiness, appeared quite tantalizing, and, at length, an exclamation from him drew Mr. Holcroft to his side, who found him gazing pale and breathless upon a picture, the very counterpart, even to the blue velvet mantilla, of the one in his heart.

"Why, what's the matter?—whom do you recognize there?" asked the old bachelor.

"She,—herself,—the fair cause of my late—insanity;" answered he, with an unsuccessful effort to return the smile.

"Who?—that?—the original of that! Whew! ha! ha!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a stare and then a boisterous laugh; "and is it she, that you have allowed to put you on the road to Bedlam!—a dumpy little thing like that! ha! ha! But I see that I have frustrated my own intention, in bringing you here to compose you. Don't stand there in such an attitude, and looking so wo-begone, or Mr. — will make a caricature of you; he has his keen eye fixed on you now, come along!" and Julius followed unwillingly down stairs, his uncle laughing all the way in a manner that was excessively provoking.

In a few minutes they had reached home. "I'll not get out," said the old bachelor, "just go in and amuse yourself, until I return, which will be shortly. Be sure that you wait for me, as I wish to be present at your interview with Elkinton."

Julius did as he was requested, and in due time his uncle returned. "Come now," said he, "I have no doubt that the young lady will make a confession, and that you will escape with your character untarnished except by folly. Then after we have got over our business with Elkinton, if it should be settled

amicably, we will go to see your cousin Henrietta."

"My dear uncle! I beseech you do not propose my going to visit a lady, in my present frame of mind! I really should disgrace both myself and you. Make my excuses to Etty, and when I have returned to the city, after I shall have banished the remembrance of my disappointment by a few months in the country, I will endeavour to do everything that is proper."

"I forgot to tell you," said Mr. Holcroft, "that we are not to meet Elkinton at his lodgings, but in a private house; an arrangement made, I suspect, that Miss Lawrenson might be present, to make an explanation of her conduct. Here is the place, now."

Julius started, but the carriage stopped, and he followed his uncle in silence. They were ushered into an elegant drawing-room, and on an ottoman, in full view of the door, sat the blue velvet mantilla.—She bowed to Mr. Holcroft, and looked at Julius, as if quitted prepared to confront him. The sight of her convinced him that he was not yet cured of his passion, but before he had had any time to betray it, his uncle took him by the arm, and said as he drew him forward, "Allow me, Julius, to present you to your cousin Henrietta Attwood."

"The most unnecessary thing in the world, Mr. Holcroft," returned the lady rising, "as I would have known my cousin Julius anywhere. He, however, I presume, would not have found it so easy to recognize me!" and looking into his face with a merry, ringing laugh, she approached him, and held out her hand.

Confounded by the many emotions that crowded upon him, Julius stood speechless, and almost afraid to touch it, when her laugh was echoed from the adjoining room and Elkinton appeared, accompanied by the dark-eyed damsel, whom our hero had seen as the companion of his cousin, and introduced her as Miss Lawrenson.

"My dear Rockwell," said he, heartily grasping Julius' hand, "I am delighted to meet you again as one of the most valued of my friends. We have good reason to congratulate each other that we did not fall victims to a stratagem, planned by these cruel nymphs, as cunning as ever was devised by Circe of old."

"Stop, stop, Elkinton!" interrupted the old bachelor, "as the merit of the *dénouement* is mine, I think I am entitled to make a speech to Julius."

"Not now, not here, before us! dear Mr. Holcroft!" exclaimed both the girls laughing and blushing, but as he showed signs of proceeding, they ran away, and left the gentlemen by themselves.

According to Mr. Holcroft's explanation, Henrietta had recognized her cousin on the day of his arrival, which fully accounted for her pleasant glances; and from his following her in the street, approaching her at the theatre, and tracing her to Mr. Lawrenson's, which that gentleman had observed, she presumed that she was equally known to him, and, of course, wondered that he did not avail himself of the easier method of renewing their acquaintance by means of his uncle. But on discovering, from Mr. Holcroft's representations, that she was mistaken, learning his change of residence, and receiving through Miss Lawrenson, his verses, in which she recognized his

hand, she was struck with a clearer perception of the case, and she determined to engage in the flirtation, and pursue it until he should make her a visit, as a relation, and then have a laugh at his expense. Miss Lawrenson, in return for assisting her, by receiving his communications, claimed the privilege of having some amusement of her own out of the adventure, and to effect this, she made use of his beautiful gifts to excite the jealousy of Elkinton; they both, however, discovered that they had carried the game too far, and alarmed at the turn it had taken, had sent for Elkinton, an hour or two before, from Mrs. Attwood's, and made a full confession. There Mr. Holcroft had found him, when he called to inform Etty of his discovery in the picture-room, and of his nephew's difficulties, and there the grand finale was projected.

"It must have been my indistinct and unconscious recollection of my old play-fellow, after all," said Julius, "which so attracted me, and it was her getting out of the carriage at Mr. Lawrenson's and being there so often, which brought you into the drama, Elkinton."

"Yes, she is to be our bridesmaid, and, no doubt, she and Charlotte have a good many little matters to talk over;—that accounts for their being so much together. She stayed over night the time in question."

"Well, well, it is a mercy that in their confabulations they did not set you two blowing each other's brains out; and it would have been no wonder, Julius, if such a catastrophe had happened, to punish you for your disobedience," said the old bachelor, "now, if you had obliged me, like a dutiful nephew, by calling on your cousin, and acted a friend's part towards Elkinton, by going to see his sweetheart, everything would have ended properly without any of this trouble. But it is too often the case that people run after all sorts of shadows, and get themselves into all sorts of scrapes, in their search after happiness, when they could find it at once by quietly attending to their duties at home."

The young ladies returned, and, through delicacy towards them, no allusion was made to the subject just canvassed, but Julius, on returning with his uncle to dinner, declared his intention of offering himself to Etty that very evening, if he should find an opportunity. This the old gentleman expressly forbade, giving him a fortnight as a term of probation; but whether he was obeyed more closely in this than in his former requisitions, was, from certain indications, a matter of doubt.

At the end of the two weeks, there was a friendly contest between Rockwell and Elkinton, as to which must wait to be the groomsmen of the other. It was left to the decision of Mr. Holcroft, who declared in favor of the latter, he having determined to serve in that capacity, towards his nephew himself.

He did so, in the course of a few months, and though Julius has not had time to rise, as his substitute, to the height of the profession, he has carried out the original plan so far as to have furnished the Holcroft mansion with a boy, athletic enough already to ride on his grand uncle's cane, and a girl, so ingenious as to have, occasionally, made a doll's cradle of his rocking chair.

AGATHÈ.—A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA II.

A curse! a curse!—the beautiful pale wing
Of a sea-bird was worn with wandering,
And, on a sunny rock beside the shore
It stood, the golden waters gazing o'er,
And they were heaving a brown amber flow
Of weeds, that glittered gloriously below.

It was the sunset, and the gorgeous hall
Of heaven rose up on pillars magical
Of living silver, shafting the fair sky
Between dark time and great eternity.
They rose upon their pedestal of sun,
A line of snowy columns! and anon,
Were lost in the rich tracery of cloud
That hung along magnificently proud,
Predicting the pure starlight, that beyond
The East was armoring in diamond
About the camp of twilight, and was soon
To marshal under the fair champion moon,
That called her chariot of unearthly mist,
Toward her citadel of amethyst.

A curse! a curse!—a lonely man is there
By the deep waters, with a burden fair
Clasped in his wearied arms.—'Tis he; 'tis he
The brain-struck Julio and Agathè!
His cowl is back—flung back upon the breeze,—
His lofty brow is haggard with disease,
As if a wild libation had been pour'd
Of lightning on those temples, and they shower'd
A dismal perspiration, like a rain,
Shook by the thunder and the hurricane!

He dropt upon a rock, and by him placed,
Over a bed of sea-pinks growing waste,
The silent ladye, and he mutter'd wild,
Strange words, about a mother, and no child.
"And I shall wed thee, Agathè! although
Ours be no God—blest bride—even so!"
And from the sand he took a silver shell,
That had been wasted by the fall and swell
Of many a moon-borne tide into a ring—
A rude, rude ring; it was a snow-white thing,
Where a lone hermit limpet slept and died,
In ages far away.—"Thou art a bride,
Sweet Agathè! wake up; we must not linger."
He press'd the ring upon her chilly finger,
And to the sea-bird, on its sunny stone,
Shouted,—*"Pale priest! that liest all alone*

Upon thy ocean-altar, rise away
To our glad bridal!" and its wings of gray
All lazily it spread, and hover'd by
With a wild shriek—a melancholy cry!
Then swooping slowly o'er the heaving breast
Of the blue ocean, vanish'd in the west.
And Julio is chanting to his bride,
A merry song of his wild heart, that died
On the soft breeze through pinks beside the sea,
All rustling in their beauty gladly.

SONG.

A rosary of stars, love! we'll count them as we go
Upon the laughing waters, that are wandering below,
And we'll o'er the pearly moon-beam, as it lieth in the sea
In beauty and in glory, like a shadowing of thee!

A rosary of stars, love! a prayer as we glide
And a whisper in the wind, and a murmur on the tide!
And we'll say a fair adieu to the flowers that are seen,
With shells of silver sown in radiance between.

A rosary of stars, love! the purest they shall be,
Like spirits of pale pearl, in the bosom of the sea;
Now help thee, virgin mother! with a blessing as we go,
Upon the laughing waters, that are wandering below

He lifted the dead girl, and is away
To where a light boat in its moorings lay,
Like a sea-cradle, rocking to the hush
Of the nurse waters; with a frantic rush
O'er the wild field of tangles he hath sped,
And through the shoaling waves that fell and fled
Upon the furrow'd beach.

The snowy sail

Is hoisted to the gladly gushing gale,
That bosom'd its fair canvass with a breast
Of silver, looking lovely to the west;
And at the helm there sits the wither'd one,
Gazing and gazing on the sister nun,
With her fair tresses floating on his knee—
The beautiful death-stricken Agathè!
Fast, fast, and far away, the bark hath stood
Out toward the great heaving solitude,
That gurgled in its deeps, as if the breath
Went through its lungs of agony and death!

The sun is lost within the labyrinth
Of clouds of purple and pale hyacinth,
That are the frontlet of the sister sky
Kissing her brother ocean; and they lie

Bathing in blushes, till the rival queen,
Night, with her starry tiar, floateth in—
A dark and dazzling beauty! that doth draw
Over the light of love a shade of awe
Most strange, that parts our wonder not the less
Between her mystery and loveliness!

And she is there, that is a Pyramid
Whereon the stars, the statues of the dead,
Are imaged over the eternal hall,
A group of radiances majestic!
And Julio looks up, and there they be,
And Agathè, and all the waste of sea,
That slept in wizard slumber, with a shroud
Of night flung o'er his bosom, throbbing proud
Amid its azure pulses, and again
He dropt his blighted eye-orbs, with a strain
Of mirth upon the ladye:—"Agathè!
Sweet bride! be thou a queen and I will lay
A crown of sea-weed on thy royal brow!
And I will twine these tresses, that are now
Floating beside me, to a diadem:
And the sea foam will sprinkle gem on gem,
And so will the soft dew. Be thou the queen
Of the unpeopled waters, sadly seen
By star-light, till the yet unrisen moon
Issue, unveiled, from her anteroom,
To bathe in the sea fountains: let me say,
"Hail—hail to thee! thrice hail, my Agathè!"

The warrior world was lifting to the bent
Of his eternal brow magnificent,
The fiery moon, that in her blazonry
Shone eastward, like a shield. The throbbing sea
Felt fever on his azure arteries,
That shadow'd them with crimson, while the breeze
Fell faster on the solitary sail.
But the red moon grew loftier and pale,
And the great ocean, like the holy hall,
Where slept a seraph host maritimal,
Was gorgeous, with wings of diamond
Fann'd over it, and millions beyond
Of tiny waves were playing to and fro,
All musical, with an incessant flow
Of cadences, innumerable heard
Between the shrill notes of a hermit bird,
That held a solemn psalm to the moon.

A few devotional fair clouds were soon
Breath'd o'er the living countenance of Heaven,
And under the great galaxies were driven
Of stars that group'd together, and they went
Like voyagers along the firmament,
And grew to silver in the blessed light
Of the moon alchemist. It was not night
Not the dark deathly shadow, that falls o'er,
The eye-lid like a curse, but far before
In splendor, struggling through a fall of gloom,
In many a myriad gushes, that do come
Direct from the eternal stars beyond,
Like holy fountains pouring diamond!

A sail! awake thee, Julio! a sail!
And be not bending to thy trances pale.
But he is gazing on the moonlit brow
Of his dead Agathè, and fondly now,
The light is silvering her bloodless face
And the cold grave-clothes. There is loveliness
As in a marble image, very bright!
But stricken with a phantasy of light

That is not given to the mortal hue,
To life and breathing beauty: and she too
Is more of the expressless lineament,
Than of the golden thoughts that came and went
Over her features, like a living tide
No while before.

A sail is on the wide
And moving waters, and it draweth nigh
Like a sea-cloud. The elfin billows fly
Before it, in their armories enthrall'd
Of radiant and moon-breasted emerald:
And many is the mariner that sees
That lone boat in the melancholy breeze,
Waving her snowy canvass, and anon
Their stately vessel with a gallant run
Crowds by in all her glory; but the cheer
Of men is pass'd into a sudden fear,
And whisperings, and shaking of the head.—
The moon was streaming on a virgin dead,
And Julio sat over her insane,
Like a sea demon! o'er and o'er again,
Each cross'd him, as the stately vessel stood
Far out into the murmuring solitude!

But Julio saw not; he only heard
A rushing, like the passing of a bird,
And felt him heaving on the foam, that flew
Along the startled billows: and he knew
Of a strange sail, by broken oaths that fell
Beside him, on the coming of the swell.

"They knew thou wert a queen, my royal bride!
And made obeisance at thy holy side.
They saw thee, Agathè! and go to bring
Fair worshippers, and many a poet-king,
To utter music at thy pearly feet.—
Now, wake thee! for the moonlight cometh sweet,
To visit in thy temple of the sea;
Thy sister moon is watching over thee!
And she is spreading a fair mantle of
Pure silver, in thy lonely palace, love!—
Now, wake thee! for the sea bird is aloof,
In solitude, below the starry roof:
And on its dewy plume there is a light
Of palest splendor, o'er the blessed night.
Thy spirit, Agathè!—and yet thou art
Beside me, and my solitary heart
Is throbbing near to thee: I must not feel
The sweet notes of thy holy music steal
Into my feverous and burning brain,—
So wake not! and I'll hush thee with a strain
Of my wild fancy, till thou dream of me,
And I be loved as I have lov'd thee:—

SONG.

'Tis light to love thee living, girl, when hope is full and fair
In the springtide of thy beauty, when there is no sorrow
there—

No sorrow on thy brow, and no shadow on thy heart!
When, like a floating sea-bird, bright and beautiful thou art!

'Tis light to love thee living, girl—to see thee ever so,
With health, that, like a crimson flower, lies blushing in
the snow;

And thy tresses falling over, like the amber on the pearl—
Oh! true, it is a *lightsome* thing, to love thee living, girl:

But when the brow is blighted, like a star at morning tide,
And faded is the crimson blush upon the cheek beside:
It is to love as seldom love, the brightest and the best,
When our love lies like a dew upon the one that is at rest,

Because of hopes that fallen are changing to despair,
And the heart is always dreaming on the ruin that is there.
Oh, true ! 'tis weary, weary, to be gazing over thee,
And the light of thy pure vision breaketh never upon me !

He lifts her in his arms, and o'er and o'er,
Upon the brow of chilliness and hoar,
Repeats a silent kiss :—along the side
Of the lone bark, he leans that pallid bride,
Until the waves do image her within
Their bosom, like a spectre—'tis a sin
Too deadly to be shadow'd or forgiven
To do such mockery in the sight of Heaven !
And bid her gaze into the startled sea,
And say, "Thy image, from eternity,
Hath come to meet thee, ladye !" and anon
He bade the cold corpse kiss the shadowy one,
That shook amid the waters, like the light
Of borealis in a winter night !

And after, he did strain her sea-wet hair
Between his chilly fingers, with a stare
Of mystery, that marvell'd how that she
Had drench'd it so amid the moonlit sea.

The morning rose, with breast of living gold,
Like eastern phoenix, and his plumage roll'd
In clouds of molted brilliance, very bright !
And on the waste of waters floated light.—

In truth, 'twas strange to see that merry bark
Skimming the silver ocean, like a shark
At play amid the beautiful sea-green,
And all so sadly desolate within.

And hours flew after hours, a weary length,
Until the sunlight, in meridian strength,
Threw burning floods upon the wasted brow
Of that sea-hermit mariner ; and now
He felt the fire-light feed upon his brain,
And started with intensity of pain,
And washed him in the sea ;—it only brought
Wild reason, like a demon ; and he thought
Strange thoughts, like dreaming men,—he thought
how those

Were round him he had seen, and many rose
His heart had hated ; every billow threw
Features before him, and pale faces grew
Out of the sea by myriads :—the self-same
Was moulded from its image, and they came
In groups together, and all said, like one,
"Be cursed !" and vanish'd in the deep anon.
Then thirst, intolerable as the breath
Of Upas, fanning the wild wings of death,
Crept up his very gorge,—like to a snake,
That stifled him, and bade the pulses ache
Through all the boiling current of his blood.
It was a thirst, that let the fever flood
Fall over him, and gave a ghastly hue
To his cramp'd lips, until their breathing grew
White as a mist and short, and like a sigh,
Heaved with a struggle, till it faltered by.
And ever he did look upon the corpse
With idiot visage, like the hag Remorse
That gloateth over on a nameless deed
Of darkness and of dole unhistoried.
And were there that might hear him, they would hear
The murmur of a prayer in deep fear
Through unbar'd lips, escaping by the half,
And all but smother'd by a maniac laugh,

That follow'd it, so sudden and so shrill,
That swarms of sea-birds, wandering at will
Upon the wave, rose startled, and away
Went flocking, like a silver shower of spray !
And aye he called for water, and the sea
Mock'd him with his brine surges tauntingly,
And lash'd them over on his feverous brow,
Volleying roars of curses,—*"stay thee, now,
Avenger ! lest I die ; for I am worn
Fainter than star-light at the birth of morn ;
Stay thee, great angel ! for I am not shriven,
But frantic as thyself : Oh ! Heaven ! Heaven !
But thou hast made me brother of the sea,
That I may tremble at his tyranny :
Or am I slave ? a very, very jest
To the sarcastic waters ? let me breast
The base insulters, and defy them so,
In this lone little skiff.—I am your foe !
Ye raving, lion-like, and ramping seas,
That open up your nostrils to the breeze,
And fain would swallow me ! Do ye not fly,
Pale, sick, and gurgling, as I pass you by ?*

*"Lift up ! and let me see, that I may tell
Ye can be mad, and strange, and terrible ;
That ye have power, and passion, and a sound,
As of the flying of an angel round
The mighty world : that ye are one with time,
And in the great primordium sublime
Were cursed together, as an infant-twin,—
A glory and a wonder ! I would fain
Hold truce, thou elder brother ! for we are,
In feature, as the sun is to a star.
So are we like, and we are touch'd in tune
With lunacy as music ; and the moon,
That setteth the tides sentinel before
Thy camp of waters, on the pebbled shore,
And measures their great footsteps to and fro,
Hath lifted up into my brain the flow
Of this mad tide of blood—ay ? we are like
In foam and frenzy ; the same winds do strike,
The same fierce sun-rays, from their battlement
Of fire ! so, when I perish impotent
Before the might of death, they'll say of me,
He died as mad and frantic as the sea !*

A cloud stood for the East, a cloud like night,
Like a huge vulture, and the blessed light
Of the great Sun grew shadow'd awfully ;
It seemed to mount up from the mighty sea,
Shaking the showers from its solemn wings,
And grew, and grew, and many a myriad springs
Were on its bosom, teeming full of rain.
There fell a terrible and wizard chain
Of lightning, from its black and heated forge,
And the dark waters took it to their gorge,
And lifted up their shaggy flanks in wonder
With rival chorus to the peal of thunder,
That wheel'd in many a squadron terrible
The stern black clouds, and as they rose and fell
They oozed great showers ; and Julio held up
His wasted hands, in likeness of a cup,
And drank the blessed waters, and they roll'd
Upon his cheeks like tears, but sadly cold !—
'Twas very strange to look on Agathè !
How the quick lightnings, in their elfin play,
Stream'd pale upon her features, and they were
Sickly, like tapers in a sepulchre !

(To be continued.)

THE DAUGHTERS OF DR. BYLES.

A SKETCH FROM REALITY.

(Concluded from page 65.)

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART II.

HAVING thus become acquainted with the two Miss Byleses, and understanding that they were always delighted when strangers were brought to see them in a similar manner, I afterwards became the introducer of several friends from other cities, who successively visited Boston in the course of that summer, and who expressed a desire to pay their compliments to these singular old ladies.

In every instance, the same routine was pursued upon these occasions by the two sisters, and the practice of nearly half a century had, of course, made them perfect in it. I was told by a lady who had known the Miss Byleses long and intimately, and had introduced to them, at their house, not less than fifty persons, that she had never observed the slightest variation in their usual series of sayings and doings. And so I always found it, whenever I brought them a new visitor. Miss Mary always came to receive us at the front door,—and Miss Catharine always produced her own effect by not making her appearance, till we had sat sometime in the parlour. The attention of the stranger was always, in the same words, directed to the cornelian ring on their father's picture, and always the new guests were placed in the great carved chair, and the same wonder was expressed that "they should sit easy under the crown." Always did their visitor hear the history of "their nephew, poor boy, whom they had not seen for forty years." Always did Miss Catharine with the same diffidence exhibit the snake,—and always was the snake unwilling to re-enter his box, till he had been brought to obedience by a little wholesome chastisement. The astounding trick of the alphabetical bits of paper was unfailingly shown;—and, always when the visitors gave symptoms of departure, did Miss Mary slip out of the room, and lock the front door, that she might have an opportunity of repeating her excellent joke about the ladies night caps.

It was very desirable that all ladies and gentlemen, taken to see the Miss Byleses, should have sufficient tact to be astonished up to the exact point at the exhibition of their curiosities, that they should laugh, just enough, at their witticisms; and that they should humor, rather than controvert, their gratuitous manifestations of loyalty to the person they called their rightful king.

My friend Mr. Sully, (who was glad to have an opportunity of seeing Copley's portrait of Dr. Byles,) enacted his part *à merveille*;—or rather, it was no

acting at all; but the genuine impulse of his kind and considerate feelings, and of his ever-indulgent toleration for the peculiarities of such minds as are not so fortunate as to resemble his own.

Another gentleman who was desirous of an introduction to the sisters, rather alarmed me by over-doing his part,—and, as I thought, being rather *too* much amazed at the curiosities; and rather too mirthful at the jokes,—and rather too warm in praising kings and deprecating presidents. But on this occasion, I threw away a great deal of good uneasiness, for I afterwards found that the Miss Byleses, spoke of this very gentleman as one of the most sensible and agreeable men they had ever seen,—and one who had exactly the right way of talking and behaving.

A lady who testified a wish to accompany me on a visit to the Miss Byleses, found little either to interest or amuse her,—the truth was, that being unable to enter the least into their characters, she looked very gravely all the time, and afterwards told me she saw nothing in them but foolishness.

I must do the Miss Byleses the justice to say, that they appeared to much less advantage on these the first visits of new people, than to those among the initiated, who took sufficient interest in them to cultivate an after-acquaintance. I went sometimes alone to sit an hour with them towards the decline of a summer afternoon,—and then I always found them infinitely more rational than when "putting themselves through their facings," to show off to strangers. In the course of these quiet visits, they told me many little circumstances connected with the royalist side of our revolutionary contest, that I could scarcely have obtained from any other source,—the few persons yet remaining among us that were Tories during that eventful period, taking care to say as little about it as possible: and every one is so considerate as to ask them no questions on a subject so sore to them.

But with the daughters of Dr. Byles, the case was quite different. They gloried,—they triumphed, in the firm adherence of their father and his family to the royalty of England,—and scorned the idea of even now being classed among the *citoyennes* of a republic; a republic which, as they said, they had never acknowledged, and never would; regarding themselves still as faithful subjects to the majesty of Britain, whoever that majesty might be. Of the kings that they knew of, they had a decided preference for George the Third, as the monarch of their youthful

days, and under whom the most important events of their lives had taken place. All since the revolution was nearly a blank in their memories;—they dated almost entirely from that period,—and since then, they had acquired but a scanty accession to the number of their ideas. From their visitors they learnt little or nothing, as they always had the chief of the talk to themselves. With English history, and with the writers of the first half of the last century they were somewhat conversant,—but all that had transpired in the literary and political world since the peace of '83, was to them indistinct and shadowy as the images of a dream not worth remembering. But they talked of what, to us, is now the olden time with a vividness of recollection that seemed as if the things had occurred but yesterday. In the coloring of their pictures, I, of course, made allowance for the predominant tinge of toryism, and who for a large portion of the lingering vanity, which I regarded indulgently, because it injured no one, and their self-satisfaction added to the happiness of these isolated old ladies. They once showed me, in an upper room, portraits of themselves at the ages of seventeen and eighteen, painted by Pelham, the brother-in-law, I believe, of Copley. The pictures were tolerably executed; and I think they *must* have been likenesses, for the faded faces of the octagenarian sisters still retained some resemblance to their youthful prototypes. The Miss Byleses were not depicted in the prevailing costume of that period. They had neither hoop-petticoats, stomachers, nor powdered heads,—both were represented in a species of non-descript garments, imagined by the painter,—and for head gear, Miss Catharine had her own fair locks in a state of nature,—and Miss Mary a thing like a small turban.

From their own account they must have been regarded somewhat in the light of belles by the British officers. They talked of walking on the Common arm in arm with General Howe and Lord Percy: both of whom, they said, were frequent visitors at the house, and often took tea and spent the evening there.

I imagined the heir of Northumberland, taking his tea in the old parlour, by the old fire-place, at the old tea-table,—entertained by the witticisms of Dr. Byles, and the prettinesses of his daughters; who, of course, were the envy of all the female Tories of Boston, at least of those who could not aspire to the honor of being talked to by English noblemen. Moreover, Lord Percy frequently ordered the band of his regiment to play under the chesnut trees, for the gratification of the Miss Byleses, who then, as they said, had "God save the King" in perfection. By the bye, I have never heard either God save the king or Rule Britannia *well* played by an American band; though our musicians seem to perform the Marseillois *con amore*.

The venerable ladies told me that the intimacy of their family with the principal British officers became so well known, that in a short time they found it expedient to close their shutters before dark, as the lights gleaming through the parlor windows made the house of Dr. Byles, a mark for the Americans to

fire at from their fortifications on Dorchester heights, in the hope that every ball might destroy a red-coated visitor. Also, that the cannon-shot, still sticking in the tower of Brattle-street church, was aimed by the Cambridge rebels at General Howe, who had established his head-quarters at the old Province House. Unpractised artillerymen as they then were, it is difficult to believe that, if the Province House was really their mark, they could have missed it so widely.

The Miss Byleses related many anecdotes of their father; some of which were new to me, and with others I had long been familiar. For the benefit of such of my readers as have not yet met with any of these old fashioned *jeux d'esprit* I will insert a few samples of their quality.

For instance, his daughters told me of the doctor walking one day with a whig gentleman, in the vicinity of the Common, where a division of the British troops lay encamped. His companion pointing to the soldiers of the crown—said—"you see there the cause of all our evils"—"But you cannot say that our evils are not *red-dressed*," remarked Dr. Byles, "Your pun is not a good one," observed his companion, "you have mis-spelt the word by adding another D."—"Well—"replied the clerical joker,—“as a doctor of divinity, am I not entitled to the use of two D's.”

They spoke of their father's captivity in his own mansion. And one of them repeated to me the well known story of Dr. Byles coming out to the centinel who was on guard, in a porch that then ran along the front of the house, and requesting him to go to the street pump and bring a bucket of cold water, as the day was warm, and the doctor very thirsty. The soldier, it seems, at first declined; alledging his reluctance to violate the rules of the service by quitting his post before the relief came round. The doctor assured the man that *he* would take his place, and be his own guard till the water was brought. The centinel at last complied; and took the bucket and went to the pump,—first resigning his musket to Dr. Byles, who shouldered it in a very soldier-like manner, and paced the porch, guarding himself till the sentry came back,—to whom on returning his piece, he said,—“Now my friend, you see I have been guarded—re-guarded—and dis-regarded.”

The Miss Byleses also referred to the anecdote of their father having once paid his addresses to a lady who refused him, and afterwards married the Mr. Quincy of that time, a name which then, as now, is frequently in Boston pronounced Quinsy. The doctor afterwards meeting the lady, said to her jocosely,—“Your taste in distempers must be very bad, when it has led you to prefer the Quinsy to Byles.”

In front of the house was in former times a large deep slough, that had been suffered by the municipal authorities to remain there for several winters, with all its inconveniences, which in wet weather rendered it nearly impassable. One day, Dr. Byles observed from his window that a chaise, containing two of the select men, or regulators of the town, had been completely arrested in its progress by sticking fast in the

thick heavy mud,—and they were both obliged to get out, and putting their shoulders to the wheel, work almost knee-deep in the mire before they could liberate their vehicle. The doctor came out to his gate, and bowing respectfully, said to them—"Gentlemen, I have frequently represented that slough to you as a nuisance to the street, but hitherto without any effect. Therefore I am rejoiced to see you *stirring* in the matter at last."

Certain fanatics who called themselves New-Lights had become very obnoxious to the more rational part of the community, and were regarded with much displeasure by the orthodox churches. A woman of this sect, who lived in the neighborhood, came in as usual, one morning, to annoy Dr. Byles, by a long argumentative, or rather vituperative visit. "Have you heard the news?" asked the doctor, immediately on the entrance of his unwelcome guest; he having just learnt the arrival, from London, of three hundred street lamps.

She replied in the negative.

"Well then," resumed the doctor,—"Not less than three hundred new lights have just arrived from England, and the civil authorities are going immediately to have them all put in irons."

The lady was shocked to hear of the cruel treatment designed for her sectarian brethren that had just come over, and she hastened away directly, to spread the intelligence among all her acquaintances, in the hope, as she said, that something might be done to prevent the infliction of so unmerited a punishment. And the doctor congratulated himself on the success of the jest by which he had gotten rid of a troublesome visitor.

A son of Dr. Byles, that retired to Halifax, must have probably inherited a portion of his father's mantle; for his sisters repeated to me one of his comendments, the humor of which almost atones for its coarseness—"Why do the leaders of insurrections resemble men that like sausages?"—"Because they are fond of intestine broils."

The Miss Byleses told me much of the scarcity of provisions and fire-wood, throughout Boston, during the winter of 1775, when the British and their adherents held out the town against the Yankee rebels, as they called them—and who had invested it everywhere on the land side, taking especial care that no supplies should pass in. It was then that the old North Church was torn down by order of General Howe, that the soldiers might convert into fuel the wood of which it was built.

By the bye, Mrs. Corder, an aged and intelligent female, living at the North end, informed me that, when a little girl, she witnessed from her father's house on the opposite side of the way, the demolition of this church; and that she was terrified at the noise of the falling beams and of the wooden walls, as they battered them down, and at the shouting and swearing of the soldiers as they quarrelled over their plunder. Nevertheless, when the work of destruction was over, and the soldiers all gone, she and other children of the neighborhood ran out to scramble among the rubbish—and she found and carried

home a little wooden footstool or cricket, that had evidently been thrown out from one of the demolished pews. I bought of my informant (who was in indigent circumstances) this humble and time-darkened relic, and it is now in possession of my youngest niece.

To return to the daughters of Dr. Byles.—They still lamented greatly over the privations endured that winter by the British army shut up and beleaguered in Boston; though certainly the same sufferings were shared by all the inhabitants that remained in the town.—And they grieved accordingly, to think that these inconveniencies finally compelled their English friends to take to their ships and depart.

Miss Mary Byles related to me, that on one occasion she had given to a hungry British soldier a piece of cold pork that had been left from dinner. A few evenings after, the same man knocked at the door, and requested to see one of the ladies—Miss Mary presented herself, and the grateful soldier slipped into her hand a paper containing a small quantity of the herb called by the whigs of that time "the detested tea;" and which it was then scarcely possible to obtain on any terms.

* * * * *

Several years elapsed before I again was in Boston. In the interim, I heard something of the Miss Byleses from ladies who knew and visited them. I understood that, at length, they had found it impossible to prevent what they had so long dreaded, the opening of a street that would take in their little green lawn, their old horse chesnut trees, and that part of their house that stood directly across the way. For this surrender of their property, they received from the city an ample compensation in money; also their house was made as good or rather better than ever besides being new roofed and thoroughly repaired. The despoiled sisters, though another and more comfortable residence was offered to them during the time of their destruction, as they termed it, steadily persisted in remaining on their own domain during the whole process of its dismemberment. Their house, as they said, was cut in half; that part which faced the end of Tremont street being taken away. They mourned over the departure of every beam and plank as if each was an old friend—and so they truly were. And deep indeed was the affliction of the aged sisters when they saw, falling beneath the remorseless axe, their noble horse-chesnut trees whose scattered branches, as they lay on the grass, the old ladies declared, seemed to them like the dismembered limbs of children. At this juncture, their grief and indignation reached its climax; and they excited much sympathy even among professed utilitarians. There were many indulgent hearts in Boston that felt as if the improvement of this part of the city might yet have been delayed for a few short years, till after these venerable and harmless females should have closed their eyes for ever upon all that could attach them to this side of the grave. And that even if the march of public spirit should in consequence have allowed itself to pause a little longer in

this part of its road, "neither heaven nor earth would have grieved at the mercy."

Miss Mary Byles, who with more sprightliness had less strength of mind than her younger sister, never, as the saying is, held up her head again.—Her health and spirits declined from that time—she sunk slowly but surely; and after lingering some months, a few days of severe bodily suffering terminated all her afflictions, and consigned her mortal remains to their final resting-place beside her father. In the meantime she had lost her nephew, Mather Brown, the painter, who died at an advanced age in London and who was to have been the heir of all that his aunts possessed.

In addition to the rest of their little wealth, the Miss Byleses had in a sort of strong-hold up stairs a chest of old-fashioned plate, no article of which was on any occasion used by them. Also, they retained some rare and valuable books that had belonged to their father, and a few curious and excellent mathematical instruments brought by him from England, and which the University of Harvard had vainly endeavoured to purchase from them. Among other articles was an immense burning-glass, said to be one of the largest in the world, and which the old ladies kept locked up in a closet, and carefully covered with a thick cloth, lest, as they said, it should set the house on fire.

* * * * *

On a subsequent visit to the metropolis of the American east, I went to see the surviving Miss Byles; and when I reached the accustomed place I could scarcely recognize it. The main part of the old house was yet standing; but the loss of one end had given it quite a different aspect. There was no longer the green inclosure, the fence-gate, and the narrow path through the grass—the door opened directly upon a brick pavement and on the dusty street. To be sure there was a fresh-looking wooden door-step. New tenements had been run up all about the now noisy vicinity, which had entirely lost its air of quiet retirement. All was now symptomatic of bustle and business. The ancient dwelling-place of the Byles family had ceased to be picturesque. It had been repaired and made comfortable; but denuded of its guardian trees there was nothing more to screen from full view its extreme unsightliness. Above its weather-blackened walls (which the sisters would not allow to be painted, lest it should look *totally* unlike itself) the new shingles of the roof seemed out of keeping—I thought of all the poor ladies must have suffered during the transformation of their paternal domicile.

On knocking at the door, it was opened for me by an extremely good-looking neatly dressed matron, who conducted me into a room which I could scarcely believe was the original old parlor. The homely antique furniture had disappeared, and was replaced by some very neat and convenient articles of modern form. The floor was nicely carpeted; there were new chairs and a new table,—a bed with white curtains and counterpane, and window-curtains to match.—Nothing looked familiar but the antique crown chair and the pictures.

I found Miss Catharine Byles seated in a rocking chair with a pillow at her back.—She looked paler, thinner, sharper, and much older than when I last saw her. She was no longer in a white short gown but wore a whole gown of black merino, with a nice white muslin collar and a regular day-cap trimmed with black ribbon.

Though glad to find her so much improved as to comfort, I take shame to myself when I confess that I felt something not unlike disappointment, at seeing such a change in the ancient lady and her attributes. The quaintness, and I may say the picturesqueness of the old mansion, and its accessories, and also that of its octogenarian mistress, seemed gone for ever. I am sorry to acknowledge that at the moment I thought of the French artist Lebrun, who meeting in the street an old tattered beggar-man with long gray locks and a venerable silver beard, was struck with the idea of his being a capital subject for the pencil, and engaged him to come to him next day and have his likeness transferred to canvass. The beggar came; but thinking that all people who sit for their pictures should look spruce, he had bedizened himself in a very genteel suit of Sunday clothes, with kneebuckles and silk stockings his face and hands nicely washed; his chin shaved clean; and his hair dressed and powdered; the whole man looking altogether as unpaintable as possible.—All artists will sympathize with the disappointed Lebrun, as he contemplated his beggar with dismay, and exclaimed—"oh! you are spoiled!—you are spoiled!" I suppose it is because I am a painter's sister, that I caught myself nearly on the point of making a similar ejaculation on seeing the new-modelling of Miss Catharine Byles, and her domicile.

But a truce with such unpardonable thoughts—Miss Catharine recognized me at once, and seemed very glad to see me. She soon began to talk about her troubles, and her sorrows, and alluded in a very affecting manner to the loss of her sister, who she said had died of a broken heart in consequence of the changes made in their little patrimony; having always hoped to die, as she had lived, in her father's house just as he had left it—"But the worst of all pursued Miss Catharine—"was the cutting down of the old trees.—Every stroke of the axe seemed like a blow upon our hearts. Neither of us slept a wink all that night. Poor sister Mary; she soon fretted herself to death. To think of our having to submit to these dreadful changes, all at once; when for ten years our dear father's spectacles, were never removed from the place in which he had last laid them down."

I attempted to offer a few words of consolation to Miss Catharine, but she wept bitterly and would not be comforted. "Ah!"—said she—"this is one of the consequences of living in a republic. Had we been still under a king, he would have known nothing about our little property, and we could have enjoyed it in our own way as long as we lived. There is one comfort, that not a creature in the states will be any the better for what *we* shall leave behind us—Sister and I have taken care of that. We have bequeathed every article to our relations in Nova Scotia since our nephew, poor boy, was so unfortunate as

to die before us. In all our trials it has been a great satisfaction to us to reflect that when everything was changing around, grace has been given us to remain faithful to our church and king."

The loyal old lady then informed me that, on his accession to the throne, she had written a letter of congratulation to his Britannic Majesty, William the Fourth, whom she remembered having seen in Boston before the revolution, when he was there as Duke of Clarence and an officer in his father's navy. In this epistle she had earnestly assured him that the family of Dr. Byles always were, and always would be, most true and fervent in their devotion to their liege lord and rightful sovereign the king of England.—To have attempted to argue her out of this feeling, the pride and solace of her declining life, would have been cruel; and moreover entirely useless—I did not hint to her the improbability of her letter ever having reached the royal personage to whom it was addressed.

The old lady told me that her chief occupation now was to write serious poetry, and she gave me a copy of some stanzas which she had recently composed. The verses were tolerably good, and written in a hand remarkably neat, handsome, and steady.

* * * * *

Miss Catharine Byles survived her sister Miss Mary about two years, and died of gradual decay in the summer of 1837. Her remains repose with those of her father and sister beneath the flooring of Trinity Church. They left the whole of their property to their loyalist relations in Nova Scotia, true to their long-cherished resolution that no republican should inherit the value of a farthing from them. The representative of the family is said to have come to Boston and taken possession of the bequest.

It is curious, as well as instructive, to contemplate the infinite varieties of human character, and the strange phases under which human intellect presents itself. The peculiarities of these two sisters strikingly evinced the lasting power of early impressions, almost always indelible when acting upon minds that have not been expanded by intercourse with the world. For instance—their steadfast, gratuitous and useless loyalty, cherished for monarchs whom they had never seen, and who had forgotten the very existence of Dr. Byles (if indeed they had ever remembered it) and who, of course, neither knew nor cared anything about his daughters; their rooted antipathy

to the republic in which they lived, and where if they had not persisted in shutting their eyes they must have seen everything flourishing around them; the strict economy which induced them to deny themselves even the comforts of life, and their willingness to be assisted by the benevolent rather than render themselves independent by an advantageous disposal of their property. The almost idolatrous devotion with which they clung to the inanimate objects that had been familiar to them in early life, showed an intensity of feeling which was both pitied and respected by their friends, though reason perhaps would not have sanctioned its entire indulgence. By living so much alone, by visiting at no other house, by never going out of their native town, by perpetually thinking and talking over the occurrences of their youth, they had wrought themselves into a firm belief that no way was right but their own way, no opinions correct but their own opinions; and above all, that in no other dwelling-place but their paternal mansion was it possible for them to be happy or even to exist.

As a set-off to their weaknesses, their vanities and their prejudices, it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the kindness of their deportment, the soft tones of their voices, and to the old-fashioned polish of their manners; which at once denoted them to be ladies, even in their short-gowns and petticoats.

Though, in the latter part of their lives, the daughters of Dr. Byles were subjected to the sore trial of seeing the little green lawn on which they had played when children converted into a dusty street, and the fine old trees (which would take a century to replace) demolished in a few minutes before their eyes: still they were both permitted to die beneath the same roof under which their existence had commenced. The house of their heavenly father has many mansions; and there, in their eternal abode, now that their mental vision has cleared, and their souls have been purified from the dross of mortality, they have learnt the futility of having set their hearts too steadfastly on a dwelling erected by human hands; and more than all, of fostering prejudices in favor of that system of government which, according to the signs of the times, is fast and deservedly passing away. Is it too much to hope that ere the lapse of another half century, not a being in the civilized world will render the homage of a bended knee, except to the King of Heaven.

SONNET.

A DREAM of love, too short, but ah, how dear!

Hath fled and left me sad and desolate.

Of from my lids I dash the silent tear

And mourn as mourns the wood-dove for her mate,

Who on some branch of thunder-stricken oak

Wastes in complainings tremulous and low

Her gentle soul away. The charm is broke,

Which link'd me erst to joy. With pensive brow,

At midnight hour beneath the ruined pile,

Musing o'er change my vigil lone I keep,—

While streaming faint aslant the shattered aisle,

Soft on its moss the pillowed moonbeams sleep,

Or trim the flickering lamp and eager pore

On bard or sage in Hellas famed of yore. D. H. B.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BRAINARD.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

AMONG all the *pioneers* of American literature, whether prose or poetical, there is *not one* whose productions have not been much over-rated by his countrymen. But this fact is more especially obvious in respect to such of these pioneers as are no longer living,—nor is it a fact of so deeply transcendental a nature as only to be accounted for by the Emersons and Alcotts. In the first place, we have but to consider that gratitude, surprise, and a species of hyper-patriotic triumph have been blended, and finally confounded, with mere admiration, or appreciation, in respect to the labors of our earlier writers; and, in the second place, that Death has thrown his customary veil of the sacred over these commingled feelings, forbidding them, in a measure, to be *now* separated or subjected to analysis. “In speaking of the deceased,” says that excellent old English Moralist, James Puckle, in his “Gray Cap for a Green Head,” “so fold up your discourse that their virtues may be outwardly shown, while their vices are wrapped up in silence.” And with somewhat too inconsiderate a promptitude have we followed the spirit of this quaint advice. The mass of American readers have been, hitherto, in no frame of mind to view with calmness, and to discuss with discrimination, the true claims of the few who were *first* in convincing the mother country that her sons were not all brainless, as, in the plentitude of her arrogance, she, at one period, half affected and half wished to believe; and where any of these few have departed from among us, the difficulty of bringing their pretensions to the test of a proper criticism has been enhanced in a very remarkable degree. But even as concerns the living: is there any one so blind as not to see that Mr. Cooper, for example, owes much, and that Mr. Paulding, owes *all* of his reputation as a novelist, to his early occupation of the field? Is there any one so dull as not to know that fictions which neither Mr. Paulding nor Mr. Cooper *could* have written, are daily published by native authors without attracting more of commendation than can be crammed into a hack newspaper paragraph? And, again, is there any one so prejudiced as not to acknowledge that all this is because there is no longer either reason or wit in the query,—“Who reads an American book?” It is not because we lack the talent in which the days of Mr. Paulding exulted, but because such talent has shown itself to be common. It is not because we have *no* Mr. Coopers; but because it has been demonstrated that we might, at any moment, have as many Mr. Coopers as we please. In fact we are now strong in our own

resources. We have, at length, arrived at that epoch when our literature may and must stand on its own merits, or fall through its own defects. We have snapped asunder the leading-strings of our British Grandmamma, and, better still, we have survived the first hours of our novel freedom,—the first licentious hours of a hobbledehoy braggadocio and swagger. *At last*, then, we are in a condition to be criticised—even more, to be neglected; and the journalist is no longer in danger of being impeached for *les-majesté* of the Democratic Spirit, who shall assert, with sufficient humility, that we have committed an error in mistaking “Kettell’s Specimens” for the Pentateuch, or Joseph Rodman Drake for Apollo.

The case of this latter gentleman is one which well illustrates what we have been saying. We believe it was some five years ago that Mr. Dearborn republished the “Culprit Fay,” which then, as at the period of its original issue, was belauded by the universal American press, in a manner which must have appeared ludicrous—not to speak *very* plainly—in the eyes of all unprejudiced observers. With a curiosity much excited by comments at once so grandiloquent and so general, we procured and read the poem. What we found it we ventured to express distinctly, and at some length, in the pages of the “Southern Messenger.” It is a well-versified and sufficiently fluent composition, without high merit of any kind. Its defects are gross and superabundant. Its plot and conduct, considered in reference to its scene, are absurd. Its originality is none at all. Its imagination (and this was the great feature insisted upon by its admirers,) is but a “counterfeit presentment,”—but the shadow of the shade of that lofty quality which is, in fact, the soul of the Poetic Sentiment—but a drivelling *effort to be fanciful*—an effort resulting in a species of hop-skip-and-go-merry rhodomontade, which the uninitiated feel it a duty to call ideality, and to admire as such, while lost in surprise at the impossibility of performing at least the latter half of the duty with any thing like satisfaction to themselves. And all this we not only asserted, but without difficulty *proved*. Dr. Drake has written some beautiful poems, but the “Culprit Fay,” is not of them. We neither expected to hear any dissent from our opinions, nor did we hear any. On the contrary, the approving voice of every critic in the country whose *dictum* we had been accustomed to respect, was to us a sufficient assurance that we had not been very grossly in the wrong. In fact the public taste was then *approaching* the right. The

truth indeed had not, as yet, made itself heard; but we had reached a point at which it had but to be plainly and boldly put, to be, at least tacitly, admitted.

This habit of apotheosising our literary pioneers was a most indiscriminating one. Upon *all* who wrote, the applause was plastered with an impartiality really refreshing. Of course, the system favored the dunces at the expense of true merit; and, since there existed a certain fixed standard of exaggerated commendation to which all were adapted after the fashion of Procrustes, it is clear that the most meritorious required *the least stretching*,—in other words, that, although all were much over-rated, the deserving were over-rated in a less degree than the unworthy. Thus with Brainard:—a man of indisputable genius, who, in any more discriminate system of panegyric, would have been long ago bepeffed into Demi-Deism; for if "M'Fingal," for example, is in reality what we have been told, the commentators upon Trumbull, as a matter of the simplest consistency, should have exalted into the seventh heaven of poetical dominion the author of the many graceful and vigorous effusions which are now lying, in a very neat little volume, before us.*

Yet we maintain that even these effusions have been overpraised, and materially so. It is not that Brainard has not written poems which may rank with those of any American, with the single exception of Longfellow—but that the general merit of our whole national Muse has been estimated too highly, and that the author of "The Connecticut River" has, individually, shared in the exaggeration. No poet among us has composed what would deserve the tithes of that amount of approbation so innocently lavished upon Brainard. But it would not suit our purpose just now, and in this department of the Magazine, to enter into any elaborate analysis of his productions. It so happens, however, that we open the book at a brief poem, an examination of which will stand us in good stead of this general analysis, since it is by this very poem that the admirers of its author are content to swear—since it is the fashion to cite it as his best—since thus, in short, it is the chief basis of his notoriety, if not the surest triumph of his fame.

We allude to "The Fall of Niagara," and shall be pardoned for quoting it in full.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his brow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake
The "sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to HIM
Who, drowned a world and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

*The Poems of John G. C. Brainard. A New and Authentic Collection, with an original Memoir of his Life. Hartford: Edward Hopkins.

It is a very usual thing to hear these verses called not merely the best of their author, but the best which have been written on the subject of Niagara. Its positive merit appears to us only partial. We have been informed that the poet *had seen* the great cataract before writing the lines; but the Memoir prefixed to the present edition, denies what, for our own part, we never believed; for Brainard was truly a poet, and no poet could have looked upon Niagara, in the substance, and written thus about it. If he saw it at all, it must have been in fancy—"at a distance"—*ekas*—as the lying Pindar says he saw Archilocus, who died ages before the villain was born.

To the two opening verses we have no objection; but it may be well observed, in passing, that had the mind of the poet been really "crowded with strange thoughts," and not merely *engaged in an endeavor to think* he would have entered at once upon the thoughts themselves, without allusion to the state of his brain. His subject would have left him no room for self.

The third line embodies an absurd, and impossible, not to say a contemptible image. We are called upon to conceive a similarity between the *continuous* downward sweep of Niagara, and the momentary splashing of some definite and of course trifling quantity of water *from a hand*; for, although it is the hand of the Deity himself which is referred to, the mind is irresistibly led, by the words "poured from his hollow hand," to that idea which has been *customarily* attached to such phrase. It is needless to say, moreover, that the bestowing upon Deity a human form, is at best a low and most unideal conception.† In fact the poet has committed the grossest of errors in *likening* the fall to *any* material object; for the human fancy can fashion nothing which shall not be inferior in majesty to the cataract itself. Thus bathos is inevitable; and there is no better exemplification of bathos than Mr. Brainard has here given.‡

The fourth line but renders the matter worse, for here the figure is most artistically shifted. The handful of water becomes animate; for it has a front

†The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form.—See Clarke's Sermons, vol. 1, page 26, fol. edit.

‡The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine: but it will be seen immediately that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church.—Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's "Christian Doctrine."

The opinion could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, who lived in the fourth century, was condemned for the doctrine, as heretical. His few disciples were called Anthropomorphites. See Du Pin.

It is remarkable that Drake, of whose "Culprit Fay," we have just spoken is, perhaps, the sole poet who has employed, in the description of Niagara, imagery which does not produce a bathetic impression. In one of his minor poems he has these magnificent lines—

How sweet 'twould be, when all the air
In moonlight swims, along the river
To couch upon the grass and hear
Niagara's everlasting voice
Far in the deep blue West away;
That dreamy and poetic noise
We mark not in the glare of day—
Oh, how unlike its torrent-ery
When o'er the brink the tide is driven
As if the vast and sheeted sky
In thunder fell from Heaven!

—that is, a forehead, and upon this forehead the Deity proceeds to hang a bow, that is, a rainbow. At the same time he “speaks in that loud voice, &c. ;” and here it is obvious that the ideas of the writer are in a sad state of fluctuation; for he transfers the idiosyncrasy of the fall itself (that is to say its sound) to the one who pours it from his hand. But not content with all this, Mr. Brainard commands the flood to *keep a kind of tally*; for this is the low thought which the expression about “notching in the rocks” immediately and inevitably induces. The whole of this first division of the poem, embraces, we hesitate not to say, one of the most jarring, inappropriate, mean, and in every way monstrous assemblages of false imagery, which can be found out of the tragedies of Nat Lee, or the farces of Thomas Carlyle.

In the latter division, the poet recovers himself, as if ashamed of his previous bombast. His natural instinct (for Brainard was no artist) has enabled him to feel that *subjects which surpass in grandeur all efforts of the human imagination are well depicted only in the simplest and least metaphorical language*—a proposition as susceptible of demonstration as any in Euclid. Accordingly, we find a material sinking in tone; although he does not at once, discard all imagery. The “Deep calleth unto deep” is nevertheless a great improvement upon his previous rhetoricianism. The personification of the waters above and below would be good in reference to any subject less august. The moral reflections which immediately follow, have at least the merit of simplicity; but the poet exhibits no very lofty imagination when he bases these reflections only upon the cataract’s superiority to man *in the noise it can create*; nor is the concluding idea more spirited, where the mere difference between the quantity of water which occasioned the flood, and the quantity which Niagara precipitates, is made the measure of the Almighty Mind’s superiority to that cataract which it called by a thought into existence.

But although “The Fall of Niagara” does not deserve all the unmeaning commendation it has received, there are, nevertheless, many truly beautiful poems in this collection, and even more certain evidences of poetic power. “To a Child, the Daughter of a Friend” is exceedingly graceful and terse. “To the Dead” has equal grace, with more vigor, and, more-

over, a touching air of melancholy. Its melody is very rich, and in the monotonous repetition, at each stanza, of a certain rhyme, we recognise a fantastic yet true imagination. “Mr. Merry’s Lament for Long Tom” would be worthy of all praise were not its unusually beautiful rhythm an imitation from Campbell, who would deserve his high poetical rank, if only for its construction. Of the merely humorous pieces we have little to say. Such things are not *poetry*. Mr. Brainard excelled in them, and they are very good in their place; but that place is not in a collection of *poems*. The prevalent notions upon this head are extremely vague; yet we see no reason why any ambiguity should exist. Humor, with an exception to be made hereafter, is directly antagonistic to that which is the soul of the Muse proper; and the omni-prevalent belief, that melancholy is inseparable from the higher manifestations of the beautiful, is not without a firm basis in nature and in reason. But it so happens that humor and that quality which we have termed the soul of the Muse (imagination) are both essentially aided in their development by the same adventitious assistance—that of rhythm and of rhyme. Thus the only bond between humorous verse and poetry, properly so called, is that they employ in common, a certain tool. But this single circumstance has been sufficient to occasion, and to maintain through long ages, a confusion of two very distinct ideas in the brain of the unthinking critic. There is, nevertheless, an individual branch of humor which blends so happily with the ideal, that from the union result some of the finest effects of legitimate poesy. We allude to what is termed “*archness*”—a trait with which popular feeling, which is unfailingly poetic, has invested, for example, the whole character of the fairy. In the volume before us there is a brief composition entitled “The Tree Toad” which will afford a fine exemplification of our idea. It seems to have been hurriedly constructed, as if its author had felt ashamed of his light labor. But that in his heart there was a secret exultation over these verses for which his reason found it difficult to account, *we know*; and there is not a really imaginative man within sound of our voice to-day, who, upon perusal of this little “Tree Toad” will not admit it to be one of the *truest poems* ever written by Brainard.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

BY G. HILL, AUTHOR OF “TITANIA’S BANQUET.”

Who, when my thoughts at midnight deep,
And senses drowned in slumber lie,
And star and moon their still watch keep,
Is imaged to my sleeping eye?
The gems amid the braids that twine
The dark locks from her pale brow thrown,
Faintly, as dews by eve wept, shine.
Her cheek—it’s living tints are flown.

11

Sure I should know that fond, fixed gaze,
Those hands whose fairy palms infold
Gently my own, the smile that plays
Around those lips now pale and cold.
O! ever thus, as Night repeats
Her silent star-watch, come to me!
More dear than all which living greets
My waking eye, a dream of thee.

THE DREAM IS PAST.

COMPOSED BY

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 Chesnut Street.

Andante con Espressione,

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of arpeggiated chords, while the left hand plays a similar pattern with a lower register. The tempo is marked 'Andante con Espressione'.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "The dream is past, and with it fled, The hopes that once my passion fed; And". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *dim* (diminuendo) and *p* (piano).

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "darkly die, mid grief and pain, The joys which gone come not a - gain. My soul in si - lence". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

and in tears, Has cherish'd now for many years, A love for one who does not know The

thoughts that in my bosom glow. Oh! cease my heart, thy throbbing hide, A - nother soon will

be his bride; And hope's last faint, but cheering ray, Will then for ev - er pass a -

way.

They cannot see the silent tear,
That falls unchecked when none are near;
Nor do they mark the smother'd sigh
That heaves my breast when they are by.
I know my cheek is paler now,
And smiles no longer deck my brow,

'Tis youth's decay, 't will soon begin
To tell the thoughts that dwell within.
Oh! let me rouse my sleeping pride,
And from his gaze my feelings hide;
He shall not smile to think that I
With love for him could pine and die.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Barnaby Rudge; By Charles Dickens, (Boz) Author of "The Old Curiosity-Shop," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," etc. etc. With numerous Illustrations, by Catmole, Browne & Sibson. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

We often hear it said, of this or of that proposition, that it may be good in theory, but will not answer in practice; and in such assertions we find the substance of all the sneers at Critical Art which so gracefully curl the upper lips of a tribe which is beneath it. We mean the small geniuses—the literary Titmice—animalculæ which judge of merit solely by result, and boast of the solidity, tangibility and infallibility of the test which they employ. The worth of a work is most accurately estimated, they assure us, by the number of those who peruse it; and "does a book sell?" is a query embodying, in their opinion, all that need be said or sung on the topic of its fitness for sale. We should as soon think of maintaining, in the presence of these creatures, the *dictum* of Anaxagoras, that snow is black, as of disputing, for example, the profundity of that genius which, in a run of five hundred nights, has rendered itself evident in "London Assurance." "What," cry they, "are critical precepts to us, or to anybody? Were we to observe all the critical rules in creation we should still be unable to write a good book"—a point, by the way, which we shall not now pause to deny. "Give us results," they vociferate, "for we are plain men of common sense. We contend for fact instead of fancy—for practice in opposition to theory."

The mistake into which the Titmice have been innocently led, however, is precisely that of dividing the practice which they would uphold, from the theory to which they would object. They should have been told in infancy, and thus prevented from exposing themselves in old age, that theory and practice are in so much one, that the former implies or includes the latter. A theory is only good as such, in proportion to its reducibility to practice. If the practice fail, it is because the theory is imperfect. To say what they are in the daily habit of saying—that such or such a matter may be good in theory but is false in practice,—is to perpetrate a bull—to commit a paradox—to state a contradiction in terms—in plain words, to tell a lie *which is a lie at sight* to the understanding of anything bigger than a Titmouse.

But we have no idea, just now, of persecuting the Tittlebats by too close a scrutiny into their little opinions. It is not our purpose, for example, to press them with so grave a weapon as the *argumentum ad absurdum*, or to ask them why, if the popularity of a book be in fact the measure of its worth, we should not be at once in condition to admit the inferiority of "Newton's Principia" to "Hoyle's Games;" of "Ernest Maltravers" to "Jack-the-Giant-Killer," or "Jack Sheppard," or "Jack Brag;" and of "Dick's Christian Philosopher" to "Charlotte Temple," or the "Mémoires de Grammont," or to one or two dozen other works which must be nameless. Our present design is but to speak, at some length, of a book which in so much concerns the Titmice, that it affords them the very kind of demonstration which they chiefly affect—practical demon-

stration—of the fallacy of one of their favorite dogmas; we mean the dogma that no work of fiction can fully suit, at the same time, the critical and the popular taste; in fact, that the disregarding or contravening of Critical Rule is absolutely essential to success, beyond a certain and very limited extent, with the public at large. And if, in the course of our random observations—for we have no space for systematic review—it should appear, incidentally, that the vast popularity of "Barnaby Rudge" must be regarded less as the measure of its value, than as the legitimate and inevitable result of certain well-understood critical propositions reduced by genius into practice, there will appear nothing more than what has before become apparent in the "Vicar of Wakefield" of Goldsmith, or in the "Robinson Crusoe" of De Foe—nothing more, in fact, than what is a truism to all but the Titmice.

Those who know us will not, from what is here premised, suppose it our intention, to enter into any wholesale *laudation* of "Barnaby Rudge." In truth, our design may appear, at a cursory glance, to be very different indeed. Boccacini, in his "Advertisements from Parnassus," tells us that a critic once presented Apollo with a severe censure upon an excellent poem. The God asked him for the beauties of the work. He replied that he only troubled himself about the errors. Apollo presented him with a sack of unwinnowed wheat, and bade him pick out all the chaff for his pains. Now we have not fully made up our minds that the God was in the right. We are not sure that the limit of critical duty is not very generally misapprehended. *Excellence* may be considered an axiom, or a proposition which becomes self-evident just in proportion to the clearness or precision with which it is *put*. If it fairly exists, in this sense, it requires no farther elucidation. It is not excellence if it need to be demonstrated as such. To point out too particularly the beauties of a work, is to admit, tacitly, that these beauties are not wholly admirable. Regarding, then, excellence as that which is capable of self-manifestation, it but remains for the critic to show when, where, and how it fails in becoming manifest; and, in this showing, it will be the fault of the book itself if what of beauty it contains be not, at least, placed in the fairest light. In a word, we may assume, notwithstanding a vast deal of pitiable cant upon this topic, that in pointing out frankly the errors of a work, we do nearly all that is critically necessary in displaying its merits. In teaching what perfection *is*, how, in fact, shall we more rationally proceed than in specifying what it *is not*?

The plot of "Barnaby Rudge" runs thus: About a hundred years ago, Geoffrey Haredale and John Chester were schoolmates in England—the former being the scape-goat and drudge of the latter. Leaving school, the boys become friends, with much of the old understanding. Haredale loves; Chester deprives him of his mistress. The one cherishes the most deadly hatred; the other merely contemns and avoids. By routes widely different both attain mature age. Haredale, remembering his old love, and still cherishing his old hatred, remains a bachelor and is poor. Chester, among other crimes, is guilty of the seduction and heartless abandonment of a gypsy-girl, who, after the de-

section of her lover, gives birth to a son, and, falling into evil courses, is finally hung at Tyburn. The son is received and taken charge of, at an inn called the Maypole, upon the borders of Epping forest, and about twelve miles from London. This inn is kept by one John Willet, a burley-headed and very obtuse little man, who has a son, Joe, and who employs his *protégé*, under the single name of Hugh, as perpetual hostler at the inn. Hugh's father marries, in the meantime, a rich *parvenue*, who soon dies, but not before having presented Mr. Chester with a boy, Edward. The father, (a thoroughly selfish man-of-the-world, whose model is Chesterfield,) educates this son at a distance, seeing him rarely, and calling him to the paternal residence, at London, only when he has attained the age of twenty-four or five. He, the father, has, long ere this time, spent the fortune brought him by his wife, having been living upon his wits and a small annuity for some eighteen years. The son is recalled chiefly that by marrying an heiress, on the strength of his own personal merit and the reputed wealth of old Chester, he may enable the latter to continue his gayeties in old age. But of this design, as well as of his poverty, Edward is kept in ignorance for some three or four years after his recall; when the father's discovery of what he considers an inexpedient love-entanglement on the part of the son, induces him to disclose the true state of his affairs, as well as the real tenor of his intentions.

Now the love-entanglement of which we speak, is considered inexpedient by Mr. Chester for two reasons—the first of which is, that the lady beloved is the orphan niece of his old enemy, Haredale, and the second is, that Haredale (although in circumstances which have been much and very unexpectedly improved during the preceding twenty-two years) is still insufficiently wealthy to meet the views of Mr. Chester.

We say that, about twenty-two years before the period in question, there came an unlooked-for change in the worldly circumstances of Haredale. This gentleman has an elder brother, Reuben, who has long possessed the family inheritance of the Haredales, residing at a mansion called "The Warren," not far from the Maypole-Inn, which is itself a portion of the estate. Reuben is a widower, with one child, a daughter, Emma. Besides this daughter, there are living with him a gardener, a steward (whose name is Rudge) and two women servants, one of whom is the wife of Rudge. On the night of the nineteenth of March, 1733, Rudge murders his master for the sake of a large sum of money which he is known to have in possession. During the struggle, Mr. Haredale grasps the cord of an alarm-bell which hangs within his reach, but succeeds in sounding it only once or twice, when it is severed by the knife of the ruffian, who then, completing his bloody business, and securing the money, proceeds to quit the chamber. While doing this, however, he is disconcerted by meeting the gardener, whose pallid countenance evinces suspicion of the deed committed. The murderer is thus forced to kill his fellow servant. Having done so, the idea strikes him of transferring the burden of the crime from himself. He dresses the corpse of the gardener in his own clothes, puts upon its finger his own ring and in its pocket his own watch—then drags it to a pond in the grounds, and throws it in. He now returns to the house, and, disclosing all to his wife, requests her to become a partner in his flight. Horror-stricken, she falls to the ground. He attempts to raise her. She seizes his wrist, *staining her hand with blood in the attempt*. She renounces him forever; yet promises to conceal the crime. Alone, he flees the country. The next morning, Mr. Haredale being found murdered, and the steward and gardener being both missing, both are suspected. Mrs. Rudge leaves The Warren, and retires to an

obscure lodging in London (where she lives upon an annuity allowed her by Haredale) having given birth, *on the very day after the murder*, to a son, Barnaby Rudge, who proves an idiot, who bears upon his wrist a red mark, and who is born possessed with a maniacal horror of blood.

Some months since the assassination having elapsed, what appears to be the corpse of Rudge is discovered, and the outrage is attributed to the gardener. Yet not universally:—for, as Geoffrey Haredale comes into possession of the estate, there are not wanting suspicions (fomented by Chester) of his own participation in the deed. This taint of suspicion, acting upon his hereditary gloom, together with the natural grief and horror of the atrocity, embitters the whole life of Haredale. He secludes himself at The Warren, and acquires a monomaniac acerbity of temper relieved only by love of his beautiful niece.

Time wears away. Twenty-two years pass by. The niece has ripened into womanhood, and loves young Chester without the knowledge of her uncle or the youth's father. Hugh has grown a stalwart man—the type of man *the animal*, as his father is of man the ultra-civilized. Rudge, the murderer, returns, urged to his undoing by Fate. He appears at the Maypole and inquires stealthily of the circumstances which have occurred at The Warren in his absence. He proceeds to London, discovers the dwelling of his wife, threatens her with the betrayal of her idiot son into vice and extorts from her the bounty of Haredale. Revolting at such appropriation of such means, the widow, with Barnaby, again seeks The Warren, renounces the annuity, and, refusing to assign any reason for her conduct, states her intention of quitting London forever, and of burying herself in some obscure retreat—a retreat which she begs Haredale not to attempt discovering. When he seeks her in London the next day, she is gone; and there are no tidings, either of herself or of Barnaby, *until the expiration of five years*—which bring the time up to that of the celebrated "No Popery" Riots of Lord George Gordon.

In the meanwhile, and immediately subsequent to the re-appearance of Rudge; Haredale and the elder Chester, each heartily desirous of preventing the union of Edward and Emma, have entered into a covenant, the result of which is that, by means of treachery on the part of Chester, permitted on that of Haredale, the lovers misunderstand each other and are estranged. Joe, also, the son of the innkeeper, Willet, having been coquetted with, to too great an extent, by Dolly Varden, (the pretty daughter of one Gabriel Varden, a locksmith of Clerkenwell, London) and having been otherwise maltreated at home, enlists in his Majesty's army and is carried beyond seas, to America; not returning until towards the close of the riots. 'Just before their commencement, Rudge, in a midnight prow about the scene of his atrocity, is encountered by an individual who had been familiar with him in earlier life, while living at The Warren. This individual, terrified at what he supposes, very naturally, to be the ghost of the murdered Rudge, relates his adventure to his companions at the Maypole, and John Willet conveys the intelligence, forthwith, to Mr. Haredale. Connecting the apparition, in his own mind, with the peculiar conduct of Mrs. Rudge, this gentleman imbibes a suspicion, at once, of the true state of affairs. This suspicion (which he mentions to no one) is, moreover, very strongly confirmed by an occurrence happening to Varden, the locksmith, who, visiting the woman late one night, finds her in communion of a nature apparently most confidential, with a ruffian whom the locksmith knows to be such, without knowing the man himself. Upon an attempt, on the part of Varden, to seize this ruffian, he is thwarted by Mrs. R.; and upon Haredale's inquiring minutely into the personal appearance of the man, he is found to accord with Rudge. We have already shown that

the ruffian was in fact Rudge himself. Acting upon the suspicion thus aroused, Haredale watches, by night, alone, in the deserted house formerly occupied by Mrs. R. in hope of here coming upon the murderer, and makes other exertions with the view of arresting him; but all in vain.

It is, also, at the conclusion of the *five years*, that the hitherto uninvaded retreat of Mrs. Rudge is disturbed by a message from her husband, demanding money. He has discovered her abode by accident. Giving him what she has at the time, she afterwards eludes him, and hastens, with Barnaby, to bury herself in the crowd of London, until she can find opportunity again to seek retreat in some more distant region of England. But the riots have now begun. The idiot is beguiled into joining the mob, and, becoming separated from his mother (who, growing ill through grief, is borne to a hospital) meets with his old playmate Hugh, and becomes with him a ringleader in the rebellion.

The riots proceed. A conspicuous part is borne in them by one Simon Tappertit, a fantastic and conceited little apprentice of Varden's, and a sworn enemy to Joe Willet, who has rivalled him in the affection of Dolly. A hangman, Dennis, is also very busy amid the mob. Lord George Gordon, and his secretary, Gashford, with John Grueby, his servant, appear, of course, upon the scene. Old Chester, who, during the five years, has become Sir John, instigates Gashford, who has received personal insult from Haredale, (a catholic and consequently obnoxious to the mob) instigates Gashford to procure the burning of The Warren, and to abduct Emma during the excitement ensuing. The mansion is burned, (Hugh, who also fancies himself wronged by Haredale, being chief actor in the outrage) and Miss H. carried off, in company with Dolly, who had long lived with her, and whom Tappertit abducts upon his own responsibility. Rudge, in the meantime, finding the eye of Haredale upon him, (since he has become aware of the watch kept nightly at his wife's,) goaded by the dread of solitude, and fancying that his sole chance of safety lies in joining the rioters, hurries upon their track to the doomed Warren. He arrives too late—the mob have departed. Skulking about the ruins, he is discovered by Haredale, and finally captured, without a struggle, within the glowing walls of the very chamber in which the deed was committed. He is conveyed to prison, where he meets and recognises Barnaby, who had been captured as a rioter. The mob assail and burn the jail. The father and son escape. Betrayed by Dennis, both are again retaken, and Hugh shares their fate. In Newgate, Dennis, through accident, discovers the parentage of Hugh, and an effort is made in vain to interest Chester in behalf of his son. Finally, Varden procures the pardon of Barnaby; but Hugh, Rudge and Dennis are hung. At the eleventh hour, Joe returns from abroad with one arm. In company with Edward Chester, he performs prodigies of valor (during the last riots) on behalf of the government. The two, with Haredale and Varden, rescue Emma and Dolly. A double marriage, of course, takes place; for Dolly has repented her fine airs, and the prejudices of Haredale are overcome. Having killed Chester in a duel, he quits England forever, and ends his days in the seclusion of an Italian convent. Thus, after summary disposal of the understrappers, ends the drama of "Barnaby Rudge."

We have given, as may well be supposed, but a very meagre outline of the story; and we have given it in the simple or natural sequence. That is to say, we have related the events, as nearly as might be, in the order of their occurrence. But this order would by no means have suited the purpose of the novelist, whose design has been to maintain the secret of the murder, and the consequent mystery which encircles Rudge, and the actions of his wife, until

the catastrophe of his discovery by Haredale. The *thesis* of the novel may thus be regarded as based upon curiosity. Every point is so arranged as to perplex the reader, and whet his desire for elucidation:—for example, the first appearance of Rudge at the Maypole; his questions; his persecution of Mrs. R.; the ghost seen by the frequenter of the Maypole; and Haredale's impressive conduct in consequence. What we have told, in the very beginning of our digest, in regard to the shifting of the gardener's dress, is sedulously kept from the reader's knowledge until he learns it from Rudge's own confession in jail. We say sedulously; for, the *intention once known*, the *traces* of the design can be found upon every page. There is an amusing and exceedingly ingenious instance at page 145, where Solomon Daisy describes his adventure with the ghost.

"It was a ghost—a spirit," cried Daisy.

"Whose?" they all three asked together.

In the excess of his emotion (for he felt back trembling in his chair and waved his hand as if entreating them to question him no farther) *his answer was lost upon all* but old John Willet, who happened to be seated close beside him.

"Who!" cried Parkes and Tom Cobb—"Who was it?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Willet, after a long pause, "you needn't ask. The likeness of a murdered man. This is the nineteenth of March."

A profound silence ensued.

The impression here skillfully conveyed is, that the ghost seen is that of Reuben Haredale; and the mind of the not-too-acute reader is at once averted from the true state of the case—from the murderer, Rudge, living in the body.

Now there can be no question that, by such means as these, many points which are comparatively insipid in the natural sequence of our digest, and which would have been comparatively insipid even if given in full detail in a natural sequence, are endued with the interest of mystery; but neither can it be denied that a vast many more points are at the same time deprived of all effect, and become null, through the impossibility of comprehending them without the key. The author, who, cognizant of his plot, writes with this cognizance continually operating upon him, and thus *writes to himself* in spite of himself, does not, of course, feel that much of what is effective to his own informed perception, must necessarily be lost upon his uninformed readers; and he himself is never in condition, as regards his own work, to bring the matter to test. But the reader may easily satisfy himself of the validity of our objection. Let him *re-peruse* "Barnaby Rudge," and, with a pre-comprehension of the mystery, these points of which we speak break out in all directions like stars, and throw quadruple brilliance over the narrative—a brilliance which a correct taste will at once declare unprofitably sacrificed at the shrine of the keenest interest of mere mystery.

The design of *mystery*, however, being once determined upon by an author, it becomes imperative, first, that no undue or inartistical means be employed to conceal the secret of the plot; and, secondly, that the secret be well kept. Now, when, at page 16, we read that "the body of poor Mr. Rudge, the steward, was found" months after the outrage, &c. we see that Mr. Dickens has been guilty of no misdemeanor against Art in stating what was not the fact; since the falsehood is put into the mouth of Solomon Daisy, and given merely as the impression of this individual and of the public. The writer has not asserted it in his own person, but ingeniously conveyed an idea (false in itself, yet a belief in which is necessary for the effect of the tale) by the mouth of one of his characters. The case is different, however, when Mrs. Rudge is repeatedly denominated "the widow." It is the author who, himself, frequently so terms her. This is disingenuous and inartistical: accidentally so, of course. We speak of the matter merely by way of

illustrating our point, and as an oversight on the part of Mr. Dickens.

That the secret be well kept is obviously necessary. A failure to preserve it until the proper moment of *dénouement*, throws all into confusion, so far as regards the effect intended. If the mystery leak out, against the author's will, his purposes are immediately at odds and ends; for he proceeds upon the supposition that certain impressions *do* exist, which *do not* exist, in the mind of his readers. We are not prepared to say, so positively as we could wish, whether, by the public at large, the whole *mystery* of the murder committed by Rudge, with the identity of the Maypole ruffian with Rudge himself, was fathomed at any period previous to the period intended, or, if so, whether at a period so early as materially to interfere with the interest designed; but we are forced, through sheer modesty, to suppose this the case; since, by ourselves individually, the secret was distinctly understood immediately upon the perusal of the story of Solomon Daisy, which occurs at the seventh page of this volume of three hundred and twenty-three. In the number of the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post," for May the 1st, 1841, (the tale having then only begun) will be found a *prospective notice* of some length, in which we made use of the following words—

That Barnaby is the son of the murderer may not appear evident to our readers—but we will explain. The person murdered is Mr. Reuben Haredale. He was found assassinated in his bed-chamber. His steward (Mr. Rudge, senior.) and his gardener (name not mentioned) are missing. At first both are suspected. "Some months afterward," here we use the words of the story—"the steward's body, scarcely to be recognised but by his clothes, and the watch and ring he wore—was found at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast where he had been stabbed by a knife. He was only partly dressed; and all people agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed, before his master."

Now, be it observed, it is not the author himself who asserts that *the steward's body was found*; he has put the words in the mouth of one of his characters. His design is to make it appear, in the *dénouement*, that the steward, Rudge, first murdered the gardener, then went to his master's chamber, murdered *him*, was interrupted by his (Rudge's) wife, whom he seized and held by the wrist, to prevent her giving the alarm—that he then, after possessing himself of the booty desired, returned to the gardener's room, exchanged clothes with him, put upon the corpse his own watch and ring, and secreted it where it was afterwards discovered at so late a period that the features could not be identified.

The differences between our pre-conceived ideas, as here stated, and the actual facts of the story, will be found immaterial. The gardener was murdered not before but after his master; and that Rudge's wife seized *him* by the wrist, instead of his seizing *her*, has so much the air of a mistake on the part of Mr. Dickens, that we can scarcely speak of our own version as erroneous. The grasp of a murderer's bloody hand on the wrist of a woman *en-cinte*, would have been more likely to produce the effect described (and this every one will allow) than the grasp of the hand of the woman upon the wrist of the assassin. We may therefore say of our supposition as Talleyrand said of some cockney's bad French—*que s'il ne soit pas Français, assurément donc il le doit être*—that if we did not rightly prophesy, yet, at least, our prophecy *should have been right*.

We are informed in the Preface to "Barnaby Rudge" that "no account of the Gordon Riots having been introduced into any work of fiction, and the subject presenting very extraordinary and remarkable features," our author "was led to project this tale." But for this distinct announcement (for Mr. Dickens can scarcely have deceived himself) we should have looked upon the Riots as altogether an afterthought. It is evident that they have no necessary connection with the story. In our digest, which

carefully includes all *essentials* of the plot, we have dismissed the doings of the mob in a paragraph. The whole event of the drama would have proceeded as well without as with them. They have even the appearance of being *forcibly* introduced. In our compendium above, it will be seen that we emphasised several allusions to an interval of *five years*. The action is brought up to a certain point. The train of events is, so far, uninterrupted—nor is there any apparent need of interruption—yet all the characters are now thrown forward for a period of *five years*. And why? We ask in vain. It is not to bestow upon the lovers a more decorous maturity of age—for this is the only possible idea which suggests itself—Edward Chester is already eight-and-twenty, and Emma Haredale would, in America at least, be upon the list of old maids. No—there is no such reason; nor does there appear to be any one more plausible than that, as it is now the year of our Lord 1775, an advance of five years will bring the *dramatis personae* up to a very remarkable period, affording an admirable opportunity for their display—the period, in short, of the "No Popery" riots. This was the idea with which we were forcibly impressed in perusal, and which nothing less than Mr. Dickens's positive assurance to the contrary would have been sufficient to eradicate.

It is, perhaps, but one of a thousand instances of the disadvantages, both to the author and the public, of the present absurd fashion of periodical novel-writing, that our author had not sufficiently considered or determined upon any particular plot when he began the story now under review. In fact, we see, or fancy that we see, numerous traces of indecision—traces which a dexterous supervision of the complete work might have enabled him to erase. We have already spoken of the intermission of a lustrum. The opening speeches of old Chester are by far too *truly* gentlemanly for his subsequent character. The wife of Varden, also, is too wholesale a shrew to be converted into the quiet wife—the original design was to punish her. At page 16, we read thus—Solomon Daisy is telling his story:

"I put as good a face upon it as I could, and, muffling myself up, started out with a lighted lantern in one hand and the key of the church in the other"—at this point of the narrative, the dress of the strange man rustled as if he had turned to hear more distinctly.

Here the design is to call the reader's attention to a *point* in the tale; but no subsequent explanation is made. Again, a few lines below—

"The houses were all shut up, and the folks in doors, and perhaps there is only one man in the world who knows how dark it really was."

Here the intention is still more evident, but there is no result. Again, at page 54, the idiot draws Mr. Chester to the window, and directs his attention to the clothes hanging upon the lines in the yard—

"Look down," he said softly; "do you mark how they whisper in each other's ears, then dance and leap to make believe they are in sport? Do you see how they stop for a moment, when they think there is no one looking, and mutter among themselves again; and then how they roll and gambol, delighted with the mischief they've been plotting? Look at 'em now! See how they whirl and plunge. And now they stop again, and whisper cautiously together—little thinking, mind, how often I have lain upon the ground and watched them. I say—what is it that they plot and hatch? Do you know?"

Upon perusal of these ravings we, at once, supposed them to have allusion to some *real* plotting; and even now we cannot force ourselves to believe them not so intended. They suggested the opinion that Haredale himself would be implicated in the murder, and that the counsellings alluded to might be those of that gentleman with Rudge. It is by no means impossible that some such conception wavered in the mind of the author. At page 52 we have

a confirmation of our idea, when Varden endeavors to arrest the murderer in the house of his wife—

"Come back—come back!" exclaimed the woman, wrestling with and clasp[ing] him. "Do not touch him on your life. *He carries other lives beside his own.*"

The *dénouement* fails to account for this exclamation.

In the beginning of the story much emphasis is placed upon the two female servants of Haredale, and upon his journey to and from London, as well as upon his wife. We have merely said, in our digest, that he was a widower, italicizing the remark. All these other points are, in fact, singularly irrelevant, in the supposition that the original design has not undergone modification.

Again, at page 57, when Haredale talks of "his dismantled and beggared hearth," we cannot help fancying that the author had in view some different wrong, or series of wrongs, perpetrated by Chester, than any which appear in the end. This gentleman, too, takes extreme and frequent pains to acquire dominion over the rough Hugh—this matter is particularly insisted upon by the novelist—we look, of course, for some important result—but the filching of a letter is nearly all that is accomplished. That Barnaby's delight in the desperate scenes of the rebellion, is inconsistent with his horror of blood, will strike every reader; and this inconsistency seems to be the consequence of the *afterthought* upon which we have already commented. In fact the title of the work, the elaborate and pointed manner of the commencement, the impressive description of The Warren, and especially of Mrs. Rudge, go far to show that Mr. Dickens has really deceived himself—that the soul of the plot, as originally conceived, was the murder of Haredale—with the subsequent discovery of the murderer in Rudge—but that this idea was afterwards abandoned, or rather suffered to be merged in that of the Popish Riots. The result has been most unfavorable. That which, of itself, would have proved highly effective, has been rendered nearly null by its situation. In the multitudinous outrage and horror of the Rebellion, the *one* atrocity is utterlywhelmed and extinguished.

The reasons of this defection from the first purpose appear to us self-evident. One of them we have already mentioned. The other is that our author discovered, when too late, that he had *anticipated, and thus rendered valueless, his chief effect.* This will be readily understood. The particulars of the assassination being withheld, the strength of the narrator is put forth, in the beginning of the story, to *whet curiosity* in respect to these particulars; and, so far, he is but in proper pursuance of his main design. But from this intention he unwittingly passes into the error of *exaggerating anticipation.* And error though it be, it is an error wrought with consummate skill. What, for example, could more vividly enhance our impression of the unknown horror enacted, than the deep and enduring gloom of Haredale—than the idiot's inborn awe of blood—or, especially, than the expression of countenance so imaginatively attributed to Mrs. Rudge—"the capacity for expressing terror—something only dimly seen, but never absent for a moment—the shadow of some look to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given rise?" But it is a condition of the human fancy that the promises of such words are irredeemable. In the notice before mentioned we thus spoke upon this topic—

This is a conception admirably adapted to whet curiosity in respect to the character of that event which is hinted at as forming the basis of the story. But this observation should not fail to be made—that the anticipation must surpass the reality; that no matter how terrific be the circumstances which, in the *dénouement*, shall appear to have occasioned the expression of countenance worn habitually by Mrs. Rudge, still they will not be able to satisfy the mind of the reader. He will surely be disappointed. The

skilful intimation of horror held out by the artist, produces an effect which will deprive his conclusion of all. These intimations—these dark hints of some uncertain evil—are often rhetorically praised as effective—but are only justly so praised where there is *no dénouement* whatever—where the reader's imagination is left to clear up the mystery for itself—and this is not the design of Mr. Dickens.

And, in fact, our author was not long in seeing his precipitancy. He had placed himself in a dilemma from which even his high genius could not extricate him. He at once shifts the main interest—and in truth we do not see what better he could have done. The reader's attention becomes absorbed in the riots, and he fails to observe that what should have been the true catastrophe of the novel, is exceedingly feeble and ineffective.

A few cursory remarks:—Mr. Dickens fails peculiarly in pure narration. See, for example, page 296, where the connection of Hugh and Chester is detailed by Varden. See also in "The Curiosity-Shop," where, when the result is fully known, so many words are occupied in explaining the relationship of the brothers.

The effect of the present narrative might have been materially increased by confining the action within the limits of London. The "Notre Dame" of Hugo affords a fine example of the force which can be gained by concentration, or unity of place. The unity of time is also sadly neglected, to no purpose, in "Barnaby Rudge."

That Rudge should so long and so deeply feel the sting of conscience is inconsistent with his brutality.

On page 15 the interval elapsing between the murder and Rudge's return, is variously stated at twenty-two and twenty-four years.

It may be asked why the inmates of The Warren failed to hear the alarm-bell which was heard by Solomon Daisy.

The idea of persecution by being tracked, as by bloodhounds, from one spot of quietude to another is a favorite one with Mr. Dickens. Its effect cannot be denied.

The stain upon Barnaby's wrist, caused by fright in the mother at so late a period of gestation as one day before mature parturition, is shockingly at war with all medical experience.

When Rudge, escaped from prison, unshackled, with money at command, is in agony at his wife's refusal to perjure herself for his salvation—is it not *queer* that he should demand any other salvation than lay in his heels?

Some of the conclusions of chapters—see pages 40 and 100—seem to have been written for the mere purpose of illustrating tail-pieces.

The leading idiosyncrasy of Mr. Dickens' remarkable humor, is to be found in his *translating the language of gesture, or action, or tone.* For example—

"The cronies nodded to each other, and Mr. Parkes remarked in an under tone, shaking his head meanwhile, *as who should say 'let no man contradict me, for I won't believe him;'* that Willet was in amazing force to-night."

The riots form a series of vivid pictures never surpassed.

At page 17, the road between London and the Maypole is described as a horribly rough and dangerous, and at page 97, as an uncommonly smooth and convenient one.

At page 116, how comes Chester in possession of the key of Mrs. Rudge's vacated house?

Mr. Dickens' English is usually pure. His most remarkable error is that of employing the adverb "directly" in the sense of "as soon as." For example—"Directly he arrived, Rudge said, &c." Bulwer is uniformly guilty of the same blunder.

It is observable that so original a stylist as our author should occasionally lapse into a gross imitation of what, itself, is a gross imitation. We mean the manner of Lamb—a manner based in the Latin construction. For example—

In summer time its pumps suggest to thirsty idlers springs cooler and more sparkling and deeper than other wells; and as they trace the spillings of full pitchers on the heated ground, they sniff the freshness, and, sighing, cast sad looks towards the Thames, and think of baths and boats, and saunter on, despondent.

The wood-cut designs which accompany the edition before us are occasionally good. The copper engravings are pitifully ill-conceived and ill-drawn; and not only this, but are in broad contradiction of the wood-designs and text.

There are many *coincidences* wrought into the narrative—those, for example, which relate to the nineteenth of March; the dream of Barnaby, respecting his father, at the very period when his father is actually in the house; and he dream of Haredale previous to his final meeting with Chester. These things are meant to *insinuate* a fatality which, very properly, is not expressed in plain terms—but it is questionable whether the story derives more, in ideality, from their introduction, than it might have gained of verisimilitude from their omission.

The *dramatis personae* sustain the high fame of Mr. Dickens as a delineator of character. Miggs, the disconsolate handmaiden of Varden; Tappertit, his chivalrous apprentice; Mrs. Varden, herself; and Dennis, a hangman—may be regarded as original caricatures, of the highest merit as such. Their traits are founded in acute observation of nature, but are exaggerated to the utmost admissible extent. Miss Haredale and Edward Chester are commonplace—no effort has been made in their behalf. Joe Willet is a naturally drawn country youth. Staggs is a mere make-weight. Cashford and Gordon are truthfully copied. Dolly Varden is truth itself. Haredale, Rudge and Mrs. Rudge are impressive only through the circumstances which surround them. Sir John Chester is, of course, not original, but is a vast improvement upon all his predecessors—his heartlessness is rendered somewhat too amusing, and his end too much that of a man of honor. Hugh is a noble conception. His fierce exultation in his animal powers; his subserviency to the smooth Chester; his mirthful contempt and patronage of Tappertit, and his *brutal* yet firm courage in the hour of death—form a picture to be set in diamonds. Old Willet is not surpassed by any character even among those of Dickens. He is nature itself—yet a step farther would have placed him in the class of caricatures. His combined conceit and obtuseness are indescribably droll, and his peculiar misdirected energy when aroused, is one of the most exquisite touches in all humorous painting. We shall never forget how heartily we laughed at his shaking Solomon Daisy and threatening to put him behind the fire, because the unfortunate little man was too much frightened to articulate. Varden is one of those free, jovial, honest fellows at charity with all mankind, whom our author is so fond of depicting. And lastly, Barnaby, the hero of the tale—in him we have been somewhat disappointed. We have already said that his delight in the atrocities of the Rebellion is at variance with his horror of blood. But this horror of blood is *inconsequential*; and of this we complain. Strongly insisted upon in the beginning of the narrative, it produces no adequate result. And here how fine an opportunity has Mr. Dickens missed! The conviction of the assassin, after the lapse of twenty-two years, might easily have been brought about through his son's mysterious awe of blood—an *ave created in the womb by the assassination itself*—and this would have been one of the finest possible embodiments of the idea which we are accustomed to attach to "poetical justice." The raven, too, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its croakings might have been *prophetically* heard in the course of the drama. Its character might have performed, in re-

gard to that of the idiot, much the same part as does, in music, the accompaniment in respect to the air. Each might have been distinct. Each might have differed remarkably from the other. Yet between them there might have been wrought an analogical resemblance, and, although each might have existed apart, they might have formed together a whole which would have been imperfect in the absence of either.

From what we have here said—and, perhaps, said without due deliberation—for alas! the hurried duties of the journalist preclude it) there will not be wanting those who will accuse us of a mad design to detract from the pure fame of the novelist. But to such we merely say in the language of heraldry "ye should wear a plain point sanguine in your arms." If this be understood, well; if not, well again. There lives no man feeling a deeper reverence for genius than ourself. If we have not dwelt so especially upon the high merits as upon the trivial defects of "Barnaby Rudge" we have already given our reasons for the omission, and these reasons will be sufficiently understood by all whom we care to understand them. The work before us is not, we think, equal to the tale which immediately preceded it; but there are few—very few others to which we consider it inferior. Our chief objection has not, perhaps, been so distinctly stated as we could wish. That this fiction, or indeed that any fiction written by Mr. Dickens, should be based in the excitement and maintenance of curiosity we look upon as a misconception, on the part of the writer, of his own very great yet very peculiar powers. He has done this thing well, to be sure—he would do anything well in comparison with the herd of his contemporaries—but he has not done it so thoroughly well as his high and just reputation would demand. We think that the whole book has been an effort to him—solely through the nature of its design. He has been smitten with an untimely desire for a novel path. The idiosyncrasy of his intellect would lead him, naturally, into the most fluent and simple style of narration. In tales of ordinary sequence he may and will long reign triumphant. He has a *talent* for all things, but no positive *genius* for *adaptation*, and still less for that metaphysical air in which the souls of all *mysteries* lie. "Caleb Williams" is a far less noble work than "The Old Curiosity-Shop;" but Mr. Dickens could no more have constructed the one than Mr. Godwin could have dreamed of the other.

Wakondah; The Master of Life. A Poem. George L. Curry and Co.: New York.

"WAKONDAH" is the composition of Mr. Cornelius Mathews, one of the editors of the Monthly Magazine, "Arcturus." In the December number of the journal, the poem was originally set forth by its author, very much "*avec l'air d'un homme qui sauve sa patrie*." To be sure, it was not what is usually termed the *leading* article of the month. It did not occupy that post of honor which, hitherto, has been so modestly filled by "Puffer Hopkins." But it took precedence of some exceedingly beautiful stanzas by Professor Longfellow, and stood second only to a very serious account of a supper which, however well it might have suited the taste of an Ariel, would scarcely have feasted the Anakim, or satisfied the appetite of a Grandgousier. The supper was, or might have been, a good thing. The poem which succeeded it is *not*; nor can we imagine what has induced Messrs. Curry & Co. to be at the trouble of its republication. We are vexed with these gentlemen for having thrust this affair the second time before us. They have placed us in a predicament we dislike. In the pages of "Arcturus" the

poem did not come necessarily under the eye of the Magazine critic. There is a tacitly-understood courtesy about these matters—a courtesy upon which we need not comment. The contributed papers in any one journal of the class of "Arcturus" are not considered as *debateable* by any one other. General propositions, under the editorial head, are rightly made the subject of discussion; but in speaking of "Wakondah," for example, in the pages of our own Magazine, we should have felt as if *making an occasion*. Now, upon our first perusal of the poem in question, we were both astonished and grieved that we could say, honestly, very little in its praise:—astonished, for by some means, not just now altogether intelligible to ourselves, we had become imbued with the idea of high poetical talent in Mr. Mathews:—grieved, because, under the circumstances of his position as editor of one of the *very best journals* in the country, we had been sincerely anxious to think well of his abilities. Moreover, we felt that to *speak ill* of them, under any circumstances whatever, would be to subject ourselves to the charge of envy or jealousy, on the part of those who do not personally know us. We, therefore, rejoiced that "Wakondah" was not a topic we were called upon to discuss. But the poem is republished, and placed upon our table, and these very "circumstances of position," which restrained us in the first place, render it a positive duty that we speak distinctly in the second.

And very distinctly shall we speak. In fact this effusion is a dilemma whose horns *goad* us into frankness and candor—"c'est un malheur," to use the words of Victor Hugo, "*d'où on ne pourrait se tirer par des périphrases, par des quemadmodums et des verumenimveros.*" If we mention it at all, we are *forced* to employ the language of that region where, as Addison has it, "they sell the best fish and speak the plainest English." "Wakondah," then, from beginning to end, is trash. With the trivial exceptions which we shall designate, it has no merit whatever; while its faults, more numerous than the leaves of Valombrosa, are of that rampant class which, if any schoolboy *could* be found so uninformed as to commit them, any schoolboy should be remorselessly flogged for committing.

The story, or as the epics have it, the argument, although brief, is by no means particularly easy of comprehension. The design seems to be based upon a passage in Mr. Irving's "Astoria." He tells us that the Indians who inhabit the Chippewyan range of mountains, call it the "Crest of the World," and "think that Wakondah, or the Master of Life, as they designate the Supreme Being, has his residence among these aerial heights." Upon this hint Mr. Mathews has proceeded. He introduces us to Wakondah standing in person upon a mountain-top. He describes his appearance, and thinks that a Chinook would be frightened to behold it. He causes the "Master of Life" to make a speech, which is addressed, generally, to things at large, and particularly to the neighboring Woods, Cataracts, Rivers, Pinnacles, Steeps, and Lakes—not to mention an Earthquake. But all these (and we think, judiciously) turn a deaf ear to the oration, which, to be plain, is scarcely equal to a second-rate Piankintank stump speech. In fact, it is a bare-faced attempt at animal magnetism, and the mountains, &c., do no more than show its potency in resigning themselves to sleep, as they do.

Then shone Wakondah's dreadful eyes

—then he becomes *very* indignant, and accordingly launches forth into speech the second—with which the delinquents are afflicted, with occasional brief interruptions from the poet, in proper person, until the conclusion of the poem.

The subject of the two orations we shall be permitted to sum up compendiously in the one term "rignarole."

But we do not mean to say that our compendium is not an improvement, and a very considerable one, upon the speeches themselves,—which, taken altogether, are the queerest, and the most rhetorical, not to say the most miscellaneous orations we ever remember to have listened to outside of an Arkansas House of Delegates.

In saying this we mean what we say. We intend no joke. Were it possible, we would quote the whole poem in support of our opinion. But as this is *not* possible, and, moreover, as we presume Mr. Mathews has not been so negligent as to omit securing his valuable property by a copyright, we must be contented with a few extracts here and there at random, with a few comments equally so. But we have already hinted that there were really one or two words to be said of this effusion in the way of commendation, and these one or two words might as well be said now as hereafter.

The poem thus commences—

The moon ascends the vaulted sky to-night;
With a slow motion full of pomp ascends,
But, mightier than the Moon that o'er it bends,
A form is dwelling on the mountain height
That boldly intercepts the struggling light
With darkness nobler than the planet's fire,—
A gloom and dreadful grandeur that aspire
To match the cheerful Heaven's far-shining might.

If we were to shut our eyes to the repetition of "might," (which, in its various inflections, is a pet word with our author, and lagged in upon all occasions) and to the obvious imitation of Longfellow's Hymn to the Night in the second line of this stanza, we should be justified in calling it *good*. The "darkness nobler than the planet's fire" is *certainly* good. The general conception of the colossal figure on the mountain summit, relieved against the full moon, would be unquestionably *grand* were it not for the *bullish* phraseology by which the conception is rendered, in a great measure, abortive. The moon is described as "ascending," and its "motion" is referred to, while we have the standing figure continuously intercepting its light. That the orb would soon pass from behind the figure, is a physical fact which the purpose of the poet required to be left out of sight, and which scarcely any other language than that which he has actually employed would have succeeded in forcing upon the reader's attention. With all these defects, however, the passage, especially as an opening passage, is one of high merit.

Looking carefully for something else to be commended we find at length the lines—

Lo! where our foe up through these vales ascends,
Fresh from the embraces of the swelling sea,
A glorious, white and shining Deity,
Upon our strength his deep blue eye he bends,
With threatenings full of thought and steadfast ends;
While desolation from his nostril breathes
His glittering rage he scornfully unsheathes
And to the startled air its splendor lends.

This again, however, is worth only qualified commendation. The first six lines preserve the personification (that of a ship) sufficiently well; but, in the seventh and eighth, the author suffers the image to slide into that of a warrior unsheathing his sword. Still there is *force* in these concluding verses, and we begin to fancy that this is saying a *very* great deal for the author of "Puffer Hopkins."

The best stanza in the poem (there are thirty-four in all) is the thirty-third.

No cloud was on the moon, yet on His brow
A deepening shadow fell, and on his knees
That shook like tempest-stricken mountain trees
His hairy head descended sad and low
Like a high city smitten by the blow
Which secret earthquakes strike and toppling falls
With all its arches, towers, and cathedrals
In swift and unconjectured overthrow.

This is, positively, not bad. The first line italicized is bold and vigorous, both in thought and expression; and the four last (although by no means original) convey a striking picture. But then the whole idea, in its general want of keeping, is preposterous. What is more absurd than the conception of a man's head descending to *his knees*, as here described—the thing could not be done by an Indian juggler or a man of gum-coutchouc—and what is more inappropriate than the resemblance attempted to be drawn between a *single* head descending, and the *innumerable* pinnacles of a falling city? It is difficult to understand, *en passant*, why Mr. Mathews has thought proper to give “cathedrals” a quantity which does not belong to it, or to write “unconjectured” when the rhythm might have been fulfilled by “unexpected” and when “unexpected” would have fully conveyed the meaning which “unconjectured” does not.

By dint of farther microscopic survey, we are enabled to point out one, and alas, *only* one more good line in the poem.

Green dells that into silence stretch away contains a richly poetical thought, melodiously embodied. We only refrain, however, from declaring, flatly, that the line is not the property of Mr. Mathews, because we have not at hand the volume from which we believe it to be stolen.

We quote the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth stanzas in full. They will serve to convey some faint idea of the general poem. The Italics are our own.

VI.

*The spirit lowers and speaks: “Tremble ye wild Woods!
Ye Cataracts! your organ-voices sound!
Deep Craggs, in earth by massy tenues bound.
Oh, Earthquake, level flat! The peace that broods
Above this world, and steadfastly eludes
Your power, howl Winds and break; the peace that mocks
Dismay 'mid silent streams and voiceless rocks—
Through wildernesses, cliffs, and solitudes.*

VII.

“Night-shadowed Rivers—lift your dusky hands
And clap them harshly *with a sullen roar!*
Ye thousand Pinnacles and Steeps deplore
The glory that departs; above you stands,
Ye Lakes with azure waves and snowy strands,
A Power that utters forth his loud behest
Till mountain, lake and river shall attest
The puissance of a Master's *large commands.*”

VIII.

So spake the Spirit with a wide-cast look
Of bounteous power and cheerful majesty;
As if he caught a sight of either sea
And all the subject realm between: then shook
His brandished arms; his stature scarce could brook
Its confine; *swelling wide, it seemed to grow
As grows a cedar on a mountain's brow
By the mad air in ruffling breezes took!*

IX.

The woods are deaf and will not be aroused—
The mountains are asleep, they hear him not,
Nor from deep-founded silence can be wrought,
Tho' herded bison on their steeps have browsed:
Beneath their banks in *darksome stillness* housed
The rivers loiter like a calm-bound sea;
In anchored nuptials to dumb apathy
Cliff, wilderness and solitude are spoused.

Let us endeavor to translate this gibberish, by way of ascertaining its import, if possible. Or, rather, let us state the stanzas, in substance. The spirit *lowers*, that is to say *grows angry*, and speaks. He calls upon the Wild Woods to tremble, and upon the Cataracts to sound their voices which have the tone of an organ. He addresses, then, an Earthquake, or perhaps Earthquake in general, and requests it to *level flat* all the Deep Craggs which are bound by massy tenures in earth—a request, by the way, which any sensible Earthquake must have regarded as tautological, since

it is difficult to level anything otherwise than *flat*:—Mr. Mathews, however, is no doubt the best judge of flatness in the abstract, and may have peculiar ideas respecting it. But to proceed with the Spirit. Turning to the Winds, he enjoins them to howl and break the peace that broods above this world and steadfastly eludes their power—the same peace that mocks a Dismay 'mid streams, rocks, et cetera. He now speaks to the night-shadowed Rivers, and commands them to li their dusky hands, and clap them harshly *with a sullen roar*—and as *roaring* with one's hands is not the easiest matter in the world, we can only conclude that the Rivers here reluctantly disobeyed the injunction. Nothing daunted, however, the Spirit, addressing a thousand Pinnacles and Steeps, desires them to deplore the glory that departs, or is departing—and we can almost fancy that we see the Pinnacles deploring it upon the spot. The Lakes—at least such of them as possess azure waves and snowy strands—then come in for their share of the oration. They are called upon to observe—to take notice—that above them stands no ordinary character—no Piankitank stump orator, or anything of that sort—but a Power;—a power, in short, to use the exact words of Mr. Mathews, “that utters forth his loud behest, till mountain, lake and river shall attest the puissance of a Master's *large commands.*” *Utters forth* is no doubt somewhat supererogatory, since “to utter” is of itself to emit, or send forth; but as “the Power” appears to be somewhat excited he should be forgiven such mere errors of speech. We cannot, however, pass over his boast about uttering forth his loud behest till mountain, lake and rivers shall obey him—for the fact is that his threat is *vox et preterea nihil*, like the countryman's nightingale in Catullus; the issue showing that the mountains, lakes and rivers—all very sensible creatures—go fast asleep upon the spot, and pay no attention to his rigmarole whatever. Upon the “large commands” it is not our intention to dwell. The phrase is a singularly mercantile one to be in the mouth of “a Power.” It is not impossible, however, that Mr. Mathews himself is

—busy in the cotton trad
And sugar line.

But to resume. We were originally told that the Spirit “lowered” and spoke, and in truth his entire speech is a scold at Creation; yet stanza the eighth is so forgetful as to say that he spoke “with a wide-cast look of bounteous power and cheerful majesty.” Be this point as it may, he now shakes his brandished arms, and, swelling out, seems to grow—

As grows a cedar on a mountain's top
By the mad air in ruffling breezes took

—or as swells a turkey-gobler; whose image the poet unquestionably had in his mind's eye when he penned the words about the ruffled cedar. As for *took* instead of *taken*—why not say *tuk* at once? We have heard of chaps vot vas tuk up for sheep-stealing, and we know of one or two that ought to be tuk up for murder of the Queen's English.

We shall never get on. Stanza the ninth assures us that the woods are deaf and will not be aroused, that the mountains are asleep and so forth—all which Mr Mathews might have anticipated. But the rest he could not have foreseen. He could not have foreknown that “the rivers, housed beneath their banks in *darksome stillness*,” would “loiter like a calm-bound sea,” and still less could be have been aware, unless informed of the fact, that “*cliff, wilderness and solitude would be spoused in anchored nuptials to dumb apathy.*” Good Heavens—no!—nobody could

have anticipated *that*! Now, Mr Mathews, we put it to you as to a man of veracity—what *does* it all mean?

As when in times to startle and revere.

This line, of course, is an accident on the part of our author. At the time of writing it he could not have remembered

To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

Here is another accident of imitation; for seriously, we do not mean to *assert* that it is anything more—

I urged the dark red hunter in his quest
Of pard or panther with a gloomy zest;
And while through darkling woods they swiftly fare
Two seeming creatures of the oak-shadowed air,
I sped the game and fired the follower's breast.

The line italicized we have seen quoted by some of our daily critics as beautiful; and so, barring the "oak-shadowed air," it is. In the meantime Campbell, in "Gertrude of Wyoming," has the *words*

—the hunter and the deer a shade.

Campbell stole the idea from our own Freneau, who has the *line*

The hunter and the deer a shade.

Between the 'wo, Mr. Mathews' claim to originality, at this point, very possibly, fall to the ground.

It appears to us that the author of "Wakondah" is either very innocent or very original about matters of versification. His stanza is an ordinary one. If we are not mistaken, it is that employed by Campbell in his "Gertrude of Wyoming"—a favorite poem of our author's. At all events it is composed of pentameters whose rhymes alternate by a simple and fixed rule. But our poet's deviations from this rule are so many and so unusually picturesque, that we scarcely know what to think of them. Sometimes he introduces an Alexandrine at the close of a stanza; and here we have no right to quarrel with him. It is not *usual* in this metre; but still he *may* do it if he pleases. To put an Alexandrine in the middle, or at the beginning, of one of these stanzas is droll, to say no more. See stanza third, which commences with the verse

Upon his brow a garland of the woods he wears,
and stanza twenty-eight, where the last line but one is

And rivers singing all aloud tho' still unseen.

Stanza the seventh begins thus

The Spirit lowers and speaks—tremble ye Wild Woods!

Here it must be observed that "wild woods" is not meant for a double rhyme. If scanned on the fingers (and we presume Mr. Mathews is in the practice of scanning thus) the line is a legitimate Alexandrine. Nevertheless, it cannot be *read*. It is like nothing under the sun; except, perhaps, Sir Philip Sidney's attempt at English Hexameter in his "Arcadia." Some one or two of his verses we remember. For example—

So to the | woods Love | runs as | well as | rides to the |
palace;
Neither he | bears reve | rence to a | prince nor | pity to
a | beggar,
But like a | point in the | midst of a | circle is | still of
a | nearness.

With the aid of an additional spondee or dactyl Mr.

Mathews' *very* odd verse might be scanned in the same manner, and would, in fact, be a legitimate Hexameter—

The Spi | rit lowers | and speaks | tremble ye | wild woods.

Sometimes our poet takes even a higher flight and *drags* a foot, or a half-foot, or, for the matter of that, a foot and a half. Here, for example, is a very singular verse to be introduced in a pentameter rhythm—

Then shone Wakondah's dreadful eyes.

Here another—

Yon full-orbed fire shall cease to shine.

Here, again, are lines in which the rhythm demands an accent on impossible syllables.

But ah winged *with* what agonies and pangs.
Swiftly before me *nor* care I how vast.
I see *visions* denied to mortal eyes.
Uplifted longer *in* heaven's western glow.

But these are trifles. Mr. Mathews is young and we take it for granted that he will improve. In the meantime what does he mean by spelling *lose*, *loose*, and its (the possessive pronoun) *it's*—re-iterated instances, of which fashions are to be found *passim* in "Wakondah"? What does he mean by writing *dare*, the present, for *dared* the perfect?—see stanza the twelfth. And, as we are now in the cataphetical vein, we may as well conclude our dissertation at once with a few other similar queries.

What do you mean, then, Mr. Mathews, by

A sudden silence *like a tempest fall*?

What do you mean by "a quivered stream;" "a shapeless gloom;" "a habitable wish;" "natural blood;" "oak-shadowed air;" "customary peers" and "thunderous noises?"

What do you mean by

A sorrow mightier than the midnight skies?

What do you mean by

A bulk that swallows up the sea-blue sky?

Are you not aware that calling the sky as blue as the sea, is like saying of the snow that it is as white as a sheet of paper?

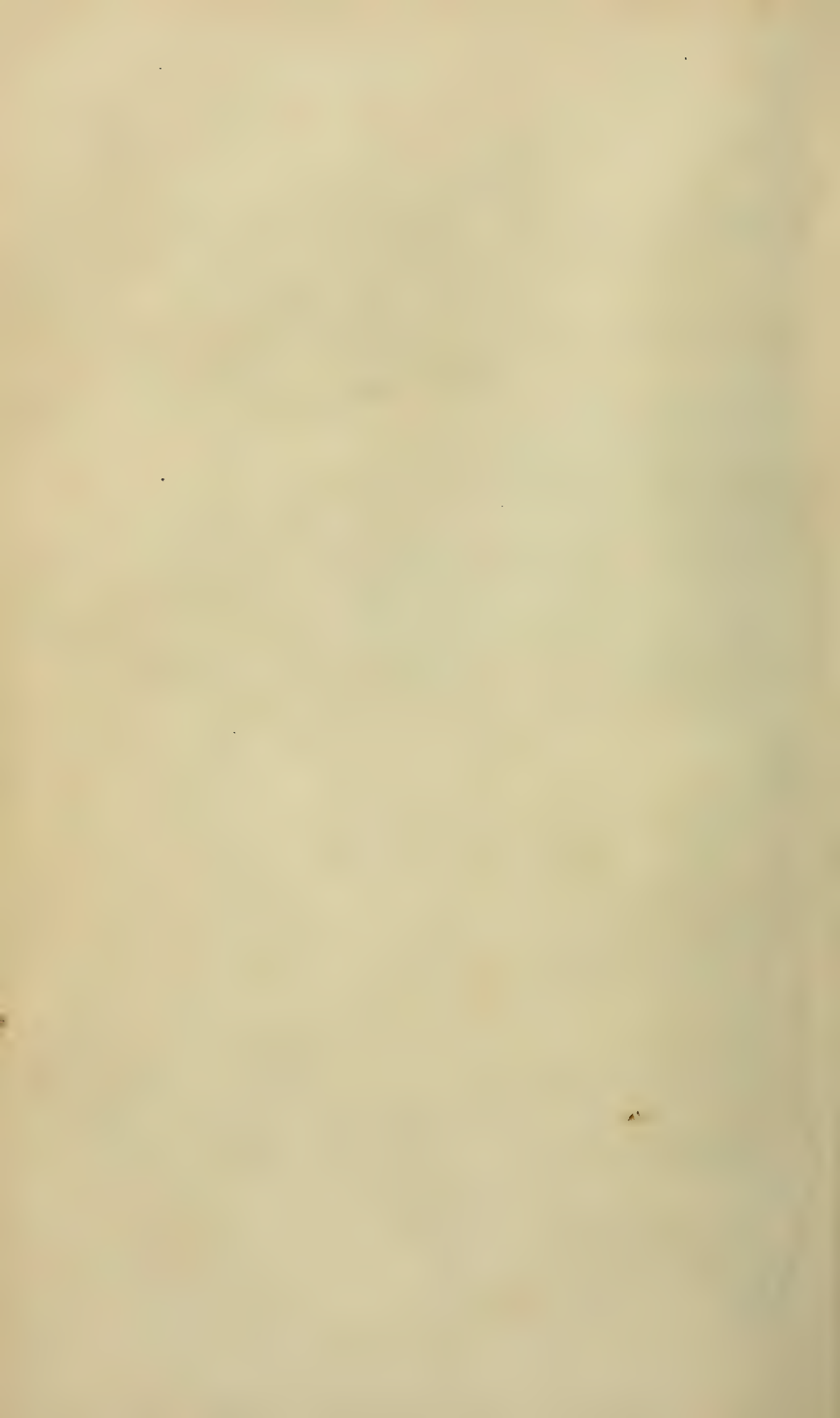
What do you mean, in short, by

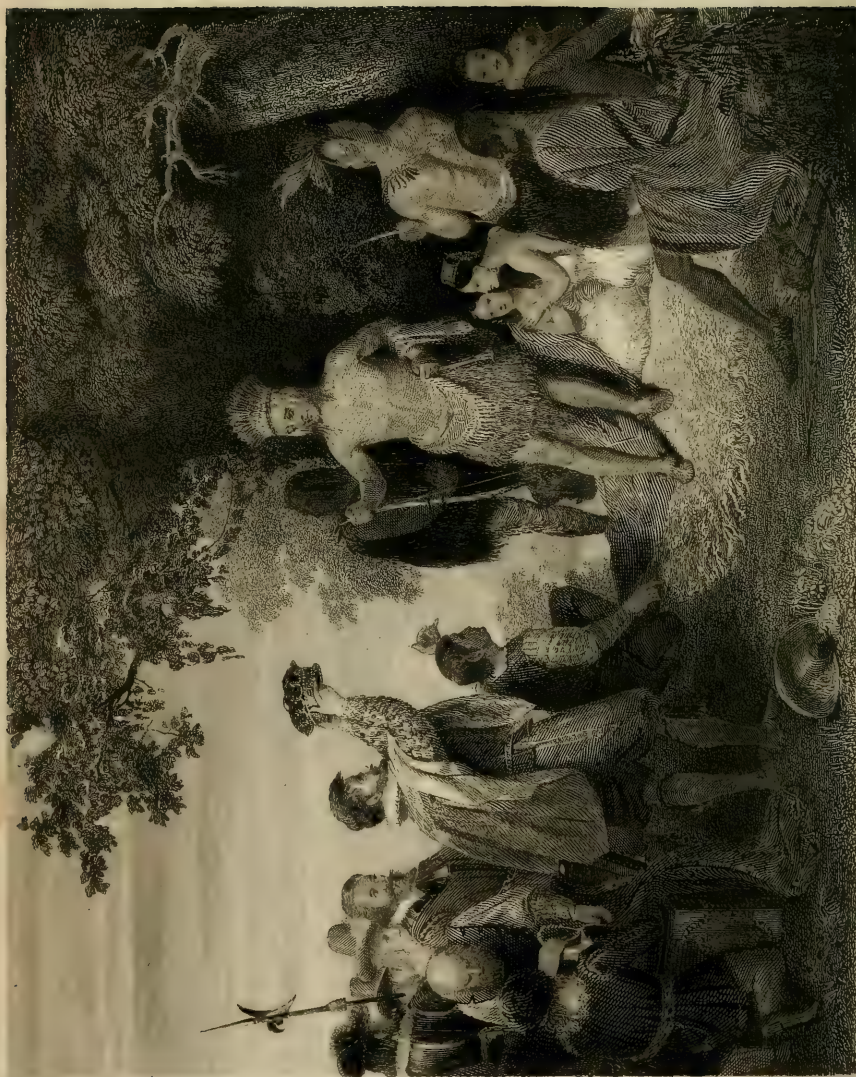
Its feathers darker than a thousand fears?

Is not this something like "blacker than a cat and a half of chimney-sweeps and a stack of black cats," and are not the whole of these illustrative observations of yours somewhat upon the plan of that of the witness who described a certain article stolen as being of the size and shape of a bit of chalk? What do you *mean* by them we say?

And here notwithstanding our earnest wish to satisfy the author of Wakondah, it is indispensable that we bring our notice of the poem to a close. We feel grieved that our observations have been so much at random:—but at random, after all, is it alone possible to convey either the letter or the spirit of that, which, a mere jumble of incongruous nonsense, has neither beginning, middle, nor end. We should be delighted to proceed—but how? to applaud—but what? Surely not this trumpery declamation, this maudlin sentiment, this metaphor run-mad, this twaddling verbiage, this halting and doggerel rhythm, this unintelligible rant and cant! "Sld, if these be your passados and montantes, we'll have none of them." Mr. Mathews, you have clearly mistaken your vocation, and your effusion as little deserves the title of *poem*, (oh sacred name!) as did the rocks of the royal forest of Fontainebleau that of "*mes déserts*" bestowed upon them by Francis the First. In bidding you adieu we commend to your careful consideration the remark of M. Timon "*que le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique doit lui-même savoir parler Français.*"







L. 1858. No. 1

1858. No. 1
The Native American
in the West

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.

PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1842.

No. 3.

THE CROWNING OF POWHATAN.

The settlement at Jamestown was begun in 1606. Among the earliest of the adventurers was the chivalrous Captain Smith, whose life was a romance even in those romantic days. He soon came to be the leader of the colonists, and it was through his exertions that the settlement was kept up, amid privations and dangers almost incredible. The story of his capture by the Indians, and his preservation from death by Pocahontas, has become a national tradition, and poets have sung, orators declaimed, and novelists penned volumes to record the bravery of the Captain, and the love of the Indian maid. But, perhaps, nowhere is the story told with such effect as in the "Generall Historie" of the gallant Smith himself, a work published in 1624, and still to be met with in the libraries of the curious. The book is a rarity. It is adorned with maps,—not the most correct, to be sure—and with engravings setting forth the various perilous situations of the author, over which a book-worm would gloat for a month. The narrative is written in a plain, frank, unassuming style, and the author is always spoken of in the third person. To this book we are indebted for an account of the crowning of Powhatan, and our only regret is that our limits will not suffer us to give the quaint language of Smith.

This singular ceremony took place in 1608, and was performed at the instigation of the council at home, who sent over the necessary insignia by Capt. Newport from London. The object of the ceremony was to propitiate Powhatan, and induce him to guide the colonists to the country of the *Monacons*, whom the dreamy adventurers, exaggerating the casual hints of the Indians, had pictured to themselves as a people of boundless wealth. It is evident, from the "Generall Historie," that Smith did not approve of the measure, for he says appositely—"As for the coronation of Powhatan, and his presents of Basin and Ewer, Bed, Bedstead, Clothes, &c., and such costly novelties, they had been much better spared than so ill spent, for we had his favor much better only for a plain piece of copper." The measure had

been resolved on at home, however, and Captain Smith had no alternative but to obey. Accordingly, he sent a messenger to Powhatan to come and receive his presents; but the Indian monarch, with the spirit of an Alexander, replied, "If your King have sent me presents, I also am a King, and this is my land: eight days I will stay to receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him." The Captain now sent the presents "a hundred miles by river," as he tells us, to Powhatan. Here a masked ball and other festivities came off, in which the Captain seems to have been quite a favorite with the Indian belles. At length the ceremony of the coronation was performed, but, if the bold Captain speaks aright, it must have been a sorry crowning. He says, "But a sore trouble there was to make him kneel to receive his crown, he neither knowing the majesty nor meaning of a crown, nor bending of the knee, endured as many persuasions, examples and instructions as enraged them all. At last, *by bearing hard on his shoulders*, he a little stooped, and those having the crown in their hands put it on his head, when by the warning of a pistol, the boats were prepared with such a volley of shot, that the King started up with a horrible fear, till he saw all was well." A graphic picture. A sturdy old republican was Powhatan, having no notion of their crown! We imagine we can see the perturbation of the good Captain and his followers when they found that the old warrior would not kneel, and the glee with which they regarded their success, when, by pressing hard on the royal shoulders, they surprised him into being duly crowned.

The honor, however, failed of its object. Powhatan would give no aid to the colonists in their designs on the *Monacons*, although that people was a sworn enemy to his race. He proudly said that he needed no ally—that he could conquer his foes alone. The only return he made for the gifts of the council was a present of an old pair of slippers and a mantle to Capt. Newport. The picture, by Chapman, graphically portrays the ceremony.

GERMAN WRITERS.

HEINRICH HEINE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LUDWIG BÖRNE, the well known author of *Letters from Paris*, once said, that Voltaire was only the John the Baptist of Antichrist, but that Heine was Antichrist himself. Perhaps he paid Heine too great a compliment; yet the remark is true so far as this, that it points him out as the leader of that new school in Germany which is seeking to establish a religion of sensuality, and to build a palace of Pleasure on the ruins of the church.

This school is known under the name of Young Germany. It is skeptical, and sensual; and seems desirous of trying again the experiment so often tried before, but never with any success, of living without a God. Heine expresses this in phrases too blasphemous or too voluptuous to repeat; and Gutzkow, his follower exclaims: "Let the only Priest, that weds our hearts, be a moment of rapture, not the church, with her ceremonies, and her servants with parted hair;" and again with a sigh: "Alas! had the world known nothing of God, it would have been happier!"

Thus the old and oft-repeated follies of mankind come up and are lived over again by young men, who despise the wisdom of the Past, and imagine themselves wiser than their own generation. Nor are these young men without their admirers and advocates. Madame Dacier, of classic memory, defended Sappho's morals, and in reply to the hereditary scandal against her, coldly said: "Sappho had her enemies." Nearly in the same way is Young Germany defended; and even theologians have not been wanting, to palliate, excuse and justify.

In this country, there are certain persons, who seem disposed to enact this same tragic farce; for we too, have our Young America, which mocks the elder prophets, and cries "Go up, bald-head!"—Young ladies read with delight such books as *Festus*, and think the *Elective Affinities* "religious almost to piety." Young men, who profess to be Christians, like the Pagan of Lafontaine, believe in God by a kind of patent-right,—*par bénéfice d'inventaire*. Nature, we are told, must not be interfered with in any way, at any time; and so much is said about this, that many respectable people begin to say with old Voss, "Dear Nature! thou seemest to me quite too natural!"

I do not, however, propose to discuss these points in the following sketch; nor to consider Heine's plans for regenerating society, which, at best, are but vague opinions thrown out recklessly and at random, like fire-brands, that set in a flame whatever

light matter they fall upon. It is the Author only, that I shall attempt to sketch.

Henry Heine was born in 1797 at Düsseldorf on the Rhine; and studied at the Universities of Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen. He afterwards resided in Hamburg, Berlin and Munich; and since 1830 has lived in Paris. His principal writings are *Buch der Lieder*, a collection of lyrical poems; two tragedies, *Almansor* and *Radcliff*; the four volumes of *Reisebilder*; the *Beiträge zur Geschichte der neuern schönen Literatur in Deutschland*; the *Frangösische Zustände*; and *Der Salon*,—the last two being collections of his various contributions to the German newspapers. The most popular of his writings is the *Reisebilder*, (Pictures of Travel.) The *Beiträge* has been translated into English, by Geo. W. Haven, under the title of *Letters auxiliary to the History of modern Polite Literature in Germany*, Boston, 1836. The same work, with many additions, has been published in Paris, under the title of *De l'Allemagne*.

The style of Heine is remarkable for vigor, wit and brilliancy; but is wanting in taste and refinement. To the recklessness of Byron he adds the sentimentality of Sterne. The *Reisebilder* is a kind of *Don Juan* in prose, with passages from the *Sentimental Journey*. He is always in extremes, either of praise or censure; setting at naught the decencies of life, and treating the most sacred things with frivolity. Throughout his writings you see traces of a morbid, ill-regulated mind; of deep feeling, disappointment and suffering. His sympathies seem to have died within him, like Ugolino's children in the tower of Famine. With all his various powers, he wants the one great power—the power of truth! He wants, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavors, the aspiration "after an ideal standard, that is higher than himself." In a word, he wants sincerity and spirituality.

In the highest degree reprehensible, too, is the fierce, implacable hatred with which Heine pursues his foes. No man should write of another as he permits himself to do at times. In speaking of Schlegel, as he does in his *German Literature*, he is utterly without apology. And yet to such remorseless invectives, to such witty sarcasms, he is indebted in a great degree for his popularity. It was not till after he had bitten the heel of Hercules, that the Crab was placed among the constellations.

The following passages from the *Reisebilder*, will

give the reader a general idea of Heine's style; exhibiting at once his beauties and defects—his poetic feeling—his spirit—his wit—his want of taste. The first is from his description of a *Tour to the Harz Mountains*; the second from his *Journey from Munich to Genoa*.

SCENE ON THE BROCKEN.

In the dining-room of the inn I found all life and motion; students from various Universities; some just arrived, are refreshing themselves, others are preparing for their departure, buckling their knapsacks, writing their names in the Album, receiving *Brocken-bouquets* from the servant girl; there is pinching of cheeks, singing, dancing, shouting; questions are asked, answers given,—fine weather,—footpath,—God bless you—good bye. Some of the departing are a little jolly, and take double delight in the beautiful view, because a man when he is drunk sees all things double.

When I had somewhat refreshed myself, I ascended the observatory, and found there a little gentleman with two ladies, one of them young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A glorious figure,—upon her curling tresses a helm-like hat of black satin, with whose white feathers the wind sported;—her delicate limbs so closely wrapped in a black silk mantle, that the noble outlines were distinctly seen;—and her free, large eye quietly gazing forth into the free, large world.

I sought without more ado to engage the beautiful lady in conversation; for one does not truly enjoy the beauties of Nature, unless he can express his feelings at the moment. She was not intellectual, but attentive, sensible. Of a truth, most aristocratic features. I do not mean that common, stiff, negative aristocratic bearing, that knows exactly what must be let alone; but that rare, free, positive aristocratic bearing, which tells us clearly what we may do, and gives us with the greatest freedom of manners, the greatest social security. To my own astonishment, I displayed considerable geographical knowledge; told the curious fair one all the names of the towns that lay before us; found and showed her the same on my map, which I unfolded with true professional dignity, upon the stone table in the middle of the platform. Many of the towns I could not find, perhaps because I looked for them rather with my fingers, than with my eyes, which meanwhile were investigating the face of the gentle lady, and found more beautiful excursions there than *Schierke* and *Elend*. It was one of those faces that never excite, seldom fascinate, and always please. I love such faces, because they smile to sleep my turbulent heart.

In what relation the little gentleman, who accompanied the ladies, stood to them I could not guess. He was a thin, curious-looking figure; a little head, sparingly covered with little grey hairs, that came down over his narrow forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes, his crooked nose projecting to a great length, and his mouth and chin retreating anxiously towards the ears. This funny little face

seemed to be made of a soft, yellowish clay, such as sculptors use in forming their first models; and when the thin lips were pressed together, a thousand fine, semi-circular wrinkles covered his cheeks. Not one word did the little gentleman say; and only now and then, when the elderly lady whispered something pleasant in his ear, he smiled like a poodle-dog with a cold in his head.

The elderly lady was the mother of the younger, and likewise possessed the most aristocratic form and feature. Her eye betrayed a morbid, sentimental melancholy; about her mouth was an expression of rigid piety; and yet it seemed to me, as if once it had been very beautiful, had laughed much, and taken and given many a kiss. Her face resembled a *Codex palimpsestus*, where, beneath the recent, black, monkish copy of a homily of one of the Fathers of the Church, peeped forth the half effaced verses of some ancient Greek love-poet. Both of the ladies, with their companion, had been that year in Italy, and told me all kinds of pretty things about Rome, Florence and Venice. The mother had a great deal to say of Raphael's paintings at St. Peter's; the daughter talked more about the opera and the *Teatro Fenice*.

While we were speaking it began to grow dark; the air grew colder, the sun sank lower, and the platform was filled with students, mechanics, and some respectable cockneys, with their wives and daughters, all of whom had come to see the sun set. It is a sublime spectacle, which attunes the soul to prayer. A full quarter of an hour stood we all solemnly silent, and saw how that beauteous ball of fire by slow degrees sank in the west; our faces were lighted by the ruddy glow of evening,—our hands folded themselves involuntarily;—it was as if we stood there, a silent congregation in the nave of a vast cathedral, and the Priest were elevating the Body of the Lord, and the eternal choral of Pales-trina flowing down from the organ!

As I stood thus absorbed in devotion, I heard some one say close beside me;

"Generally speaking, how very beautiful nature is!"

These words came from the tender heart of my fellow lodger, the young shop-keeper. They brought me back again to my work-day mood, and I was just in the humor to say several very polite things to the ladies about the sunset, and quietly conduct them back to their room, as if nothing had happened. They permitted me to sit and talk with them another hour. As the earth itself, so revolved our conversation round the sun. The mother remarked, that the sun, sinking in vapors, had looked like a red, blushing rose, which the Heaven in its gallantry had thrown down upon the broad-spreading, white bridal veil of his beloved Earth! The daughter smiled, and expressed herself of the opinion, that too great familiarity with the appearances of nature weakened their effect. The mother corrected this erroneous view by a passage from Goëthe's *Reisebriefen*, and asked me if I had read the *Sorrows of Werther*. I believe we talked also about Angola cats, Etruscan

vases, Cashmere shawls, macaroni and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elderly lady, prettily lisping and sighing, recited some passages on sunsets. To the younger lady, who did not understand English, but wanted to read Byron, I recommended the translations of my fair and gifted country-woman, the Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen; and availed myself of the opportunity, as I always do with young ladies, to express myself with warmth upon Byron's ungodliness, unloveliness and unhappiness.

Reisebilder, Vol. 1.

STREET MUSICIANS.

When I returned to the *Locanda della Grande Europa*, when I had ordered a good *Pranzo*, I was so sad at heart that I could not eat,—and that means a great deal. I seated myself before the door of the neighboring *Botega*, refreshed myself with an ice, and said within myself:

“Capricious Heart! thou art now forsooth in Italy—why singest thou not like the lark? Perhaps the old German Sorrows, the little serpents, that hid themselves deep within thee have come with us into Italy, and are making merry now, and their common jubilee awakens in my breast that picturesque sorrow, which so strangely stings and dances and whistles? And why should not the old sorrows make merry for once? Here in Italy it is indeed so beautiful, suffering itself is here so beautiful,—in these ruinous marble palaces sighs sound far more romantically, than in our neat brick houses,—beneath yon laurel trees one can weep far more voluptuously, than under our surly, jagged pines,—and gaze with looks of far sweeter longing at the ideal cloud-landscapes of celestial Italy, than at the ash-gray, German work-day heaven, where the very clouds wear the looks of decent burghers, and yawn so tediously down upon us! Stay then in my heart, ye sorrows! Nowhere will you find a better lodging. You are dear and precious to me; and no man knows better how to father and cherish you, than I; and I confess to you, you give me pleasure. And after all, what is pleasure? Pleasure is nothing else than a highly agreeable Pain.”

I believe that the music, which, without my taking note of it, sounded before the *Botega*, and had already drawn round itself a circle of spectators, had melo-dramatically accompanied this monologue. It was a strange trio, consisting of two men, and a young girl, who played the harp. One of the men, warmly clad in a white shaggy coat, was a robust fellow, with a dark-red bandit-face, that gleamed from his black hair and beard, like a portentous comet; and between his legs he held a monstrous bass-viol, upon which he sawed as furiously, as if he had thrown down a poor traveller in the Abruzzi, and was in haste to fiddle his windpipe in two. The other was a tall, meagre graybeard, whose mouldering bones shook in their thread-bare, black garments, and whose snow-white hair formed a lamentable contrast with his *buffo* song and his foolish capers. It is sad enough, when an old man must barter for

bread the respect we owe to his years, and give himself up to buffoonery; but more melancholy still, when he does this before or with his own child! For that girl was the daughter of the old *Buffo*, and accompanied with the harp the lowest jests of her gray-headed father; or, laying her harp aside sang with him a comic duet, in which he represented an amorous old dotard and she the young coquettish *innamorata*. Moreover the girl seemed hardly to have passed the threshold of childhood; as if the child, before it had grown to maidenhood, had been made a woman, and not an honest woman. Hence that pallid, faded look, and the expression of nervous discontent in her beautiful face, whose proudly rounded features as it were disdained all show of compassion;—hence the secret sorrowfulness of the eyes, that from beneath their black, triumphal arches flashed forth such challenges;—hence the deep mournful voice, that so strangely contrasted with the laughing, beautiful lips, from which it fell;—hence the debility of those too delicate limbs, around which a short, anxious-looking robe of violet-colored silk, fluttered as low as it possibly could. In addition to this, gay, variegated satin ribbands flaunted from her faded straw hat, and emblematic of herself, her breast was adorned with an open rose-bud, which seemed rather to have been rudely torn open, than to have bloomed forth from its green sheath by its own natural growth. Still in this unhappy girl, in this Spring which Death had already breathed upon and blasted,—lay an indescribable charm, a grace, which revealed itself in every look, in every motion, in every tone. The bolder her gestures became, the deeper grew my compassion; and when her voice rose from her breast so weak and wonderful, and as it were implored forgiveness; then triumphed in my breast the little serpents, and bit their tails for joy. The Rose likewise seemed to look at me imploringly; once I saw it tremble and grow pale,—but at the same moment rose the trills of the girl so much the more laughingly aloft, the old man wooed still more amorously, and the red comet-face murdered his viol so grimly, that it uttered the most terrifically droll sounds, and the spectators shouted more madly than ever.

* * * *

The little harper must have remarked, that while she was singing and playing, I looked often at the rose upon her breast; and as I afterwards threw upon the tin plate, with which she collected her honorarium, a piece of gold, and not of the smallest, she smiled slyly, and asked me secretly, if I wanted her rose.

* * * *

Think no evil, dear reader. It had grown dark, and the stars looked so pure and pious down into my heart. In that heart itself, however, trembled the memory of the dead Maria. I thought again of that night, when I stood beside the bed, where lay her beautiful, pale form, with soft, still lips—I thought again of the strange look the old woman cast at me, who was to watch by the dead body, and surrendered her charge to me for a few hours—I thought again

of the night-violet, that stood in a glass upon the table, and smelt so strangely. Again I shuddered with the doubt, whether it were really a draft of wind, that blew the lamp out?—or whether there were a third person in the chamber!

Reisebilder, Vol. 3.

The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone,—the same endless sigh,—pervades them. Though they possess the highest lyric merit they are for the most part fragmentary;—expressions of some momentary state of feeling,—sudden ejaculations of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love. They profess to be songs, and as songs must they be judged, and as

German Songs. Then these imperfect expressions of feeling,—these mere suggestions of thought,—this “luminous mist,” that half reveals, half hides the sense,—this selection of topics from scenes of every day life, and in fine this prevailing tone of sentimental sadness, will not seem affected, misplaced nor exaggerated. At the same time it must be confessed that the trivial and common-place recur too frequently in these songs. Here, likewise, as in the prose of Heine, the lofty aim is wanting; we listen in vain for the spirit-stirring note—for the word of power—for those ancestral melodies, which, amid the uproar of the world, breathe in our ears forevermore the voices of consolation, encouragement and warning. Heine is not sufficiently in earnest to be a great poet.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Seraph! thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean vexed as it may be
With storms; but where, meanwhile,
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

For 'mid the earnest cares and woes
That crowd around my earthly path,
(Sad path, alas, where grows
Not even one lonely rose!)
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee; and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A MINIATURE.

By the splendor of thine eyes,
Flashing in their ebon light
As a star across the skies
On the sable noon of night!
By the glory of that brow,
In its calm sublimity,—
With thee, or away, as now,
I worship thee!

Sorrow has been thine, alas!
Once thou wert a happy bride;
Joy is like a brittle glass:
It was shivered at thy side.
Shall I love thee less for this?
Only be as true to me,
And I'll glory in the bliss,
The bliss of thee!

Are thy lashes wet with tears?
Canst thou never more be gay?
Chase afar these foolish fears—
I will kiss thy dread away!

We are parted—'till we meet,
Time shall pass how wearily!
Yet I'll make each hour more fleet
By thoughts of thee!

In the solitude of night,
In the tumult of the day,
By the gloamin' fire's light,
In the mazy dance and gay,
By the silver-sounding streams,
Underneath the rustling tree,
In my waking, or in dreams,
I'll think of thee!

When in ev'ry flower cup
Fairies dance the night away,
When the queenly moon is up,
Moving on her stately way,
When the stars upon the shore
Silence e'en the sounding sea—
Ever till we part no more,
I'll think of thee!

A. A. I.

THE FRESHET.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

MARCH hath unlocked stern Winter's chain,
Nature is wrapp'd in misty shrouds,
And ceaselessly the drenching rain
Drips from the gray sky-mantling clouds ;
The deep snows melt, and swelling rills
Pour through each hollow of the hills ;
The river from its rest hath risen,
And bounded from its shattered prison ;
The huge ice-fragments onward dash
With grinding roar and splintering crash ;
Swift leap the floods upon their way,
Like war-steeds thundering on their path,
With hoofs of waves and manes of spray
Restrainless in their mighty wrath.

Wild mountains stretch in towering pride
Along the river's either side ;
Leaving between it and their walls
Narrow and level intervals.
When Summer glows, how sweet and bright
The landscape smiles upon the sight !
Here, the deep golden wheat-fields vie
With the rich carpets of the rye,
The buckwheat's snowy mantles, there,
Shed honied fragrance on the air ;
In long straight ranks, the maize uprears
Its silken plumes and pennon'd spears,
The yellow melon, underneath,
Plump, ripening, in its viny wreath :
Here, the thick rows of new-mown grass,
There, the potato-plant's green mass ;
All framed by woods—each limit shown
By zigzag rail, or wall of stone ;
Contrasting here, within the shade,
The axe a space hath open laid
Cumber'd with trees hurl'd blended down,
Their verdure chang'd to wither'd brown ;
There, the soil ashes-strew'd, and black,
Shows the red flame's devouring track ;
The fire-weed shooting thick where stood
The leafy monarchs of the wood :
A scene peculiar to one land
Which Freedom with her magic wand
Hath touch'd, to clothe with bloom, and bless
With peace, and joy, and plenteousness.

The rains have ceas'd—the struggling glare
Of sunset lights the misty air,
The fierce wind sweeps the myriad throng
Of broken ragged clouds along,
From the rough saw-mill, where hath rung
Through all the hours, its grating tongue ;
The raftsmen sallies, as the gray
Of evening tells the flight of day :
And slowly seeks with loitering stride,
His cabin by the river-side.

As twilight darkens into night,
Still dash the waters in their flight,
Still the ice-fragments, thick and fast,
Shoot like the clouds before the blast.

Beyond—the sinuous channel wends
Through a deep narrow gorge, and bends
With curve so sharp, the drifting ice,
Hurl'd by the flood's tremendous might,
Piles the opposing precipice,
And every fragment swells the height ;
Hour after hour uprears the wall,
Until a barrier huge and tall
Breasts the wild waves that vain upswell
To overwhelm the obstacle :
They bathe the alder on the verge,
The leaning hemlock now they merge,
The stately elm is dwindling low
Within the deep engulfing flow,
Till curb'd thus in its headlong flight,
With its accumulated might,
The river turning on its track,
Rolls its wide-spreading volumes back.

Slumbers the raftsmen—through his dream
Distorted visions wildly stream,
Now in the wood his axe he swings,
And now his sawmill's jarring rings ;
Now his huge raft is shooting swift
Cochecton's white tumultuous rift,
Now floats it on the ebon lap
Of the grim shadow'd Water Gap,
And now it's tossing on the swells
Fierce dashing down the slope of Wells,
The rapids crash upon his ear,
The deep sounds roll more loud and near,
They fill his dream—he starts—he wakes !

The moonlight through the casement falls,
Ha ! the wild sight that on him breaks,

The floods sweep round his cabin-walls,
Beneath their bounding thundering shocks,
The frail log fabric groans and rocks ;
Crash, crash ! the ice-bolts round it shiver,
The walls like blast-swept branches quiver,
His wife is clinging to his breast,
The child within his arms is prest,
He staggers through the chilly flood
That numbs his limbs, and checks his blood,
On, on, he strives—the waters lave
Higher his form with every wave,
They steep his breast, on each side dash
The splinter'd ice with thundering crash
A fragment strikes him—ha ! he reels,
That shock in every nerve he feels,
Faster, bold raftman, speed thy way,
The waves roar round thee for their prey,

Thy cabin totters—sinks—the flood
Rolls its mad surges where it stood :
Before thy straining sight, the hill
Sleeps in the moonlight, bright and still,
Falter not, falter not, struggle on,
That goal of safety may be won,
Heavily droops thy wife with fear,
Thy boy's shrill shriekings fill thine ear ;
Urge, urge thy strength to where out-fling

Yon cedar branches for thy cling,
Joy, raftman joy ! thy need is past,
The wish'd for goal is won at last,
Joy, raftman joy ! thy quick foot now
Is resting on the hill's steep brow :
Praise to high heaven, each knee is bending,
Each heart's warm incense is ascending,
Praise to high heaven, each humble prayer
Oh, finds it not acceptance there ?

MARCHES FOR THE DEAD.

BY WM. WALLACE, AUTHOR OF "JERUSALEM," "STAR LYRA," ETC.

A MARCH for the DEAD—the *dreamless* DEAD
Of the tomb and the chancel ai-le,
Where the cypress bends or the banner-spread
Waves round in the holy pile :—
Let the chimes be low as the awful breath
Of the midnight winds that creep,
With a pulse as faint as the step of Death,
O'er the chambers of the deep,
When the stars are in a solemn noon
Like o'er-wearied watchers there,
And a seraph-glory from the moon
Floats down through the sleeping air.

A march for the DEAD—the *lovely* DEAD
Whose voices still we hear,
Like a spirit-anthem, mournfully
Around a brother's bier :
Their eyes still beam, as of old, on ours—
And their words still cheer the soul—
And their smiles still shine, like star-lit bow'rs,
Where the tides of Being roll.
Then, oh ! minstrel strike your sweetest lyre,
Let its notes to feeling true,
Be warm as the sacred Eastern fire,
But, still, as chastened too :
And SORROW there will incline her head,
While HOPE sits fondly by—
With one hand pointing to the Dead,
The other to the sky.

A march for the DEAD—the *holy* DEAD—
They hallowed every sod
Like the rainbows *resting on our earth—*
But soaring towards God.
But, oh ! what a diapason there
From the thrilling chords should start !
Like the lightning leaping from its lair
To wither NATURE's heart !
Like the THUNDER when the TEMPEST's hand
Unveils his giant form,
And strikes, with all his cloudy band,
The organs of the storm ?
Ah, no ! Let the march be soft, but glad
As a Sabbath evening's breeze,—
For why should the heart of man be sad
When he thinks of these ? *Of these ?*

A march for the DEAD—the *awful* DEAD—
Like mountain peaks, sublime,
Which show, as they rise, some River's length,
They mark the stream of TIME.
How dread they appear as each lies in his tomb,
With the earthy worm revelling there—

While the grim, hairless skulls from the terrible gloom
Are gleaming soghastly and bare.

Solemn and slow, with many a wail between,
Harp give thy song the deepest, grandest flow,
While yonder moon, so dim, so cold, serene,
Lights up the burial march of those below :
And from afar the billows of the Main
Send forth their long-drawn, melancholy moan—
Most fitting chorus, for this fearful strain
Breathed in the Temples of the NIGHT alone.

A march for the DEAD—the *mighty* DEAD,
Whose mind like oceans hurl'd
Along the trembling Alps, have shook
A myriad-peopled world.
They were the links of that mighty chain,
Which the heaven unites to man,
Since first from its realm the morning strain
Of the minstrel-stars began :
And along them have flashed for six thousand years
A flame to this lowly sod,
(Oh ! holier far than the light of the spheres,)
From the mighty heart of God !
Yet once more, oh ! Bard—yet once more re-illumine
The song-god's olden fire,
And shed o'er the depths of the terrible tomb
The beauty of the lyre.
Give its full notes abroad—let its anthem ring out
Through the aisles of the blue-beaming air—
Wild, joyous and loud as the rapturous shout
When a great host of angels are there,
And the HEAVENS are all glad and wide-arching above.
Kiss the far-distant hills, like the warm lips of LOVE,
When she cradles the stars and the earth on her breast,
While the waters lie still in their sleep,
And the banners of Evening, unfurl'd in the west,
Pavilion her Deity's sleep.

It is well !—
Lo, the spell !
It shakes every shroud !
How they rise !—How they rise !—
The GREAT and the PROUD—
Each a God, as you see by their glorious eyes !
'Tis a terrible throng !—
And THOUGHT from her Pyramid splendidly bows
And sits like a glory-wreathed crown on their brows,—
As they thunder along.
HURRY ON ! HURRY ON !—ye have not lived in vain
As we see by each radiant head !—
Oh, minstrel still utter that sonorous strain—
'Tis the march of the *mighty*—THE DEAD !

THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 82.)

THE princely pile, known as Somerset House, remains even to this day unfinished, and at the time of our story was, with the exception of one block, scarcely raised above its foundations. The large square court and every empty space, for many rods around its site, were cumbered with building materials. Piles of rude stone—beds of newly made mortar—window-sashes, with the lead and rich glass that composed them, crushed together from the carelessness with which they had been flung down—cornices with the gilding yet fresh upon them—great fragments of carved oak—beams of timber with flags of marble, and even images of saints, broken as they were torn from their niches, lay heaped together promiscuously and with a kind of sacriligious carelessness. That block of the building, which runs parallel with the river, alone was completed, while that portion of the square, which forms its angle on the strand, was built to the second story so far as the great arched entrance. But all the rest was only massed out by a line of rough stones sunk into the earth, and in places almost concealed by the heaps of rubbish which we have described.

Notwithstanding the unfinished state of his palace the Lord Protector had taken possession of that portion already completed, and from the sumptuous—nay, almost regal magnificence of its adornments, seemed determined to rival his royal nephew and king, in state, as he had already done in power.

We have been particular in describing the Lord Protector's residence, for, at the time our story resumes its thread, it contained the leading personages who rendered themselves conspicuous in the St. Margaret's riot.

Once more the gray of morning hung over the city of London, a faint hum of voices and the sound of busy feet rose gradually within its bosom. With the earliest glimmer a host of workmen came to their daily toil upon the palace, and were seen in the yet dim light swarming upon the heaps of material gathered in the court, and creeping, like ants drawn from their mound, along the damp walls and the scaffolding that bristled over them.

Though the hum and bustle of busy life swelled and deepened in the streets the light was not yet strong enough to penetrate the masses of heavy velvet which muffled three tall windows of a cham-

ber overlooking the Thames, and a slope of rich, but trampled sward that rolled greenly down to its brink. So thick and deeply folded were the curtains that it was broad day in the streets, though the sun had not yet risen, before sufficient light penetrated the chamber to draw out the objects which it contained from the deep tranquil gloom that surrounded them. By degrees a soft, warm light came stealing through a fold or two of the crimson drapery as if a shower of wine were dashed against them, very faint and rich it was, but sufficient to reveal a mantelpiece of clouded marble surmounting an immense fire place at one end of the room—tall chairs of dark wood, heavily covered with cushions of crimson leather enveloped with gold, standing in solemn magnificence around, and a massive bed supported by immense posts of ebony, each carved like the stems of a great vine twisted together and coiling upward to the ceiling, where they branched off and twined together, a superb cornice of foliage cut from the polished wood, and intermingled with clusters of fruit so roundly carved that they seemed ready to break loose from the rich workmanship of tendrils and leaves which bedded them. The broad footboard was carved to a perfect net-work; its glittering black only relieved by the Somerset crest exquisitely emblazoned in the centre. The head was surmounted by a slab of broad ebony even more elaborately wrought than the other, more nicely touched and interworked like a specimen of Chinese ivory. In the centre, just over the pillows, a basket of golden apples gleamed through the delicate dark tracery, which seemed to prison it, and caught the first faint light that struggled through the windows. As this light deepened and grew stronger within the room, a counterpane of purple velvet sweeping over the bed began to glow, as if the grapes above were red, and had been shaken during the night over the lovely girl who lay in an unquiet slumber beneath it. The counterpane was disturbed and lay in purple waves over the bed—for the Lady Jane Seymour had started up more than once during the morning, and after gazing wildly about in the dim light, sunk to her pillow again, in that state of unquiet drowsiness, which is neither wakefulness nor repose. Now and then, as she seemed most soundly asleep, her lips moved with restless murmurs, and her fair brow

was knitted as if in pain beneath the crushed lace of her night-coif. She was lying thus with closed eyes, and yet scarcely asleep, when a door opened, and the old woman who had escaped from the riot on the previous day, stole softly into the chamber, bearing in her arms a bundle of green rushes and a basket of flowers—humble things, but fresh and with the night dew yet upon them. She laid her burthen on the floor, and approaching the bed on tiptoe, bent down and kissed the small hand which crept out from a fold of the counterpane, as if the beautiful sleeper had been half aware of her approach. More than once did the kind nurse bend over and caress her charge, but timidly and as if fearful of arousing her. At length she went to her basket, took a bunch of wild violets from the blossoms it contained and laid them upon the pillow. A faint smile beamed over that fair face as the perfume stole over it, and Lady Jane murmured softly as one who received pleasure in a dream.

The nurse hurried away, and untying her rushes, began to scatter them over the oaken floor. After casting down a few of the flowers upon the fragrant carpet, she selected others to fill an antique little vase which stood on a table richly wrought, like everything in the chamber, and surmounted by a mirror which hung against the wall, in a frame of ebony and gold, twined and drawn heavily together. The light was yet very dim, so the good nurse cautiously drew back a fold of the window-curtain. A sun-beam shot through and broke over the steel mirror plate, as if a golden arrow had been shivered there. A flood of light, more than she had intended to admit, filled the chamber and completely aroused the Lady Jane. She started up in her couch, gazed wildly upon her nurse, who stood almost terrified by what she had done, with the half filled vase suspended over the table, and then bending her head down upon her hand, seemed lost in thought, which ended in a fit of weeping.

"Nurse," she said at last, but without lifting her face.

The old woman set down her vase, and moving to the bed drew the young girl to her bosom, and putting back her night-cap, affectionately smoothed the bright hair gathered beneath it, with her hand.

"Tell me all that happened, good nurse," said the Lady at length, "I know that something is wrong, that I have been in strange places, and amid a host of people, but it all seems very long since, and strange, like the dreams that haunt one in sickness." She paused awhile, very thoughtfully, and resumed what she was saying.

"You were with me, and I remember now! they whirled you away in the crowd. There was a little evil looking man came to me after that. He rode by them. The church! the altar! that window! and Lord Dudley in the grasp of rude soldiers! Nurse—tell me, where is the Duke? where is my father? I must see my father! Go to him, and say that his daughter has been ill, very ill, and would speak with him before he rides forth for the morning. Go quickly, I am very well, and can robe myself."

As she uttered these hasty directions, the Lady Jane flung back the bed-drapery, and springing to the floor, snatched a robe from the chair to which it had been flung on the previous night, and thrusting her arms into the loose sleeves, began eagerly and with trembling fingers, to knot the silken cord which bound it to her waist. All at once her hands dropped from the task, and her exalted features contracted with a sudden and most painful thought.

"Do not go," she said in a stifled voice, but without lifting her face, "It was my father who bade them tear the church down upon me. It was he who flung Lord Dudley back among those bad men. Do not go."

The nurse, who had seemed reluctant to perform the mission desired of her, returned, and taking up her young lady's slippers, knelt down to place them on her feet, which were heedlessly pressing the chill floor, but putting the good woman gently aside, Lady Jane began to pace slowly up and down the apartment, sweeping the rushes with her loose robe, and crushing beneath her small white feet, the wild blossoms that had been scattered among them. At length she stopped suddenly and clasping her hands, turned a look full of wild anguish upon the good woman, who stood meekly by the bed, with the rejected slippers in her hand.

"Did you think that my father would ever have cursed *me*?" she said. "That he would revile the bravest and most noble being in all England, before a mob of riotous men; that he would let them seize him and trample me to the earth; *me*, his youngest child—who loved him so."

"Nay, sweet Lady—you have been ill, and all this is a feverish fancy. You should have seen with what tenderness my Lord The Duke, bore you up from the barge, in his own arms, and would not rest till we brought him word that you were safe in bed here, and asleep," replied the nurse.

Lady Jane shook her head and smiled sadly. "It was no dream," she said, "dreams are of the fancy, but such things as happened yesterday, sink into the soul, and will not pass away."

"And yet," replied the dame, "it was but now the Lord Duke took such care of your repose, my gentle Lady, that he forbade the workmen wielding a hammer or crowbar in the court, lest your rest might be disturbed too early. I met him scarcely ten minutes since, on the way to his closet, where he is about to examine my Lord Dudley, and that strange looking man who was brought here on his lordship's horse, while the brave young gentleman came by water with a pack of soldiers at his heels. The Duke, your father, was in haste, but he took occasion to inquire after your welfare, and bade me observe that no one entered this chamber, or disturbed you in the least, till you were quite restored."

Lady Jane took the slippers from her attendant's hand, and hastily thrusting her feet into them, began to arrange her dress once more.

"Said you that Lord Dudley was with my father now?" she enquired, turning from the steel mirror, before which she was hurriedly twisting up her hair.

"He may not have left his prisoner in the new rooms near the arch yet," replied the dame, "but I heard the Duke give orders that he should be brought out directly with that fellow in the sheep-skin cap. If we were but on the other side, nothing would be easier than to see them with the guard, filing through the court."

"And has my father gone so far? Lord Dudley imprisoned in our own dwelling with a felon knave like that?" murmured Lady Jane, folding her arms and looking almost sternly upon the floor, "alas, what is his offence, what is mine, that a parent, once so good and kind should deal thus cruelly with us!" Tears gathered in her eyes as she spoke, and advancing to the nurse she took her arm, and moved resolutely toward the door.

"Whither are you going my lady?" said the nurse, turning pale with apprehension.

"To my father," replied Lady Jane calmly, "I would learn the nature of my offence, and if accusation is brought against my affianced husband I would stand by his side. Do not turn pale and tremble, nurse, I am not the child which I went forth yesterday, though but a day older; intense suffering is more powerful than time, and I almost think that my youth has departed forever. Let us go!"

"I dare not," replied the old woman, "the duke has forbidden it."

"Am I also a prisoner, and in my father's house," demanded the lady, "well, be it so! When the falcon is caged the poor dove should but peck idly against her wires," and sitting down the unhappy girl folded her arms on the dressing table, where she wept in bitterness of heart. The noise of heavy feet passing along the corridor to which her chamber opened aroused her.

"It is the soldiers with Lord Dudley in charge," said the nurse in reply to her questioning look, "I will go and see." The good woman arose and softly opening the door looked out. Lady Jane gazed after her with intense earnestness. When she stepped into the passage and the sound of low voices came into the room the anxious young creature could restrain herself no longer, for the tones were familiar and made her heart thrill, burthened as it was with sorrow. She moved eagerly toward the door, and, as it was swung open by the returning nurse, caught one glance of Lord Dudley's face. It was stern and pale as death. He saw her and tried to smile, but the rude voice of a soldier bade him move on; he was hereby excited and the effort was lost in a proud curve of the lips, which chilled the unhappy young creature who gazed so breathlessly upon him. It was the first time that she had ever seen a shadow of bitterness on those lips, for her presence had always a power to bring sunshine to them in his sternest mood.

"Oh, what changes has one day brought," she murmured, burying her face once more upon the table, "my father's curse upon me—Dudley, my Dudley, estranged. My mother—alas! when has the morning dawned that her kiss failed to greet me. Now, on this wretched day," she broke off, locked

the small hands which covered her face more firmly together, and again murmured, "Heaven help me, for I am alone!"

"No, not alone—is your old nurse of no account? If they have made her your jailor is she not a kind one?" said the good-hearted attendant, bending over her weeping charge. "Come, take heart, lady-bird, dark days cannot last forever; the stars, so beautiful and bright, are sometimes lost in black clouds, but they always find a time to shine out again. The duke cannot intend to deal harshly with you or he would never have appointed your own fond old nurse keeper to your prison. Besides, Lord Dudley will be set free directly, he bade me tell you that a messenger had been sent to the staunch old earl, his father, and that another night would not find him submitting to insult and confinement like the last."

Lady Jane ceased to weep, but still remained sad and thoughtful; she was troubled and grieved by the absence of her mother. It seemed as if every thing she loved had deserted her, save the good old nurse. But she was naturally a cheerful light-hearted creature, and storms must sweep over such hearts again and again before hope is entirely driven forth. She was even smiling with some degree of her old mischievous playfulness at the pompous way in which the good nurse flourished her badge of office, a huge key which had not yet been put in requisition, when the door was pushed gently open and a lady of mature but delicate loveliness entered the room. She was very pale. Her eyes, naturally dark and mild, were full of troubled light, and flushed a little, as if she had just been weeping. Her morning robe was slightly disordered, and the head dress of jewels and velvet, which ornamented, without concealing her beautiful hair, was placed a little too much on one side, a sure sign of agitation in one usually so fastidious regarding her toilet.

Lady Jane was still listening with a languid smile to the well-intended prattle of her nurse, and the door opened, so quietly that she was not apprised of her approach, till the duchess stood close by her side.

With a glad exclamation, and like an infant pining for its mother's presence, she started up with an affectionate impulse, and flung her arms around the lady, then bending her head back, and looking fondly in her face, murmured—

"Dear mother, have you come at last?"

The duchess bent her face to that of the affectionate creature clinging to her neck, but there was constraint in the action, and no kiss followed it. Her daughter felt this as a repulse, and gently unclasping her hands, stood without support, looking with a kind of regretful fondness in the face which had never dwelt frowningly on her before.

"Oh! mother, how can you look upon me thus—how have I deserved it!" she said at last, striving to check the tears which would spring to her eyes; "How is it that every one turns coldly from me. You, my kind and gentle mother,—you, that have never sent me to rest without a blessing, who scarce would let the light kiss my forehead till your lips

had pressed it in the morning. You are growing distrustful like the rest. I did not think a mother's love would chill so easily—that *my* mother could even find it in her heart to look harshly on her child. Nay, mother,—dear, dear, mother, do not weep so—I did not think to grieve you thus deeply. Why do your lips tremble? Why do you wring my hand so? What wrong have I done? I entreat you tell me all—my heart will break unless you love me as of old.”

The duchess was much affected, but still maintained the severity of manner which she had brought into the room, though it evidently cost her a strong effort to resist the appeal of her child. She sat down upon the bed, and, drawing Lady Jane before her, took the small hands, clasped together, in both hers, and looked searchingly into the soft brown eyes that met her gaze, not without anxiety, but still with a trustful fondness that would have disarmed a firmer heart than that which beat so full of generous and affectionate impulses in the bosom of that noble lady.

“Jane,” she said at last, glancing at the slender fingers locked in her own, “where is the ring which I gave you on the duke’s last birth-day?”

Lady Jane started at the question, and withdrawing her hand, cast a quick glance upon it, and then turned anxiously to the old woman.

“My careful nurse here, must have taken it from my finger as I slept,” she said, doubtfully.

The old woman shook her head, and Lady Jane turned earnestly to her mother, perplexed alike by the loss of her ring, and the strange effect which it produced on the duchess.

“When did you wear it last?” enquired the lady.

The young lady mused for a few moments, and then mentioned the previous day as that when she remembered to have seen it on her finger.

“Ay, I remember well,” said the nurse. “It was on my lady’s hand when she lifted it to chide Richard for his outcry in the crowd. Just then I was carried off by the mob, and jostled about till it seemed a miracle that I ever reached the barge again. I mind now that Richard saw the ring also, for when we all met at the landing, and sat waiting, hour after hour, in hopes that some blessed chance would direct the poor lady how to find us, I would have gone back in search of her, but he forbade me, saying, that no harm would befall a lady of her high condition while she carried on her fingers the power to purchase protection; so, when the night closed in, we rowed down the river, just in time to see the sweet child borne to her chamber, more dead than alive, with the ill-treatment she had received.”

The duchess turned her eyes earnestly on the nurse as she spoke, but if she thought to detect anything but an honest spirit of truth in those withered features, her scrutiny was unrewarded.

“How chanced it,” she said, turning again to her daughter, “how chanced it that you were entangled in the mob near St. Margaret’s, when you went forth to enjoy the morning breeze upon the river?”

Lady Jane looked surprised at the question, but answered it without hesitation.

“It was very early,” she said, “and the air blew chill on the water, so I bade the men pull up at Westminster Bridge, intending to take a walk in the Park, and return home, but as we were crossing up from the river, the crowd came upon us, and in my terror I was separated from my attendants and sought shelter as I best could.” Lady Jane then proceeded to inform her mother of the events which we have already described in two previous chapters; but she had been so dreadfully terrified that her narrative was confused, and though it possessed all the simplicity and force of truth, the disappearance of the ring still appeared a mystery, for she could in no way account for the manner in which it had left her possession, but stood pale and utterly overwhelmed with astonishment when informed of the charge brought against her by the artisan.

“And did my father believe this of me,” she said, turning to the duchess in the anguish of an upright spirit unjustly accused. “I could not suspect any one I loved of a base thing! Yet has my father, whom I honored and worshipped so, not only condemned but reviled me in the presence of my affianced husband, and all on the word of a base man, more despicable far, than the rudest workman who breaks stone in his court yonder.”

There was a newly aroused pride in the young girl’s bosom that gave dignity to the words she uttered. A rich color broke over her cheek, and, for the first time, those soft eyes kindled with indignation as they fell upon her mother.

“Let me go,” she continued, “let me stand face to face with my accuser. It is not well that the daughter of a noble house—the cousin of an English Monarch, should be tried and condemned, without hearing, on the word of a base varlet picked up amid the dregs of a mob.”

The Duchess gazed upon the excited young creature before her with mingled feelings of surprise, regret, and, perhaps, some little share of anger, that she could so easily depart from the humility of her usual deportment, for though a fond parent, she had even been rigid in her exactions of deference and respect from her children. The love of a mother is very powerful, but the pride of a high-born Englishwoman, educated for her station, is, perhaps, the strongest feeling of her nature. The duchess felt the truth of all that her daughter had said, but she felt its boldness also, and her nice feelings were shocked by it.

“Your father had other reasons for doubting the integrity of Lord Dudley—for it would seem that this strange outbreak is occasioned as much by his imprisonment as your own,” said the lady in a tone of grave reproof, dropping her daughter’s hand. “We have good cause to fear that the earl, his father, has been tampering with the young king, and that he is using all secret means to supplant my noble lord in the power and station which he now fills. He has left no means untried to gain popularity in the city. That Lord Dudley has dared to appear against the Lord Protector, heading a mob almost in open rebellion, is proof that evil exists, and is spreading

through the court. My lord has taken prompt measures, and in this should not be arraigned by his own child. If the Lord of Warwick and his son are still loyal to the Protector let them prove it before the king. But from this hour it is the duke's pleasure that the contract existing between the two houses be at an end forever."

Lady Jane stood perfectly motionless and pale as marble when her mother finished speaking, but after a moment she moved across the room and glided through the door without speaking a word, and, as if unconscious of the presence she had left.

"Poor young lady," muttered the nurse, wiping her eyes and casting a look, which would have been reproachful but for awe, upon the duchess—"her heart was almost broken before, but this will be the death of her."

"Peace, good dame, peace," said the Duchess of Somerset, in her usual calm and dignified manner. "My daughter must learn to make sacrifices when the honor of her house is concerned. From the first I acquitted her of all wrong intention regarding the diamond, and I deeply grieve at the annoyance it has produced both to her and us. But regarding Lord Dudley and his alliance with your young mistress—it can never be thought of again. Let it be your duty, good dame, as the most cherished attendant of my child, to reconcile her to the change."

With these words the Duchess of Somerset left the chamber just in time to see the Lady Jane disappear from the extreme end of the corridor which led to the duke's closet.

(To be continued.)

TO ISA IN HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, M. D.

EARLY, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven!—Young.

WHERE is she now?

Oh! Isa! tell me where thou art?
If death has laid his hand upon thy brow,
Has he not touched my heart?
Has he not laid it in the grave with thine,
And buried all my joys?—Speak! thou art mine!

If thou wert dead,
I would not ask thee to reply;
But thou art living—thy dear soul has fled
To heaven, where it can never die!
Then why not come to me? Return—return,
And comfort me, for I have much to mourn!

I sigh all day!
I mourn for thee the livelong night!
And when the next night comes, thou art away,
And so is absent my delight!
Oh! as the lone dove for his absent mate,
So is my soul for thee disconsolate!

I long for death—
For any thing—to be with thee!
I did inhale, alas! thy dying breath,
That it might have some power on me
To make me what thou art!—but, thou art dead!
And I am here!—it strengthened me instead!

Joy there is none—
It went into the grave with thee!
And grief, because my spirit is alone,
Is all that comes to comfort me!
The very air I breathe is turned to sighs,
And all mine soul is melting from mine eyes!

I hear, at even,

The liquid carol of the birds;
Their music makes me think of thee in heaven,
It is so much like thy sweet words.
The brooklet whispers, as it runs along,
Our first love-story with its liquid tongue.

Wake, Isa! wake!
And come back in this world again!
Oh! come down to me, for my soul's dear sake,
And cure me of this trying pain!
I would give all that earth to man can be,
If thou wert only in this world with me!

Day after day
I seek thee, but thou art not near!
I sit down on thy grave in the cold clay,
And listen for thy soul!—oh! dear!
And when some withered leaf falls from the tree,
I start as if thy soul had spoke to me!

And so it is,
And so it ever more must be
To him, who has been robbed of all the bliss
He ever knew, by loving thee!
For misery, in thine absence, is my wife!
What joy had been, hadst thou remained in life!

It is now even;
The birds have sung themselves to sleep;
And all the stars seem coming out of heaven,
As if to look upon me weep!—
Oh! let me not look up to thee in vain,
But come back to me in this world again!

MAY EVELYN.

BY FRANCES OSGOOD.

BEAUTIFUL, bewitching May! How shall I describe her? As the fanciful village-poet, her devoted adorer, declared;—"The pencil that would paint her charms should be made of sunbeams and dipped in the dewy heart of a fresh moss-rose." Whether this same bundle of beams and fragrant rose-dew would have done full justice to her eloquent loveliness, I cannot pretend to say—having never attempted the use of any brush less earthly than are made of hog's bristles, nor any color more refined than a preparation from cochineal. Her eyes were "blue as Heaven," the heaven of midsummer—when its warm, intense and glorious hue seems deepening as you gaze, and laughing in the joyous light of day. Her hair, I could never guess its true color; it was always floating in such exquisite disorder over her happy face and round white shoulders—now glistening, glowing in the sunshine, like wreaths of glossy gold, and now, in shadow, bathing her graceful neck with soft brown waves, that looked like silken floss, changing forever and lovely in each change. Blushes and dimples played hide and seek on her face. Her lip—her rich sweet lip was slightly curved—just enough to show that there was pride as well as love in her heart. She was, indeed, a spirited creature. Her form was of fairy moulding, but perfect though "petite!" and her motions graceful as those of the Alpine chamois.

Reader, if I have failed in my attempt to convey to you an image of youthful grace, beauty and sweetness, I pray you repair my deficiency from the stores of your own lively imagination, and fancy our dear May Evelyn the loveliest girl in the universe.

And now for her history. Her father, of an ancient and noble family, had married, in early life, a beautiful but extravagant woman, who died a few years after their union, leaving him with two lovely children and an all but exhausted fortune. On her death he retired from the gay world, and settled with his infant treasures in Wales, and there, husbanding his scanty means, he contrived to live in comfort if not in luxury. There, too, brooding over the changes of human life—the fallacy of human foresight, and the fickleness of human friendship, he became "a sadder and a wiser man." His two beautiful children, Lionel and May, were the idols of his heart, and well did they repay his love.

May's first serious trouble arose from hearing her father express one day his desire to purchase for Lionel a commission in the army. The boy was high-spirited and intelligent, and had cherished from

childhood an ardent desire for military life; but there was no possibility of raising sufficient money for the purpose, without sacrificing many of their daily comforts.

At this time May was just sixteen; but there was in her face a childlike purity and innocence, which, combined with her playful simplicity of manner, made her appear even younger than she was. She hated study, except in the volume of nature; there indeed she was an apt and willing pupil. Birds and streams and flowers were her favorite books; but though little versed in the lore of her father's well-stored library—she had undoubted genius, and whenever she did apply herself, could learn with wonderful rapidity.

The only science, however, in which she was a proficient, was music:—for this she had an excellent ear and, when a mere child, ere her father's removal to Wales, had been under the tuition of a celebrated master. Her voice was rich, sweet and powerful, and her execution on the guitar, piano and harp, was at once brilliant and expressive. She had, also, a pretty talent for versifying, and often composed music for words, which, if not remarkable for power or polish, were certainly bewitching when sung by their youthful authoress.

During most of the day, on the morning of which Mr. Evelyn first mentioned his wishes with regard to Lionel, the sunny face of our heroine was clouded with sorrowful thought; but towards evening, as her father sat alone in his library, the door suddenly opened, and May, bounding in, her eyes beaming with enthusiasm, exclaimed—"Papa! papa! I have just thought—I know what I'll do!—I'll be a governess." Her father gazed at her in astonishment.

"A governess, May! What can have put such an idea into your head? Why should you be a governess?"

"Oh! for Lionel, you know. I can soon earn enough to buy his commission."

"And it is this then, my child," said Mr. Evelyn, tenderly, "that has so repressed your usual spirits!" But while he spoke seriously, he could scarcely repress a smile at the thought of the wild, childlike being before him, transformed into a staid, dignified teacher.

During the six weeks following, the devoted girl deprived herself of all her usual outdoor amusements, and, with wonderful energy applied, under her father's guidance, to study. At the end of that

time, she laughingly declared that she knew a little of everything; but still her passion for birds and flowers was far greater than for books.

Ere the six weeks had well expired, she heard from some young friends, who were on a visit to Wales, from London, that the earl of ——— was in want of a governess for his four children. She begged them, on their return, to mention her. This they did, and with youthful exaggeration extolled her talents to the skies.

The Earl understanding that she was the accomplished and amiable daughter of an aged naval officer, saw, in his mind's eye, a learned lady of a certain age, who would, perhaps, prove a mother in kindness and usefulness to his orphan children, and gladly acceded to the desire of his young friends, that he should make trial of her.

The poor things were not aware what a little ignominious they were recommending; for the youthful Lionel, who, sometimes took a peep into the library, and stared in surprise at the various apparatus for study, had boasted all over the village in which they resided, that his sister knew everything under the sun, and had mentioned, in corroboration of this sweeping declaration, that she was always poring over French, Spanish, Greek or Latin books. This, her enthusiastic young friends, who, by the way, had only known her a fortnight, took care to make the most of—and the result was, that May was considered, by the Earl, as a most fitting instructress for his children, and dreaded by them as a prim and severe restraint upon their hitherto unchecked amusements.

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning of the day on which the dreaded governess was expected, Julia, Elizabeth, Georgiana and William—the first 15, the second 10, the third 8, and the fourth 7 years of age, were at play in the garden of the Earl's country seat. They had heard awful things of governesses from some of their young companions, and the younger children had been whispering to each other their dread of the expected tyrant. They had, however, resumed their gambols, and forgotten the matter, with that charming versatility which makes them so interesting, when their nurse appeared with the news that the governess had arrived, and was waiting to be introduced to her young charge in the school-room. A sudden change was observable on the countenances of all. It was amusing to watch the expression on each of those young faces. Julia—the pensive and graceful Julia sighed, and bent her soft eyes sadly on the ground, as she instantly turned her steps towards the house. The little wilful and spirited Willie began to strut manfully backward and forward, declaring that the others might do as they liked, but that *he* would not go near the ugly old woman. Georgy pouted—and Lizzie burst into tears. At the sound of weeping, Julia turned back—soothed and cheered them all by turns—kissed away the tears of one sister—smoothed

the other's frowning brow with her soft and loving hand, and laughed at Willie till he was fain to join in the laugh in spite of himself. She then desired them to follow her to the school-room—which they did—clinging to her dress, however, as if they expected to see a monster in the shape of a governess; but as they reached the flight of steps which led from the lawn to the house, their courage failed, and, leaving Julia to ascend alone, they suddenly and simultaneously turned to escape, and hurrying away, concealed themselves in the garden, where they soon resumed their sports.

In the meantime Julia had ascended the steps and stood gazing in silent astonishment through the glass door opening into the school-room. The object of her dread was there—but not as she had pictured her—a prim, severe old-maid. A girl apparently younger than herself, with a sweet glowing face, shaded by a profusion of lovely hair,—her straw bonnet flung on the floor, and her simple white dress looking anything but old-maidish—was stooping to caress their favorite dog, Carlo, while the pet-parrot sat perched on her shoulder, mingling his gorgeous plumage with her light brown curls, and crying with all his might, “old-maid governess! old-maid governess!” As our heroine raised her head, wondering at the strange salutation, (which, by the way, master Willie had been maliciously teaching him for some time previous,) her eyes encountered those of the smiling Julia, who, equally surprised and delighted at the scene, already saw, in Miss Evelyn, a friend after her own heart, such an one as she had long ardently desired.

At this critical moment, the good old nurse entered from the lawn, and seeing the mutual embarrassment of the parties, said simply to May—“This is your oldest pupil, madam.” At the words “madam” and “pupil,” both May and Julia tried hard to repress the smiles which would peep through their eyes and lips—in vain. The dimples on the cheek of the youthful governess grew deeper and deeper—Julia's dark eyes flashed through their drooping fringes more and more brightly, and, at length, the smothered merriment burst irresistibly forth. No sooner had the latter's eye caught the arch glance and her ear the musical laugh of May, than she sprang forward to clasp her readily extended hand, exclaiming, “I am sure you will be my friend!”

“That I will,” said May, “if you won't call me ‘old-maid governess’ again.”

“Old-maid governess, old-maid governess,” screamed the parrot from his cage.

May began to look grave, and Julia, blushing with vexation, led her gently to the cage, outside of the door, and pointed to the bird in silence. “How stupid I was!” exclaimed May; “I quite forgot the parrot when I saw that beautiful dog. I do so love dogs—don't you?”

“Yes! but I love you better,” said Julia, affectionately, throwing her arm around her new friend's neck, and sealing her avowal with a kiss.

At this moment, Willie was seen peeping and stealing slyly round the shrubbery—his roguish face

subdued to as demure a look as it could possibly assume. For a moment he stared at the pair in amazement, and then clapping his hands, he shouted, "Georgy! Lizzie! Georgy! come and see Julia kissing the governess!"

"Oh! you lovely boy!" exclaimed May—bounding down the steps, "I must have a kiss!" and away she flew after the little rosy rogue—he laughing so heartily as to impede his progress, till at last helpless, from very glee, he fell into her arms, and allowed her to kiss him half a dozen times before he remembered that she was the teacher so dreaded by them all. When he did recollect, he looked up half incredulously in her face.

"You are not old!" said he,—“no, nor yet prim, nor cross. I don't think you are so very ugly either, and maybe you don't know much after all. I say, governess, if you please, ma'am, can you spin a top?"

"No!" said May.

"Hurrah! I thought so—hurrah, Georgy! she don't know so much as I do now—hurrah! hurrah! I'll stand by her for one!" and, tossing his hat in the air, he sprang into the lap of May, who had sank into a low rustic seat, quite exhausted from her exercise—her cheeks glowing—her hair in disorder, and her lips parted with smiling delight.

By this time the two little girls, who had been peeping a long while, ventured, followed by Julia, to approach;—Georgiana leading, or rather dragging the shy but lovely little Lizzie in one hand, and holding in the other a freshly gathered rose-bud, which she timidly presented to our heroine, as if to bribe her not to be harsh with them. May stooped to kiss the intelligent face whose dark and eloquent eyes looked so pleadingly into hers; while Julia, who stood behind her, stole the rose from her hand. "Let me wreath it in your hair," she said. At that moment, while she was yet engaged in her graceful task, the Earl suddenly appeared before them. It must be remembered that he had seen, from his library window, the before-mentioned chase, and rather curious to know who the beautiful visitor could be, (not having been apprised of Miss Evelyn's arrival,) he had followed them to the spot on which they were now assembled—May on the seat, parting the dark curls from Lizzie's bashful and downcast brow; Willie on her knee; Georgy gazing up in her face, and Julia placing the rose-bud in her hair. All started at the sudden appearance of the Earl. Willie sprang to his arms, and little Lizzie, afraid of every new comer, laid her curly head on the knee of her newly-found friend, and turned up her bright eyes inquiringly to her father's face.

"Do not let me disturb your play, my children," said the Earl. "I only come to remind you, that your governess will soon be here, and that you must welcome her with respect and attention. But, Julia, you must introduce me to this merry young friend of yours, who runs as if her heart were in her feet," and so saying, he playfully patted the drooping head of the blushing and embarrassed girl, who, all this while, had been striving to hide her fears and

her confusion by pretending to be deeply occupied in twisting Lizzie's silken ringlets round her little taper finger. The moment she had heard Willie exclaim, "papa!" all her former dread of that awful personage returned, and, with it, for the first time, a full sense of her own inefficiency to perform the task she had undertaken. His voice so deep and yet so sweet and playful, banished half her dread, but only increased her confusion.

Julia, however, came instantly to her relief, with a tact and delicacy uncommon in one so young—saying simply and seriously, "This is our governess, papa. Miss Evelyn, this is our dear papa."

The Earl started back,—tried to repress his smiles, bowed low to conceal them, and then taking her hand respectfully in his, bade her welcome to the castle.

The word "governess" had acted like a spell upon May's faculties; it restored her to a sense of the dignity of her situation, and rising instantly and drawing her beautiful form to its full height, she received and returned the compliments of the Earl with a graceful dignity and self-possession, that astonished him, as much as it awed the poor children. And when, in his courteous reply, he begged her pardon for his mistake, in a tone at once gentle and deferential, she found courage, for the first time, to raise her eyes. It was no stern, old, pompous nobleman, such as her fears had portrayed, who stood before her, but an elegant man, in the prime of life, with a noble figure and singularly handsome face, full of genius and feeling.

His dark eyes were bent upon her with a gaze of mingled curiosity and admiration; but, as they met hers, he recollected himself, and wishing her and his children good morning, and resigning Willie, as if it were a thing of course, to her arms, (a circumstance, by the way, which he could not help smiling at half an hour afterwards,) he passed on and left them.

And now came innumerable questions from all but the silent Georgy, who contented herself with nestling close to the side of our heroine as they wandered through the grounds—and gazing with her large soft eyes into her face, now dimpled with the light of mirth, now softening into tenderness, and now shadowed by a passing thought of "papa, and Lionel, and home."

"And oh!" said Lizzie, "you won't take away my doll and make me study all the time, will you?"

"No, indeed, darling! I would much rather help you dress your doll."

"And I may spin my top all day if I like—may I not?" asked Willie.

"Yes, if papa is willing."

"Oh! but papa told us to obey all your commands."

"Commands," thought May, "oh, dear, I shall never do for a governess!"

The day passed on in sport. Our heroine's duties were to commence on the next; but she would not allow her fears for the morrow to interfere with her present delight. In the meantime, the Earl, amid his important duties, was haunted all day by one bewitch-

ing image;—a fair sweet face glanced brightly up from every book he opened, from every paper to which he referred; and, in his dreams that night, he led to the altar a second bride, more lovely, more beloved than the first.

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning, as May sat teaching Willie to read, with a demure face, through which the rebel dimples would peep in spite of her assumed dignity; while Julia, with a look equally demure, was bending over an Italian book; Georgy drawing, and Lizzie hemming a wee bit 'kerchief for her doll—the Earl entered the school-room from the lawn.

Unseen, he paused at the open door to contemplate the lovely tableau within;—the governess in her pretty girlish morning dress, with her long ringlets shadowing half her face and neck, as she bent over the boy, pointing out to him the word;—Willie by her side—one hand holding the book, the other his top, kicking the chair impatiently—first with one foot, then with the other, and looking round every minute to see what his sisters were doing;—Georgy smiling as she drew; Lizzie sitting upright in her little chair, with a doll almost as large as herself on her lap, ever and anon trying the 'kerchief round its neck to see the effect; and the simple, modest Julia, looking even older than May, with her dark hair smoothly parted—raising at times her eyes with looks of loving sympathy to those of the youthful teacher.

It was indeed a sunny scene; but the silence was broken by the voice of Georgy requesting assistance in her drawing. The young governess rose, and taking her offered pencil, retouched the sketch in a few places, at the same time giving the child directions how to finish it. Suddenly the pencil trembled in her hand,—the sweet low voice stopped—went on—faltered—ceased again, and May burst into tears! The Earl had stolen behind them to watch the progress of the drawing. May had felt, rather than heard, his approach,—and confused by his presence, half suspecting her own deficiency in the art, yet afraid to discontinue her directions at once, her face suffused with blushes, she tried in vain to proceed. Little Lizzie saw her tears, and springing from her seat, climbed a chair to caress her, exclaiming, "Don't cry! papa won't hurt you! Papa loves you dearly—don't you, papa?"

Here was a situation! It was now the Earl's turn to color; but the artless and innocent May, who had as yet known only a father's and a brother's love, did not dream of any other in the present case; on the contrary, she was soothed by the affectionate assurances of the child, and, smiling through her tears, looked up confidingly in the Earl's face. Charmed with the childlike sweetness of her expression he could not resist taking her hand, with almost paternal tenderness, in his, while May, reassured by the gentleness of his manner, ventured to acknowledge her own ignorance, and to request his assistance

in the sketch before them. This, to the delight of all, he willingly consented to give, and when, at two o'clock, the nurse came to take the children to dinner, she found May seated alone at the table, intent on a newly commenced drawing—the Earl leaning over her chair and instructing her in its progress—Julia singing "Love's Young Dream," and the three children gone no one knew where.

The next day, and the next, the Earl was still to be found in the school-room, sometimes spinning Willie's top, sometimes reading an Italian author aloud to his daughter and her governess—often sharing the book with the latter, and oftener still, blending his rich and manly voice with hers as she sang to the harp or piano. One day a visiter asked Willie how he liked his new governess? "Oh!" said the boy, "*papa* is governess now. May is only our sister, and we are all so happy!"

Thus passed a year—Julia and May daily improving under their indulgent and unwearied teacher—and imparting in their turn instruction to the younger branches of the family. May had confided to Julia all her little history. She had written often to her father, and had received many letters in return. From one of them she learned, to her great joy and surprise, that Lionel had received his commission from some unknown friend. At the same time, her father advised her, as she had engaged for a year, to be contented until the expiration of it. "Contented!"

The last day of the year had arrived—May had lately been so happy that she had forgotten to think of being separated from the family she loved so much.

On the morning of the day, the Earl was in his library, Julia making tea, and May on a low ottoman at his feet, reading aloud the morning paper. Suddenly she paused, dropped the paper, and covered her face with her hands. The Earl, alarmed, bent tenderly over her, and Julia was by her side in a moment.

"What is it, dear May?" she said.

"Oh, the paper—look at the paper, Julia!"

The Earl caught it up—"Where—tell me where to look, May?"

"At the date—the date!"

"The date—it is the first of June—and what then?"

"Oh! did I not *come* the first of June and must I not go to-morrow? I am sure I shall never do for a governess!" and she hid her face on Julia's shoulder, and wept afresh.

The Earl raised her gently—"Perhaps not; but you will do for something else, sweet May!"

"For what?" she asked earnestly—half wondering whether he could mean *housekeeper*!

"Come into the garden with me, dear, dear May, and I will tell you," he whispered in her ear.

At once the whole truth flashed upon her heart. "She loved—she was beloved!" She was no longer a child—that moment transformed her; and shrinking instantly from his embrace and blushing till her very temples glowed again—she said in a low and timid voice, "I think I had better go home

to-morrow—perhaps to-day: my father will expect me.”

“Julia,” said the Earl, “run into the garden, love, and see to Willie—he is in mischief, I dare say.” His daughter was out of sight in a moment. May stood shrinking and trembling, but unable to move. The Earl gazed, with a feeling bordering upon reverence, at the young girl, as she stood alone in her innocence. He drew slowly towards her—hesitated—again approached, and taking her hand with respectful tenderness, he said—“You know that I love you, May—how fondly—how fervently—time must show for language cannot:—will you—*say* you will be mine—with your father’s consent, dear May—or say that I may hope!”

Her whole soul was in her eyes as she raised them slowly to his and dropped them instantly again beneath his ardent gaze “But—papa!” she murmured.

“We will all go together, and ask ‘papa,’ dearest; and now for a turn in the garden. You will not refuse now, love?” And May Evelyn, blushing and smiling, took his offered arm, wondering what “dear papa and Lionel” would say to all this.

It was a lovely evening in the early part of June, that, while Mr. Evelyn sat dozing in his arm chair

and dreaming of his absent children, a light form stole over the threshold, and when he awoke, his gray hair was mingled with the glistening locks of his own beautiful and beloved May—his head resting on her shoulder, and her kiss warm upon his cheek!

“My Lord,” said May, demurely, as she entered, with her father, the drawing-room in which the Earl awaited them—“papa is very glad that I have *given satisfaction*;—he thinks your visit a proof of it—although he could hardly have expected so much from his little ignoramus, as he will persist in calling me.”

“My dear sir,” said the Earl, cordially pressing the offered hand of his host, “she has given *so much satisfaction*, that I wish, with your consent, to retain her as *governess* for life, not for my children, but myself.”

The reader has already foreseen the conclusion. Mr. Evelyn’s consent was obtained;—Lionel was sent for to be present at the wedding;—the ceremony was quietly performed in the little church of the village;—and for many succeeding seasons in London, the graceful and elegant wife of the Earl of ——— was “the observed of all observers,” “the cynosure of neighboring eyes.”

AN EPISTLE TO FANNY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

SWEET Fanny, though I know you not,
And I have never seen the splendor
That flashes from your hazel eyes
To make the souls of men surrender;
Though, when they ask me how you look,
I’m forced to say “I never met her,”
I hope you will not deem it wrong
If I address to you a letter.

Here in mine own secluded room,
Forgetful of life’s sober duty,
Lapped in the stillness of repose,
I sit and muse and dream of beauty;
I picture all that’s fair and bright
Which poets sometimes call Elysian,
And, ’mid the shapes that round me throng,
Behold one soft, enchanting vision.

A lady—lovely as the morn
When Night her starry mansion closes,
And gentle winds with fairy feet
Toss the sweet dew from blushing roses—
A lady—to whose lip and cheek
Some twenty summer suns have given
Colors as rich as those that melt
Along the evening clouds of Heaven.

Her stature tall, her tresses dark,
Her brow like light in ambush lying,
Her hand—the very hand I’d give
The world to clasp if I were dying!
Her eyes, the glowing types of love,
Upon the heart they print their meaning—
How mild they shine as o’er them fall
Those lashes long their lustre screening!

Sweet Fanny, can you not divine
The form that floats before my dreaming,
And whose the pictured smiles I see
This moment on my canvass beaming?
You cannot! then I’ve failed indeed,
To paint a single look I cherish—
So, you may cast my lines aside,
And bid them like my memory perish.

My memory! what am I to thee,
Oh purest, gentlest, fairest, dearest!
Yes, *dearest*, though thy glance be cold
When first my humble name thou hearest.
Though I am nothing, thou to me
Art Fancy’s best beloved ideal;
And well I know the form she paints
Is far less charming than the real.

THE DOOM OF THE TRAITRESS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

A COLD and dark northeaster had swept together a host of straggling vapors and thin lowering clouds over the French metropolis—the course of the Seine might be traced easily among the grotesque roofs and gothic towers which at that day adorned its banks, by the gray ghostly mist which seethed up from its sluggish waters—a small fine rain was falling noiselessly and almost imperceptibly, by its own weight as it were, from the surcharged and watery atmosphere—the air was keenly cold and piercing, although the seasons had not crept far as yet beyond the confines of the summer. The trees, for there were many in the streets of Paris and still more in the faubourgs and gardens of the haute noblesse, were thickly covered with white rime, as were the manes and frontlets of the horses, the clothes, and hair, and eyebrows of the human beings who ventured forth in spite of the inclement weather. A sadder and more gloomy scene can scarcely be conceived than is presented by the streets of a large city in such a time as that I have attempted to describe. But this peculiar sadness was, on the day of which I write, augmented and exaggerated by the continual tolling of the great bell of St. Germain Auxerrois, replying to the iron din which arose from the gray towers of Notre Dame. From an early hour of the day the people had been congregating in the streets and about the bridges leading to the precincts of the royal palace, the Chateau des Tournelles, which then stood—long since obliterated almost from the memory of men—upon the Isle de Paris, the greater part of which was covered then with the courts, and terraces, and gardens of that princely pile.

Strong bodies of the household troops were posted here and there about the avenues and gates of the royal demesne, and several large detachments of the archers of the prévôt's guard—still called so from the arms which they had long since ceased to carry—might be seen every where on duty. Yet there were no symptoms of an émeute among the populace, nor any signs of angry feeling or excitement in the features of the loitering crowd, which was increasing every moment as the day waxed toward noon. Some feeling certainly there was—some dark and earnest interest, as might be judged from the knit brows, clinched hands, and anxious whispers which every where attended the exchange of thought throughout the concourse—but it was by no means of an alarming or an angry character. Grief, wonder, expectation, and a sort of half doubtful pity, as far as

might be gathered from the words of the passing speakers, were the more prominent ingredients of the common feeling, which had called out so large a portion of the city's population on a day so unsuited to any spectacle of interest. For several hours this mob, increasing as it has been described from hour to hour, varied but little in its character, save that as the day wore it became more and more respectable in the appearance of its members. At first it had been composed almost without exception of artisans and shop boys, and mechanics of the lowest order, with not a few of the cheats, bravoos, pickpockets, and similar ruffians, who then as now formed a fraternity of no mean size in the Parisian world. As the morning advanced, however, many of the burghers of the city, and respectable craftsmen, might be seen among the crowd; and a little later many of the secondary gentry and petite noblesse, with well-dressed women and even children, all showing the same symptoms of sad yet eager expectation. Now, when it lacked but a few minutes of noon, long trains of courtiers with their retinues and armed attendants, many a head of a renowned and ancient house, many a warrior famous for valor and for conduct might be seen threading the mazes of the crowded thoroughfares toward the royal palace.

A double ceremony of singular and solemn nature was soon to be enacted there—the interment of a noble soldier, slain lately in an unjust quarrel, and the investiture of an unwilling woman with the robes of a holy sisterhood preparatory to her lifelong interment in that sepulchre of the living body—sepulchre of the pining soul—the convent cloisters. Armand de Laguy!—Marguerite de Vaudreuil!

Many circumstances had united in this matter to call forth much excitement, much grave interest in the minds of all who had heard tell of it!—the singular and wild romance of the story, the furious and cruel combat which had resulted from it—and last not least, the violent, and, as it was generally considered, unnatural resentment of the King toward the guilty victim who survived the ruin she had wrought.

The story was in truth, then, but little understood—a thousand rumors were abroad, and of course no one accurately true—yet in each there was a share of truth, and the amount of the whole was, perhaps, less wide of the mark than is usual in matters of the kind. And thus they ran. Marguerite de Vaudreuil had been betrothed to the youngest of France's famous warriors, Charles de La-Hirè, who after a time fell—as it was related by his young friend and

* See the Duello, page 65.

kinsman, Armand de Laguy—covered with wounds and honor. The body had been found outstretched beneath the survivor, who, himself desperately hurt, had alone witnessed, and in vain endeavored to prevent, his cousin's slaughter. The face of Charles de La-Hirè, as all men deemed the corpse to be, was mangled and defaced so frightfully as to render recognition by the features utterly hopeless—yet from the emblazoned surcoat which it bore, the well-known armor on the limbs, the signet ring upon the finger, and the accustomed sword clenched in the dead right hand, none doubted the identity of the body, or questioned the truth of Armand's story.

Armand de Laguy, succeeding by his cousin's death to all his lands and lordships, returned to the metropolis, mixed in the gayeties of that gay period, when all the court of France was revelling in the celebration of the union of the Dauphin with the lovely Mary Stuart, in after days the hapless queen of Scotland.

He wore no decent and accustomed garb of mourning—he suffered no interval, however brief, due to decorum at least if not to kindly feeling, to elapse before it was announced that Marguerite de Vaudreuil, the dead man's late betrothed, was instantly to wed his living cousin. Her wondrous beauty, her all-seductive manners, her extreme youth had in vain pleaded against the general censure of the court—the world! Men had frowned on her for awhile, and women sneered and slandered!—but after a little while, as the novelty of the story wore away, the indignation against her inconstancy ceased, and she was once again installed the leader of the court's unwedded beauties.

Suddenly, on the very eve of her intended nuptials, Charles de La-Hirè returned—ransomed, as it turned out, by Brissac, from the Italian dungeons of the Prince of Parma, and making fearful charges of treason and intended murder against Armand de Laguy. The King had commanded that the truth should be proved by a solemn combat, had sworn to execute upon the felon's block whichever of the two should yield or confess falsehood, had sworn that the inconstant Marguerite, who, on the return of De La-Hirè, had returned instantly to her former feelings, asserting her perfect confidence in the truth of Charles, the treachery of Armand, should either wed the victor, or live and die the inmate of the most rigorous convent in his realm.

The battle had been fought yesterday!—Armand de Laguy fell, mortally wounded by his wronged cousin's hand, and with his latest breath declared his treasons, and implored pardon from his King, his kinsman, and his God—happy to perish by a brave man's sword not by a headsman's axe. And Marguerite—the victor's prize—rejected by the man she had betrayed—herself refusing, even if he were willing, to wed with him whom she could but dishonor—had now no option save death or the detested cloister.

And now men pitied—women wept—all frowned and wondered and kept silence. That a young, vain, capricious beauty—the pet and spoiled child from her very cradle of a gay and luxurious court—worshipped

for her charms like a second Aphrodite—intoxicated with the love of admiration—that such an one should be inconstant, fickle!—should swerve from her fealty to the dead!—a questionable fealty always!—and be won to a rash second love by the falsehood and treasons of a man, young and brave and handsome—falsehood which had deceived wise men—that such should be the course of events, men said, was neither strange nor monstrous! It was a fault, a lapse of which she had been guilty, which might indeed make her future faith suspected, which would surely justify Charles de La-Hirè in casting back her proffered hand, but which at the worst was venial, and deserving no such doom as the soul-chilling cloister.

She had, they said, in no respect participated in the guilt, or shared the treacheries of Armand—on the contrary—she, the victim of his fraud, had been the first to denounce, to spit at, to defy him.

Moreover it was understood that although de La-Hirè had refused her hand, several of equal and even higher birth than he had offered to redeem her from the cloister by taking her to wife of their free choice—Jarnac had claimed the beauty—and it was whispered that the Duke de Nevers had sued to Henry vainly for the fair hand of the unwilling novice.

But the King was relentless. "Either the wife of De La-Hirè—or the bride of God in the cloister!" was his unvarying reply. No farther answer would he give—no disclosure of his motives would he make even to his wisest councillors. Some indeed augured that the good monarch's anger was but feigned, and that deeming her sufficiently punished already he was desirous still of forcing her to be the bride of him to whom she had been destined, and whom she still, despite her brief inconstancy, unquestionably worshipped in her heart. For all men still supposed that at the last Charles would forgive the hapless girl, and so relieve her from the living tomb that even now seemed yawning to enclose her. But others—and they were those who understood the best mood of France's second Henry—vowed that the wrath was real; and felt, that, though no man could fathom the cause of his stern ire, he never would forgive the guilty girl, whose frailty, as he swore, had caused such strife and bloodshed.

But now it was high noon, and forth filed from the palace gates a long and glittering train—Henry and all his court, with all the rank and beauty of the realm, knights, nobles, peers and princes, damsels and dames—the pride of France and Europe. But at the monarch's right walked one, clad in no gay attire—pale, languid, wounded and warworn—Charles de La-Hirè, the victor. A sad deep gloom o'ercast his large dark eye, and threw a shadow over his massy forehead—his lip had forgot to smile! his glance to lighten! yet was there no remorse, no doubt, no wavering in his calm, noble features—only fixed, settled sorrow. His long and waving hair of the darkest chesnut, evenly parted on his crown, fell down on either cheek, and flowed over the broad plain collar of his shirt which, decked with no embroidery lace, was folded back over the cape of a plain black pour-

point, made of fine cloth indeed, but neither laced nor passemènted, nor even slashed with velvet—a broad scarf of black taffeta supported his weapon—a heavy double-edged straight broadsword, and served at the same time to support his left arm, the sleeve of which hung open, tied in with points of ribbon. His trunk-hose and his nether stocks of plain black silk, black velvet shoes and a slouched hat, with neither feather nor cockade, completed the suit of melancholy mourning which he wore. In the midst of the train was a yet sadder sight, Marguerite de Vaudreuil, robed in the snow-white vestments of a novice, with all her glorious ringlets flowing in loose redundancy over her shoulders and her bosom, soon to be cut close by the fatal scissors—pale as the monumental stone and only not as rigid. A hard-featured gray-headed monk, supported her on either hand—and a long train of priests swept after with crucifix and rosary and censer.

Scarce had this strange procession issued from the great gates of les Tournelles, the death-bells tolling still from every tower and steeple, before another train, gloomier yet and sadder, filed out from the gate of the royal tilt-yard, at the farther end of which stood a superb pavilion. Sixteen black Benedictine monks led the array chanting the mournful *miserere*—next behind these, strange contrast!—strode on the grim gaunt form, clad in his blood-stained tabard, and bearing full displayed his broad two-handed axe—fell emblem of his odious calling!—the public executioner of Paris. Immediately in the rear of this dark functionary, not borne by his bold captains, nor followed by his gallant vassals with arms reversed and signs of martial sorrow, but ignominiously supported by the grim-visaged ministers of the law, came on the bier of Armand, the last Count de Laguy.

Stretched in a coffin of the rudest material and construction, with his pale visage bare, displaying still in its distorted lines and sharpened features the agonies of mind and body which had preceded his untimely dissolution, the bad but haughty noble was borne to his long home in the grave-yard of Notre Dame. His sword, broken in twain, was laid across his breast, his spurs had been hacked from his heels by the base cleaver of the scullion, and his reversed escutcheon was hung above his head.

Narrowly saved by his wronged kinsman's intercession from dying by the headsman's weapon ere yet his mortal wounds should have let out his spirit—he was yet destined to the shame of a dishonored sepulchre—such was the King's decree, alas! inexorable.

The funeral train proceeded—the King and his court followed. They reached the grave-yard, hard beneath those superb gray towers!—they reached the grave, in a remote and gloomy corner, where, in unconsecrated earth, reposed the executed felon—the priests attended not the corpse beyond the precincts of that unholy spot—their solemn chant died mournfully away—no rites were done, no prayers were said above the senseless clay—but in silence was it lowered into the ready pit—silence disturbed only by the deep hollow sound of the clods that fell fast and

heavy on the breast of the guilty noble! For many a day a headstone might be seen—not raised by the kind hands of sorrowing friends nor watered by the tears of kinsmen—but planted there, to tell of his disgraceful doom—amid the nameless graves of the self-slain—and the recorded resting places of well-known thieves and felons. It was of dark gray freestone, and it bore these brief words—brief words, but in that situation speaking the voice of volumes.

Ci git Armand
Le Dernier Comte de Laguy.

Three forms stood by the grave—stood till the last clod had been heaped upon its kindred clay, and the dark headstone planted. Henry, the King! and Charles, the Baron De La-Hirè; and Marguerite de Vaudreuil.

And as the last clod was flattened down upon the dead, after the stone was fixed, De La-Hirè crossed the grave to the despairing girl, where she had stood gazing with a fixed rayless eye on the sad ceremony and took her by the hand, and spoke so loud that all might hear his words, while Henry looked on calmly but not without an air of wondering excitement.

"Not that I did not love thee," he said, "Marguerite! Not that I did not pardon thee thy brief inconstancy, caused as it was by evil arts of which we will say nothing now—since he who plotted them hath suffered even above his merits, and is—we trust—now pardoned! Not for these causes, nor for any of them—have I declined thine hand thus far—but that the King commanded, judging it in his wisdom best for both of us. Now Armand is gone hence—and let all doubt and sorrow go hence with him! Let all your tears, all my suspicions be buried in his grave forever. I take your hand, dear Marguerite—I take you as mine honored and loved bride—I claim you mine forever!"

Thus far the girl had listened to him, not blushing, nor with a melting eye; nor with any sign of renewed hope or rekindled happiness in her pale features—but with cold resolute attention—but now she put away his hand very steadily, and spoke with a firm unfaltering voice.

"Be not so weak!" she said. "Be not so weak, Charles de La-Hirè!—nor fancy me so vain! The weight and wisdom of years have passed above my head since yester morning—then was I a vain, thoughtless girl—now am I a stern wise woman. That I have sinned is very true—that I have betrayed thee—wronged thee! It may be, had you spoke pardon yesterday—it might have been all well! It may be it *had been* dishonor in you to take me to your arms—but if to do so had been dishonor yesterday, by what is it made honor now? No! no! Charles de La-Hirè—no! no!—I had refused thee yesterday, hadst thou been willing to redeem me, by self-sacrifice, *then* from the convent walls!—I had refused thee *then*, with love warming my heart toward thee—in all honor! Force me not to reject thee *now* with scorn and hatred. Nor dare to think

that Marguerite de Vaudreuil will owe to man's compassion, what she owes not to love! Peace! Charles de La-Hirè—I say, peace! my last words to thee have been spoken, and never will I hear more from thee! And now, Sir King, hear thou—may God judge between thee and me, as thou hast judged. If I *was* frail and fickle, nature and God made woman weak and credulous—but made man *not* wise, to deceive and ruin her. If I sinned deeply against this Baron De La-Hirè—I sinned not knowingly, nor of premeditation! If I sinned deeply, more deeply was I sinned against—more deeply was I left to suffer!—even hadst thou heaped no more brands upon the burning. If to bear hopeless love—to pine with unavailing sorrow—to repent with continual remorse—to writhe with trampled pride!—if these things be to suffer, then, Sir King, had I enough suffered without thy *just* interposition!” As she spoke, a bitter sneer curled her lip for a moment; but as she saw Henry again about to speak, a wilder and higher expression flashed over all her features—her form appeared to distend—her bosom heaved—her eye glared—her ringlets seemed to stiffen, as if instinct with life “Nay!” she cried, in a voice clear as the strain of a silver trumpet—“nay! thou *shalt* hear me out—and thou didst swear yesterday I should live

in a cloister cell forever!—and I replied to thy words *then*, ‘not long!’—I have thought better *now*—and *now* I answer ‘*never*!’ Lo here!—lo here! ye who have marked the doom of Armand—mark now the doom of Marguerite! Ye who have judged the treason, mark the doom of the traitress!” And with the words, before any one could interfere, even had they suspected her intentions, she raised her right hand on high, and all then saw the quick twinkle of a weapon, and struck herself, as it seemed, a quick slight blow immediately under the left bosom! It seemed a quick slight blow! but it had been so accurately studied—so steadily aimed and fatally—that the keen blade, scarcely three inches long and very slender, of the best of Milan steel, with nearly a third of the hilt, was driven home into her very heart—she spoke no syllable again!—nor uttered any cry!—nor did a single spasm contract her pallid features, a single convulsion distort her shapely limbs! but she leaped forward, and fell upon her face, quite dead, at the King's feet!

Henry smiled not again for many a day thereafter—Charles De La Hirè died very old, a Carthusian monk of the strictest order, having mourned sixty years and prayed in silence for the sorrows and the sins of that most hapless being.

THE STRANGER'S FUNERAL.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

A solitary hearse without mourner or friend wheeled by me with unceremonious speed. It filled my heart with feelings of the most chilling desolation, which were augmented perhaps by the peculiar gloom of the evening. I reached the rude grave in which the corpse was deposited, and learned from the menial who was performing the last rites that it was a young German of fine talents, with whom I had travelled a few months before, who, far from his home and friends, had fallen a victim to the prevailing epidemic.—LETTER OF A FRIEND.

No solemn bell pealed on the air,
No train in sable gloom
Moved slow with the holy man of prayer
To stand around his tomb;
The hearse rolled on without sign of love
To the church, in lonely woe,
Where bent the solemn heavens above
The opened grave below:
But he recked not of the heavens o'ercast,
Or the yawning gulf of death;
For with him Earth's bitterness had passed,
Ere passed his fleeting breath.

The stranger pressed a lonely bed,
No smiles dispelled the gloom
Of the dark and funeral shades that spread
Around his dying room;
And his heart with grief did melt,
And he wandered in fevered dreams

To the home where the loved of his youth still dwelt,
By the side of his own blue streams:
His heart for their voices yearned,
And the warm tears fell like rain,
As his dying eyes to the home were turned
That he ne'er should see again.

The stranger's griefs are o'er,
And his body lies alone,
From his friends afar on a foreign shore
Without a funeral stone;
And long shall voices call,
And midnight tapers burn
For him that is bound in death's cold thrall,
But he shall no more return:
He shall return no more
From his lowly sleep in dust,
'Till the trump announce death's bondage o'er,
And the “rising of the just.”

THE FIRST STEP.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"WELL met, Harry," exclaimed Edward Morton, as he encountered his friend Wilford in Broadway, "I have two questions to ask you. In the first place, what do you call that odd-looking vehicle in which I saw you riding yesterday? and in the second, who was that pretty little sister Ruth seated so demurely beside you?"

"My new carriage," said Harry, laughing, "having been invented by myself, has the honor to bear my name; it is called a Wilford; I will sell it to you cheap, if you like it, for that booby Danforth has ordered one of the same pattern, and I will never sport mine after he comes out with his."

"And so because a fool follows your lead you throw up your cards; you will have enough to do if you carry out that rule in all your actions. Thank you for your kind offer; but really I am neither rich nor fashionable enough to drive about town in such a Welsh butter-tub. Now, answer my second question; who is the lady;—has she been named in honor of the vehicle?"

"No, but she will probably bear the name of its inventor in due time."

"Can it be possible, Harry? have you really determined to turn Benedict before the pleasures of freedom have palled upon your taste? Have you seriously reflected upon all you are about to relinquish? Have you thought upon the pleasant *tête-à-têtes*, the agreeable flirtations, the many delicious 'love-passages' which the admired Harry Wilford is privileged to enjoy while he roves at large, but which will hereafter be denied to him who wears the clanking fetters of matrimony?"

"I have thought of every thing, Ned; and, to tell you the truth, I am beginning to get tired of the aimless, profitless life I now lead."

"And, therefore, you are going to turn merchant and marry; you will have a considerable amount to add to profit and loss by these experiments. Pray who is the enchantress that has woven so wondrous a spell of transformation?"

"She bears the primitive name of Rachel, and was both born and bred in the little village of Westbury, where, as I am told, a fashionably cut coat or one of Leary's hats would be regarded as a foreign curiosity. She has never stirred beyond the precincts of her native place until this spring, when she accompanied a newly married relative to our gay city. Indeed she has been kept so strictly within the pale of

her society, that if her cousin had not fortunately married out of it, the lovely Rachel would probably have walked quietly to meeting with some grave young broad-brim, and contented herself with a drab bonnet all her life."

"So your inamorata is country bred. By Jupiter I shall begin to believe in the revival of witchcraft. Is she rich, Harry?"

"I see the drift of your question, Ned; but you are mistaken if you think I have looked on her through golden spectacles. She is an orphan with sufficient property to render her independent of relatives, but not enough to entice a fortune-hunter."

"Well, if any one but yourself had told me that Harry Wilford, with all his advantages of *purse* and *person*, had made choice of a little rusticated Quakeress to be his bride, I could not have believed it," said Morton; "pray do you expect this pretty Lady Gravely to preside at the exquisite dinners for which your bachelor's establishment has long been famous? or do you intend to forego such vulgar enjoyments for the superior pleasures of playing Darby to Mrs. Wilford's Joan in your chimney corner?"

"No quizzing, Ned," said Wilford, smiling, "Rachel has been well educated, and the staid decorum of the sect has not destroyed her native elegance of manner."

"But the *drab bonnet*, Harry:—can *you*, the pride of your tailor and the envy of your less tasteful friends,—*you*, the very prince of Broadway exquisites,—you, the American Brummel, who would as willingly have been caught picking a pocket, as wearing a glove two days, a hat two weeks, or a coat two months,—can you venture to destroy the reputation which you have acquired at such cost, by introducing a drab bonnet to the acquaintance of your be-plumed and be-flowered female friends?"

"Wait awhile, Edward; Rachel has not yet learned to admire the gayeties of our city; her eyes have been too long accustomed to the 'sober twilight gray,' and she is rather dazzled than pleased with the splendor of fashionable society, but she has too much of womanly feelings to continue long insensible to womanly vanity."

"Well, success to you, Harry, but let me beg you to lay an interdict on that ugly bonnet as soon as you have a right to exercise your marital authority."

Wilford laughed, and the two gentlemen parted;

the one to fulfil an engagement with the pretty Quakeress, and the other to smoke a cigar, drink a mint julep, and laugh at his friend's folly.

Harry Wilford had been so unlucky as to come into possession of a large fortune as soon as he attained his majority. I am not in error, gentle reader, when I say he was *unlucky*, for daily experience bears witness to the fact, that in this country, at least in nine cases out of ten, a large inheritance is a great misfortune. The records of gay life in every large city prove that the most useless, most ignorant, most vicious, and often the most degraded among the youth, are usually the sons of plodding and hoarding parents, who have pawned health and happiness, aye, and sometimes *integrity*—the very life of the soul—to procure the gold which brings the destruction of their children. Wilford had passed through college with the reputation of being one of the most gifted and most indolent of scholars, while his eccentric fits of study, which served to give him the highest rank in his class, only showed how much more he might have done, if industry and perseverance had been allowed to direct his pursuits. Like his career in the university had been his course through life. With much latent energy of character he was too infirm of purpose to become distinguished either for virtue or talent. The curse of Ephraim seemed to have fallen upon the child of prosperity, and the impressive words of the ancient Patriarch: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," might have shadowed forth his destiny. His fine talents were wasted in empty witticisms; his classical taste only served to direct his lavish expenditure, and his really noble feelings were frittered away in hollow friendship, or in transitory attachments. Handsome, brilliant, and, above all, rich, he became the idol of a coterie, and intoxicated by the incense which smoked before him, he did not perceive that its subtle influence enervated all his nobler faculties. Yet Wilford had escaped the contagion of vice. The dark stain of criminal excess, which too often sullies the cloth of gold more deeply than it does the coat of frieze, had never fallen upon his garments. He could not forget the trembling hand which had been laid upon his infant head when he offered up his innocent prayers at a mother's knee. He remembered her dying supplication that her child might be kept "unspotted from the world," and her gentle face, beaming with unutterable purity and love, often interposed itself between his and his tempter, when his heart would have failed from very weakness.

Harry Wilford had completed his thirtieth summer and yet he was a bachelor. The artillery of bright eyes and brighter smiles had been levelled at him in vain; the gentler weapons of sweet words and soft glances had been equally ineffectual. His heart had been captured again and again, but it was a far easier task to *gain* than to *keep* it. Indeed it was like an ill-garrisoned border fortress, and generally surrendered at discretion to the first enemy that sat down before it, who was sure to be soon driven out in turn by another victorious assailant. He was too universal a lover, and until, like

Apelles, he could unite in one woman the charms which he admired in twenty, there seemed little probability of his ever being won to wear the chain. The truth was, that of the many who courted the attentions of the handsome Mr. Wilford, there was none that seemed to have discovered the fine gold which lay beneath the surface of his character. The very exuberance of flowers and fruit which the soil produced, prevented one from expecting any hidden treasure, for it is not often that the precious things of earth are found beneath its gay adornments. We look for the diamond, not under the bank of violets but in the rugged bosom of the mountain, and thus Wilford's friends, content with the beautiful blossoms of fancy and wit which he lavishly flung around, suspected not the noble gifts of intellect which he possessed.

Wilford had frequently imagined himself in love, but something had always occurred to undeceive him and to resolve his pleasant fancies with very disagreeable facts. He had learned that the demon of selfishness often lurks under the form of an angel of light, and he began to distrust many of the fair beings who bestowed upon him their gentle smiles. He had received more than one severe lesson in human nature, and it was very soon after officiating as groomsman at the bridal of a lovely girl whose faith had once been pledged to him, that he first met the young and guileless Quakeress. There was something so pure and vestal-like in the delicate complexion, soft blue eye, and simply braided hair of the gentle Rachel, that Wilford was instantly charmed. His eye, so long dazzled with the gorgeous draperies, glittering jewels, and well-displayed beauties of fashionable belles, rested with a sense of relief on the sober French gray silk, and transparent lawn neckkerchief which so carefully shaded the charms of the fair rustic. He saw the prettiest of tiny feet peeping from beneath a robe of far more decorous length than the laws of fashion then allowed—the whitest of white hands were unadorned by a single jewel—and the most snowy of necks was only discovered by the swanlike grace which rendered it visible above its envious screen of muslin. Even in the society of Friends, where a beautiful complexion is almost as common to the females as a pair of eyes to each face, Rachel was remarkable for the peculiar delicacy of hers. It was not of that waxy, creamy tint, so often considered the true fashionable and aristocratic complexion, because supposed to be an evidence that the "winds of heaven" have never visited the face except through the blinds of a carriage; nor was it the flake-white and carmine-red which often claims for its possessor the reputation of a brilliant tincture of the skin. Even the old and worn-out smiles of the lily and the rose, would have failed to give an idea of the delicate hues which added such a charm to Rachel's countenance, for the changing glow of her soft cheek, and the tracery of blue veins which adorned her snowy brow could never be imaged by a flower of the field. Harry Wilford thought he had never seen anything so exquisitely lovely, so purely fair, as that sweet face

when in perfect repose, or so vividly bright as it seemed when lighted by the blush of modesty. There are some faces which require shadows to perfect their beauty; the eye, though bright, must flash beneath jetty lashes; the brow, though white, must gleam amid raven tresses or half the effect is lost. But Rachel's face, like that of joyous childhood, was all light. Her hair was silky and soft as an infant's, her eyes blue as the summer heaven, her lips like an opening rose-bud—it was a face like spring sunshine, all brightness and all beauty.

Rachel had been left an orphan in her infancy, and the relatives to whom she was indebted for her early nurture were among the strictest of a strict sect, consequently she had imbibed their rigid ideas of dress and manners. Indeed she had never wasted a thought upon the pomps and vanities of the 'world's people,' until she visited the gay metropolis. The sneers which her plain dress occasioned in the circle where she now moved, and the merry jibes which young and thoughtless companions cast upon her peculiar tenets of faith, aroused all the latent pride of her nature, until she actually felt a degree of triumph in exhibiting her quaint costume in society.

If Wilford had been charmed with her beauty, he was in raptures with her unsophisticated character. After ringing the changes on *sentiment* until his feelings were 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune,' it was absolutely refreshing to find a damsel who had never hung enraptured over the passionate pages of Byron, nor breathed the voluptuous songs of Moore, but who, in the simplicity of her heart, admired and quoted the gentle Cowper, as the prince of poets. "She has much to learn in the heart's lore," said Wilford to himself, "and what pleasure it will be to develop her innocent affections." So he offered his hand to the pretty Quakeress, and she, little versed in the arts of coquetry, modestly accepted the gift.

One morning Rachel sat by the window, looking out upon the gay throng in Broadway, when her cousin entered with a small packet in her hand.

"Here is something for you, Rachel, a love token I suppose," said Mrs. Hadley. Rachel blushed as she opened the envelope, but her color deepened to an almost angry hue when she unclosed a morocco box, and beheld an exquisite set of pearls.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hadley.

"I shall not keep them," said Rachel quietly.

"Not keep them! pray why?" asked her cousin.

"Because I should never wear them, and because Mr. Wilford has not kept his word with me. He promised never to interfere with what he called my style of dress, and I told him I would never lay aside my plain costume, though I was willing to modify it a little for his sake."

"Here he comes to answer for himself," said Mrs. Hadley as Wilford entered. "You are just in time," she continued, "for Rachel is very angry with you."

Rachel could not repress a feeling of pride and pleasure as she looked on the graceful form of her lover, who, taking a seat beside her, whispered "Are you indeed displeased with me, dearest? Pray what is my offence?"

She replied by placing in his hand the box of pearls.

"Do you then reject so simple an offering of affection, Rachel?" said Harry, "you should regard these gems not as the vain ornaments of fashion, but as the most delicate and beautiful productions of the wonderful world of ocean. Look, can any thing be more emblematical of purity, and as he spoke he placed a pearl rose upon the soft golden hair which was folded above her white forehead.

Rachel did look, and, as the large mirror reflected her beautiful face, she was conscious of an impulse, (almost her very first) of womanly vanity.

"I cannot wear them, Harry," said she, "necklace and bracelets would be very useless to one who never unveils either neck or arms, and such costly head-gear would be ill suited to my plain silk dress, and lawn cape."

Wilford had too much tact to press the subject. The box was consigned to his pocket, and the offence was forgiven.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte,*" said he, as he walked home, "my fifteen hundred dollars has been thrown away for the present; I must proceed more cautiously in my work of reform."

The morning fixed for the marriage at length arrived. Rachel was in her apartment, surrounded by her friends, and had just commenced her toilet, when a small parcel, accompanied by a delicate rose-colored note, was placed in her hands. She, of course, opened the note first; it was as follows:

"Forgive me, my sweet Rachel, if on this morning I venture to suggest a single addition to your simple dress. There are always idle persons standing about the church door on such an occasion as a wedding, and I am foolish enough to be unwilling that the careless eye of every indifferent spectator should scan the exquisite beauty of your face to-day. There is something extremely painful to me in the thought that the blushing cheek of my fair bride should be the subject of cold remark. Will you not, for my sake, dearest, veil the rich treasure of your loveliness for one brief hour? I know I am selfish in making the request, but for once forgive my jealousy, and shade your brightness from the stranger's gaze."

The parcel contained a Brussels lace veil of surpassing richness, so delicate in its texture, so magnificent in its pattern that Rachel could not repress an exclamation of pleasure at the sight.

Her toilet was at length completed. A dress of plain white satin, finished at the neck by a chemise of simple lace, her hair folded plainly around her small head and plaited in a single braid behind:—such was the bridal attire of the rigid little Quakeress.

"And the veil, Rachel," whispered her cousin.

"Why, rather than shock Harry's delicacy," said she, half smiling, "I believe I will wear it, but I shall look very ridiculous in it."

The veil fell in rich folds nearly to her feet, and nothing could be imagined more beautiful than her whole appearance in this plain but magnificent costume.

"You want a pearl comb, or something of the

kind, to fasten this veil properly," said one of the bridesmaids.

"What a pity you had not kept the box," whispered her cousin. Rachel smiled as she replied, "if I had ever dreamed of wearing such an unusual appendage as this perhaps I might have retained the rose at least."

Rachel had taken the *first* step when she consented to adopt the veil, the second would have cost her less trouble.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford set off for the Springs. A servant had preceded them with their baggage, and Rachel soon found herself in the midst of a more brilliant circle than she had yet seen. The day after their arrival she was preparing for a ride, and a crowd had collected on the piazza to admire Wilford's elegant equipage and fine blood-horses. But an unforeseen annoyance had occurred to disturb the bride's feelings. Attired in a dress of dark lavender-colored silk, she folded her white cashmere around her shoulders, and opened the band-box which contained her bridal hat. This had only been sent home on the morning of her marriage, and having been instantly forwarded with the other baggage, she had not yet seen it. How was she startled therefore to find, instead of the close cottage hat which she had ordered, as the nearest possible approach to her Quaker bonnet, a gay-looking French affair, trimmed with a wreath of lilies of the valley. What was to be done? it was impossible to procure another, and to despoil the bonnet of its flowers gave it an unfinished and slovenly appearance. Harry affected to condole with her, and finally persuaded her to wear it rather than expose herself to the charge of affectation by assuming her travelling calash.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," said he, to himself, as he saw the blush mantle her lovely cheek when she contemplated her reflection in the mirror.

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Rachel, "it does not half cover my head; I never wore such a flaunting, flaring thing in my life: I wish I had my veil, for I am actually ashamed of myself: ah, here it is, coz must have put it into the box, and I dare say it is she who has played me this trick about my bonnet."

So, throwing on her splendid veil to hide her unwonted finery, Rachel took her husband's arm and entered the carriage, leaving the gentlemen to admire her beauty and the ladies to talk about her magnificent Brussels.

Six months after her marriage Mrs. Wilford was dressing for a party; Monsieur Frisette had arranged her beautiful hair in superb ringlets and braids, and was just completing his task when the maid accidentally removing her embroidered handkerchief from the dressing-table discovered beneath it the box of pearls.

"Ah voilà Madame, de very ting—dat leetle rose vill just do for fix dese curl," said Monsieur.

As she continued her toilet she found that Madame M*** had trimmed the corsage of her dress in such

a manner as to preclude the possibility of wearing either cape or scarf according to her usual habit. She could not appear with her neck quite bare, and nothing remained but to cover it with the massy medallions of her pearl necklace. In short, when fully dressed for the party, some good reason had been found for adopting every ornament which the box contained.

"Just as I expected," said Wilford, mentally, as he conducted her to the carriage, "Rachel has taken the *first step*, she will never put on the drab bonnet again."

* * * * *

Three years after the events just recorded, the fatal red flag of the auctioneer was seen projecting from one of the upper windows of a stately house, and crowds of the idle, the curious, and the speculating were entering the open door. It was the residence of Harry Wilford.

"Well, how things will turn out," said a fat, frowsy dame, as she seated herself on a velvet sofa and drew a chair in front of her to keep off the throng, "sit down Charlotte," continued she, addressing a newly married niece, "sit down and let us make ourselves comfortable until the auctioneer has done selling the kitchen furniture. Only think—the last time I was here before Mrs. Wilford had a great party, and the young folks all came in fancy dresses, and I sat on this very sofa. That is only three months ago, and now everything has gone to rack and ruin."

"How did it all happen?" asked a pleasant-looking woman who stood near.

"Oh, Mrs. Wilford was awfully extravagant, and her husband thought there was no bounds to his riches, so they lived too fast; 'burnt their candle at both ends,' as the saying is. They say Mrs. Wilford hurried on her husband's ruin, for he had been speculating too deeply, and was in debt, but his creditors would have waited if she had not given that last dashing party."

"How do you know that fact!" asked the other.

"Oh, from the best authority, my husband is one of the principal creditors," replied the dame with a look of dignity, "he told me the whole story as we were going to the party, and declared that he would not stand such dishonest dealings, so the very next morning he was down upon Mr. Wilford, and before twelve o'clock he had compelled him to make an assignment."

And it was among such people—men and women who would sit at the hospitable board with murder in their hearts—who would share in the festivities of a household even while meditating the destruction of that pleasant home—it was among such as these that Wilford had lived—it was for such as these that he had striven to change the simple habits and artless manners of his true-hearted Rachel. It was the dread laugh of such as these which had led him to waste her energies as well as his own in the pursuit of fashion and folly.

Wilford had succeeded even beyond his intentions in imbuing his gentle bride with a love for worldly

vanities. His wishes delicately but earnestly expressed, together with the new-born vanity which her unwonted adornments engendered in the bosom of Rachel, gradually overcame her early habits. One by one the insignia of her simple faith were thrown aside. Her beautiful neck was unveiled to the admiring eye—her ungraceful sleeve receded until the rounded arm was visible in its full proportions—the skirt, following the laws of fashion, lost several degrees of longitude, until the beauty of Mrs. Wilford's foot was no longer a disputable fact. In short, in little more than two years after her marriage, her wealth, her beauty, her elegance of manners, and her costly dress made her decidedly a leader of ton. Wilford could not but regret the change. She was ever affectionate and devoted to him with all the earnestness of womanly tenderness, but he was ashamed to tell her that in obeying his wishes she had actually gone beyond them. He hoped that it was only the novelty of her position which had thus fascinated her, and yet he often found himself regretting that he had ever exposed her to such temptations.

But new and unlooked-for trials were in store for both. The estate of Mr. Wilford had always been managed by his uncle, a careful merchant, who, through the course of his whole life, had seemed to possess the Midas-like faculty of converting every thing he touched into gold; and satisfied that, as he was the old man's only heir, the property would be carefully husbanded, Wilford gave himself no trouble about the matter. But the mania for real estate speculation had now infected the whole nation. The old gentleman found himself the ridiculed of many a bold spirit who had dashed into the stream and gathered the gold dust which it bore along; he had long withstood the sneers of those who considered themselves wise in their generation, because they were pursuing a gambling scheme of wealth; but at length he could no longer resist the influence! He obtained the concurrence of his nephew, and thus furnished with double means struck boldly out from the safe haven where he had been ensconced. Every thing went on swimmingly for a time; his gains were immense—*upon paper*, but the tide turned, and the result was total wreck.

It was long ere Wilford became aware of his misfortunes. Accustomed to rely implicitly on his uncle's judgment, he reposed in indolent security until the tidings of the old man's bankruptcy and his own consequent ruin came upon him like a thunder-bolt. He had been too long the child of prosperity to bear reverses with fortitude. He had no profession, no knowledge of business, nothing by which he could obtain a future livelihood; and now, when habits of luxury had enervated both mind and body he found himself utterly beggared. He brooded over his losses in moody bitterness of spirit long before the world became acquainted with his situation. He even concealed them from his wife, from that mistaken and cruel kindness which thinks to lighten the blow by keeping it long suspended. "How can I overwhelm her with sorrow and mortification by

telling her we are beggars?" he cried, in anguish. "How can I bid her descend from the lofty eminence of wealth and fashion and retire to obscurity and seclusion? How can I be sure that she will bear the tidings with a patient spirit? I have sown within her young heart the seeds of vanity, and how can I hope to eradicate now the evils which have sprung from them? Her own little fortune is all that is now left, and how we are to live on that I cannot tell. Rachel cannot bear it—I know she cannot!"

His thoughts added new anguish to his regrets, and months of harrowing dread and anxiety passed away before Wilford could summon courage to face manfully his increasing misfortunes.

Mrs. Wilford had long intended to celebrate her husband's birthday by a brilliant party, and, quite unconscious of the storm which impended over her, she issued her cards nearly a month previous to the appointed evening. Harry Wilford knew that the party ought not to be given; he knew that it would bring discredit upon him, and perhaps censure upon his wife, for he was conscious that his affairs were rapidly approaching a fatal crisis; but he had not courage to own the truth. He watched the preparations for the party with a boding spirit; he looked sadly and fondly upon the brilliant attire of his young wife as she glided about the gorgeous apartments, and he felt that he was taking his last glance at happiness and comfort. The very next day his principal creditor, a fat, oily-faced, well-fed individual, remarkable for the regularity of his attendance, and the loudness of his responses at church—a man whose piety was carried to such lengths that in the fear lest his left hand should know the good which his right hand did, he was particularly careful never to do *any*—a man who would sit first at a feast and store up the careless sayings of convivial frankness to serve his own interest in the mart and the market-place—this man, after pledging him in the wine-cup and parting from him with the cordial grasp of friendship, met him with a legal demand for that which he knew would ruin him.

The fatal tidings could no longer be withheld from Mrs. Wilford, and she was roused from the languor which the fatigue of the preceding evening had left both on mind and body, by the tidings of her husband's misfortunes.

"It is as I feared," thought Wilford, as he observed her overwhelming emotion, "she cannot bear the degradation."

But he was mistaken. There is a hidden strength of character which can only be developed by the stroke of calamity, and such was possessed by Rachel Wilford. A moment, and but a moment, she faltered; then she was prepared to brave the worst evils of her altered fortunes. Wilford soon found that she had both mind to comprehend and judgment to counsel. Ere the morrow had passed half his sorrow was assuaged, for he had found comfort and even hope in the bosom of his young and devoted wife. There was only one thing over which she still deeply grieved, and this was her fatal party.

"Had you only confided in me, Harry," said she,

"worlds would not have tempted me to place you and myself in so dishonorable a light. How could you see me so unconscious of danger and treading so heedlessly on the verge of ruin without withdrawing me from it? Your own good name, Harry, aye, and *mine* too, have suffered. Our integrity has been doubted."

"I did it for the best, Rachel; I would have spared you as long as possible."

"It was most ill-judged kindness, Harry; it has ruined you and deeply injured me. Believe me, a wife is infinitely happier in the consciousness that she possesses her husband's confidence, than in the discovery that she has been treated like a petted child; a being of powers too limited to understand his affairs or to be admitted to his councils."

Mrs. Wilford did not merely meet her reverses with fortitude. She was resolved to act as became a high-minded woman. Her jewels were immediately disposed of, not stealthily, and as if she dreaded exposure, but by going openly to the persons from whom they were purchased; and thus realizing at least two-thirds of their original cost. This sum she immediately appropriated to the payment of household debts; and with it she satisfied the claims of all those who had supplied them with daily comforts. "I could not rest," she said, "if I felt there was one person living who might say I wronged him out of the very bread I have eaten." The furniture was next given up—nothing was reserved—not even the plate presented by her own friends, nor the work-box, the gift of Harry. Lodgings quiet and respectable but plain and cheap were taken in a private boarding-house. Every vestige of their former splendor was gone, and when all was over, it was with a feeling of relief that the husband and wife sat down together to form plans for the future. The past seemed like a troubled dream. Scarcely six months had elapsed since their stately mansion had been the scene of joyous festivity, and the very suddenness with which distress had come seemed to have paralysed their sense of suffering.

"I received a proposal to-day, Rachel, which I would not accept without consulting you," said Harry, as they sat together in their neatly furnished apartment. "Edward Morton offers me the situation of book-keeper, with a salary of a thousand dollars per annum."

"Take it, by all means, dear Harry," said his wife, "constant employment will make you forget your troubles, and a thousand dollars," added she, with a bright smile, "will be a fortune to us."

"I suppose I had better accept his offer," said Wilford, gloomily, but it cuts down a man's pride to be reduced to the condition of a hireling."

"Do not make me ashamed of my husband, dear Harry," was the earnest reply, "do not suffer me to blush for the weakness and false pride which can think only of external show. We can live very comfortably on your salary, especially when we have the consciousness of integrity to sweeten our privations."

"You forget that you are not quite so much a beg-

gar as your husband, Rachel. The interest of your twenty thousand dollars, added to my salary, will give us something more than the mere comforts of life."

"What do you mean, Harry?" asked his wife, turning very pale.

"Why you do not suppose I was scoundrel enough to risk your little property, Rachel; that was secured you by a marriage settlement, and no creditor can touch it unless you should assign it."

Rachel made no reply but fell into a long fit of musing.

It was but a few days after this conversation that Wilford, conquering his false pride, entered upon his duties in the counting-room of his old friend Morton. He returned early in the evening, wearied, sad, and dispirited, but his wife met him with a face so bright that he almost forgot the annoyances of the day.

"How happy you look, Rachel," said he, as she drew her chair beside his and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I am indeed happy, dear Harry, for I am now no richer than yourself."

"I don't understand you," replied Wilford with a puzzled look.

"You gave me a most unpleasant piece of news yesterday, Harry, when you told me that my paltry little fortune had been preserved from your creditors, and now I am happy in the consciousness that no such reproach can attach to us. I have been closeted with your lawyer this morning; he told me about twenty thousand dollars would clear off all claims against you, and by this time I suppose you are free."

"What have you done?"

"Handed over my marriage settlement to your assignees, Harry"—

"And reduced yourself to a bare subsistence, Rachel, to satisfy a group of gaping creditors who would swallow my last morsel if they knew I was left to starve."

"The debts were justly due, Harry, and I would rather that the charge of illiberality should attach to them than of dishonesty to us."

"You have never known the evils of poverty, my poor child," said Wilford, despondingly.

"Nor do I mean to experience them now, dear husband; you will not let me want for comforts, and you seem to forget that, though you have tried to spoil me, my early habits were those of economy and frugality."

"So you mean to adopt your simple Quaker habits again, Rachel," said Wilford, more cheerfully; "will they include the drab bonnet also?"

"No," returned the young wife, her face dimpled with joyous smiles, "I believe now that as much vanity lurked under my plain bonnet as ever sported on the wave of a jewelled plume; and yet," said she, after a moment's pause, "when I threw off my Quaker garb I took my first step in error, for I can trace all my folly, and extravagance, and waste of time to the moment when I first looked with pleasure in that little mirror at Saratoga."

"Well, well, dearest, your first step has not led you so far astray but that you have been able most

nobly to retrace your path. I am poorer than I ever expected to be, yet richer than I could ever have hoped, for had I never experienced a reverse of fortune, I should never have learned the worth of my own sweet wife."

Harry Wilford was right, and the felicity which he now enjoys in his own quiet and cheerful home—a home won by his own industry and diligence—is well worth all the price at which it was purchased, even though it cost him his whole estate.

AGATHÈ.—A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA II. (Continued.)

The ship! that self-same ship, that Julio knew
Had passed him, with her panic-stricken crew,
She gleams amid the storm, a shatter'd thing
Of pride and lordly beauty; her fair wing
Of sail is wounded—the proud pennon gone!
Dark, dark she sweepeth like an eagle, on
Through waters that are battling to and fro,
And tossing their great giant shrouds of snow
Over her deck.—Ahead, and there is seen
A black, strange line of breakers, down between
The awful surges, lifting up their manes
Like great sea-lions. Quick and high she strains
Her foaming keel—that solitary ship!
As if, in all her frenzy, she would leap
The cursed barrier: forward, fast and fast—
Back, back she reels; her timbers and her mast
Split in a thousand shivers! A white spring
Of the exulting sea rose bantering
Over her ruin; and the mighty crew
That mann'd her deck, were seen, a straggling few,
Far scatter'd on the surges. Julio felt
The impulse of that hour, and low he knelt,
Within his own light bark—a pray'rful man!
And clasp'd his lifeless bride; and to her wan,
Cold cheek did lay his melancholy brow.—
"Save thou a mariner!" he starteth now
To hear that dying cry; and there is one,
All worn and wave-wet, by his bark anon,
Clinging, in terror of the ireful sea,
A fair-hair'd mariner! But suddenly
He saw the pale dead ladye by a flame
Of blue and livid lightning, and there came
Over his features blindness, and the power
Of his strong hands grew weak,—a giant shower
Of foam rose up, and swept him far along;
And Julio saw him buffetting the throng
Of the great eddying waters, till they went
Over him—a wind-shaken cerement!

Then terribly he laugh'd, and rose above
His soulless bride—the ladye of his love!
Lifting him up in all his wizard glee;
And he did wave, before the frantic sea,
His wasted arm.—"Adieu! adieu! adieu!
Thou sawest how we were; thou sawest, too,
Thou wert not so; for in the inmost shrine
Of my deep heart are thoughts that are not thine.
And thou art gone, fair mariner! in foam
And music-murmurs to thy blessed home—
Adieu! adieu! Thou sawest how that she

Sleeps in her holy beauty tranquilly:
And when the fair and floating vision breaks
From her pure brow, and Agathè awakes—
Till then, we meet not; so, adieu, adieu!"
Still on before the sullen tempest flew,
Fast as a meteor star, the lonely bark;
And Julio bent over to the dark,
The solitary sea, for close beside
Floated the stringed harp of one that died,
In that wild shipwreck, and he drew it home
With madness to his bosom: the white foam
Was o'er its strings; and on the streaming sail
He wiped them, running with his fingers pale,
Along the tuneless notes, that only gave
Seldom responses to his wandering stave!

TO THE HARP.

Jewel! that lay before the heart
Of some romantic boy,
And startled music in her home,
Of mystery and joy!

The image of his love was there;
And, with her golden wings,
She swept their tone of sorrow from
Thy melancholy strings!

We drew thee, as an orphan one,
From waters that had cast
No music round thee, as they went
In their pale beauty past.

No music but the changeless sigh—
That murmur of their own,
That loves not blending in the thrill
Of thine aerial tone.

The girl that slumbers at our side
Will dream how they are bent,
That love her even as they love
Thy blessed instrument.

And music, like a flood, will break
Upon the fairy throne
Of her pure heart, all glowing, like
A morning star, alone!

Alone, but for the song of him
That waketh by her side,
And strikes thy chords of silver to
His fair and sea-borne bride.

Jewel! that hung before the heart
Of some romantic boy:
Like him, I sweep thee with a storm
Of music and of joy!

And Julio placed the trembling harp before
The ladye; till the minstrel winds came o'er
Its moisten'd strings, and tuned them with a sigh.
"I hear thee, how thy spirit goeth by,
In music and in love. Oh, Agathè!
Thou sleepest long, long, long; and they will say
That seek thee,—'she is dead—she is no more!'
But thou art cold, and I will throw before
Thy chilly brow the pale and snowy sheet."
And he did lift it from her marble feet,
The sea-wet shroud! and flung it silently
Over her brow—the brow of Agathè!

But, as a passion from the mooded mind,
The storm had died, and wearily the wind
Fell fast asleep at evening, like one
That hath been toiling in the fiery sun.
And the white sail dropt downward, as the wing
Of wounded sea-bird, feebly murmuring
Unto the mast—it was a deathly calm,
And holy stillness, like a shadow, swam
All over the wide sea, and the boat stood,
Like her of Sodom, in the solitude,
A snowy pillow, looking on the waste.
And there was nothing but the azure breast
Of ocean and the sky—the sea and sky.
And the lone bark; no clouds were floating by
Where the sun set, but his great seraph light,
Went down alone, in majesty and might;
And the stars came again, a silver troop,
Until, in shame, the coward shadows droop
Before the radiance of these holy gems,
That bear the images of diadems!

And Julio fancied of a form that rose
Before him from the desolate repose
Of the deep waters—a huge ghastly form,
As of one lightning-stricken in a storm;
And leprosy cadaverous was hung
Before his brow, and awful terror flung
Around him like a pall—a solemn shroud!—
A drapery of darkness and of cloud!
And agony was writhing on his lip,
Heart-rooted, awful agony and deep,
Of fevers, and of plagues, and burning blain,
And ague, and the palsy of the brain—
A weird and yellow spectre! and his eyes
Were orbless and unpupil'd, as the skies
Without the sun, or moon, or any star:
And he was like the wreck of what men are,—
A wasted skeleton, that held the crest
Of time, and bore his motto on his breast!

There came a group before of maladies,
And griefs, and Famine empty as a breeze,—
A double monster, with a gloating leer
Fix'd on his other half. They drew them near,
One after one, led onward by Despair,
That like the last of winter glimmer'd there,—
A dismal prologue to his brother Death,
Which was behind; and, with the horrid breath
Of his wide baneful nostrils, plied them on.
And often as they saw the skeleton
Grisly beside them, the wild phantasies
Grew mad and howl'd; the fever of disease

Became wild frenzy—very terrible!
And, for a hell of agony—a hell
Of rage, was there, that fed on misty things,
On dreams, ideas, and imaginings.

And some were raving on philosophy,
And some on love, and some on jealousy,
And some upon the moon, and these were they
That were the wildest; and anon alway
Julio knew them by a something dim
About their wasted features like to him!

But Death was by, like shell of pyramid
Among old obelisks, and his eyeless head
Shook o'er the wry ribs, where darkness lay
The image of a heart—she is away!
And Julio is watching, like Remorse,
Over the pale and solitary corse.

Shower soft light, ye stars, that shake the dew
From your eternal blossoms! and thou, too,
Moon! minded of thy power, tide-bearing queen!
That hast a slave and votary within
The great rock-fetter'd deep, and hearest cry
To thee the hungry surges, rushing by
Like a vast herd of wolves,—fall full and fair
On Julio as he sleepeth, even there,
Amid the suppliant bosom of the sea!—
Sleep! dost thou come, and on thy blessed knee
With hush and whisper lull the troubled brain
Of this death-lover?—still the eyes do strain
Their orbs on Agathè—those raven eyes!
All earnest on the ladye as she lies
In her white shroud. They see not, though they are
As if they saw; no splendour like a star
Is under their dark lashes: they are full
Of dream and slumber—melancholy, dull!

* * * * *

A wide, wide sea! and on it rear and van
Amid the stars, the silent meteors ran
All that still night, and Julio with a cry
Woke up, and saw them flashing fiercely by.

* * * * *

Full three times three, its awful veil of night
Hath Heaven hung before the blessed light;
And a fair breeze falls o'er the sleeping sea,
When Julio is watching Agathè!
By sun and darkness hath he bent him over—
A mad, moon-stricken, melancholy lover!
And hardly hath he tasted, night or day,
Of drink or food, because of Agathè!
He sitteth in a dull and dreary mood,
Like statue in a ruin'd solitude,
Bearing the brent of sunlight and of shade,
Over the marble of some colonnade.

The ladye, she hath lost the pearly hue
Upon her gorgeous brow, where tresses grew
Luxuriantly as thoughts of tenderness,
That once were floating in the pure recess
Of her bright soul. These are not as they were;
But are as weeds above a sepulchre,
Wild waving in the breeze: her eyes are now
Sunk deeply under the discolored brow,
That is of sickly yellow, and pale blue
Unnaturally blending. The same hue
Is on her cheek. It is the early breath
Of cold corruption, the ban-dog of death,
Falling upon her features. Let it be,

And gaze awhile on Julio, as he
Is gazing on the corse of Agathè!

In truth, he seemeth like no living one,
But is the image of a skeleton:
A fearful portrait from the artist tool
Of madness—terrible and wonderful!

There was no passion there—no feeling traced
Under those eyelids, where had run to waste
All that was wild, or beautiful, or bright;
A very cloud was cast upon their light,
That gave to them the heavy hue of lead;
And they were lorn, lustreless, and dead!

He sat like vulture from the mountains gray,
Unsat, that had flown full many a day
O'er distant land and sea, and was in pride
Alighted by the lonely ladye's side.

He sat like winter o'er the wasted year—
Like melancholy winter, drawing near
To its own death. "Oh me! the worm at last
Will gorge upon me, and the autumn blast
Howl by!—Where?—where?—there is no worm to
creep

Amid the waters of the lonely deep;
But I will take me Agathè upon
This sorrowful, sore bosom, and anon,
Down, down, through azure silence, we shall go,
Unepitaph'd, to cities far below;
Where the sea Triton, with his winding shell,
Shall sound our blessed welcome. We shall dwell
With many a mariner in his pearly home,
In bowers of amber weed and silver foam,
Amid the crimson corals; we shall be
Together, Agathè! fair Agathè!—
But thou art sickly, ladye—thou art sad;
And I am weary, ladye—I am mad!
They bring no food to feed us, and I feel
A frost upon my vitals, very chill,
Like winter breaking on the golden year
Of life. This bark shall be our floating bier,
And the dark waves our mourners; and the white,
Pure swarm of sunny sea birds, basking bright
On some fair isle, shall sorrowfully pour
Their wail of melancholy o'er and o'er,
At evening, on the waters of the sea,—
While, with its solemn burden, silently,
Floats forward our lone bark.—Oh, Agathè!
Methinks that I shall meet thee far away,
Within the awful centre of the earth,
Where, earliest, we had our holy birth,
In some huge cavern, arching wide below,
Upon whose airy pivot, years ago,
The world went round: 'tis infinitely deep,
But never dismal; for above it sleep,
And under it, blue waters, hung aloof,
And held below,—an amethystine roof,
A sapphire pavement; and the golden sun,
Afar, looks through alternately, like one
That watches round some treasure: oft, too,
Through many a mile of ocean, sparkling through,
Are seen the stars and moon, all gloriously,
Bathing their angel brilliance in the sea!

"And there are shafted pillars, that beyond,
Are ranged before a rock of diamond,
Awfully heaving its eternal heights, .

From base of silver strewn with chrysolites;
And over it are chasms of glory seen,
With crimson rubies clustering between,
On sward of emerald, with leaves of pearl,
And topazes hung brilliantly on beryl,
So Agathè!—but thou art sickly sad,
And tellest me, poor Julio is mad,—
Ay, mad!—was he not madder when he swore
A vow to Heaven? Was there no madness then,
That he should do—for why?—a holy string
Of penances? No penances will bring
The stricken conscience to the blessed light
Of peace.—Oh! I am lost, and there is night,
Despair, and darkness, darkness and despair,
And want, that hunts me to the lion-lair
Of wild perdition: and I hear them all—
All cursing me! The very sun-rays fall
In curses, and the shadow of the moon,
And the pale star-light, and the winds that tune
Their voices to the music of the sea,
And thou,—yes, thou! my gentle Agathè!—
All curse me!—oh! that I were never, never!
Or but a breathless fancy, that was ever
Adrift upon the wilderness of Time,
That knew no impulse, but was left sublime
To play at its own will!—that I were hush'd
At night by silver cataracts, that gush'd
Through flowers of fairy hue, and then to die
Away, with all before me passing by.
Like a fair vision I had lived to see,
And died to see no more!—it cannot be!
By this right hand! I feel it is not so,
And by the beating of a heart below,
That strangely feareth for eternity!"

He said, and gazing on the lonely sea,
Far off he saw, like an ascending cloud,
To westward, a bright island, lifted proud
Amid the struggling waters, and the light
Of the great sun was on its clifted height,
Scattering golden shadow, like a mirror;
But the gigantic billows sprung in terror
Upon its rock-built and eternal shore,
With silver foams, that fell in fury o'er
A thousand sunny breakers. Far above,
There stood a wild and solitary grove
Of aged pines, all leafless but their brows,
Where a green group of tempest-stricken boughs
Was waving now and then, and to and fro,
And the pale moss was clustering below.

Then Julio saw, and bent his head away
To the cold wasted corse of Agathè,
And sigh'd; but ever he would turn again
A gaze to that green island on the main.

The bark is drifting through the surf, beside
Its rocks of gray upon the coming tide;
And lightly is it stranded on the shore
Of purest silver shells, that lie before,
Glittering in the glory of the sun;
And Julio hath landed him, like one
That aileth of some wild and weary pest;
And Agathè is folded on his breast,
A faded flower! with all the vernal dews
From its bright blossom shaken, and the hues
Become as colorless as twilight air—
I marvel much, that she was ever fair!

(End of the second Chimera.)

DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

TAKE ME HOME.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

"And all for thee! vile yellow fiend!"

I WAS wandering in the streets of a populous city—thousands crowded the thronged thoroughfares—jarring and jostling along,—each intent on his own petty schemes. Here, a merchant rushed onward with a rapid step—for it wanted but five minutes of three o'clock! If clouds had overspread his countenance an hour before, they had given place to a determined expression, that seemed to say, "safe till to-morrow, anyhow!" There, a belle flaunted in costly attire, with a curl on her lip and pride in her tread that spoke, more plainly than words, "conquest is my right! for my beauty and wealth are alike undisputed, I have but to smile and win!"

At one moment, my eye was attracted by a young couple in the spring-tide of their promise, associated by that magic feeling which comes over us but once in a life-time. At the next, it rested on a pair of unfortunates with locked arms but gloomy brows and half averted faces, convinced, by twenty years of bitter experience, that *it is wise to preserve appearances*, even when doing penance for that most common, but most fatal indiscretion of youth—an ill-assorted marriage!

A little girl, upon the door-step of an elegant mansion, stood gazing upon the passing crowd and the unbroken line of splendid equipages hurrying by, glancing her eye occasionally upward at the tall trees that shielded her from the sunshine, or the bright blue sky and fleecy vapor which seemed to rest upon their summits. The breezes of May waved the translucent ringlets athwart her snowy shoulders, while the leaves danced and rustled mirthfully in the wind, and a little bird, upon a neighboring bough, poured out its joyous song! The child threw back her head and laughed long and merrily: yet there was nothing in view to awaken laughter!

Guarded, and clad,—and nourished,—and incognisant of care,—the bounding pulse of youth felt keenly in every fibre,—existence itself, with her, became delight! and she laughed in the fulness of irrepressible joy—that the skies were bright and the leaves were green!—On the pavement beside her, a barefoot and ragged boy leaned for support against a post. Famine and fatigue were legibly stamped upon his sunken cheek and attenuated limbs. The sound of merriment awakened him, and he turned his dull eye in wonder upon the beautiful object before him!—But he comprehended it not!—joy was to him a stranger!

These, and a hundred other episodes in the selfish history of common life claimed, in turn, my attention;—and each might have furnished subject matter for a month of thought or a volume of moral deduction. But there was one group so peculiarly striking that it still dwells upon my memory with more than usual vividness of coloring.

In the most luxurious portion of the city, where palaces of marble and granite rose on every hand, and the very air was redolent of the incense of exotic flowers, a coach, dusty with travel, suddenly drew up before one of the most conspicuous residences. The liveried footman instantly threw open the door, and a delicate young girl, with a highly intellectual, but care-worn and sorrowful expression of countenance, began to descend the steps. But, before she could reach the pavement a masculine arm was projected from the vehicle to arrest her progress, and a voice, tremulous with age and grief, exclaimed, "No! no! not here! not here!—Why will you not take me home!—I must go home!—I am old and sick!—Do take me home at once!"

The attempt to draw the young lady back within the coach endangered her foot-hold, and courtesy obliged me to spring to her assistance, lest she should fall beneath the wheels. Adroitly lifting her from the carriage while the footman hastened to ring the bell, I obtained a view of all the parties interested in this little incident.

The, half fainting girl, still leaning upon my arm, might have numbered about fourteen summers, and within the coach were two other individuals, in both of whom the same family traits were visible. One of these, a woman about thirty-five years of age, was evidently the mother. She was still beautiful, though strong traces of habitual thought and mental suffering were perceptible upon her brow. The other was a man of noble figure, probably advanced to seventy years, with locks of snowy whiteness, but dressed with a degree of richness and precision, not usually observed among the old. It was evident that he had been familiar with the world—that wealth and luxury were no novelties to him. The forms of society had been his study, if not the business of his life. Yet, what a satire upon the vulgar misconceptions of the means of happiness was the aspect of that face! The broad brow was furrowed with deep lines of mental distress. The boldly chiselled nose was thinned, rather by muscular con-

traction than by age. The model of the lip still presented the curve of pride and habitual authority, contrasting most painfully with the tremor of helpless suspicion and childish anxiety.

"Why will you not take me home," he exclaimed again—and his eye wandered restlessly from side to side, peering through the door and windows of the coach, as if in search of some object once familiar—with an expression of hopeless distress that it was difficult even to witness with fortitude.

To one familiar with large hospitals, the scene was clearly intelligible. Insanity from disappointed hope was mingled with the fatuity of premature old age.

Propriety would have dictated my immediate retreat, after the necessary care of the ladies in alighting; but perceiving that the united persuasions of mother and daughter were likely to fail in inducing the grandfather to quit the coach without too strongly inviting public attention towards a private misfortune, I felt bound to inquire, "May I not serve you, madam! from some embarrassment by begging you to enter the house? I will engage myself to place your father under the protection of your roof, in a very few minutes, and without annoyance." Nothing insures such instantaneous confidence with the gentler sex as self-dependence in a man, and grave, though courteous authority of manner. The offer was accepted with a glance of mute thankfulness, and handing the ladies to the door, I returned to the carriage.

"Come, my dear sir," I said to the elderly gentleman, "allow me the pleasure of assisting you to alight! your horses are a little restive."

"No, sir!" he replied; "you are in league with them!—You lead me from place to place, and every where you tell me I am at home!—Oh! I shall never find it!—I wish to repose in my own house, and my own garden!—*my mother's house*!—and you bring me here and tell me *this* is my house!—Do you think I have grown so weak and imbecile as not to know the chamber where I was born!—the garden where I played when a child!—No!—I will not go in!—They are kind to me here, but I am not at home!—Do, take me home!—You seem to think that I cannot tell the difference between this great palace, with its rich carpets and its marble columns, and our own little cottage, with its arbor of grape-vines and wild-creepers, where my mother used to nurse me to sleep in the old carved rocking-chair!—Oh! take me home!"

Long habituated to the management of lunatics, I had learned to guide the tangled reins of a disordered mind, and found but little difficulty in persuading the old man to rest awhile in the parlor on the plea of examining whether his granddaughter, to whom he was much attached, had not received some injury by stumbling in her descent from the coach. Seating him upon an ottoman, it was easy, by the same innocent deception to withdraw to another apartment in company with the ladies: and there, after tendering any further services which their affliction might render desirable, I heard, with deep attention, the history of their woes.

Mr. A****, the old gentleman, was, as I had inferred, the father of the elder and the grandsire of the younger lady. At an early age he came into hereditary possession of a handsome capital, and a range of ample stores near the centre of the commercial mart of —.

His mother, who was esteemed rich in those early times (soon after the revolutionary war) retained the family homestead in addition to her dower; and, in this venerable mansion, distant about a mile from the borders of the *then* small, but flourishing city, her son continued to reside; for he preferred the society of his remaining parent, and the quietude of rural life in the intervals of business, to the gayer scenes and more luxurious habits of the town. Thither, he soon conveyed a young and beautiful wife; and there his happiest years were spent in the midst of a family circle bound together by ties of the warmest affection.—Even their dead were gathered around them:—for the white monuments of their departed friends peered over the stone wall of the family grave-yard, from the grove of funereal pines behind the garden.

But this peaceful life of domestic enjoyment was not destined to continue. Within a few years subsequent to his marriage, there occurred one of those sudden revolutions in trade which periodically sweep, with the force of a deluge, over the commercial interests of our country.—Mr. A—— was ruined!—He became dependent upon the resources of his parent for the support of his wife; but pride would not permit him to grant the urgent request of his mother that he would share that support himself; and he fled his native country for a time, to woo the breeze of Fortune beneath other stars.

After two long years of toil and danger among the firs of the North-West, the hides of California, the biche-le-mer and birds-nests of the Eastern Archipelagoes, he arrived at the great entrepot of the Celestial Empire with a cargo insuring him an ample competence, just in time to receive intelligence of the death of his wife, leaving to his charge an only child! She had been the star of his destiny!—That star was set, and darkness enshrouded his soul!

Recovering from this terrible shock, he shunned the very idea of returning to the scene of his former happiness. She for whom he had braved the deep!—had toiled—had grappled with the sun of the tropics,—the ice of the pole—had left him desolate!—the infant, whom no parent welcomed to this world of trial, was a stranger to him!—one whom he had never beheld! and the only remaining link which bound him to his country was his affection for an aged mother

But who is not aware that the noon of manhood—its mid-day strife and bustle—are unfavorable to the glow of filial affection? Maternal love,—the deepest—the purest—the least selfish of human emotions!—knows no ebb—no diminution on this side the grave! Time, which may sap or shatter every other sympathy, adds strength to this at every revolution of its fatal glass!

Not so the attachment of the offspring!—Like a

delicate flower which sheds its fragrance freely on the morning or the evening air, but denies all sweetness to the bold glance of noon, this feeling flourishes only at the commencement and the close of our career. When, at length, in the decline of our energies, both mind and body verge once more towards the feebleness of infancy, how painfully the affections of earlier years flow back upon us!—Then would we gladly repose our aching temples—aching with the memory of many an unkind word or action—upon the bosom from which we first drew sustenance! and we yearn after a mother's love with a longing that will not be repressed!

It is not surprising that Mr. A—, thus suddenly cut off by death from her whose welfare had been the chief purpose of his life, should have buried his gloom in the cares of business. Such is the usual resource of those who bound their vision, as, alas! too many are prone to do! within the narrow limits of this subliminary theatre of action! For thirty years he pursued the search of wealth beneath the burning skies of India, with singleness of purpose and untiring zeal.

He remitted large sums, from time to time, for the convenience of a mother to whom he was ever dutiful, and a daughter that he had never seen; but his letters were cold and formal. His child was married,—he congratulated her. A grand-child was born to him;—he sent her his blessing. His daughter became a widow;—he condoled with her upon her loss. But nothing could arouse him from his bootless labor for superfluous gold!

At length, as age approached, he felt wearied with his monotonous existence. With the decline of his bodily powers came the desire for rest:—with the weakening of his mental energies, the longing for sympathy grew stronger and stronger. *He did not wish to die alone!* Dreams of his juvenile days came over him, and he sighed for the quietude of the old family mansion, and the warm welcome of his mother on his return from the cares of business. When the sudden twilight of the tropics sunk abruptly into night, he dreamed of the lingering glories of an American evening. When he heard the cry of the bramin kite, the harsh call of the adjutant crane, and the chattering of a thousand obscene birds retiring to their roosts, gorged with their horrible repast on the corpses that pollute the Ganges, he longed for the wild notes of the whip-poor-will, the rushing sound of the night-hawk, and the melancholy hooting of the owl, that render night musical in the bright green woods of his native land.

He knew that the growing city had swept far beyond the retreat of his earlier days—that many magnificent residences had risen over the site of his boyish play-grounds, and that even the relics of his dead had been removed from their original resting place, to make room for the house of the stranger. He had permitted—he *had even advised these changes*, but, he could not realize them! The old mansion with its broad elms, the garden, and the pine-grove with the monuments beneath its shade, were ever present to his mind, and his letters were painfully

charged with allusions to scenes and persons whose existence was blotted from the page of history.

With every year, these feelings became more and more intense, until incipient childishness made its appearance, and he became affected with a confirmed nostalgia. At length he closed his concerns, remitted the unappropriated balance of his earnings, and launched himself once more upon the ocean, on his homeward route.

As he drew near his native shore, memory retraced more and more vividly, the scenes of other days, until his failing intellect began to confuse the present with the past, and, at times, he dreamed of once more welcoming the little circle of the loved and cherished, in the same old wainscotted parlor,—around the same wide, hospitable, antique fire-place, where he slept with head reclined upon his mother's knee when the presence of company obtained him the privilege of sitting up an hour beyond his usual bed time.

The vessel neared the port. The pilot, ever the first to welcome the wanderer home, ascended the deck and distributed the “papers” of the previous day. With one of these, Mr. A— hastily retired to the cabin. Not even the blue hills of his native land, now full in sight, could wean him from the fatal record. His eye glanced rapidly over the leading article, but the struggle of contending candidates had no charm for him. He furtively regarded the items of foreign news;—was shocked at the long record of crimes and casualties made piquant and racy with details and comments which the purer manners of his early years would not have tolerated; and, for the first time in his life, he turned from the *price current* in disgust, but why did he start, turn pale, and tremble when his eye rested upon the ominous black lines that cross the final column of the second page? The identical paper is still preserved, and I extract the notice!—Read!

Died, suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 29th inst., in the 96th year of her age, Mrs. C— A—, the venerable relict of the late Hon. W— A—, and mother of Mr. H— A—, the distinguished American merchant at *****.

The cup was full! There breathed not in the land of his birth one kindred being to unite him with the past!—His daughter!—She was a stranger! How should he recognise her in the stranger crowd!—The mind, already weakened, was crushed!—The cracked vase was shattered!

The moment the anchor dropped, he leaped into a boat, and hurried on shore. Calling the nearest coach he ordered it in haste and sternly, “To —’s lane, half a mile from the turnpike gate of the — road!”

The astonished driver stared as he replied, “There’s no such lane now, sir! I heard of it when I was a boy, but it’s all built up long ago, and I never knew even where it was!”

“Then drive me to my mother’s,” cried Mr. A—, in a voice almost of fury; and holding forth

the paper, which had never left his hand, he pointed to the notice. An old man, standing by, struck by the haggard and maniacal look, perused the article and simply said, "Drive to the marble building, No. 20 — Place."

The grieving survivors of the family of Mrs. A— were sitting silently in the darkened parlor, on the morning after the funeral, when a loud appeal at the bell startled the whole household—so ill did it accord with the silence of grief brooding over all who had lived under the mild influence of the departed! A female attendant hurried to the door, and was instantly thrust to the wall by one who rushed furiously past her, crying aloud and wild, "Where is my wife!—my mother!" Mr. A— actually sprang into the presence of the ladies; for he was endowed for the moment with unnatural strength by the intensity of feeling. The figure of the elder lady, as she started to her feet in terror on the sudden intrusion, appeared to awaken some long dormant recollection, for he checked, on the instant, his precipitate advance, regarded her intently for a moment, and approaching gently, but before her alarm permitted her to move, he laid his hands upon her shoulders, and read her features with a steady and protracted gaze that seemed to search her very soul! "No! no!" he cried, "You are not my Jane!" and fainted at her feet.

In the cemetery of —, where the eye stretches wide and far over beautiful wooded slopes and a broad expanse of water—rock, ravine, spire, hamlet, and the distant city—where all is peace, and the weary soul is tempted to covet the repose of those who wait beneath,—now rest the remains of Mr. A—.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well!"

Standing beside his grave, as the moon-beams flickered on the marble, contending with the shadows of o'erhanging leaves that rustled in the night-breeze, I thought how rapidly every haunt of my own bright, holiday youth was yielding to the inroads of another populous capital. The pond on which we used to ply the armed heel when winter ruled the year, has disappeared.—Its site is occupied with civic palaces. The shady glen where the winged hours of starry summer nights flew all unheeded by in converse with the loved who are no more, lies bare and sere beneath the August sun!—The very stream that wound so gracefully among the trees is dry!—The dews of heaven that fed its crystal sources fall now in vain upon a mountain mass of marble—column,—plynth and dome—rising in mockery of *posthumous benevolence*,—a long enduring witness of perverted trust! Where are the few and fondly cherished who shared the converse of those happy hours!—One lies deep in the coral groves of the thesperides!—One fell a victim to a philanthropic spirit when the plague of Indoostan ravaged the vallies of the West!—Another!—Strangers tread lightly round his narrow house in the gardens of Pere-la-Chaise!—The last—

"Peace to thy broken heart and early grave!"

But why repeat these woes? that are the lot of all!—Who is there that has learned the value of the baubles that entice us *here*—Wealth! Fame! Power! or sublunary Love!—but will join in the secret aspiration with which I left the silent resting-place of a perturbed spirit—"Take! oh! Take me home!"

WESTERN HOSPITALITY.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

HARD by I've a cottage that stands near a wood,
A stream glides in peace at the door,
Where all who are weary, 'tis well understood,
Receive hospitality's store.
To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,
The stranger we freely invite:
You're welcome to come and partake at the board,
And afterwards rest for the night.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees,
And herald the young god of day;
Then with him uprising, depart if you please,
We'll set you refresh'd on your way.

Your coin for this service we sternly reject,
No traffic for gain we pursue,
And all the reward that we wish or expect,
We take in the good that we do.

Mankind are all travellers on life's rugged road,
And myriads would wander astray
In seeking eternity's silent abode
Did mercy not point out the way.
If all would their duty discharge as they should,
To those that are helpless and poor,
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,
And life the sweet stream at my door.

THE LADY AND THE PAGE.

A STORY OF MOORISH SPAIN.

BY MARY S. PEASE.

MANY years ago there dwelt, not far from Seville, in a castle so old it was a wonder what kept it from tumbling down, a Spanish *hidalgo*, remarkable for but two things—a very beautiful daughter, and the very strict manner in which he secluded her from the world. In every other respect this *hidalgo* was like other *hidalgos*, full of pride, sporting a pair of Spanish mustachios, and wearing a stiletto by his side.

The wonderful beauty of his daughter, the Doña Ysabel, had somehow—in spite of the seclusion in which she was kept—become proverbial, and the fame thereof had spread from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees. Not a *caballero* of that chivalric country but would have given his best steed for one glance from the eyes of the *hidalgo*'s daughter—eyes which shrouded under their long lashes, were like diamonds shining across the midnight. Her hair was silky and soft, darker and more glossy than the raven's wing—and in such luxuriance did it grow that she might almost have hid herself in it, as did "the lady of the golden locks" in the fairy tale. Her face was fitful as an April day. It was the clear and faithful mirror to the warmest, purest heart in all Spain. And never did a young heart beat within a lighter and more graceful form than that of the Doña Ysabel.

The castle where the *hidalgo* resided with his daughter was built on a rocky eminence, in one of the wildest parts of the country. Tradition said it had been erected by a powerful and wealthy Moor, from whom it had been conquered by the strong arm of one of the present occupant's ancestors. The father of Ysabel had resided there but rarely until the death of his wife; but, after that event, he had retired almost broken-hearted to this wild retreat. Here, from early childhood, the Lady Ysabel had been brought up. Wanting the care of a mother, she had always been left to have her own way, and a more self-willed, impetuous sylph never dashed the dew from the wild flowers that grew so luxuriantly around the Moorish castle.

One day, when the Doña Ysabel had nearly attained her seventeenth year, the Count de Llenaro, her father, stood within the deep embrasure of the richly carved corridor, absorbed in thought. His eyes were fixed on the shadows that played so fancifully on the rocks below. A light step was heard and a fairy form entered the apartment.

"*Bella mi cara nina*, I was thinking of thee, I would speak with thee." And the gentle girl stood beside the proud lord. "What wouldst thou my father?" The maiden's voice was low and silvery soft. Her dark eye looked up into her father's with an expression soft and confiding as childhood. One little snow-white hand rested upon his shoulder, while the other nestled within his own.

"How old are you, Ysy?"

"I shall be seventeen come next Michaelmas."

"'Tis even as I thought. Thou art getting to be a great girl, Belle,—I have something to say to thee; wilt thou listen?"

"Dear papa, thy word is my law."

"Is it so?" and the father fixed his eyes upon the girl with a look so penetrating that her own eye fell, and the rich warm blood rushed from her young heart and burnt upon her brow.

Llenaro seated himself upon a low *turco*, and drawing his child towards him, he fondly kissed her glowing cheek.

"I fear, Belle," said he, putting back the world of curls that had fallen over her brow, "thy will hath never yet been broken. Thou art but a wild one." Count Alcaros fell into a long fit of musing. The silver breathing tones of the Doña's soft voice broke the stillness.

"What wouldst thou with thy child, papa? my birds, and young flowers, even now mourn my absence."

"And canst thou not give one hour unto thy father, Ysy? What will thy birds and flowers do when I bring thee a right noble bird, an eagle among birds, for thine own? Wilt thou then give up all others and love but only that?"

"What does my papa mean?" tremblingly replied the maiden.

"I mean that thou art to be a child no longer."

"But, papa, all my pretty birds and—"

"Thou shalt have a bird worth the whole, a right proud gallant bird. Ysy, dost thou remember the Marquis of Talavera?"

"What of him, dearest papa?"

"Dost thou remember him?"

"Yes, papa."

"This Marquis hath sought thee, Belle, in marriage, and I have said thou shalt be his bride."

The girl started to the ground in unfeigned surprise.

"Why, papa! he is old enough to be my grandfather, and besides, he is ugly enough to—"

"He is just the age of thy father, Ysabel. His years will serve to guide thy wayward ones. He is all that is brave and noble, besides being one of the richest, and most powerful lords in Spain. You may know, Belle, how well I think of him—he is almost the only one of my many *friends*, that I admit into this our wild retreat."

"But, papa—"

"Nay, Belle, I will have no buts. It must be as I say."

"But, papa." The Count's brow darkened. "But, papa, I do not love him."

"Love—pah!"

"Papa, I *cannot* love him."

"Pah!"

"Papa, I *will not* love him!" and the Doña's eyes grew bright and large.

"Ysabel!"

"Dear papa,—I mean I cannot—" and the little lady burst into tears.

"Ysabel,—hear me—I have said thou shalt become the bride of the Marquis of Talavera. What I say I never unsay—that thou knowest. Two weeks from this. The day thou art seventeen—is the day decided upon. *It must, it shall be so!* Wilt thou do thy father's bidding, Belle?"

The girl answered not a word but her eye lit up and her little mouth was tightly compressed. Every line of her statue-like form expressed firmness and resolution.

"Wilt thou do thy father's bidding, Ysabel?" again demanded the Count.

"Thou hast ever been an indulgent father to me, never hast thou crossed my slightest wish, and now, father, I must say firmly *no!* I never can become the bride of him thou namest."

"Girl! thou shalt not even be consulted. Thou hast had thine own way seventeen years, *now* I will have mine. Thou shalt wed the Talavera if I have to drag thee to the altar. Nay, no fawning." The girl had twined her soft round arms about her father's neck—her eyes looked beseechingly into his. But he pushed her from him, saying—"Go to thy room, Ysabel, and there remain until thy reason comes to thee. Dost thou hear me?"

The Spaniard strode from the room, and the weeping lady sought, with a heavy heart, her own turret.

It was the first time her father had been unkind to her, and she threw herself down, on a low couch, in all that utter hopelessness of grief youth alone can feel. It was her first sorrow.

There came a soft rap at the door,—but she heeded it not;—and not until a hand, soft as woman's, held her own,—and a voice, whose deep, low tones were breathing music, whispered in her ear, did she know her father's handsome page was kneeling by her.

"Weep not, mi cara Ysabel," soothingly said he, "or rather let me share thy grief. I know it all—thy father hath told me, and sent me here to bring thee to reason, as he said. Can I do it sweet lady?" and the handsome page smiled.

It was wicked in him to smile when her heart was so full of grief—and so the lady thought. But she

had learned to love, and when love is warm and new, all the loved one says or does is more than right.

"Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal!"

The Doña Ysabel loved her father's page,—loved him as an ardent-souled daughter of sunny Spain knows how to love. The father!—he did not even dream of such wickedness. (If he had he could not have slept for at least six months)—the unpardonable wickedness of a daughter of his—his bright, beautiful Ysabel—the high born lady of Llenaro,—loving her father's page!—a nameless page!—and so he slept secure. The thought was too preposterous. And the Doña Ysabel loved. Love is all trustfulness, all watchfulness, all hopefulness. The page was handsome; the page was graceful, witty, accomplished. He was indeed an uncommon page;—and so thought the Doña's father,—and so thought her father's daughter. He could sing to the music of Ysabel's guitar, most divinely; he could dance, fence, was perfectly skilled in all horsemanship, moreover he was acquainted with all the then lore of bright Spain. He wrote poetry too; and sang the words of his own composing. In sooth he was a most marvellous page—a perfect paragon of a page;—and then his eye—why it was wilder than lightning shot from a midnight sky. The servants all feared and hated him. To Ysabel alone was he all that was gentle,—and to her father, for her sake. He was her teacher; her patient, faithful, untiring teacher. They drank together at the pure well of learning—a well too often untasted in those days of fair Spain.

"Weep not, sweetest; thy noble father would see thee wed with the Marquis of Talavera, and thou canst not love him. And it is for that thou weepest. Is it not so sweet lady?"

"I was happy," replied the sorrowing girl. "I did not dream of love, or that I had a heart. I only felt that I was happy. And now—"

"And now, my gentle Ysabel?"

"And now," said the Señorita, deeply blushing, "now I feel I have no heart to give."

"Bless thee, dearest, for those words. Ysabel hear me for I must speak. I love thee Ysabel—I am other than I seem. I am no hireling—I am the heir to a noble house. One year ago, having heard so much of thy wondrous beauty, and full of curiosity and daring, I contrived to get admitted into this castle as thy father's page. To see, is to love thee—but to be near thee day after day—to read thy gentle thoughts—to gaze in thy liquid, truthful, soul-beaming eyes—to feel thy soft hand within my own. Ysabel, a being cut from granite to see thee thus could not help loving thee. I love a *soul*—a soul thou hast sweet Ysabel—a reflecting, gentle, trustful, ardent, heart-ful soul. Ysabel I love thee, wilt thou love me?"

"Jose, I will, I do love thee"—and the girl's eyes were soft as she rested them in his.

He took her hand—her little, warm, white hand, and covered it with kisses. Then drawing her gently towards him, he clasped her silently to his

heart. She nestled like a bird in his bosom—and rested her head there. At intervals a low sob swelled her little heart, like that of a wearied infant, worn out with much crying. At length her sighs came less and less frequent; and when the page bent over to gaze upon her face, she had sunk into a calm, gentle sleep. A bright tear still glistened on her silky lash—that long black fringe that reposed so quietly on her pale, fair cheek.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the quiet and calm repose of a beautiful girl. And when we feel that that youth and beauty is all we love on earth—that it is near us—nestling in sweet trust within our arms—our all—our own—life of our life—heart of our heart—soul of our soul—what other happiness can earth give more pure, more holy, more unalloyed?

The page Jose almost wished the Doña might never awake—but she did awake. And when she did, she looked up in his eyes and smiled. There was everything in that smile, love, hope, faith, gentleness, truth, trust, joy. It was a droll smile too; there was archness in it—Jose never forgot that smile!—Strange, that an outward symbol of the inner world can express so much.

The page attempted to kiss the bright smile into his own heart—but the lady's mood had changed. Half ashamed, half in sport, she broke from him with a laugh—her own peculiar laugh—bird-like in its silvery clearness; and like a bird, as wild, and sweet.

"Sit down, dear Ysabel—I would talk with thee calmly—wilt thou be mine? Ysabel, I love thee. Oh! how I love thee. Naught on earth is half so dear as thou—life—ten thousand lives, were they mine, would I give for thy love. Wilt thou be mine? my own?"

The girl put both her little hands in his—that was her only answer. And then the page drew her again to his heart and kissed her brow and lips. And then—and then—and then—why then, and there, right up before them—with curled lip and cloudy brow—stood the castle's lord!—the proud hidalgo!—the Count Alcaros de Llenaro!—the Doña Ysabel's father!—the handsome page's master!

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "is this the way ye, obey my commands? Ah, I see! Thou'rt doing my bidding, sir page. Hast thou won the self-willed lady to think as I do? Away, girl!—Back, I say! Away with thee, page!"

Pale, drooping, quailing beneath her father's angry glance, the gentle girl silently twined her arms around his frame, and strove to kiss away the angry spot upon his brow.

"Back! Judas!" exclaimed he, pushing her rudely from him. "When thou hast learned to do thy father's wishes, then will he accept thy carresses."

Frightened—crushed—she shrunk within herself, like the sensitive plant at some rude touch, nor dared to raise her gentle eye to the fire-darting ones of her angry sire.

And the page?

The father glanced from the drooping form of his daughter to the unbending one of the presumptuous lover.

"And so, sir menial, thou art aspiring—we like ambition. Thou thinkest to love my daughter—the daughter of the noble house of Llenaro—good!"

"Count of Llenaro—hear me. I ask of thee thy daughter. My house, proud lord, is full as noble as thine own—perhaps more ancient. I am no page—I am the only son of——"

"I will not even hear who thou art—wert thou the monarch of the universe, thou shouldst not wed my daughter. I have sworn she shall become the bride of the Talavera—I never recall an oath."

The group as they stood there would have made a picture for the pencil of a Salvator. The proud, determined figure of Llenaro, standing with his arms folded, looking lightning on the no less proud form of the handsome page, as he stood in the glow of his young manhood's strength and beauty. Then the shrinking form of the Doña Ysabel—slightly leaning forward, with clasped hands—her head partly raised—the speechless, imploring agony of her lovely face.

The room contributed not a little to the scene—all around was purely, beautifully feminine. The low damask ottomans—the bright eyed birds in their glittering gold cages—the rich, mellow paintings hanging around the room. Among them was her own soft eyed mother. The sweet, dreamy eyes of the Italian seemed to look down on the father of her daughter reproachfully for his harshness to that daughter. The parting beams of the sun, as he bade adieu to his love the fair earth, streamed in the room, gilding with their warm glow the expressive faces of the three. A ray more softened fell on the calm, angel face of the wife,—the mother.

"Alcaros de Llenaro, I entreat thee to listen to me. On my knees I supplicate thee to give me thy daughter. Doom her not to misery. She loves me. Think upon thy child's mother—on the love vows given and taken before thy child was born. When she—the mother, the wife, was all in all to thee. Thou *didst* love once, and she thou *didst* love, was the mother of the child thou'rt dooming to wretchedness—and now that mother looks down upon thee, imploring happiness on her child."

Alcaros glanced at the image of his wife. He fancied, as the warm, red sunlight fell upon it, the gentle eyes looked a reproachful gaze on him. He was not a hard-hearted man. Pride was his ruling passion. False pride it might have been; whether false or true, it fastened on him then, driving back the kindlier feelings the memory of his wife had roused within him. He checked the tear before it came to his eyes, and putting on a heavy frown—

"Rise, sir minion," said he, "I have told thee my daughter shall wed the Talavera—and *she shall!*"

"Never! as I live, never!" said the girl. "Never shall a Llenaro become the bride of the man she cannot love!—never!"

The lady looked her father's child—as though she had been born to be obeyed. The softness of the

mother had gone. Her slight, round figure, straight as a young Indian's, had risen to its full height. Her eyes dilated—those eyes, where shone her soul—those warm, black eyes, whose every glance kept time to the throbbings of her impulsive heart.

"Ysabel," said Llenaro, sadly, after a pause, "thou forgettest I am thy father."

"My father! dearest papa!—my own father, forgive me. Thou art my father! but do not," her tones were low and earnest, "oh! do not force this hated match on thy child. She will do anything—all thou wishest—but oh! do not seal her misery forever."

The count permitted the ardent caresses of the maiden, then putting her gently from him, he told her to remain in her turret. He had much to say to her. He would seek her when he was ready to tell her that he had to say. Then turning to Jose, he added, "Follow me, sir page, I have somewhat to say to thee also."

The maiden watched the receding forms of the two until they had disappeared, and then she murmured, "He spoke kindly to me," and *Hope* warmed her heart. A bright Hope! Hope the deceiver! What would the world be without thee, fairy Hope? Thou comest like a dream, whispering in our soul's ear thy witching fancies, until they seem realities—and the *is to be*, stands before us a living *now*! Great is thy power, fair Hope—and thou knowest it,—and so thou goest on deluding mortals,—making the dim shadowy perspective a glorious foreground. So, when our hearts feel sad and weary, and long to burst the chain that binds them to this dark earth, thou comest with the dews of heaven fresh glistening on thy lips—and tellest us fairy tales, and singest us fairy songs—and kissest our hearts with thy cool, dewy lips. And we believe thee, syren, and let thee deceive us again and again.

The Lady Ysabel rested her wild, black eyes—beaming with a thousand thoughts—upon her mother's picture, and kneeling before it, she clasped her little hands and implored her gentle mother to look down kindly on her daughter. "And, mother," continued she—her lute-like voice scarce audible—"ask *Him*, the mighty one—whose throne is in high heaven—to forgive thy erring child, if she forgets, in her love for the creature, the Creator. God forgive me if I love *him* more than I ought, for I cannot love him less."

The Lady Ysabel watched all that evening for her father, and the next day—and the next—and the next—and then her cheek began to pale, and her eye grew dim with weeping. For Hope had grown weary and fled. She could not dream either why the page came not—a little indignation mingled with her sorrow.

The duenna did all she could to restore her young lady to her right mind, as she said. At length she brought her a letter—saying—

"Take it, *mi sefiorita*, a holy friar gave it me for thee. Learn from it, Señorita Ysabel, to control thy too great grief. It is sinful and wrong to indulge in sorrow as thou dost."

The Lady Ysabel knew the writing—tremblingly she broke the seal, and read,

"*My gentle Ysabel*—Thy father hath forbidden me the castle, or ever to see thee again—but fear not, dearest, thy father cannot withstand thy gentleness—thy goodness. Thou wert not made to be unhappy—thou art too good—too kind—too true. God will not see thee made wretched. He watches over thee. He will not desert thee—and, dearest, remember there is one heart that beats for thee—and thee alone—whose every pulse is thine. Sunshine is midnight without the light of thine eyes to tell where shineth the sun, and when, gentlest, I would see thee, I would press thy hands upon my heart—that its wild throbbings might be stilled. I would look into the clear depths of thy truthful eyes, and learn there a lesson of calmness—of faith to bear, and hope to look beyond. Thy duenna, sweetest, more than mistrusts my disguise—but a golden bait has lured stronger minds than hers from the clear waters of truth. I cannot quit the castle grounds, for in it is all that is dear to me on earth. Write, dearest, if thou canst, to thine own

JOSE."

The lady sat before her *scrutoire* to write to him she loved, when she heard her father's step. She had only time to crumple his letter in her bosom as the father entered. Ever obedient to her heart's impulse, she sprang towards him, and throwing her white arms about his neck, she called him her dear, dear papa, and burst into tears.

"Calm thyself, my Ysabel. I would tell thee frankly why I ask thee to sacrifice thyself—to seal thy misery, as thou sayest." He led her gently to an ottoman, and seated himself beside her.

"Ysabel, wouldst thou see thy father penniless, homeless, a beggar?"

"Papa!" looked the wondering eyes of Ysabel.

"I repeat it, Ysy, wouldst thou see thy father resign all these fair acres, and starve a houseless beggar? Wouldst thou, Ysy?"

"What meanest thou, papa? in mercy tell me."

"If by one act of thine, it were in thy power to make thy father's happiness, wouldst thou not do that act?"

"Dear papa, thou knowest I would—but oh! tell me all. What am I to do? And yet I know—but *why*? tell me why?"

"Ysabel, by becoming his bride, thou canst save thy father from becoming a beggar."

The girl shuddered but said in a low calm voice,

"Father, tell me why—tell me *all*. Make a confidant of thy child. I can bear anything. See! I am calm."

"Ysabel, I will! in as few words as possible. A year ago, you may remember, Talavera was here. He has not been here since. A short time after that, his last visit, the page came—though it is not of him I would speak. We played—Talavera and I. At first I won—in the success of the moment I staked high—and lost. I still played on—every throw swept off acre after acre of the lands my fathers owned. Midnight saw me without a farthing—and without a foot of earth to call my own. Then came a bond. I signed it. It gave me back my broad lands—my wealth—but it deprived me of the only

thing I had on earth to love—of you, my Ysabel! See! here is the bond.”

The lady's heart was still—very still—so still it almost frightened her. Her cheek, lips, hands, were cold and bloodless. It seemed as though her blood had all gone to her heart—and frozen there! Her eye was passionless, it was so calm. She held the open paper before her, and without reading or seeing, she read and saw enough to know that the fair grounds and castle of Ysola-Rosse—where she had lived from her infancy—where her father had loved her mother—were to go into the hands of the Talavera, unless she became his bride.

“Ysabel, I have sworn thou shalt be his bride, but I will recall my oath if thou sayest so. What is thy decision?”

“I will wed him,” replied the girl.

Llenaro clasped her to his heart, and kissing her cold brow, he added,

“The day thou art seventeen was the day decided upon—it will be here in a week. But if 't will be too soon, no doubt the Marquis will”—

“'Twill not be too soon.”

“Ysabel, thou frightenest me, thou art so pale—I will not force thee into what would be thy unhappiness.”

“Nay, papa, I had much rather be unhappy myself than to see thee so. But I will not be. Tomorrow thou shalt see me more cheerful.”

The wily lord had learned the way to make his daughter's will his own. He loved that daughter, and felt a father's pity for her. But he thought although she suffered then—and it pained him to the soul to see it—she would soon forget her youthful passion, and, as the wife of the Talavera, she would gradually learn to be happy. Her future husband was all that was noble and good—all this thought the father—and then he thought “the Castle of Ysola-Rosse will still be mine.” The father's conscience was almost quieted.

“I have foresworn playing, Belle,” said he, sadly, “never, should I live forever, will another card pass through my hands. Ysabel, my darling child! do not look so sad,—seek the cool air, it will revive thee. Go and gather thy favorite wild flowers: they will divert thy mind from its sorrow. My noble, generous girl.” He fondly kissed his child and then withdrew.

Ysabel left to herself mechanically sought the garden. She wandered over her favorite haunts, scarce knowing what she did. Her heart, her thoughts were still as the grave. She reached her bower—the little vine-clad bower, where the page and she had so often sat listening to the music of each other's voices. And there, on the very seat where they were wont to sit—was Jose! the page!

“Ysabel! beloved!” exclaimed he in unfeigned delight—and the girl was in his arms.

“Dearest, best, my gentle Ysabel! am I once more permitted to see thee?—to clasp thee to my heart? But, sweetest, how thou hast changed. How pale thou art. Go with me dearest, I will be thy father, brother, husband, friend. Leave this hated castle—

now—speak, dear one, wilt thou go with me? Dear, dear Ysabel, tell me.”

“Jose, I cannot—I have promised to become his bride!”

“But, dearest, they shall not force thee to do what thou dost not wish.”

“Jose, I had my own free choice.”

“And thou didst choose—”

“To become his bride.”

“Will nothing induce thee to alter thy determination?”

“Nothing!”

“Good bye, Ysabel.”

“Jose! Dear Jose—” but the page was gone.

The next morning found the lady Ysabel in the spot where the page had left her. Then followed many days of sickness. Her life was despaired of. Day after day she lay, pale, cold, insensible. Reason had forsaken her throne. Her sweet smiles were gone; and the speaking glances of her dewy eyes had fled. Her voice too—for she had not spoken since that night. Even the pulsations of her heart were silent. Life alone remained—life without its light. And how her father watched over her—and how bitterly he lamented, and cursed himself for having brought her thus. At length light shone in her eyes—the light of life. Morning dawned in upon the darkness of her soul.

“Good bye, Ysabel,” said she.

“My own child, what dost thou say?” asked the father, bending anxiously over her.

“Good bye, Ysabel—” and she looked up in her father's face and smiled.—*That smile!* it haunted him to his grave!

“Are you better, my own Ysabel? my dearest child?”

“Yes papa,—I am well. What a strange dream I have had. Ah! now I recollect—” and she sunk into a gentle sleep.

Day by day she gained health and strength. The father never left her side.

“Papa, said she one day, “will you let me see that paper again? you know the one I mean.”

“No, my child, you never need see or think of it.”

“Do let me take it, papa—you do not know how well and strong I am—do, dearest papa?” And the father was prevailed upon. She saw she could save her father from ruin, and her mind was made.

“How old am I, papa?”

“Three weeks ago saw you seventeen.”

“Does the—does my future husband know of my illness?”

“He has sent repeatedly to inquire after your health. His courier was here this morning.”

“Will you send him word I am well—and am ready in two weeks from now to become his wife?”

“Are you in earnest, Ysabel?”

“Perfectly so.”

“Is it of your own free will you speak?”

“It is, papa.” And the father was deceived—perhaps too willingly so.

The Lady Ysabel was able now to revisit her favorite haunts. Every thing she saw brought the

page vividly before her eyes. Sometimes an inscription on a tree—the walks, the flowers, the bower where last they met—all, all brought with them the memory of *him*. She strove to banish, as high treason to her happiness, all thoughts of him—and the firmness of her nature conquered. She familiarised herself to all the old spots where she had loved to be with him—and she thought she was happy—almost—happy.

The day at length came—clear—cloudless—sun-bright. And then the lady's heart misgave her—she said not a word, however, but let them deck her in her bridal gear, scarce knowing or caring what they did.

Evening came. The chapel was brilliantly lighted. The bright red wine flowed freely—and joy danced in all hearts, save one.

Ysabel was pale, very, very pale when she entered the chapel. The orange buds that wreathed her hair were not more pale.

The Talavera had not yet come. All was ready. The priest in his long flowing robes—the father—the bridesmaid—the guests; for the father had invited many a noble house to witness his daughter's nuptials. All were ready, and still the bridegroom came not. At length was heard a confused movement, and, in the midst of that joyous mass of life, the Marquis of Talavera had been thrown from his carriage, and the servants, in their fright and dismay, scarce knowing what they did, had borne him in his litter to the chapel.

The Lady Ysabel grew even more pale, as she looked upon the bier. There lay the lord who was to have been her husband! She gazed on him in a sort of nightmare fascination—a weight seemed taken from her heart—a feeling of relief mingled with the horror of the hour.

The Doña Ysabel enjoyed one short month of tranquillity—and then came news from the castle of Talavera. The will of the marquis had been read. He had bequeathed to his son and heir all his vast estates together with the Lady Ysabel, should he himself die before the marriage took place. The *bond* still held good!

A letter came from the young marquis to the count, demanding his daughter's hand in marriage. The letter was gracefully written, and told how he had long heard of the wondrous beauty of the Doña Ysabel, and how ardently he desired to become the possessor of it.

Again the lady yielded to her father's persuasion. The present marquis was young and handsome—so the objection of age was removed. All Spain knew he was noble, and brave—and all the bright-eyed daughters of Spain might well look envy on the favored Ysabel, that the young Talavera had chosen her.

He was then travelling in the interior of Europe. His letter was dated, Vienna. One year from the day of the elder Talavera's death was the day fixed upon to celebrate the bridal of the bravest cavalier and loveliest flower in all Spain.

Ysabel yielded, and tried to seem cheerful, but her

step grew slower and slower, and her fair face paler and more pale. As her days went on did she each day lose some part of this earth, earthy. So very gradual was the change that neither her father nor those around her seemed to observe it. So passed seven months. Four months more were to find her a new home in the heart of the Talavera.

She daily visited the spot where she had last seen *him*, in the hope of — she knew not what.

The Doña Ysabel was in her bower—neither reading, nor sewing, nor watching her flowers—but in a state of listlessness, half reclining on the cushioned seat, when suddenly her name was spoken! It was not her father's voice. The next instant saw the Doña close to the heart of the page, Jose! Neither spoke—the heart of each was too full for words—dull words cannot express our strongest emotions, when the heart is too big for utterance, speech is but a mockery. Words came at length, and the page told her how much anguish he had suffered, and how he could no longer stay away from her he loved. That he came, hardly expecting to see her, and if he did see her, he feared he should find her changed.

“And, dearest Ysabel, thou art changed—not in thy love—but thou art but the shadow of the Ysabel that in days syne, bounded so joyfully over these hills.” He held up her hand—

“It was so thin and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through!”

The Lady Ysabel told the page *all*. How that she had consented to become the bride of the young Talavera. The page learned the reason from her too, why she had consented to become the wife of one she could not love. He smiled when he heard that the Talavera must become master, either of the castle and property of Ysola-Rosse, or of the lovely Lady Ysabel.

When Ysabel retired to rest that night, it was with a light heart. Day after day witnessed the meetings of the lady and the page—and day after day witnessed her returning bloom of face and buoyancy of heart. She was once more that glad, bright Ysabel as when the page first came to her father's castle.

The father, without inquiring the cause, saw his child happy and smiling, and he was satisfied. And she was happy and smiling—the smiles never left her little dimpled mouth—soon as one went another came. Even in her sleep, her joyous heart beamed from her face.

The morning came bright and sunshiny as it had done just one year before. The chapel was again illuminated—again were the guests assembled—and again, surrounded by her bridesmaids, came the Lady Ysabel into the chapel. But oh! what a different Lady Ysabel from the one of the year ago. The bridal wreath encircled her brow—and below that fair brow beamed out the *happiest* pair of eyes imaginable! What could it mean?

There was heard among the guests a universal murmur of admiration as she made her appearance. So

beautiful, so bright, so radiant a being they had never seen. Her face appeared actually to *emit light*—so truly did the bright sunshine of her glad young heart shine through.

A slight movement at the great double door of the chapel—and the bridegroom, the Marquis of Talavera was announced!

Quite as great a sensation did the noble, manly figure of the young marquis create, as had the softer and more gentle one of the Lady Ysabel.

The father seemed struck dumb in sudden surprise!—at length, burst from his lips—"The page!"

Any of the old gossips of Spain will tell you the rest of the story—and what a joyous wedding there was—and how every one said there never was so well matched—so noble a pair, as Don Jose, Marquis of Talavera, and his gentle bride, Ysabel! They will tell you, too, that the honey-moon, instead of lasting but thirty-one days, did outlast thirty-one years!—and the love that was true to the sire could not but bless 'he son.

So endeth the story of "THE LADY AND THE PAGE."

FANCIES ABOUT A ROSEBUD,

PRESSED IN AN OLD COPY OF SPENSER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Who prest you here? The Past can tell,
When summer skies were bright above,
And some full heart did leap and swell
Beneath the white new moon of love.

Some Poet, haply, when the world
Showed like a calm sea, grand and blue,
Ere its cold, ink waves had curled
O'er the numb heart once warm and true;

When, with his soul brimful of morn,
He looked beyond the vale of Time,
Nor saw therein the dullard scorn
That made his heavenliness a crime;

When, musing o'er the Poets olden,
His soul did like a sun upstart
To shoot its arrows, clear and golden,
Through slavery's cold and darksome heart.

Alas! too soon the veil is lifted
That hangs between the soul and pain,
Too soon the morning-red hath drifted
Into dull cloud, or fallen in rain!

Or were you prest by one who nurst
Bleak memories of love gone by,
Whose heart, like a star fallen, burst
In dark and erring vacancy?

To him you still were fresh and green
As when you grew upon the stalk,
And many a breezy summer scene
Came back—and many a moonlit walk;

And there would be a hum of bees,
A smell of childhood in the air,
And old, fresh feelings cooled the breeze
That, like loved fingers, stirred his hair!

Then would you suddenly be blasted
By the keen wind of one dark thought,

One nameless woe, that had outlasted
The sudden blow whereby 'twas brought.

Or were you pressed here by two lovers
Who seemed to read these verses rare,
But found between the antique covers
What Spenser could not prison there:

Songs which his glorious soul had heard,
But his dull pen could never write,
Which flew, like some gold-winged bird,
Through the blue heaven out of sight?

My heart is with them as they sit,
I see the rose-bud in her breast,
I see her small hand taking it
From out its odorous, snowy nest;

I hear him swear that he will keep it,
In memory of that blessed day,
To smile on it or over-weep it
When she and spring are far away.

Ah me! I needs must droop my head,
And brush away a happy tear,
For they are gone, and, dry and dead,
The rose-bud lies before me here.

Yet is it in no stranger's hand,
For I will guard it tenderly,
And it shall be a magic wand
To bring mine own true love to me.

My heart runs o'er with sweet surmises,
The while my fancy weaves her rhyme,
Kind hopes and musical surprises
Throng round me from the olden time.

I do not care to know who prest you:
Enough for me to feel and know
That some heart's love and longing blest you,
Knitting to-day with long-ago.

IMAGINATION.*

It is so long a time since a poem of any serious pretensions has made its appearance before the British or American public, that we have almost ceased to look for new metrical productions, divided into books or cantos. We have been contented with the light, fugitive strains of the periodicals, and have not asked for grand overtures—such as used to absorb the whole interest of the reading public, twenty, thirty, fifty and more years ago. In the middle of the last century, a man, to be recognised as a poet, was required to issue some single work of a thousand lines. Quantity was more considered than quality; intellectual labor was judged of rather by the amount of its achievements than by their kind.

Poetry has at times been criticised by a different rule than Painting. That age never was, when an artist acquired a reputation in consequence of the number of his pictures: one gem of art has always been more highly esteemed than a million crystals. In all days past, as in the day present, it might be said of a single head by a master, small, faded, stained, yet beautiful through the rust of age,—“that little bit of canvass is worth more than a whole gallery of fresh portraits, though after living models, as beautiful as Aspasia, or as stately as Alcibiades.” But a solitary brief poem was never so valued in comparison with a voluminous production. Even now, formed and polished as the public taste pretends itself to be, there lurks with us that prejudice which more highly ranks the author of a book of verses than the author of a sonnet. Though the book may be as negative in merit as the correct hand of gentle dullness could make it, and the sonnet as perfect as the best that Petrarch wrote, in the intensest glow of his love and his genius—except by the few, the former would be regarded as the more arduous, the more commendable performance.

The philosophy of this prejudice, is a sort of respect mankind entertains for a constant fulfilment of the original curse. We love to see hard work done or indicated. We look at a mass of printed leaves and exclaim, “Goodness! what an industrious individual the writer must have been! How much he has accomplished!” It may be that, upon examination, his work may have added nothing to the available stock of literature; it may be that it will prove useless lumber, destined to dust and obscurity in men’s garrets, and not worth the corners it will encumber. “What of that? the author had to work hard to do it—didn’t he?” Yes! such is the question put by people who seem to love labor for its own

sake. They look upon men of talent very much in the same light that old Girard of Philadelphia considered poor people who existed by the employment of their arms and legs.

At a season of distress, some day-laborers applied to Girard for assistance. There was a huge pile of bricks lying in the vicinity of the house of Dives. “Take up those bricks,” said he, “and place them yonder, and then I will pay you for the task.” The men obeyed; the bricks—to use a verb for which we are indebted to Dr. Noah Webster and the Georgia negroes—were *toted* from one position to another, and the stipulated price demanded. Girard paid it cheerfully. “But,” said the laborers, “what are we to do now? Must we be idle while we spend this money, and starve by and by? We shall come to you again in a week. Keep us employed—bid us perform another task.” “Yes,” said Girard. “Take up those bricks from the place where you have put them, and carry them back to the place whence you removed them.” Pretty much as Girard used the poor *operatives* does the public treat the man of genius. Let him write the immortal sonnet, bright and beautiful, to be fixed hereafter, a star in the firmament of fame, and his contemporaries, in reply to his demand for praise, will say “What has he done? What book has he written? What is he the author of?”—They want to see work—honest labor, and plenty of it, though that labor be as useless as the *toting* of the bricks.

Not without some qualifications must these remarks be considered strictly true, with regard to the present age, or to our own country. There are facts to the contrary, though not sufficient to disprove the general truth of what we say. We have no poet, who is more generally, or more highly esteemed, than Halleck; and yet his truly great reputation has been built up on some four or six short pieces of verse. On the other hand, Mr. Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, has lumbered the bookseller’s lofts with ream after ream of printed paper, and nobody but an occasional crazy reviewer, calls such a dunce, a poet. Nevertheless, we maintain the verity of the general observation, that those poets have heretofore been most esteemed, who have done the most work. It is downright astonishing, how much some of them did *do*. We look over their long poems, with a sentiment of wonder, and reverence, and we are awfully perplexed to determine, how vast a length of time it must have taken these modern Cheopses, to build their pyramids. Hamlet’s account to Polonius, of the graybeard’s book he was reading, appears to us a pretty comprehensive description of many of these vast metrical diffusions—“words, words, words.”

*Imagination: a Poem in two parts, with other poems, by Louisa Frances Poulter, London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

It exceeds our powers of conjecture, how the writers could have completed their whole task, so labors the line and so slow runs the verse. We have seen a sturdy blacksmith pound a piece of iron, for hours and hours, till it became as malleable as lead; we have seen a woodsawyer saw, and saw, and saw, up and down, down and up, till the very sight of him made us ready to drop with imaginary fatigue; thy still-beginning, never ending whirl, oh weary knife-grinder, have we also contemplated with feverish melancholy — still for the endurance of all these, have we been able satisfactorily to account; drilled by habit, ruled by habit, habit is to them a second nature. But for the perpetration of a long, tedious poem for the manufacture of verse after verse, the last drier and duller than the preceding, there is no possible manner of accounting. It is an infliction, which can be borne by neither gods, men nor columns. Your *médiocre* man may be forgiven for talking one into a paralysis, or writing prose, till every word acts like a mesmerist and puts you to sleep; but for his writing verses, there can be, there ought to be no forgiveness; he should be consigned to the cave of perpetual oblivion, and over its entrance should be inscribed, "Hope never enters here."

Were we to follow in the track of reviewers in the Quarterlies, who always seem to think it necessary to make a considerable preliminary flourish to the solemn common-places they are about to utter, we should observe that the foregoing remarks had been elicited by a work on our table, entitled "Imagination, a poem in two parts, with other poems, by Louisa Frances Poulter." But as the work did not call forth the remarks, we shall observe nothing of the kind. The moment we wrote the title of the poem, and saw that it consisted of nearly eleven hundred lines, we began to reflect that very few long poems had been written lately, and our pen scampered over the paper at a rail-road rate, till we reached the *dépôt* at the end of this paragraph.

Pausing here, we first look back over what we have said; it pleases us—let it stand, therefore, and let us now employ ourselves with reading Miss Poulter's poem in two cantos. We have not the slightest dread of it—no! it seems a pleasant land, of which we have had delightful glimpses in a transient survey. With these glimpses we mean to entertain the reader, besides giving him an idea of the face of the country.

In limine, we ought to confess ourselves amiable critics, when we are called upon to pronounce on the works of a female writer, and more particularly of one who is a new claimant for distinction. It is our desire to encourage the intellectual efforts of the gentle sex, if for no better purpose, at least for that of inciting women to assert their claims to the honors and the rewards of authorship. These pages are scrutinized by many a brilliant pair of eyes, ready to flash indignation upon the slightest disparagement of female genius. Far be it from us to evoke from those mortal stars any other beams than those of softness and serenity. Lovely readers! smile therefore upon this article as kindly as upon the prettiest story in the Magazine, and think well of him who

seeks to win no better guerdon than your approbation.

Miss Poulter has put upon her title-page a striking passage in French from some essay of *Bernardin de St. Pierre*, which may be thus literally translated. "Tasso, while travelling with a friend, one day ascended a very high mountain. When he had reached the summit, he exclaimed: Seest thou these rugged rocks, these wild forests, this brook bordered with flowers, which winds through the valley, this majestic river, which rolls onward and onward till it bathes the walls of a hundred cities? Well, these rocks, these mountains, these walls, these cities, gods, men—lo! these are my poem!" On the page immediately preceding the principal poem in the volume, "Imagination," there appears the following from *Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, "One of the principal effects of a liberal education is to accustom us to withdraw our attention from the objects of our present perceptions, and to dwell at pleasure on the past, the absent and the future. How much it must enlarge in this way the sphere of our enjoyment or suffering is obvious: for (not to mention the recollection of the past) all that part of our happiness or misery, which arises from our hopes or our fears, derives its existence entirely from the power of our imagination."

We are pleased with these quotations. They augur well for the original words that are to follow. They prepare the mind of the reader for something almost as good as they are. The talent, or rather tact of quoting well is no mean one; it is not possessed by many, scarcely possessed at all by those who say that a quotation should be as strictly appropriate as a title. It is enough that a quotation be one naturally appertaining to or suggestive *per se* of the subject matter. Mottoes, it should be remembered, are not texts, but simply prefixes, intended rather as ornaments than things of use. They are to books, chapters, and cantos, what jewels are to the clasps of a fair lady's girdle, not indispensable to the clasps, but decorating them. In the choice of the jewels and the style of their setting the taste of the wearer is manifested.

The reflection which first suggests itself to us after a consideration of this poem, is that the author preferred rather to indulge her inclination for roving from topic to topic, than to confine herself to any exact method. She does not so much consider the power of imagination or its effect upon life as she does the places and persons upon which this faculty of the mind would choose to expand itself. The single word, therefore, which constitutes the title, might be regarded as too pretensive, as demanding too much, more than it is within the capacity or education of the writer to give. Her modes of thought seem to be too independent of the influence of "Association," and it would confuse a philosophical thinker to follow the diversities of her fancy. Perhaps, however, the person who reads only to be amused, would derive more gratification from Miss Poulter's disregard of rules than were she more correct and less fervid.

The poem opens with a picture of sunset after a storm, and this affords an apt and natural illustration for the Power of the Imagination. The first topic pursued is the fact that childhood is but little under the influence of Imagination, being led away by the pleasures of the present moment and apt to resign itself wholly to the object by which it is temporarily attracted. Illustrative of this is the following admirably drawn scene—

See, from his sheltering roof, the infant boy
Rush with delight, to snatch the promised joy;
Allowed for once to stray where'er he please,
And live one day of liberty and ease.
His frugal basket to his girdle hung,
His little rod across his shoulder flung,
With eager haste he starts at dawn of day,
Yet every trifle lures him from his way;
An opening rose, a gaudy butterfly,
Turn his light steps and fix his wandering eye;
He plucks ripe berries blushing in the hedge,
And pungent cresses from the watery sedge.
At length he gains the bank, and seeks to fill
His little scrip, and prove his infant skill;
He marks the fish approach in long array—
Then, stamps the ground, to see them glide away.
But lo! one speckled wanderer lurks behind,
'Mid the tall reeds that skirt the stream confined:
It comes—it bites—he finds himself possest
Of one small trout, less wary than the rest:
With trembling hands he grasps his finny spoil,
The rich reward of one long day of toil.
For some short moments yet he keeps his seat
Close to the brook, and laves his weary feet;
Wide from his face his auburn locks he throws,
That playful airs may fan his little brows;
Then upward springs, and hums a blithesome lay,
To cheat fatigue, and charm his lengthened way.
Hark! while across the verdant lawn he skips,
The half-told tale is muttered from his lips;
With bounding heart he shows his spotted prize,
And marks, exulting, the well-feigned surprise.
A second moment sees him locked in sleep,
And placid slumbers o'er his senses creep;
In dreams he rests along some river's side,
Where giant trout beneath clear waters glide.

The following figure illustrates the toilsome ascent of youth to Greatness:

So up yon cliffs that frown in stern array,
The hardy pilgrim climbs his painful way;
His form bends forward—see! how he expands
O'er each frail mountain-shrub his fearful hands;
Will it resist?—or, from the rocky steep,
Whirl him below unnumbered fathoms deep?
He grasps it firm—he keeps his dizzy ground—
Though blasts and foaming torrents roar around;
Soon from the summit, views, with raptured eye,
The lovely scenes that far extended lie;
The smiling hamlet; the deep-tangled grove;
The lake whose breast reflects the hills above;
The lowing herds that through green pastures stray,
Where limpid streams pursue their pebbled way.

After showing that imagination is most powerful in youth, and the different manner in which it operates upon men, leading some to public life, and some to retirement; after drawing a picture of domestic felicity, and dwelling upon the question whether the happiness derived from the indulgence of an ardent fancy is not ill exchanged for a reasonable view of human life,—the poet speaks of the moral influence of a fine imagination; and here occur these lines—

Shall the pale Autumn shed his leaves in vain,
Sear the green woods, and all their glories stain?
Shall Winter clouds and bitter frosts impart,
Yet force no saddening moral on the heart?
Oh! let the warning past one thought employ!
Have not our projects, marked by grief or joy,
And all that we call beauty, talent, worth,
Mimicked the transient fashion of the Earth?

The fragile bloom has withered in the storm—
The pride of better years now feeds the worm!

The next subject of contemplation is the death of a beloved and distinguished friend; afterwards the poet goes on to describe the influence of sublime scenery in awakening corresponding sensations in the mind. An address to the Deity is attempted: next it is shown that external beauties alone cannot soothe a wounded heart; a fact happily illustrated by the disappointment of Tasso on his return to his native Sorrento—

Tasso, the pride, the victim of the Great,
Who learned the value of their smile too late,
Had shone in courts resplendent, and beneath
A prison's wall had drawn his painful breath,
Sought his beloved Sorrento; for he fed
A wild delirious hope that bade him tread,
In search of peace, her groves, her spicy hills,
And woo the balsam her soft air distils.
Impetuous passion in his mind had wrought,
And trenched it deep with many a bitter thought;
Perchance the breeze that fans her rocky shore,
The mournful measure of the plashing oar,
Her blooming gardens that expanded lie,
Breathing their citron fragrance to the sky,
Her clustered almond trees, her sighing pines,
Her founts of crystal, and her palmy vines,
May lull its throb, its languid tone restore,
And charm it back to all it was before.

The poetess then describes the anguish he endured.

This is all that we can extract for the reader's recreation from the first Part or Canto of this meritorious poem, with the exception of a very touching ballad. The verses are supposed to be repeated by an Indian mother, over the grave of her departed child. Let us call them

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Twice falling snows have clad the earth;
Twice hath the fly-bird weaved his nest;
Since first I smiled upon thy birth,
And felt thee breathing on my breast.

Now snowy wreaths will melt away,
And buds of red will shine around;
But, heedless of the sunny ray,
Thy form shall wither in the ground.]

Of! hath thy father dared the foe,
And, while their arrows drank his blood,
And round him lay his brothers low,
Careless 'mid thousand darts he stood.

But when he saw thee droop thy head,
Thy little limbs grow stiff and cold,
And from thy lip the scarlet fled,
Fast down his cheek the tear-drops rolled.

The land of souls lies distant far,
And dark and lonely is the road;
No ghost of night, no shining star,
Shall guide me to thy new abode.

Will some good Spirit to thee bring
The milky fruits of cocoa-tree?
To shield thee stretch his pitying wing?
Or spread the beaver's skin for thee?

Oh! in the blue-bird's shape descend,
When broad magnolias shut their leaves!
With evening airs thy lisping blend,
And watch the tomb thy mother weaves!

I've marked the lily's silken vest,
When winds blew fresh and sunbeams shine
On Mississippi's furrowed breast,
By many a watery wreath entwined,

But soon they rippled down the stream,
To lave the stranger's distant shore ;
One moment sparkled in the beam—
Then saw their native banks no more.

Of the second Part or Canto, the following is a brief analysis. The poet first addresses the Spirit of Ruin ; then displays various forms of destruction—a shipwreck : the descent of an avalanche. The topics next treated are intellectual decay ; the fatal effects of an ill-regulated and warm Imagination ; the power of Love in youth ; the influence of Imagination in our choice of life ; the love of Fame ; an active life necessary to a person of vivid Imagination ; the thirst of some overcoming the love of life. Next occurs an apostrophe to the noble and patriotic and sainted spirits of the heroes of Switzerland and America—Arnold de Winkelried and George Washington. It is then shown that Imagination represents them as still living ; the power of Imagination in old age is portrayed, and the poem concludes.

From this part, we regret that we have room but for two extracts ; for these are of so excellent a character that the reader, like *Oliver Twist*, will be certain to ask for more.

Our first extract is a description of the life of an Alpine shepherd. The lines are eminently good.

Track thou my path where Alpine winters shed
Their lingering snows o'er bare St. Gothard's head,
Ghastly his savage aspect ; there recline
Rocks piled on rocks, and shagg'd with stunted pine ;
Yet touched with beauty, when the purple haze
Its softening shadows o'er their summit lays ;
Then melts in air, while wandering sunbeams streak,
With tints of rose, each ridge and frozen peak.
I rom cliff to cliff hoarse cataracts pursue
Their shattered course ; now stained with lovely hue,
Lovely, and yet more transient, while a ray
Athwart the shivered waters cuts its way ;
Now whirling in black eddies, as they lash
The darkened precipice with hideous crash.
But see ! with trees and freshest verdure bright,
A lonely valley starts upon the sight,
Whose peaceful hamlet clinging to their side,
And sweet retirements, beetling mountains hide.
Their fury spent, o'er dell and grassy knoll
The lucid streams in crystal bubbles roll,
Whose gentle gushings break the deep repose,
As down steep, pebbled banks, the current flows.
Here, free from Passion's storm and splendid Care,
A hardy race Life's simple blessings share.
Breathes there on Earth who boasts a happier lot,
Than the rude owner of yon smiling cot ?
Sighs he for joys by Nature's hand denied ?
Feels he a want by labor unsupplied ?
The flock which oft his children's pranks disturb,
The goats delighting in the sprouted herb,
The sleepy cows aroused by sauntering flies,
His verdant paddock with sweet food supplies.
Vigorous from rest, not weak with slothful ease,
At dawn he scents the sharp reviving breeze ;
With eager industry and rustic skill
First prunes his purple vine, then hastes to till
His garden, freshened by the chills of night,
Where many a grateful tribute cheers his sight ;
The jasmine bent beneath his clustering bees,
The green retiring herb, the lofty trees
That, gemmed with blooms and dew drops, on the air
Waft their sweet incense to the God of pray'r.
But noon advances, and he drives his flocks
Where spots of verdure brighten 'mid the rocks ;
There spends the day ; and, far above, inhales
The love of Freedom with his mountain gales.

Hark ! to those sounds, which now the herds invite,
Slow pacing homeward from the dizzy height ;
The shepherd's evening call—and in each dell
Tinkles the music of the pastoral bell.
His labor done, a frugal meal prepared
By her he loves, recruits his strength impaired ;
Breathing a pious prayer he sinks to rest,
And rural visions charm his peaceful breast.

Our second, and last, extract is one the spirit and force of which every devotee of Freedom, every true American heart cannot fail to acknowledge.

Spirits of noble beings, who, arrayed
In mortal clothing, once a proud part played
Upon this nether orb ! If ye retain
No human sense of honor, joy, or pain ;
If, fixed in seats of blessedness, ye deem
Earth's goodliest pageantries an idiot's dream ;
Yet in your bosoms not in vain was sown
Deep as Life's pulse the love of fair Renown ;
For still as Age to fleeting Age succeeds,
Your track of Glory, your remembered deeds,
A spark of fire ethereal shall impart,
To rouse each godlike passion in the heart.
Still, gallant Arnold ! while the Switzer fights
E'en to his blood's last drop, to guard his rights ;
The right to tread his hills begirt with storm,
Free as the winds that brace his nervous form ;
Your dying words, invincible he hears ;
When with gored bosom, grasping Austria's spears,
To glorious death you singly forced the way,
And bade forever live red Sempach's day !
"The ranks are broken ! charge ! the cowards yield !
My little orphans, Oh my Country ! shield."
And You ! in whose unconquerable mind
The wide-expanded wish to serve Mankind
Ruled as a master-passion ; whether laid
At ease, you wooed Mount Vernon's pleasant shade,
And the pure luxury of rural life ;
Or plunged, reluctant, into desperate strife,
To breast the weight of tyrannous command.
And stamp the badge of Freedom on your Land ;
Shall You, the meteor of a fickle day,
Blaze for one moment, strike, and pass away ?
No—to her sons unborn shall cling your name.
Linked to their country's proudest hour of Fame ;
Till private, public worth, to Ruin hurled,
Shall leave not e'en their shadow in the World ;
Then must the Slave, the Patriot, share one lot—
And He, and Washington, shall be forgot.

From the remarks, with which this article began, it is clearly enough to be inferred that we are no admirers of long poems, unless they be of extraordinary and sustained merit. This praise cannot be awarded to Miss Poulter's production : We believe that we have taken pretty much all that is excellent, though a fine passage or two may be left in the exquisite volume which we have just now cut to pieces—not metaphorically, but literally. It was sad to destroy so charming a library book ; but what were the exquisite typography and clear white paper of one of Saunders & Otley's editions, when compared with the amusement of the friends of Graham's Magazine ? Nothing. Moreover, we should not have quoted so largely as we have, had we not felt assured of the fact that the volume to which we refer was the only copy of Miss Poulter's poem in America. Such works are not in the least likely to be reprinted here ; and our readers would therefore know nothing about them, were it not for the pains we are happy to take in their behalf.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

A DASH AT A CONVOY.

It was the second night after our brush with the corvette, when a party, composed of Mr. St. Clair, his niece and daughter, together with several of the officers, stood at the side of the ship. It was a lovely evening. The moon was high in heaven, sailing on in cloudless splendor; her silvery light tipping the tops of the billows, and stretching in a long line of effulgence across the waters. A gentle breeze was singing, with a clear musical intonation, among the thousand tiny threads of the rigging. The water rippled pleasantly against the sides of the ship. Not far off lay a small rakish schooner, from which the sound of a bugle, borne gently on the night air, floated in delicious melody to our ears. The decks were noiseless. The quiet moon seemed as if, by some magic spell, she had hushed the deep into silence, for scarcely a sound rose up from the heaving waves, which, glittering now in the wake of the moon, and now sinking into sudden shadow, stretched away in the distance until they faded into the dim mystic haze of the distant seaboard. The whole scene was like a vision of romance.

The group which I have mentioned stood at the gangway of the ship. A boat was rocking gently below. The passengers, whom we had rescued from the brig, were about transferring themselves to the schooner lying to a short distance off, which we had spoken about an hour before, and which proved to be a small privateer bound in for Newport. As we were off Block Island, and the run would consequently be a short one, Mr. St. Clair had resolved to avail himself of this opportunity to place his daughter and niece safely on shore. The party were now about to embark.

"I shall never forget your kindness," said Mr. St. Clair, addressing the captain, "and I am sure that my daughter and niece will give you their especial prayers, as the best return they can make for the obligations they owe you. And as for my friend, Mr. Cavendish—I hardly know how to express my thanks. You will come and see us," he continued, turning frankly to me, and taking both my hands, "Pomfret Hall will always open its doors gladly to welcome the preserver of its owner."

I promised that I would not forget it, and turned away to hide the emotion occasioned by the kind tone of Mr. St. Clair. As I moved away my eyes fell on Annette. Her gaze was fixed on me with an expression I shall never forget, but which I would

have given the world to have been able to interpret. There was an expression of the deepest interest in that look, and the eyes, I fancied, were partially humid. As soon as she caught my gaze, she blushed deeply, and looked down. What meant that earnest gaze—this sudden embarrassment? Did she then really love me? My heart beat fast, my brain fairly swam around, my emotion, for an instant, almost overpowered me. I could, if no one had been present, have rushed to her feet and told my suit. But a moment's reflection changed the current of my thoughts. Perhaps she had noticed my feelings while her father had been speaking. If so, her subsequent emotion arose from being detected in observing me. I run over everything which had happened since she had been on board, and could find nothing corroborating, directly, the idea that she loved me. Her manner had always been frank and kind; but what had she said or done to give me hope? As these thoughts rushed through my mind my towering hopes fell. The revulsion was extreme. I despaired now as much as I had exulted but a moment before. I was about to turn gloomily away, when the voice of Isabel called me. I looked up. She was beckoning me gayly toward her as she leaned on Annette's arm.

"Why, I declare, Mr. Cavendish," she said laughingly, "you seem to be determined to leave us depart without even saying 'adieu'—a pretty gallant you are, to be sure! Here is Annette really displeased at your coldness."

A look of silent reproach was the only reply of her cousin, who dared not raise her eyes to mine. With the vacillation of a lover my sentiments again underwent a change. Had Annette really been wondering at my coldness? How unjust then had been my suspicions. I advanced eagerly to her side. Yet when I had done so I knew not what to say. Isabel seemed not only to see my embarrassment but to enjoy it. She continued gayly—

"There, now, do your *devoir* like a gallant knight and soldier—coz, have you no glove or other favor for him to wear on his bosom in battle? Ah! me, the days of courtesy and chivalry have gone forever. But there I see uncle ordering down my package, I must see that he does not let it drop clumsily overboard," and she tripped laughingly away.

Left almost *tête-à-tête* with Annette—for every eye was that moment turned to the gangway where some

of the passengers were already embarking, I yet felt unable to avail myself of an opportunity for which I had longed. A single word would decide my fate, and yet that word I could not pronounce. My boldness had all disappeared, and I stood before that fair girl equally agitated with herself. At length I looked up. She stole a furtive glance at me as I did so, and blushed again to the very brow. I took her hand, it was not withdrawn. Words of fire were already on my lips when her father turned toward us, saying—

"Annie, my love, they wait for you—Mr. Cavendish, a last good-bye"—and as he spoke every eye was turned toward us. The precious moment was past. I could do nothing but lead Annette forward. Yet I ventured to press her hand. My senses deceived me, or it was faintly, though very faintly, returned. I would have given worlds, if I had them, for the delay of a minute, that I might learn my fate from the lips of that fair girl. But it was not to be. We were already in the centre of the group. Mr. St. Clair took his daughter and lifted her into the chair, and in another moment her white dress fluttered in its descent to the boat. My heart died within me. The golden moment had passed, perhaps forever; for when should we meet again? New scenes, new friends would in all probability drive me from Annette's remembrance before we should next see each other. These thoughts filled my mind as I leaned over the bulwark and waved my hand while the boat put off. Mr. St. Clair stood up in the barge and bowed in return, while I thought I could see, through the shadowy moonlight, the fair hand of Annette returning my parting adieus.

I watched the receding figures until they reached the schooner, and even after they had ascended the deck, and the two vessels had parted each on its own way, I continued gazing on the white dress of Annette until I could no longer detect the faintest shadow of it. When at length it disappeared totally in the distance, I felt a loneliness of the heart, such as no language can express. To a late hour I continued pensively walking the deck, unable to shake off this feeling, and it was only a gay remark of one of my messmates that finally aroused me from my abstraction. I shook off my pensiveness by an effort, laughed gayly in reply, and soon sought my hammock, as my spirits would not permit me much longer to carry on this double game.

For a week we cruized in the track of the homeward bound fleet from the West Indies, but without success. During this time Annette was constantly in my thoughts. Her last look—that gentle pressure of her hand thrilled through every vein, as often as they recurred to me. Never could I forget her—would she continue to think of me?

More than a week had passed, as I have said, since we had parted from the St. Clairs, yet still we had not spoken a sail. At length one day, when I had the morning watch, the lookout hailed from the cross-trees, that a sail was down on the seaboard to leeward. Chase was instantly given to the stranger. The breeze was fresh, and we were in consequence

soon close enough to discern the character of our neighbor. She had not from the first appeared to avoid us, and no sooner did we show our colors, than she ran up the ensign of France. We were going on different tacks, and, as we approached, both ships lay-to for a moment's conversation. The French merchantman was a noble ship, and as she came up gallantly towards us, her long bowsprit sunk far down into the trough of the wave, and then, with a slow swan-like motion she rose on the ensuing swell until her bows were elevated almost clear of the water, while the bright copper dripping with brine glistened gloriously in the sunbeams.

The Frenchman backed his topsails as he drew near, and the two vessels stood head on, while we sent a boat on board. The merchantman proved to be upon her homeward passage, and had consequently no intelligence from Europe to furnish us. But the French skipper told us what was far more interesting to us. He mentioned that he had, but the day before, fallen in with the homeward bound English fleet, from the West Indies, amounting to some sixty sail. The fleet was convoyed by four men-of-war. Our captain, however, resolved to have a dash at the convoy. He conceived the daring project of cutting off a portion of the fleet, under the very batteries of the men-of-war. The French skipper wished us a "*bon voyage*," and the two vessels parted company.

We cracked on all sail, during the whole of the day and night. The next morning, at the dawn of day, our lookout descried the English fleet, on our larboard-side. Luckily, we had the weather-gauge. We kept crowding on our canvass, however, during the whole forenoon, and as we gained on the convoy, we saw sail after sail rising in the seaboard, until the whole horizon was dotted with them, and the lookout reported more than fifty, in sight. By this the men-of-war had caught the alarm, and were firing guns to keep their flock around them. The dull sailers, however, fell rapidly behind. This forced one of the English frigates to leave the advance, and run astern of the fleet. During the whole day we kept coquetting to windward of the fleet, but no demonstrations against us were made on the part of the men-of-war.

"A cowardly set, by the Lord Harry," said our old boatswain, who often beguiled a dull hour with a yarn, "here are we giving them a chance for a fair stand-up fight, and the cowardly lubbers haven't the pluck to come up and take or give a thrashing. I can't stand such sneaking scoundrels—by St. George," and the old fellow energetically squirted a stream of tobacco-juice from his mouth, as if from a force-pump.

"We'll have a brush with them, nevertheless, Hinton," said I, "or I know nothing of the captain. He has got his eye on more than one rich prize in that fleet, and depend upon it, he'll make a dash for it before long."

"Ay! ay! you're right," answered the boatswain "and he'll do it, too, before two bells have struck in the morning watch."

The night shut in squally and dark. The fleet was

some three miles to leeward, for during the whole day we had carefully maintained the weather-gauge. As the darkness increased we lost sight of the enemy's ships, but their numerous lights glistening like stars along the sea-board, still pointed out to us their position. The wind was uncertain, now coming in fitful puffs, and then blowing steadily for a quarter of an hour, when it would again die away and sweep in squalls across the waste of waters. Scud clouds began to fly across the face of the heavens, obscuring the few stars, and giving a wild and ominous appearance to the firmament. Down to the west the seaboard was covered by a dense bank of clouds, out of which occasionally a flash of lightning would zig-zag, followed by a low hoarse growl of distant thunder. It was evident that a tempest was raging, far down in that quarter. On the opposite horizon, however, the sky was nearly free from clouds, only a few fleecy vapors being discernible in that quarter, through which the bright stars twinkled clear and lustrous. The English fleet lay between these two opposite quarters of the horizon—the right wing of the convoy stretching down almost into the utter darkness in that direction, and the left wing skirting along the horizon to the eastward. Along the whole expanse of seaboard, more than fifty lights were now glittering, like so many fire-flies winging through the gloom along the edge of a forest, on a summer eve. The scene was one of surpassing novelty, and drew forth the admiration even of our veteran tars. Now and then the vapors in the east would clear entirely away, leaving the firmament in that direction, sparkling with thousands of stars; and then again the murky shroud would enclose them in nearly total darkness. Occasionally, as if in contrast to this, a brighter flash of lightning would gleam, or a louder burst of thunder roll up from the dark bank of clouds enclosing the tempest to the westward.

The night had scarcely settled down before the ship's course was altered and we bore down upon the fleet—taking the precaution, however, to put out all the lights on board except the one at the binnacle. Meantime the men were called to quarters, the tompons of the guns removed, the ammunition served out, pikes, cutlasses and fire arms distributed among the crew, and every preparation made for action. As we drew nearer to the convoy the darkness of the night increased, until, at length, we could see but a few fathoms ahead into the gloom. The eastern firmament now became wholly obscured. Not a star shone on high to guide us on our way. Had it not been for the long line of lights sparkling along the seaboard, betraying the positions occupied by the various vessels in the convoy, we should have possessed no guide to our prey,—and nothing but the confidence felt by the enemy in his superior force could have induced him to continue his lights aboard, when otherwise he might have run a chance of dropping us in the darkness. But he never dreamed of the bold swoop which we projected, into the very midst of his flock. He would as soon have thought of our blockading the Thames, or turning the English fleet at Portsmouth.

The plan of Captain Smythe was indeed a bold one. Bearing right onwards into the very centre of the fleet, he intended to cut off one of the wings from the main body, and then board and take possession of as many of the merchantmen as he could carry in the obscurity. We judged that the men-of-war were in the van, with the exception of a frigate which we had seen before nightfall hovering in the rear of the fleet to cover the lagging merchantmen. This frigate, however, we supposed to be on the extreme right of the enemy. We therefore bore down for the opposite extremity of the fleet.

For more than an hour, while, with every rag of canvass abroad, we were hastening to overtake the enemy, scarcely a word was spoken by the crew,—but each man remained at his station eagerly watching the gradual diminution of the distance betwixt us and the convoy. Indeed silence was, in some measure, necessary to the success of our plot. Even the orders of the officers therefore were given and executed with as little bustle as possible. As the darkness increased we noticed that the lights ahead began to diminish in number, and it was not long before we became satisfied that the foe had at length awoke to the probability of our being in the vicinity. At length scarcely more than half a dozen lights could be seen. These we judged to belong to the men-of-war, being kept aloft for the convoy to steer by.

The difficulty of our enterprise was now redoubled, for, if the darkness should increase, there would be great danger of a collision with one or another of the fleet. This peril, however, we shared in common with the merchantmen composing the convoy. Our only precaution consisted in doubling our look-outs.

Another hour passed, during which we steered by the lights of the men-of-war. By the end of that period we had run, according to our calculation, into the very heart of the fleet, leaving a man-of-war broad on our larboard beam, a mile or two distant. This latter vessel we fancied to be the frigate which had been hovering towards nightfall in the rear of the fleet. Our anxiety now increased. We were surrounded, on every side, by the vessels of the convoy, and the obscurity was so profound that we could not see a pistol shot on any hand. Our progress, meantime, was continued in utter silence. The only sound we heard was the singing of the wind through the rigging, the occasional cheeping of a block, or the rushing of the water along our sides. Suddenly, however, I thought I heard a sound as of the bracing of a yard right over our starboard bow.

"Hist!" I said to the boatswain, who happened that moment to be passing, "hist! do you hear that?"

The old fellow stopped, listened a moment, and then shaking his head, said

"I hear nothing. What did *you* hear?"

"Hark! there it goes again," I said, as the sound of a sail flapping against a mast came distinctly out of the gloom.

"By St. George, you are right," exclaimed the old

water-rat, "ay! ay! young ears are arter-all the sharpest!"

He had scarcely spoken before the tall masts of a ship, like a spectre rising through the night, lifted themselves up out of the obscurity in the direction whence the sound had proceeded, and instantaneously we heard the tramping of many feet on the decks of the stranger, the rapid orders of the officers, the running of ropes, the creaking of yards, and the dull flapping of sails in the wind. At the same time a voice hailed,

"Luff up or you'll be into us," and then the same voice spoke as if addressing the helmsman on board the stranger, "up with your helm—around, around with her—my God! we'll be afool."

The consternation of the British skipper was not without cause. No sooner had Capt. Smythe discovered our proximity to the stranger, than he formed the determination of running her aboard, taking her by a sally of our brave fellows, and then, after throwing into her a party sufficiently strong to maintain possession of her, keeping on his way. During the minute therefore that elapsed betwixt the discovery of the merchantman, and the hail of her affrighted skipper, the boarders had been called away and the quartermaster ordered to run us bows on to the quarter of the stranger. Instead of luffing, therefore, we kept straight on in our course, and as a score of lanterns were instantly shown on board both ships, sufficient light was thrown over the scene to guide us in our manœuvre. As the English ship wore around, bringing the wind on her starboard quarter, our helm was jammed to port, and swinging around almost on our heel we shot upon the foe, striking her in the stern galley, which we crushed as we would have crushed an egg-shell. The English ship was heavily loaded, and in consequence our bowsprit ran high above her decks, affording a bridge on which our brave tars might easily pass on board. At the moment we struck, the captain dashed forward, and summoning the boarders to follow him, had leaped, sword in hand, into the centre of the enemy's crew, before her skipper had ceased giving orders to the perplexed seamen, who were running to and fro on her decks, in the vain hope of preventing any damage resulting to them from this collision, with, as they thought, a sister vessel. The consternation of the master may well be conceived when he found his ship in possession of an enemy. For some minutes he imagined it to be a jest, for he could not conceive how any foe would have the audacity to cut him out from the very heart of the fleet. His rueful countenance when he discovered his error, I shall never forget, nor the bad grace with which he consented to be transferred with a portion of his men to *THE AURORA*. In less than five minutes, however, this necessary precaution had been carried into effect, and a prize crew left in possession of the merchantman. The officer in command was ordered to haul out of the fleet, and gain a position as speedily as possible to windward. Then the two ships were parted, and we stood away as before on the larboard tack, while the prize braced sharp up, hauled

her bowlines, and went off close into the wind's eye.

"By Jove," said a reefer, elated with the part he had acted among the boarders, for he had been one of the first to step on the decks of the merchantman, "by Jupiter, but that was neatly done—eh! don't you think so, Hinton, my old boy?"

"Shut your dead-lights, you young jackanapes," growled the old boatswain, by no means pleased with such a salutation, "and keep your tongue for cheering against the enemy: you'll have enough of it to do yet before you turn in. Avast! there! I say," he continued, perceiving that the youngster was about to interrupt him, "go to your post, or I'll report you, you young whelp. None of your blarney, as your thick-tongued Irish messmate would say—away with you."

When Hinton's ire was up the safest plan was to retreat, for he would brook no retort unless from the captain or lieutenant. Over the young reefers, especially those who were in disfavor with him, he domineered with a rod of iron. The youngster who had forgotten for a moment, in the elation of his first victory, the awe in which he held the boatswain, was recalled by these words to a sense of the authority of the old tar, and he shrunk accordingly away, disdaining to reply.

"Ay! go, you varmint," chuckled Hinton, as the reefer walked to his post, "and give none of your long shore palaver to a man who had learned before you were born to hold his tongue before an enemy as his first duty. Isn't it so, Mr. Cavendish?"

I was a great favorite of the old fellow, and always made a point of humoring him, so I nodded an assent to his remark, although I was tempted to ask him how long since he had forgotten this important duty of silence. I restrained, however, my question, and the smile which would fain have preceded it: and listened for several minutes in return for this complaisance to a long philippic on the part of the old fellow, against what he chose to call the almost universal presumption of midshipmen. From this tirade, however, the boatswain condescended to exempt me. How long he would have dilated upon this favorite subject, I know not; but, at this moment, a hail came out of the gloom ahead, and every eye was instantly attracted in the direction from which the voice proceeded.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted a herculean voice, "what craft is that?"

The tone of the speaker betrayed a latent suspicion that all was not right with us. Indeed he must have been so close to us in our late encounter with the merchantman, that he necessarily heard many things to awaken his doubts. As he spoke, too, the tall figure of a heavy craft loomed out from the obscurity, and while we were yet speculating as to the answer the captain would make, a dozen lanterns flashing through as many open port-holes, revealed that our neighbor was a man-of-war.

"What ship is that?" thundered the voice again, "answer, or I'll fire into you!"

Our dauntless captain waved his hand for the bat-

teries to be unmasked, and springing into the mizzen rigging, while a neighboring battle-lantern now disclosed to the night, flung its light full upon his form, he shouted in an equally stentorian voice—

"This is the AURORA—commissioned by the good commonwealth of—"

"Give it to the canting rebel," roared the British officer, breaking in on this reply, "fire—for God and St. George—FIRE!"

"Ay! fire my brave boys," thundered our leader, "one and all, for the old thirteen—FIRE!"

From the moment when the enemy had disclosed his lighted ports, our gallant tars had been waiting, like hounds in the leash, for the signal which was to let them loose upon the foe. The silent gesture of the captain, when he sprung into the mizzen rigging, had been intuitively understood by the crew, and the orders of the proper officers were scarcely waited for, before the ports were opened, the battle lanterns unmasked, the guns run out, and the whole deck changed, as if by magic, from a scene of almost Egyptian darkness to one of comparative light. Nor were the men less ready to discover the moment when to open their fire. The first word of the British officer's haughty interruption had scarcely been spoken, when the gunners began to pat their pieces and squint knowingly along them, so that, when the command to fire was given, our whole broadside went off at once, like a volcano, and with deadly effect. Every gun had been accurately aimed, every shot was sent crashing into the foe. Not so the enemy. Although the British captain had certainly viewed us with suspicion, his crew had apparently thought us deserving of little caution; and the reply of our leader, and the order of their own to fire, took them, after all, with surprise. Nearly a minute accordingly elapsed before they delivered their broadside, and then it was done hurriedly and with little certainty of aim. The first fire is always more effective than the ensuing six; and the advantage of the surprise was decided; for while we could hear the crashing of timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded, following our discharge, the shot of the enemy passed mostly over our heads, and, in my vicinity, not a man of our crew was killed. One poor fellow, however, fell wounded at the gun next to mine.

"Huzza!" roared Hinton, leaping like a lion to fill the place of the injured man, "they've got their grog already. Have at 'em, my brave fellows, again, and revenge your messmate. Never mind, Jack," he said, turning to the bleeding man, "every one must have a kick sometime in his life, and the sooner its over, my hearty, the better. Bouse her out, shipmates! Huzza for old Nantucket—the varmints have it again on full allowance!"

For ten minutes the fight was maintained on our side without cessation. The enemy, at first, rallied and attempted to return our broadsides promptly, but the injuries she had suffered from our first discharge had disheartened her men, and, when they found the spirit with which we maintained our fire, they soon gave up the contest and deserted their arms. Still, however, the enemy did not strike. One or two of

her forward guns were occasionally and suddenly discharged at us, but all systematic resistance had ceased in less than five minutes.

By this time, however, the whole fleet was in an uproar. Lights were flashing in every quarter of the horizon, and, as the darkness had been clearing away since our brush with the merchantman, our lookout aloft could see through the faint, misty distance, more than one vessel bearing down toward us. The majority, however, of the fleet, seemed to be struck with a complete panic, and, like a flock of startled partridges, were hurrying from us in every direction. It soon became apparent that the ships, bearing down upon us, were armed; and before we had been engaged ten minutes with our antagonist, no less than three men-of-war, from as many quarters of the horizon, had opened a concentric fire on us, regardless of the damage they would do their consort. Still, however, unwilling to leave his antagonist without compelling her to strike, our leader maintained his position and poured in a series of rapid broadsides which cut the foe up fearfully. Yet she would not strike. On the other hand, reanimated by the approach of her consorts, her men rallied to her guns and began again to reply to our broadsides. Meanwhile the hostile frigates were coming up to us, hand over hand, increasing the rapidity of their cannonade as the distance betwixt us lessened. Our situation was becoming momentarily more critical. Yet even amid our peril my eye was attracted by the sublimity of the scene.

The night, I have said, had partially cleared away, but the darkness was still sufficiently intense to render the approaching frigates but dimly visible, except when a gush of fire would stream from their ports, lighting up, for the moment, with a ghastly glare, the smoke-encircled hull, the tall masts, and the thousand mazes of the hamper. Often the whole three vessels would discharge their broadsides at once, when it would seem for an instant as if we were girdled by fire. Then, as the smoke settled on their decks, they would disappear wholly from our sight, and only become again distinguishable, when they belched forth their sulphureous flame once more. In the west, the scene was even more magnificent, for in that quarter, was unexpectedly the nearest of the three men-of-war, and as she came up to us close-hauled, she yawed whenever she fired, and then steadily discharged her pieces, doing more damage than all her other consorts. The gallant manner in which she delivered her fire—the measured, distinct booming of her long twenty-fours—and more than all, the inky hue of the sky, in the background, brought out into the boldest relief, by the light of her guns, made up a picture of gloomy grandeur, which the imagination can compare to nothing, except the fitful, ghastly gleams of light shooting across the darkness of that infernal realm, which Dante has painted with his pen of horror. While, however, I was gazing awe-struck, on this scene, I noticed that the dark bank of clouds behind the frigate, was visibly in motion, rolling up towards us. Our superior officer had, perhaps, noticed the same phenomenon, and

knowing what it portended, had remained by his antagonist, when otherwise, our only chance of escape would have been in an early flight. Some of the older tars now perceived the approaching tempest, and paused instantaneously from the combat. Indeed, not a moment was to be lost. I had scarcely time too look once more in the direction of the other frigates, and then turn again to the westward, before our antagonist in that quarter, was completely shut in by the squall. The wind had, meantime, died away, leaving us rocking unquietly in the swell. A pause of a minute ensued, a pause of the most breathless suspense. The men had instinctively left their guns, and stood awaiting the directions of their leaders to whom they looked in this emergency. We were happily nearly before the wind, which could now be seen lashing the foam from the billows, and driving down upon us with the speed of a race-horse. Another instant and the squall would be upon us. All this, however, had passed, in less time than is occupied in the relation, for scarcely a minute had elapsed, since I first saw the approaching squall, before Captain Smythe shouted,

"Stand by to clew down—quick there all!"

The command was not an instant too soon. His opening words were heard distinctly in the boding calm that preceded the squall, but the concluding sentence was lost in the hissing and roaring of the hurricane that now swept across our decks. The captain saw that it was useless to attempt to speak in the uproar, and waving his hand for the quartermaster to keep her away, while the men instinctively clew down the topsail-yards, and hauled out the reef-tackles, he awaited the subsidence of the squall. For five minutes we went skimming before the tempest, like a snow-flake in a storm. On—on—on, we drove, the fine spray hissing past us on the gale, and the shrill scream of the wind through our hamper deafening our ears. Whither we were going, or what perils might meet us in our mad career, we knew not. We were flying helplessly onward, enclosed by the mist, at the mercy of the winds. Even if the intensity of the squall would have allowed us to bring by the wind and reef, prudence would dictate that we should run before the hurricane, as the only chance of escaping from the clutches of our foes. Yet, surrounded as we were by the merchantmen of the fleet, we knew not but the next moment, we might run down some luckless craft, and perhaps by the collision, sink both them and ourselves.

For nearly half an hour we drove thus before the hurricane. More than once we fancied that we heard the shrieks of drowning men, rising high over all the uproar of the tempest, but whether they were in reality the cries of the dying or only the sounds created by an overheated imagination and having no existence except in the brain of the hearer, God only knows! A thousand ships might have sunk within a cable's length of us, and not a prayer of the sufferers, not a shriek of despair have met our ears. There was a fearfulness in that palpable darkness, which struck the most veteran heart with an awe akin to fear. When men can look abroad and see

the real extent of the peril which surrounds them they can dare almost anything; but when surrounded by darkness their imaginations conjure up dangers in every strange intonation of the tempest, in every new outbreak of the surge. They tremble at what they cannot behold; in the language of the scripture "their joints are loosed with fear."

At length the fury of the squall began to subside, and the dark bank of clouds which had encircled us, undulated, rolled to and fro, and finally flew in ragged vapors away, flitting wildly past the stars that once more twinkled in the sky. As the prospect brightened, we looked eagerly around to see what damage the squall had occasioned. The fleet was scattered hither and thither over the horizon, torn, shattered, dismantled, powerless. Far up in the quarter from whence the hurricane had burst could be faintly seen the body of the convoy; but on every hand around some of the less fortunate ships were discoverable. Whether, however, most of the merchantmen had attempted to lie-to, or whether we had scudded before the gale with a velocity which none could rival, it was evident that we had passed away like a thunderbolt from the rest of the fleet, leaving them at a hopeless distance astern.

Owing to the rapidity with which our canvass had been got in, we suffered no material injury; and, when the gale subsided and the wind came out again from the north, we lost no time in hauling up and getting the weather-gauge of the convoy. The ship was put once more in trim—the crew then turned in, and the watches were left in undisturbed possession of the decks. As I stood at my post and watched the bright stars overhead, shining placidly upon me, or listened to the cry of "All's well!" passed from lookout to lookout across the deck, I could not help contrasting the peace and silence of the scene with the fearful uproar of the preceding hour.

When morning dawned, not a vestige of the fleet remained on the southern seaboard. Our anxiety was now turned to the fate of the merchantman we had captured and that of the prize-crew we had thrown into her. But toward the afternoon watch, a sail was discovered on the horizon to windward, and when we had approached within a proper distance we recognized our prize. Our joy at rejoining may well be imagined.

The prize proved to be laden with a valuable cargo, and, as this was the first capture of any moment we had made, it raised the spirits of the men in a commensurate degree. The skipper of the merchantman could never comprehend the justice of his capture. Like the generals whom Napoleon has been beating at a later day, he protested that he had been taken against all the rules of war.

After keeping company with us for a few days, the prize hauled up for the coast with the intention of going into Newport. We subsequently learned that she accomplished her aim, but not until she had run the gauntlet of an English fleet. As for ourselves, we stood towards the south on the look out for a new prize.

A LADY HEARD A MINSTREL SING. BALLAD.

THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ

THE MUSIC BY J. P. KNIGHT.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 Chesnut Street.

ALLEGRETTO.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The music is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

A *p* La - dy heard a Minstrel sing, One night be - neath her bower, In

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

wrath she cried, "oh! what can bring a stran - ger at this hour?" She

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line ending with a double bar line, while the piano accompaniment continues with a final flourish. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

clos'd the casement,— veil'd the lamp, The Min - strel paus'd in sor - row, Yet
 said, " tho' now I must de - camp, I'll try a - gain to - - - morrow."

The minstrel came again next night,
 The lady was not sleeping,
 She sily (tho' she veil'd the light)
 Was thro' her casement peeping.
 She heard him fondly breathe her name,
 Then saw him go with sorrow;
 And cried, " I wonder whence he came?
 Perhaps he 'll come to-morrow."

Again she heard the sweet guitar,—
 But soon the song was broken:
 Tho' songs are sweet, oh! sweeter far
 Are words in kindness spoken:
 She loves him for himself alone,
 Disguise no more he'll borrow,
 The minstrel's rank at length is known,—
 She 'll grace a court to-morrow.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon. By Harry Lorrequer. With Forty Illustrations by Phiz. Complete in One Volume. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

THE first point to be observed in the consideration of "Charles O'Malley" is the great popularity of the work. We believe that in this respect it has surpassed even the inimitable compositions of Mr. Dickens. At all events it has met with a most extensive sale; and, although the graver journals have avoided its discussion, the ephemeral press has been nearly if not quite unanimous in its praise. To be sure, the commendation, although unqualified, cannot be said to have abounded in specification, or to have been, in any regard, of a satisfactory character to one seeking precise ideas on the topic of the book's particular merit. It appears to us, in fact, that the cabalistical words "fun" "rollicking" and "devil-may-care," if indeed words they be, have been made to stand in good stead of all critical comment in the case of the work now under review. We first saw these dexterous expressions in a fly-leaf of "Opinions of the Press" appended to the renowned "Harry Lorrequer" by his publisher in Dublin. Thence transmitted, with complacent echo, from critic to critic, through daily, weekly and monthly journals without number, they have come at length to form a pendant and a portion of our author's celebrity—have come to be regarded as sufficient response to the few ignoramuses who, obstinate as ignorant, and fool-hardy as obstinate, venture to propound a question or two about the true claims of "Harry Lorrequer" or the justice of the pretensions of "Charles O'Malley."

We shall not insult our readers by supposing any one of them unaware of the fact, that a book may be even exceedingly popular without any legitimate literary merit. This fact can be proven by numerous examples which, now and here, it will be unnecessary and perhaps indecorous to mention. The dogma, then, is absurdly false, that the popularity of a work is *primâ facie* evidence of its excellence in some respects; that is to say, the dogma is false if we confine the meaning of excellence (as here of course it must be confined) to excellence in a literary sense. The truth is, that the popularity of a book is *primâ facie* evidence of just the converse of the proposition—it is evidence of the book's *demerit*, inasmuch as it shows a "stooping to conquer"—inasmuch as it shows that the author has dealt largely, if not altogether, in matters which are susceptible of appreciation by the mass of mankind—by uneducated thought, by uncultivated taste, by unrefined and unguided passion. So long as the world retains its present point of civilization, so long will it be almost an axiom that no extensively popular book, in the right application of the term, can be a work of high merit, as regards those particulars of the work which are popular. A book may be readily sold, may be universally read, for the sake of some half or two-thirds of its matter, which half or two-thirds may be susceptible of popular appreciation, while the one-half or one-third remaining may be the delight of the highest intellect and genius, and absolute *caviare* to the rabble. And just as

so will the writer of fiction, who looks most sagaciously to his own interest, combine all votes by intermingling with his loftier efforts such amount of less ethereal matter as will give general currency to his composition. And here we shall be pardoned for quoting some observations of the English artist, H. Howard. Speaking of *imitation*, he says:

The pleasure which results from it, even when employed upon the most ordinary materials, will always render that property of our art the most attractive with the majority, because it may be enjoyed with the least mental exertion. All men are in some degree judges of it. The cobbler in his own line may criticize Apelles; and popular opinions are never to be wholly disregarded concerning that which is addressed to the public—who, to a certain extent, are generally right; although as the language of the refined can never be intelligible to the uneducated, so the higher styles of art can never be acceptable to the multitude. In proportion as a work rises in the scale of intellect, it must necessarily become limited in the number of its admirers. For this reason the judicious artist, even in his loftiest efforts, will endeavor to introduce some of those qualities which are interesting to all, as a passport for those of a more intellectual character.

And these remarks upon painting—remarks which are mere truisms in themselves—embody nearly the whole rationale of the topic now under discussion. It may be added, however, that the skill with which the author addresses the lower taste of the populace, is often a source of pleasure, because of admiration, to a taste higher and more refined, and may be made a point of comment and of commendation by the critic.

In our review, last month, of "Barnaby Rudge," we were prevented, through want of space, from showing how Mr. Dickens had so well succeeded in uniting all suffrages. What we have just said, however, will suffice upon this point. While he has appealed, in innumerable regards, to the most exalted intellect, he has meanwhile invariably touched a certain string whose vibrations are omni-prevalent. We allude to his powers of *imitation*—that species of imitation to which Mr. Howard has reference—the faithful depicting of what is called still-life, and particularly of character in humble condition. It is his close observation and imitation of nature here which have rendered him popular, while his higher qualities, with the ingenuity evinced in addressing the general taste, have secured him the good word of the informed and intellectual.

But this is an important point upon which we desire to be distinctly understood. We wish here to record our positive dissent (be that dissent worth what it may) from a very usual opinion—the opinion that Mr. Dickens has done justice to his own genius—that any man ever failed to do grievous wrong to his own genius—in appealing to the popular judgment at all. As a matter of pecuniary policy alone, is any such appeal defensible. But we speak, of course, in relation to fame—in regard to that

— spur which the true spirit doth raise
To scorn delight and live laborious days.

That a perfume should be found by any "true spirit" in the incense of mere popular applause, is, to our own apprehension at least, a thing inconceivable, inappreciable,—a

paradox which gives the lie unto itself—a mystery more profound than the well of Democritus. Mr. Dickens has no more business with the rabble than a seraph with a *chapeau de bras*. What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? What is he to Jacques Bonhomme* or Jacques Bonhomme to him? The higher genius is a rare gift and divine. Ω ἁπλοῦν οὐ παντὶ φανεῖται, ὅς μιν ἰδῆ, ἡγρὰς οὗτος—not to all men Apollo shows himself; he is alone great who beholds him.† And his greatness has its office God-assigned. But that office is not a low communion with low, or even with ordinary intellect. The holy—the electric spark of genius is the medium of intercourse between the noble and more noble mind. For lesser purposes there are humbler agents. There are puppets enough, able enough, willing enough, to perform in literature the little things to which we have had reference. For one Foulché there are fifty Molières. For one Angelo there are five hundred Jan Steens. For one Dickens there are five million Smolletts, Fieldings, Marryatts, Arthurs, Cocktons, Bogtons and Frogtons.

It is, in brief, the duty of all whom circumstances have led into criticism—it is, at least, a duty from which we individually shall never shrink—to uphold the true dignity of genius, to combat its degradation, to plead for the exercise of its powers in those bright fields which are its legitimate and peculiar province, and which for it alone lie gloriously outspread.

But to return to "Charles O'Malley," and its popularity. We have endeavored to show that this latter must not be considered in any degree as the measure of its merit, but should rather be understood as indicating a deficiency in this respect, when we bear in mind, as we should do, the highest aims of intellect in fiction. A slight examination of the work, (for in truth it is worth no more,) will sustain us in what we have said. The plot is exceedingly meagre. Charles O'Malley, the hero, is a young orphan Irishman, living in Galway county, Ireland, in the house of his uncle, Godfrey, to whose sadly encumbered estates the youth is heir apparent and presumptive. He becomes enamoured, while on a visit to a neighbor, of Miss Lucy Dashwood, and finds a rival in a Captain Hammersley. Some words carelessly spoken by Lucy, inspire him with a desire for military renown. After sojourning, therefore, for a brief period, at Dublin University, he obtains a commission and proceeds to the Peninsula, with the British army under Wellington. Here he distinguishes himself; is promoted; and meets frequently with Miss Dashwood, whom obstinately, and in spite of the lady's own acknowledgment of love for himself, he supposes in love with Hammersley. Upon the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo he returns home; finds his uncle, of course, just dead; and sells his commission to disencumber the estate. Presently Napoleon escapes from Elba, and our hero, obtaining a staff appointment under Picton, returns to the Peninsula, is present at Waterloo, (where Hammersley is killed) saves the life of Lucy's father, for the second time, as he has already twice saved that of Lucy herself; is rewarded by the hand of the latter; and, making his way back to O'Malley Castle, "lives happily all the rest of his days."

In and about this plot (if such it may be called) there are more absurdities than we have patience to enumerate. The author, or narrator, for example, is supposed to be Harry Lorrequer as far as the end of the preface, which by the way, is one of the best portions of the book. O'Malley then tells his own story. But the publishing office of the "Dublin University Magazine" (in which the narrative originally appeared) having been burned down, there ensues a sad confusion of identity between O'Malley and

Lorrequer, that it is difficult, for the nonce, to say which is which. In the want of copy consequent upon the disaster, James, the novelist, comes in to the relief of Lorrequer, or perhaps of O'Malley, with one of the flattest and most irrelevant of love-tales. Meantime, in the story proper are repetitions without end. We have already said that the hero *saves the life of his mistress twice, and of her father twice*. But not content with this, he has *two mistresses, and saves the life of both, at different periods, in precisely the same manner*—that is to say, by causing his horse, in each instance, to perform a Munchausen side-leap, at the moment when a spring forward would have impelled him upon his beloved. And then we have one unending, undeviating succession of junketings, in which "devilled kidneys" are never by any accident found wanting. The unctious and pertinacity with which the author discusses what he chooses to denominate "devilled kidneys" are indeed edifying, to say no more. The truth is, that drinking wine, telling anecdotes, and devouring "devilled kidneys" may be considered as the sum total, as the *thesis* of the book. Never in the whole course of his eventful life, does Mr. O'Malley get "two or three assembled together" without seducing them forthwith to a table, and placing before them a dozen of wine and a dish of "devilled kidneys." This accomplished, the parties begin what seems to be the business of the author's existence—the narration of unusually broad tales—like those of the Southdown mutton. And here, in fact, we have the *plan* of that whole work of which the "United Service Gazette" has been pleased to vow it "would rather be the author than of all the 'Pickwicks' and 'Nicklebys' in the world"—a sentiment which we really blush to say has been echoed by many respectable members of our own press. The general plot or narrative is a mere thread upon which after-dinner anecdotes, some good, some bad, some utterly worthless, and *not one truly original*, are strung with about as much method, and about half as much dexterity, as we see ragged urchins employ in stringing the kernels of nuts.

It would, indeed, be difficult to convey to one who has not examined this production for himself, any idea of the exceedingly rough, clumsy, and inartificial manner in which even this bald conception is carried out. The stories are absolutely dragged in by the ears. So far from finding them result naturally or plausibly from the conversation of the interlocutors, even the blindest reader may perceive the author's struggling and blundering effort to introduce them. It is rendered quite evident that they were originally "on hand," and that "O'Malley" has been concocted for their introduction. Among other *maïseries* we observe the silly trick of whetting appetite by delay. The conversation over the "kidneys" is brought, for example, to such a pass that one of the speakers is called upon for a story, which he forthwith declines for any reason, or for none. At a subsequent "broil" he is again pressed, and again refuses, and it is not until the reader's patience is fairly exhausted, and he has consigned both the story and its author to Hades, that the gentleman in question is prevailed upon to discourse. The only conceivable result of this *farfarronade* is the ruin of the tale when told, through exaggerating anticipation respecting it.

The anecdotes thus narrated being the staple of the book, and the awkward manner of their interlocution having been pointed out, it but remains to be seen what the anecdotes are, in themselves, and what is the merit of their narration. And here, let it not be supposed that we have any design to deprive the devil of his due. There are several very excellent anecdotes in "Charles O'Malley" very cleverly and pungently told. Many of the scenes in

* Nickname for the populace in the middle ages.

† Callimachus—*Hymn to Apollo*.

which Monsoon figures are rich—less, however, from the scenes themselves than from the piquant, but by no means original character of Monsoon—a drunken, maudlin, dishonest old Major, given to communicativeness and mock morality over his cups, and not over careful in detailing adventures which tell against himself. One or two of the college pictures are unquestionably good—but might have been better. In general, the reader is made to feel that fine subjects have fallen into unskilful hands. By way of instancing this assertion, and at the same time of conveying an idea of the tone and character of the stories, we will quote one of the shortest, and assuredly one of the best.

"Ah, hy-the-hy, how's the Major?"

"Charmingly: only a little bit in a scrape just now. Sir Arthur—Lord Wellington, I mean—had him up for his fellows being caught pillaging, and gave him a devil of a rowing a few days ago.

"Very disorderly corps yours, Major O'Shaughnessy," said the general; "more men up for punishment than any regiment in the service."

"Shaugh muttered something, but his voice was lost in a loud cock-a-doo-doo-doo, that some bold chanticleer set up at the moment.

"If the officers do their duty Major O'Shaughnessy, these acts of insubordination do not occur."

"Cock-a-doo-doo-doo, was the reply. Some of the staff found it hard not to laugh; but the general went on—

"If, therefore, the practice does not cease, I'll draft the men into West India regiments."

"Cock-a-doo-doo-doo!"

"And if any articles pillaged from the inhabitants are detected in the quarters, or about the persons of the troops—"

"Cock-a-doo-doo-doo!" screamed louder here than ever.

"Damn that cock—where is it?"

"There was a general ooo around on all sides, which seemed in vain; when a tremendous repetition of the cry resounded from O'Shaughnessy's coat-pocket: thus detecting the valiant Major himself in the very practice of his corps. There was no standing this: every one burst out into a peal of laughter; and Lord Wellington himself could not resist, but turned away, muttering to himself as he went—'Damned robbers every man of them,' while a final war-note from the Major's pocket closed the interview."

Now this is an anecdote at which every one will laugh; but its effect might have been vastly heightened by putting a few words of grave morality and reprobation of the conduct of his troops, into the mouth of O'Shaughnessy, upon whose character they would have told well. The cock, in interrupting the thread of his discourse, would thus have afforded an excellent context. We have scarcely a reader, moreover, who will fail to perceive the want of *tact* shown in dwelling upon the *mirth* which the anecdote occasioned. The error here is precisely like that of a man's laughing at his own spoken jokes. Our author is uniformly guilty of this mistake. He has an absurd fashion, also, of informing the reader, at the conclusion of each of his anecdotes, that, however good the anecdote might be, he (the reader) cannot enjoy it to the full extent in default of the *manner* in which it was orally narrated. He has no business to say anything of this kind. It is his duty to convey the manner not less than the matter of his narratives.

But we may say of these latter that, in general, they have the air of being *remembered* rather than *invented*. No man who has seen much of the rough life of the camp will fail to recognize among them many very old acquaintances. Some of them are as ancient as the hills, and have been, time out of mind, the common property of the bivouac. They have been narrated orally all the world over. The chief merit of the writer is, that he has been the first to collect and to print them. It is observable, in fact, that the second volume of the work is very far inferior to the first. The author seems to have exhausted his whole hoarded store in the beginning. His conclusion is barren indeed,

and but for the historical details (for which he has no claim to merit) would be especially prosy and dull. *Now the true invention never exhausts itself.* It is mere cant and ignorance to talk of the possibility of the really imaginative man's "writing himself out." His soul but derives nourishment from the streams that flow therefrom. As well prate about the aridity of the eternal ocean *εξ ουρανου ποταμοι*. So long as the universe of thought shall furnish matter for novel combinations, so long will the spirit of true genius be original, be exhaustless—be itself.

A few cursory observations. The book is filled to overflowing with songs of very doubtful excellence, the most of which are put into the mouth of one Micky Free, an amusing Irish servant of O'Malley's, and are given as his impromptu effusions. The subject of the improvisos is always the matter in hand at the moment of composition. The author evidently prides himself upon his poetical powers, about which the less we say the better; but if anything were wanting to assure us of his absurd ignorance and inappreciation of Art, we should find the fullest assurance in the mode in which these doggerel verses are introduced.

The occasional sentiment with which the volumes are interspersed there is an absolute necessity for skipping.

Can anybody tell us what is meant by the affectation of the word *L'envoy* which is made the heading of two prefaces?

That portion of the account of the battle of Waterloo which gives O'Malley's experiences while a prisoner, and in close juxta-position to Napoleon, bears evident traces of having been translated, and very literally too, from a French manuscript.

The English of the work is sometimes even amusing. We have continually, for example, *eat*, the present, for *ate*, the perfect—see page 17. At page 16, we have this delightful sentence—"Captain Hammersley, however, *never* took further notice of me, but continued to recount, for the amusement of those about, several excellent stories of his military career, which I confess were heard with every *test* of delight by all save me." At page 357 we have some sage talk about "the entire of the army;" and at page 368, the accomplished O'Malley speaks of "*drawing* a last look upon his sweetheart." These things arrest our attention as we open the book at random. It abounds in them, and in vulgarisms even much worse than they.

But why speak of vulgarisms of language? There is a disgusting vulgarism of thought which pervades and contaminates this whole production, and from which a delicate or lofty mind will shrink as from a pestilence. Not the least repulsive manifestation of this leprosy is to be found in the author's blind and grovelling worship of mere rank. Of the Prince Regent, that filthy compound of all that is, bestial—that lazar-house of all moral corruption—he scruples not to speak in terms of the grossest adulation—sneering at Edmund Burke in the same villanous breath in which he extols the talents, the graces and the virtues of George the Fourth! That any man, to-day, can be found so degraded in heart as to style this reprobate, "one who, in every feeling of his nature, and in every feature of his deportment was every inch a prince"—is matter for grave reflection and sorrowful debate. The American, at least, who shall peruse the concluding pages of the book now under review, and not turn in disgust from the base sycophancy which infects them, is unworthy of his country and his name. But the truth is, that a gross and contracted soul renders itself unquestionably manifest in almost every line of the composition.

And this—*this is the work*, in respect to which its author, aping the airs of intellect, prates about his "haggard

cheek," his "sunken eye," his "aching and tired head," his "nights of toil" and (Good Heavens!) his "days of thought!" That the thing is popular we grant—while that we cannot deny the fact, we grieve. But the career of true taste is onward—and now more vigorously onward than ever—and the period, perhaps, is not hopelessly distant, when, in decrying the mere balderdash of such matters as "Charles O'Malley," we shall do less violence to the feelings and judgment even of the populace, than, we much fear, has been done to-day.

Ballads and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," etc: Second Edition. John Owen: Cambridge.

"*Il y a à parier*," says Chamfort, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention recue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre.*"—One would be safe in wagering that any given public idea is erroneous, for it has been yielded to the clamor of the majority;—and this strictly philosophical, although somewhat French assertion has especial bearing upon the whole race of what are termed maxims and popular proverbs; nine-tenths of which are the quintessence of folly. One of the most deplorably false of them is the antique adage, *De gustibus non est disputandum*—there should be no disputing about taste. Here the idea designed to be conveyed is that any one person has as just right to consider his own taste the true, as has any one other—that taste itself, in short, is an arbitrary something, amenable to no law, and measurable by no definite rules. It must be confessed, however, that the exceedingly vague and impotent treatises which are alone extant, have much to answer for as regards confirming the general error. Not the least important service which, hereafter, mankind will owe to *Phrenology*, may perhaps, be recognised in an analysis of the real principles, and a digest of the resulting laws of taste. These principles, in fact, are as clearly traceable, and these laws as readily susceptible of system as are any whatever.

In the meantime, the inane adage above mentioned is in no respect more generally, more stupidly, and more pertinaciously quoted than by the admirers of what is termed the "good old Pope," or the "good old Goldsmith school" of poetry, in reference to the bolder, more natural, and more ideal compositions of such authors as Coëtlogon and Lamartine* in France; Herder, Körner, and Uhland in Germany; Brun and Baggesen in Denmark; Bellman, Tegnér, and Nyberg† in Sweden; Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and Tennyson in England; Lowell and Longfellow in America. "*De gustibus non*," say these "good-old-school" fellows; and we have no doubt that their mental translation of the phrase is—"We pity your taste—we pity every body's taste but our own."

It is our purpose, hereafter, when occasion shall be afforded us, to controvert in an article of some length, the popular idea that the poets just mentioned owe to novelty, to trickeries of expression, and to other meretricious effects, their appreciation by certain readers:—to demonstrate (for the matter is susceptible of demonstration) that such poetry and such alone has fulfilled the legitimate office of the muse; has thoroughly satisfied an earnest and unquenchable desire existing in the heart of man. In the present number of our Magazine we have left ourselves

barely room to say a few random words of welcome to these "Ballads," by Longfellow, and to tender him, and all such as he, the homage of our most earnest love and admiration.

The volume before us (in whose outward appearance the keen "taste" of genius is evinced with nearly as much precision as in its internal soul) includes, with several brief original pieces, a translation from the Swedish of Tegnér. In attempting (what never should be attempted) a literal version of both the words and the metre of this poem, Professor Longfellow has failed to do justice either to his author or himself. He has striven to do what no man ever did well and what, from the nature of language itself, never can be well done. Unless, for example, we shall come to have an influx of *spondees* in our English tongue, it will always be impossible to construct an English hexameter. Our *spondees*, or, we should say, our *spondaic* words, are rare. In the Swedish they are nearly as abundant as in the Latin and Greek. We have only "*compound*," "*context*," "*footfall*," and a few other similar ones. This is the difficulty; and that it is so will become evident upon reading "The Children of the Lord's Supper," where the sole *readable* verses are those in which we meet with the rare *spondaic* dissyllables. We mean to say *readable as Hexameters*; for many of them will read very well as mere English Dactyls with certain irregularities.

But within the narrow compass now left us we must not indulge in anything like critical comment. Our readers will be better satisfied perhaps with a few brief extracts from the original poems of the volume—which we give for their rare excellence, without pausing now to say in what particulars this excellence exists.

And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow
Came a dull voice of woe,
From the heart's chamber.

So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden.
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed
Then leaped her cable's length.

She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

The rising moon has hid the stars
Her level rays like golden bars
Lie on the landscape green
With shadows brown between.

* We allude here chiefly to the "David" of Coëtlogon, and only to the "*Chûte d'un Ange*" of Lamartine.

† C. Julia Nyberg, author of the "Dikter von Enphrosyne."

Love lifts the boughs whose shadows deep
Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart.

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star.

Some of these passages cannot be fully appreciated apart from the context—but we address those who have read the book. Of the translations we have not spoken. It is but right to say, however, that "The Luck of Edenhall" is a far finer poem, in every respect, than any of the original pieces. Nor would we have our previous observations misunderstood. Much as we admire the genius of Mr. Longfellow, we are fully sensible of his many errors of affectation and imitation. His artistical skill is great, and his ideality high. But his conception of the *aims of poetry is all wrong*; and this we shall prove at some future day—to our own satisfaction, at least. His didactics are all out of place. He has written brilliant poems—by accident; that is to say when permitting his genius to get the better of his conventional habit of thinking—a habit deduced from German study. We do not mean to say that a didactic moral may not be well made the *under-current* of a poetical thesis; but that it can never be well put so obtrusively forth, as in the majority of his compositions. There is a young American who, with ideality not richer than that of Longfellow, and with less artistical knowledge, has yet composed far truer poems, merely through the greater propriety of his themes. We allude to James Russel Lowell; and in the number of this Magazine for last month, will be found a ballad entitled "Rosaline," affording an excellent exemplification of our meaning. This composition has unquestionably its defects, and the very defects which are never perceptible in Mr. Longfellow—but we sincerely think that *no American poem equals it in the higher elements of song.*

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Lord Brougham, to which is Prefixed a Sketch of his Character. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard.

That Lord Brougham was an extraordinary man no one in his senses will deny. An intellect of unusual capacity, goaded into diseased action by passions nearly ferocious, enabled him to astonish the world, and especially the "hero-worshippers," as the author of Sartor-Resartus has it, by the combined extent and variety of his mental triumphs. Attempting many things, it may at least be said that he egregiously failed in none. But that he pre-eminently excelled in any cannot be affirmed with truth, and might well be denied *a priori*. We have no faith in admirable Crichtons, and this merely because we have implicit faith in Nature and her laws. "He that is born to be a man," says Wieland, in his 'Peregrinus Proteus,' "neither should nor can be anything nobler, greater, nor better than a man." The Broughams of the human intellect are never its Newtons or its Bayles. Yet the contemporaneous reputation to be acquired by the former is naturally greater than any which the latter may attain. The versatility of one whom we see and hear is more dazzling and more readily appreciable merit than his profundity; which latter is best estimated in the silence of the closet, and after the quiet lapse of years. What impression Lord Brougham has stamped upon his age, cannot be accurately

determined until Time has fixed and rendered definite the lines of the medal; and fifty years hence it will be difficult, perhaps, even to make out the deepest indentations of the *exergue*. Like Coleridge he should be regarded as one who might have done much, had he been satisfied with attempting but little.

The title of the book before us is, we think, somewhat disingenuous. These two volumes contain but a small portion of the "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings" of Lord Brougham; and the preface itself assures us that what is here published *forms only a part of his anonymous contributions to the Edinburgh Review*. In fact three similar selections from his "Miscellaneous Works" have been given to the world within a year or two past, by Philadelphia publishers, and neither of these selections embrace any of the matter now issued.

The present volumes, however, are not the less valuable on this account. They contain many of the most noted and some of the best compositions of the author. Among other articles of interest we have the celebrated "Discourse on the Objects, Pleasures and Advantages of Science"—a title, by the way, in which the word "pleasures" is one of the purest supererogation. That this discourse is well written, we, of course, admit, since we do not wish to be denounced as blockheads; but we beg leave to disagree, most positively, with the Preface, which asserts that "there was only one individual living by whom it could have been produced." This round asseveration will only excite a smile upon the lips of every man of the slightest pretension to scientific acquirement. We are personally acquainted with at least a dozen individuals who could have written this treatise as well as the Lord Chancellor has written it. In fact, a discourse of this character is by no means difficult of composition—a discourse such as Lord Brougham has given us. His whole design consists in an immethodical collection of the most *striking* and at the same time the most *popularly comprehensible facts* in general science. And it cannot be denied that this plan of demonstrating the advantages of science as a whole by *detailing insulated specimens of its interest* is a most unphilosophical and inartistical mode of procedure—a mode which even puts one in mind of the *σκολαστικὸς* offering a brick as a sample of the house he wished to sell. Neither is the essay free (as should be imperatively demanded in a case of this nature) from very gross error and mis-statement. Its style, too, in its minor points, is unusually bad. The strangest grammatical errors abound, of which the initial pages are especially full, and the whole is singularly deficient in that precision which should characterise a scientific discourse. In short, it is an entertaining essay, but in some degree superficial and quackish, and could have been better written by any one of a multitude of living savans.

There is a very amusing paper, in this collection, upon the authorship of Junius. We allude to it, how especially, by way of corroborating what we said, in our January number, touching the ordinary character of the English review-system. The article was furnished the Edinburgh Quarterly by its author, who, no doubt, received for it a very liberal compensation. It is, nevertheless, one of the most barefaced impositions we ever beheld; being nothing in the world more than a tame *compendium*, fact by fact, of the book under discussion—"The Identity of Junius with a Distinguished Living Character Established." There is no attempt at analysis—no new fact is adduced—no novel argument is urged—and yet the thing is called a criticism and liberally paid for as such. The secret of this style of Review-making is that of mystifying the reader by an artful substitution of the interest appertaining to the text for interest aroused by the commentator.

Pantology; or a systematic survey of Human Knowledge; Proposing a Classification of all its branches, and illustrating their History, Relations, Uses, and Objects; with a Synopsis of their leading Facts and Principles; and a Select Catalogue of Books on all Subjects, suitable for a Cabinet Library. The whole designed as a Guide to Study for advanced Students in Colleges, Academies, and Schools; and as a popular Directory in Literature, Science and the Arts. Second Edition. By Roswell Park, A. M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. Hogan and Thompson: Philadelphia.

The title of this work explains its nature with accuracy. To human knowledge in general, it is what a map of the world is to geography. The design is chiefly, to classify, and thus present a dependent and clearly discernible whole. To those who have paid much attention to Natural History and the endless, unstable, and consequently vexatious classifications which there occur—to those, in especial, who have labored over the "Conchologies" of De Blainville and Lamarck, some faint—some very faint idea of the difficulties attending such a labor as this, will occur. There have been numerous prior attempts of the same kind, and although this is unquestionably one of the best, we cannot regard it as the best. Mr. Park has chosen a highly artificial scheme of arrangement; and both reason and experience show us that natural classifications, or those which proceed upon broad and immediately recognisable distinctions, are alone practically or permanently successful. We say this, however, with much deference to the opinions of a gentleman, whose means of acquiring knowledge, have been equalled only by his zeal in its pursuit, and whose general talents we have had some personal opportunity of estimating.

We mean nothing like criticism in so brief a paragraph as we can here afford, upon a work so voluminous and so important as the one before us. Our design is merely to call the attention of our friends to the publication—whose merits are obvious and great. Its defects are, of course, numerous. We mean rather to say, that in every work of this nature, it is in the power of almost every reader to suggest a thousand emendations. We might object to many of the details. We must object to nearly all of the belles-lettres portion of the book. We cannot stand being told, for example, that "Barlow's 'Columbiad' is a poem of considerable merit;" nor are we rendered more patient under the infliction of this and similar opinions, by the information that Vander Vondel and Vander Doos (the duce!) wrote capital Dutch epics, while "the poems of Cats are said to be spirited and pious!" We know nothing about cats, nor cats about piety.

The volume is sadly disfigured by typographical errors. On the title-page of the very first "province" is a blunder in Greek.

The Student-Life of Germany: By William Howitt, Author of the "Rural Life of England," "Book of the Seasons," etc. From the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius. Containing nearly Forty of the most Famous Student Songs. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

Mr. Howitt has here given us the only complete and faithful account of the Student-Life of Germany which has appeared in any quarter of the world. The institutions and customs which his book describes, form, to use his own language, "the most singular state of social existence to

be found in the bosom of civilized Europe," and are doubly curious and worthy of investigation—first, on account of the jealousy with which the students have hitherto withheld all information on the subject, and secondly, on account of the deep root which the customs themselves have taken in the heart of the German life. The Burschendom, of which we have all heard so much, yet so vaguely, is no modern or evanescent eccentricity; but a matter of firm and reverent faith coeval with the universities; and this faith is now depicted, *con amore*, and with knowledge, by a German who has himself felt and confessed it. To the philosopher, to the man of the world, and especially, to the man of imagination, this beautiful volume will prove a rare treat. Its novelty will startle all.

Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the Close of the American Revolution. By William Smyth, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Two volumes. From the Second London Edition, with a Preface, List of Books on American History, etc. By Jared Sparks, L. L. D., Professor of Ancient and Modern History in Harvard University. John Owen: Cambridge.

Professor Smyth's system of history is remarkable, if not peculiar. He selects certain periods, and groups around them individually those events to which they have closest affinity not only in time, but character. The effect is surprising through its force and perspicuity. The name of Professor Sparks would be alone sufficient to recommend these volumes—but in themselves they are a treasure.

First Book of Natural History, Prepared for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, &c. &c. From the Text of Milne Edwards & Achille Comte, Professors of Natural History in the Colleges of Henri IV. and Charlemagne. With Plates. Turner & Fisher: Philadelphia.

This little book forms, in the original, the first of a series of First or Elementary works on Natural History, arranged by Messieurs Edwards and Comte, two gentlemen distinguished for labors of the kind, and who enjoy the patronage of the "Royal Council of Public Instruction of France." The translator is well known to the reading world, and there can be no doubt of the value of the publication in its present form.

A System of Elocution, with Special Reference to Gesture, to the Treatment of Stammering, and Defective Articulation, Comprising Numerous Diagrams and Engraved Figures, Illustrative of the Subject. By Andrew Comstock, M. D. Published by the Author: Philadelphia.

This is, in many respects, an excellent book, although the principal claim of Dr. Comstock is that of having cleverly compiled. His method of representing, or notating, the modulations of the speaking voice, is original, as he himself states, but there is little else which can be called so. Originality, however, is not what we seek in a school-book, and this has the merit of tasteful selection and precision of style.

Sturmer: A Tale of Mesmerism. To which are added other Sketches from Life. By Isabella F. Romer. Two Volumes. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

This work is republished, we presume, not so much on account of its intrinsic merit, as on account of the present *Émoute* in our immediate vicinity and elsewhere. on the subject of Animal Magnetism. "Sturmer," the principal story, is, nevertheless, well narrated and will do much in the way of helping unbelief. The minor tales are even beautiful. "The Mother and Daughter" is exceedingly pathetic.

Famous Old People. Being the Second Epoch of Grandfather's Chair. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Author of "Twice-Told Tales." Boston: Tappan & Dennet.

Mr. Hawthorne has received high praise from men whose opinions we have been accustomed to respect. Hereafter we shall endeavor to speak of his tales with that deliberation which is their due. The one now before us is a simple and pretty story.

History of the Life of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Richelieu," &c. Two volumes. New York: I. & H. G. Langley.

We like Mr. James far better as the historian or biographer than as the novelist. The truth is, it is sheer waste of time to read second-rate fictions by men of merely imitative talent, when at the same expense of money and labor we can indulge in the never-failing stream of invention now poured forth by true genius.

The Effinghams; or, Home as I Found it. Two volumes. By the author of the "Victim of Chancery," &c. New York: Samuel Colman.

These volumes are satirical and have some fair hits at Mr. Cooper, against whom they are especially levelled; but we like neither this design of personal ridicule nor the manner in which it is effected.

Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology. By Justus Leiby, M. D., &c. Edited from the MS. of the Author, by Lyon Playfair, Ph. D. Second American Edition, with an Introduction, Notes and Appendix, by John W. Webster, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University. John Owen: Cambridge.

This book excited and still excites great attention in England. It is needless to speak of its merits, which are well understood by all students of Physics.

Arbitrary Power, Popery, Protestantism; as contained in Nos. XV. XVIII. XIX. of the Dublin Review. Philadelphia: M. Fithian.

A republication from the Dublin Review of three able articles in defence of Catholicism.

Second Book of Natural History, Prepared for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., &c. From the text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comte. With Plates. Philadelphia: Turner & Fisher.

We need only say of this volume that it is a continuation of the "First Book" just noticed, although sufficiently distinct in itself.

The Amazonian Republic Recently Discovered in the Interior of Peru. By Ex-Midshipman Timothy Savage, B. C. New York: Samuel Colman.

This is a very passable satirical fiction, in the manner of Gulliver. We should not be surprised if it were the composition of Dr. Beasley of this city.

St. John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople: His Life, Eloquence and Piety. By W. Joseph Walter, late of St. Edmund's College. Philadelphia: Godey & M-Michael.

An eloquent tribute to the memory of an eloquent and in every respect a remarkable man.

Life in China. The Porcelain Tower; or Nine Stories of China. Compiled from Original Sources. By T. T. T. Embellished by J. Leech. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

This is a very clever and amusing *jeu-d'esprit*, in which the oddities, or what we regard as the oddities of "Life in China," are divertingly caricatured. The work is handsomely printed, and the designs by Leech are well conceived and executed.

Select Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Fourth Edition, with Illustrations. Edward C. Biddle: Philadelphia.

The publisher, in his preface, states that three editions of this work, comprising eight thousand copies, have been sold; and of this we are pleased to hear; but we are not equally pleased with the information (conveyed also in the preface) that a *new* set of illustrations is given. If these "illustrations" are *new*, then "new" has come to be employed in the sense of "old." The plates are not only antique but trashy in other respects. Of the poems themselves we have no space to speak fully this month. Some of them are excellent; and there are many which merit no commendation. Mrs. Sigourney deserves much, but by no means all of the applause which her compositions have elicited.

It would be easy to cite, from the volume now before us, numerous brief passages of the truest beauty; but we fear that it would be more difficult to point out an entire poem which would bear examination, *as a whole*. In the piece entitled "Indian Names," there are thoughts and *expression* which would do honor to any one. We note, also, an unusually noble idea in the "Death of an Infant."

—forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear.

LOWELL'S POEMS.*

A NEW SCHOOL OF POETRY AT HAND.

WE shall never forget our emotions when we inhaled, for the first time after a lingering illness, the fresh breezes of a September morning. Oh! the visions of dewy meadows, rustling forest trees, and silvery brooks which the delicious air called up before us. This little book has awakened much the same emotions in our bosom. It reminds us of the breezy lawns where we played when a child; of the old mossy forest trees beneath which we loved to sit and muse; of the silent, stately Brandywine that glided along at our feet, its clear waters sliding over the rocks or rippling against the long willow leaves that trembled in its current. There is a freshness about Lowell's Poems which bewitches our fancy. They display a genius that has startled us. They breathe a healthy, honest, good old Saxon spirit, that opens our heart to them as by a sign of brotherhood. We feel that he is kin of our kin and blood of our blood, and we take his book to our bosom without suffering it to plead the exquisite petition which he has put into its mouth, for "charity in Christ's dear name." Lowell is a man after our own heart. We have a word or two to say of him in connection with the poetry of the day.

Every one must have perceived that a new school of poetry is at hand. No one who has thought on the subject can have failed to see that the fever for Byron, like all fevers, is both wearing itself out and exhausting the patient. With the death of the noble lord began the decline of the school to which he gave such popularity, and though he has had many imitators since, the phrenzy respecting his poetry is nearly over. We do not mean to depreciate Byron. Every great poet should be spoken of with reverence; for they all alike discourse in the language of the gods; and Byron was not only a great poet, but the greatest poet of his school. That school, however, was a bad one—the fierce, unholy offspring of an incestuous age. It was a school in which the restlessness of passion seems to have forced its votaries into poetry. They had none of the calm, enduring enthusiasm of the great poets of the past; they did not speak with the majesty of Jove, but with the fury of a Delphin priestess. They were essentially the poets of a crowd, expressing the emotions of men in a state of high excitement, and consequently whirling away their hearers with them in a phrenzy for the time unconquerable, but destined to subside with the first calm in the public mind. But the truly great poets—Milton, Shakspeare and Spencer—sit far

away on a mountain by themselves, singing in calm enthusiasm to the stars of heaven, and startling the dweller on the plain as well as the shepherd on the hill-side with a melody that seems a part of heaven. The school of Byron is that of a generation; the school of the old masters is that of eternity. The one is a lurid planet, that blazes fitfully amid storm and darkness; the others are fixed stars, that shine around Milton, the greatest of all, in undimmed and undying lustre.

Ὁς δ' οὐκ ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστέρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σέληνῃ
Φανείη ἀριπρεπέστατον

We have said that a new school of poetry is at hand, and the remark may, at first sight, appear extravagant when we consider the stagnation which has been exhibited for years. But betwixt the decline of one school and the rise of another, there is always a pause. When Milton wrote, a lustrum had elapsed since Shakspeare died. After the decay of Pope, a half a century of barrenness ensued before Cowper brought in a more masculine verse. The poetic soil, during these interregnums, seems to be worn out, and to require to lie fallow until it can recruit its energies. Only a few sparse flowers bloom upon the waste. But these, although insignificant in themselves, serve to betray the changes in the soil. They are premonitory of the coming harvest. They give us a clue to the character of the approaching school, and although often vague and contradictory, they afford us hints for which we would in vain seek elsewhere. We do not say that, from such hints, the nature of a school can be certainly predicted. The public taste, to use a phrase from the geologists, is in a transition state, and what the result may be, will, in a measure, puzzle the acutest mind. But we can still approximate to the truth. And even now we may hazard a conjecture respecting the characteristics of the school which will supersede that of Byron. It will resemble, in many particulars, that of the old poets. It will have the same calm, enduring enthusiasm. It will be marked by a like earnestness of purpose, by the same comprehensive love for "suffering, sad humanity." It will have none of the jaundiced views of Byron, and little of the *petit maître* style of Pope. It will be intellectual, and, we fear, pedantic also. It threatens to be disgraced by conceits. Circumstances, it is true, may occur to give a different turn to the character of the new school, or a MESSIAH may arise to do away by a single dispensation with all former types; but, so far as we can foresee now, the Tennysons, Longfel-

* "A Year's Life"—by James Russell Lowell; 1 vol. C. C. Little & J. Brown, Boston: 1841.

lows, and poets of that cast of mind, will give the tone to the coming change in the public taste. Indeed they are already bringing about a revolution. Men are first acted on singly and then in masses, and the masses have even now begun to feel the influence of Longfellow and Tennyson. Wordsworth, too, is not to be disregarded in this revolution, but his influence, though powerful so far as it goes, will never be general. He is the poet of the few, not of the many. He is the priest of the metaphysicians, the seer of the refiners of fine gold. He writes poems, but his followers write twaddle. He cannot found a school. He cannot do this aside from his peculiarities. We will explain.

It is a common error to attribute the formation of a school of poetry to the influence of some one great mind, and we are pointed to Byron, Pope, Shakspeare and others, as instances to prove this creed. The theory is false and illegitimate, the offspring of shallow minds and conceited pedants. A popular poet, we grant, may have many imitators of his *verbal* style; but the spirit of his school, like the prophet's inspiration, dies with him. If we look to the poets of our own language we shall find that the great masters usually followed rather than preceded their respective schools; and if we look abroad we shall, with few exceptions, discover the same fact. The school of Byron, for instance, was born of the atheism, scorn and fury of the French Revolution, and we can see foreshadowings of the spirit of Childe Harold in most of the minor poems of that day. Byron carried the school up to its culminating point, and since his death, if not before, it has been on the decline. Pope was the last of a school that had its origin as far back as the exile of Charles the Second, and the French style and sickly effeminacy of this most finished of our poets began to decline while Walpole still sat at the Treasury, when Lady Mary played the wit at Richmond, while clouded canes and full-bottomed wigs yet figured in the Mall. Milton belonged to no school but his own; he stands alone in unapproachable glory; but his genius was deeply influenced by the commotions of the civil wars. Shakspeare had few followers, but many predecessors, and as he was the last so he was the greatest of his school; while Spencer, standing as he did above the grave of chivalry and allegorical romance, only gave vent, in his immortal poem, to a requiem for the departed great. All these men embodied the characteristics of their age, and left them as a heritage to posterity. They were types of their times: they spoke the universal mind of their cotemporaries. It is the cant of the day to talk of men as being in advance of their age; but there never was and never will be such a man. Even Bacon, the giant of the modern world, and the reputed author of the inductive philosophy, was only its great high-priest; for even before he had written his advancement of learning, twenty minds, in every quarter of Europe, were stumbling on the same truths. We are not waiting, therefore, for the advent of a seer to found a new poetic school, for the school must come first, and then we may expect the

seer. It will require a dozen Tennysons to make a Spencer. The days of the years of the sons of the prophets are not yet numbered—when they shall be, a new Messiah will appear in our midst.

The tendency of the age to a new school in poetry is strikingly evinced by the genius of Lowell. He was educated in the school of the older poets until his whole soul has become imbued with their spirit. Of these writers Spencer is clearly his favorite. The allusions to this fine old poet are frequent in his poems, and we often meet with expressions and turns of thought, reminding us strikingly of the Faery Queen. We do not mean to charge Lowell with plagiarism: far from it. But he has read Spencer so thoroughly that he is often guilty of unconscious imitation. His fondness for this enchanting writer, is indeed the greatest peril which threatens his poetical career. There is such a thing as being beguiled by a siren until you become her slave. We tell him to beware. Let our young countryman shake himself loose from his bewitching fetters, and be, as he is partially and can be wholly, original. Let him be his own master. *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.*

This language, when applied to some, would be a satire. But Lowell has evinced the possession of powers, nearly, if not altogether equal to those of any cotemporary poet; and when, in connexion with this, we consider his youth, we feel justified in assigning to him a genius of the first rank. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not say that Lowell has written better poems than any American, but only that he has evinced a capacity, which in time, may enable him to do so. Indeed this volume of poems, although possessing high merit, is rather a proof of what he may do than of what he has done. There is scarcely a poem in the book which a critic might not prove to be full of faults; but then there would be passages scattered through it which, to an honest man, would redeem the whole. And since the publication of this volume, Lowell has written other poems evincing a progressive excellence and establishing his genius beyond cavil. In one faculty he is certainly equal to any cotemporary, and that faculty is the highest one a poet can possess—we mean IDEALITY. The imagination of Lowell is of the loftiest character. No one can read a ballad published in this Magazine for October, 1841, or a poem entitled "Rosaline," published for February, 1842, without awarding to our young countryman the gift of this enviable faculty. Whether he is capable of conceiving and executing an extended poem remains to be seen; and we would not advise him to attempt the task until time has matured his taste and refined his powers. But if the Lycidas of Milton, or the Venus and Adonis of Shakspeare were any evidence of the intellect of these two masters, then are some of the poems of Lowell evidence that he has the power, which if properly cultivated, will enable him to write a great poem. The young eagle that flutters its wings on the mountain top may not yet be able to breast the tempest, yet it is an eagle still, and he must be deaf indeed who cannot distinguish its cry. We say that Lowell has an ideality of the

loftiest order, and that no one can read his poems without discovering this. We say that idealism is the highest quality of a poet's mind. So far forth, therefore, Lowell is entitled to rank among the foremost of our poets.

But this is not all. A poet may have the intellect of a god, and yet want the heart to make him truly great; for all true greatness is based on nobility of mind, without which mere intellect is but a tinkling cymbal. All the great old poets eminently possessed this quality. Their hearts kept time, in a majestic march, to noble sentiments. They loved their race, and in their writings showed they were in earnest. This love for his fellows is one of the finest characteristics of Lowell, and contrasts strikingly with the frippery of Pope, and the sneering misanthropy of Byron. We adore this feeling. It is the good old Saxon spirit, the sentiment of universal brotherhood. We are all the children of one father, fitted for sympathy, companionship, affection. We are not born to scorn our fellows. We have not been created to seclude ourselves from society, to dwell in caves, and cells, and lonely hermitages. We are made for nobler purposes. Our mission, like that of him of Nazareth, is to go about doing good. Nor let any man hate his fellows, thinking them regardless of his sorrows. The most unfortunate of us are not without friends, often loving us unknown and in spite of our faults. We have seen the criminal at the bar, when all others shrunk from him, cheered by the affection of the very wife or mother he had wronged; and even the houseless old beggar by the way-side finds a friend in every honest heart that sees his grey hairs tossing in the wind. All over this wide world, in hut, or cottage, or lordly hall, millions of hearts are beating with love towards each other, so that the whole human race is, as it were, interwoven together by innumerable fine threads of sympathy and affection. A word, a deed, or a kind look may make us a friend of whom we little think: and it may be that even now, some one whom we have never seen, is yearning towards us, because something that we may have written has found an echo in his bosom. God be thanked for this, the brightest gift in a poet's mission! How many hearts have sympathised with the blind old Milton, and how many more will sympathise with him to the end of all time. And thus it is with the good of every age. They live again in the memory of posterity. The dying words of Algernon Sidney will thrill the free-man's heart through untold centuries. The apostolic charity of Fenelon, Latimer, Bunyan, Augustine, and of all holy men, will endear them to noble hearts as long as time endures. The only immortality worth having is an immortality like this; and it matters not whether our names are known to those who bless us or not. Men have written noble sentiments and died and been forgotten, yet posterity has still yearned towards the poet when it read his lines. What comfort may not an author thus bring upon his fellows! Go out into the country and enter that lowly cottage,—you will find perhaps some mother weeping over little Nell, and drawing consolation from traits in the

character which remind her of a darling child now in heaven. Thus by ten thousand links does an author bind himself to the hearts of his fellows, until at length he comes to be loved as we would love a brother. And often the precepts he instils awaken the dormant good in other hearts. Lowell has finely expressed this in one of his earliest poems—

"Noble thoughts like thistle-seed,
Wing'd by nature, fall and breed
From their heedless parents far,
Where fit soil and culture are."

This fellowship for his kind glows in every line of Lowell. Open his pages where you may, the eye lights on some kindly word, some noble thought, some sentiment overflowing with the milk of human kindness. There is a fine sonnet now before us which expresses the feeling of brotherhood in true Saxon words—

"Why should we ever weary of this life;
Our souls should widen ever, not contract,
Grow stronger, and not harder, in the strife,
Filling each moment with a noble act:
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,
Doing our duty to our fellow-men,
And striving rather to exalt our race
Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,
We shall erect our names a dwelling-place
Which not all ages shall cast down again;
Offspring of Time shall then be born each hour,
Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,
To live forever in youth's perfect flower,
And guide her future children Heavenward."

And here is one, on the same theme, which many a brother poet would do well to emulate. How fitly this sonnet might have been read to Gray!

"Poet! who sittest in thy pleasant room,
Warming thy heart with idle thoughts of love,
And of a holy lie that leads above,
Striving to keep life's spring-flowers still in bloom,
And lingering to sniff their fresh perfume,—
O, there were other duties meant for thee,
Than to sit down in peacefulness and be!
O, there are brother hearts that dwell in gloom,
Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,
So crusted o'er with baseness, that no ray
Of Heaven's blessed light may enter in!
Come down, then, to this hot and dusty way,
And lead them back to hope and peace again,—
For, save in Act, thy Love is all in vain."

Here is the sentiment of our mission finely expressed—

"We were not meant to plod along the earth,
Strange to ourselves and to our fellows strange.
We were not meant to struggle from our birth
To skulk and creep, and in mean pathways range;
Act! with stern truth, large faith, and loving will!
Up and be doing! God is with us still."

The following lines will cheer many a lonely heart in its sore distress:

"Be of good courage, bear up to the end,
And on thine after way rejoicing go!
We all must suffer, if we ought would know;
Life is a teacher stern, and wisdom's crown
Is oft a crown of thorns, whence, trickling down,
Blood, mix'd with tears, blinding our eyes doth flow;
But Time, a gentle nurse, shall wipe away
This bloody sweat—"

Here are three lines which deserve to pass into a proverb:

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;"

Lowell has a passion, if we may use the word, for images of quiet beauty. He seems to worship nature; he is evidently a dreamer. We venture to predict that he has spent many a day loitering through the summer woods, or lingering by the side of some silvery stream. He is a close observer—as what genius is not? There is a freshness about his writings which convinces you that he has not drawn his notions of the country, like many even of our rural poets, from books. He writes freely and therefore gracefully. His images of nature come to us with a delicious freshness, reminding us of forest nooks, sylvan retreats, and the fragrance of new mown hay. He seems to be peculiarly fond of water, and of the music which its dropping or its flow occasions. Thus:

"Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in still starlight.
And I never weary counting
Its clear droppings lone or single,
Or when in one full gush they mingle,
Shooting in melodious light!"

"And thy light laughter rang as clear
As water drops I loved to hear
In days of boyhood as they fell
Tinkling far down the dim, still well."

"Weary never, still thou triltest
Spring-glad some lays,
As of moss-rimmed water brooks
Murmuring through pebbly nooks
In quiet summer days."

"And like a moonbeam was her hair
That falls where flowing ripples are,
In summer evening, Isabel!"

Many of the poems in this volume as well as several pieces since given to the world, are love-poems, and breathe all the delicacy and exquisite tenderness of a first affection. Lowell's conception of the female character is noble, chivalrous, pure and elevating. No poet in our language has a loftier idea of a true woman. Mere personal beauty does not appear to awaken his adoration, but every feeling of his soul kindles at a sweet voice or a lovely mind. We like him for this. A sweet voice is a talisman, and we question whether any true poet could love a woman whose voice was not low and musical. There is a witchery in a soft melodious accent that no language can describe. It seems to dissolve itself into the soul and steal us away unconsciously to ourselves. A lovely mind is the highest charm a woman can possess. How exquisitely has Lowell pictured in the following verses, the purity of a young maiden:

"Early and late, at her soul's gate
Sits chastity in warderwise,
No thought unchallenged, small or great,
Goes thence into her eyes."

"She is so gentle and so good
The very flowers in the wood
Do bless her with their sympathy."

"Thou mad'st me happy with thine eyes,—
And gentle feelings long forgot
Looked up and opened their eyes,
Like violets—when they see a spot
Of summer in the skies."

"Peace sits within thy eyes,
With white hands crost in joyful rest,
While through thy lips and face arise
The melodies from out thy breast.
She sits and sings
With folded wings."

The poems entitled "My Love," "Ianthé," and "The Lover," are peculiarly fraught with these elevated sentiments, and we recommend them, apart from their poetic merit, to all who love to contemplate true beauty in woman. The sonnets of Lowell are equally full of those delicate touches. Those on names are very fine—the one entitled "Anne" particularly so. Many others may be instanced as exquisite poems, full of tenderness and beauty.

With all this ideality, this calm enthusiasm, this love for his fellow men, this freshness and delicacy, Lowell would be entitled to rank already among the first poets of the country, if it were not for an occasional affectation, and a comparative want of artistical knowledge. His affectation is the result of his extravagant fondness for Spencer, and partakes, in a great measure, of the peculiarities of that fine poet. The most usual forms in which this affectation develops itself in Lowell, is in a tendency to push his metaphors to the verge of allegory, and in a quaintness that is as much out of place as a tie-wig on a beau of the present generation. The want of artistical knowledge is only comparative, for Lowell understands the rules of his art better than nine-tenths of the craft. Indeed we question whether the slovenliness of many of his poems, does not arise from carelessness as much as from ignorance. The writings of few men betray such rapidity of composition, evincing clearly to our mind, that the thoughts of the poet are thrown upon the paper as fast as they bubble up from his heart. Lowell seems to scorn revision. He strikes off his poems at a white heat, disdaining to polish the steel when it has grown cool. Such neglect always leads to the disbelief in an author's artistical skill. The public will never give him the credit of being a good workman, while he shows so great an indifference to the finish of his wares.

This carelessness is not only evinced in an occasional false measure, but in other ways more detrimental. One of the slovenly habits of our poet, is in the use of the accent to lengthen a short syllable. We constantly meet with such words as "poisèd" "inspirèd," and others of like false quantity. Against such liberties we protest. It is no argument to tell us that other poets have been guilty of the practice. Twenty wrongs do not constitute a right, nor will volumes of false quantity make a poem. An author is to take the language as he finds it and evince his skill by adapting it to his purpose. If every writer is allowed to beat a short syllable into a long one, there will soon be as many varieties of accent in our language, as there are gods in the Chinese theology. If words may be twisted as we please there will be no end to the fools who write poems. It is time that men stood up for the purity of our tongue. The affectations of Hunt, Lamb, and Hazlitt, might have been forgiven: but the barbarous jargon of Carlyle deserves to be damned in the first act. There is a

saint in the Brahmin calender whom a legion of devils has been tormenting for a thousand years; and the good old manly English tongue seems to be in much the same predicament. Every lustrum or two a new onset is made at its purity. Each successive generation witnesses a mania for some foreign, illegitimate, unholy alliance. The rage in the days of Pope was for the French school, in the days of Johnson for the Latin school, and just now it is for the German school. If we live many years longer we shall expect to see men affecting the negro jargon from *Coromantee*.

The false accentuation of his words is not the only sin of Lowell against the purity of our tongue. His poems are disfigured, on almost every page, by the use of compound words, which he seems to fabricate, like an editor makes news, to fill out. We have "dreamy-winged," "long-agone," "grass-hid," "spring-gladsome," "moss-rimmed," "study-withered," "over-live," "maiden-wise," "rosy-white," "full-sailed," "deep-glowing," "earth-forgetting," "down-gushing," "cross-folded," and a host of like mongrel expressions, which no pure writer would use, and for which not even the genius of Lowell can obtain currency. The only redeeming feature in his case is that his later poems evince a decided improvement in this respect. They betray comparatively little of this carelessness. They show a wider command of words, a more sonorous and elevated verse. They are less disfigured by affectations from Spencer and others of the quaint old writers. They begin to be worthy of the genius of Lowell.

We have attributed these faults to carelessness; but they may be the result of affectation. Much of the unique appearance of the poetry of Lowell, is to be assigned unquestionably to these very things which we have denounced as errors. But if intentional the faults are only the more reprehensible. It is a very different thing whether a man commits a murder ignorantly or with malice aforethought. If the first he may be pardoned; if the second he should be hanged.

The earlier poems of Lowell are apt to be as much overrated by one set of readers, as they are to be depreciated by another set. The use of obsolete words, of arbitrary accents, of metaphors that verge on allegory, commend these poems to a certain school which seems to caress quaintness with the infatuation of Queen Titania in kissing the long ears of Bottom. But there is another school, which, possessing an honest contempt for any thing like affectation, is in danger of transferring its dislike from the errors to the author himself—of questioning his genius because of the faults of his style. We condemn each of these schools—both that which exaggerates and that which depreciates the poet. Lowell has many of the elements of a great poet inherent in his nature; while his faults are manifestly acquired, and can be corrected. His ideality, his enthusiasm, his nobility of sentiment, would enable him to produce even a great poem, if to these were added the capacity to grasp a series of incidents in one vast comprehensive whole. This capacity, or at least the elements of it, we believe him to possess, and if he adheres to a

rigid course of study, and awaits the mature development of his powers, he will be enabled to prove this to the world. By that time his taste will be ameliorated and his artistical skill improved. He now writes rather as his feelings dictate than after any sustained plan. We must be understood however, as using this language only comparatively; for as we have before said, Lowell is already equal in these respects to most of his cotemporaries. But there is an empyrean to which none of them have yet attained. To that region of eternal day we would have our young countryman aspire.

We have spoken with frankness, because we love with discretion. The genius of Lowell is surpassed by no cotemporary and he has only to be known in order to be understood; but his countrymen have a right to interpose and save him from the errors into which a false taste, a pedantic clique, or indiscriminate flattery may plunge him. He cannot wholly resist the peculiarities of the approaching school, but there is no reason why he should not soften their errors and enliven their style. He can display the taste of Coleridge without his absurdities, he can be as intellectual as Shelley without his mysticism, he can emulate the ideality of Tennyson and Keats without the affectation of the one, or the redundancy of the other. He has high genius, susceptible of improvement, but capable of perversion. He is in that critical period of a poet's life when the intoxication of success may lead to idleness, when the misguided silence of his friends may confirm him in his worst faults. The improvement which his later poems evince, fill us with high hopes for the future; but his task is not yet done, as his powers are still in the process of development. If we were his bosom friend we should speak as we have written, using that noble sentence as our apology, "strike, but hear me."

We look forward to the future career of Lowell, with hope, not unmingled, however, with fear and trembling. To his hands, we fondly trust, has been committed the task of achieving a great original American poem, a work that shall silence the sneers of foreigners, and write his own name amid the stars of heaven. He has the dormant intellect which if rightly disciplined, will enable him to fulfil this mission. But let him bide his time. Let him husband his powers, and yet not let them rust in idleness; but gird up his loins for the work that is before him, so that when the day of his translation shall arrive he may lift up his eyes for the chariot of fire. If he does his mission aright the hour of his rejoicing will surely come. No power will be able to avert it. Against the revilings of the envious, against the sneers of the unbelieving, against the persecution of hostile powers he can bear himself proudly up, for the sight of the fiery chariot will swim before his eyes and the sounds of celestial harmonies entrance his soul.

We take leave of Lowell with a single word. He must not be discouraged if his genius should at first be questioned. Few prophets have honor in their own country, C.

LIFE IN DEATH.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Egli è vivo e parlerebbe se non osservasse la rigola del silenzio.

Inscription beneath an Italian picture of St. Bruno.

My fever had been excessive and of long duration. All the remedies attainable in this wild Appennine region had been exhausted to no purpose. My valet and sole attendant in the lonely chateau, was too nervous and too grossly unskilful to venture upon letting blood—of which indeed I had already lost too much in the affray with the banditti. Neither could I safely permit him to leave me in search of assistance. At length I bethought me of a little packet of opium which lay with my tobacco in the hookah-case; for at Constantinople I had acquired the habit of smoking the weed with the drug. Pedro handed me the case. I sought and found the narcotic. But when about to cut off a portion I felt the necessity of hesitation. In smoking it was a matter of little importance *how much* was employed. Usually, I had half filled the bowl of the hookah with opium and tobacco cut and mingled intimately, half and half. Sometimes when I had used the whole of this mixture I experienced no very peculiar effects; at other times I would not have smoked the pipe more than two-thirds out, when symptoms of mental derangement, which were even alarming, warned me to desist. But the effect proceeded with an easy gradation which deprived the indulgence of all danger. Here, however, the case was different. I had never *swallowed* opium before. Laudanum and morphine I had occasionally used, and about *them* should have had no reason to hesitate. But the solid drug I had never seen employed. Pedro knew no more respecting the proper quantity to be taken, than myself—and thus, in the sad emergency, I was left altogether to conjecture. Still I felt no especial uneasiness; for I resolved to proceed *by degrees*. I would take a *very* small dose in the first instance. Should this prove impotent, I would repeat it; and so on, until I should find an abatement of the fever, or obtain that sleep which was so pressingly requisite, and with which my reeling senses had not been blessed for now more than a week. No doubt it was this very reeling of my senses—it was the dull delirium which already oppressed me—that prevented me from perceiving the incoherence of my reason—which blinded me to the folly of defining any thing as either large or small where I had no preconceived standard of comparison. I had not, at the moment, the faintest idea that what I conceived to be an exceedingly small dose of solid opium might, in fact, be an excessively large one.

On the contrary I well remember that I judged confidently of the quantity to be taken by reference to the entire quantity of the lump in possession. The portion which, in conclusion, I swallowed, and swallowed without fear, was no doubt a very small proportion of the *piece which I held in my hand*.

The chateau into which Pedro had ventured to make forcible entrance rather than permit me, in my desperately wounded condition, to pass a night in the open air, was one of those fantastic piles of commingled gloom and grandeur which have so long frowned among the Appennines, not less in fact than in the fancy of Mrs. Radcliffe. To all appearance it had been temporarily and very lately abandoned. Day by day we expected the return of the family who tenanted it, when the misadventure which had befallen me would, no doubt, be received as sufficient apology for the intrusion. Meantime, that this intrusion might be taken in better part, we had established ourselves in one of the smallest and least sumptuously furnished apartments. It lay high in a remote turret of the building. Its decorations were rich, yet tattered and antique. Its walls were hung with tapestry and bedecked with manifold and multi-form armorial trophies, together with an unusually great number of very spirited modern paintings in frames of rich golden arabesque. In these paintings, which depended from the walls not only in their main surfaces, but in very many nooks which the bizarre architecture of the chateau rendered necessary—in these paintings my incipient delirium, perhaps, had caused me to take deep interest; so that having swallowed the opium, as before told, I bade Pedro to close the heavy shutters of the room—since it was already night—to light the tongues of a tall candelabrum which stood by the head of my bed—and to throw open far and wide the fringed curtains of black velvet which enveloped the bed itself. I wished all this done that I might resign myself, if not to sleep, at least alternately to the contemplation of these pictures, and the perusal of a small volume which had been found upon the pillow, and which purported to criticise and describe them.

Long—long I read—and devoutly, devotedly I gazed. I felt meantime, the voluptuous narcotic stealing its way to my brain. I felt that in its magical influence lay much of the gorgeous richness and variety of the frames—much of the ethereal hue that

gleamed from the canvas—and much of the wild interest of the book which I perused. Yet this consciousness rather strengthened than impaired the delight of the illusion, while it weakened the illusion itself. Rapidly and gloriously the hours dew by, and the deep midnight came. The position of the candelabrum displeased me, and outreaching my hand with difficulty, rather than disturb my slumbering valet, I so placed it as to throw its rays more fully upon the book.

But the action produced an effect altogether unanticipated. The rays of the numerous candles (for there were many) now fell within a niche of the room which had hitherto been thrown into deep shade by one of the bed-posts. I thus saw in vivid light a picture all unnoticed before. It was the portrait of a young girl just ripened into womanhood. I glanced at the painting hurriedly, and then closed my eyes. Why I did this was not at first apparent even to my own perception. But while my lids remained thus shut, I ran over in mind my reason for so shutting them. It was an impulsive movement to gain time for thought—to make sure that my vision had not deceived me—to calm and subdue my fancy for a more sober and more certain gaze. In a very few moments I again looked fixedly at the painting.

That I now saw aright I could not and would not doubt; for the first flashing of the candles upon that canvas had seemed to dissipate the dreamy stupor which was stealing over my senses, and to startle me into waking life as if with the shock of a galvanic battery.

The portrait, I have already said, was that of a young girl. It was a mere head and shoulders, done in what is technically termed a *vignette* manner; much in the style of the favorite heads of Sully. The arms, the bosom and even the ends of the radiant hair, melted imperceptibly into the vague yet deep shadow which formed the back-ground of the whole. The frame was oval, richly, yet fantastically gilded and filigreed. As a work of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. The loveliness of the face surpassed that of the fabulous Hourii. But it could have been neither the execution of the work, nor the immortal beauty of the countenance, which had so suddenly and so vehemently moved me. Least of all, could it have been that my fancy, shaken from its half-slumber, had mistaken the head for that of a living person. I saw at once that the peculiarities of the design, of the *vignetting* and of the frame must have instantly dispelled such idea—must have prevented even its momentary entertainment. Thinking earnestly upon these points, I remained, for some hours perhaps, half sitting, half reclining, with my vision riveted upon the portrait. At length, satisfied of the true secret of its effect, I fell back within the bed. I had found the spell of the picture in a perfect *life-likeness* of expression, which at first startling, finally confounded, subdued and appalled me. I could no longer support the sad meaning smile of the half-

parted lips, nor the too real lustre of the wild eye. With a deep and reverent awe I replaced the candelabrum in its former position. The cause of my deep agitation being thus shut from view, I sought eagerly the volume which discussed the paintings and their histories. Turning to the number which designated the oval portrait, I there read the vague and quaint words which follow:

“She was a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee. And evil was the hour when she saw, and loved, and wedded the painter. He, passionate, studious, austere, and having already a bride in his Art: she a maiden of rarest beauty and not more lovely than full of glee: all light and smiles and frolicsome as the young fawn: loving and cherishing all things: hating only the Art which was her rival: dreading only the pallet and brushes and other untoward instruments which deprived her of the countenance of her lover. It was thus a terrible thing for this lady to hear the painter speak of his desire to portray even his young bride. But she was humble and obedient and sat meekly for many weeks in the dark high turret-chamber where the light dripped upon the pale canvas only from overhead. But he, the painter, took glory in his work, which went on from hour to hour and from day to day. And he was a passionate, and wild and moody man, who became lost in reveries; so that he *would* not see that the light which fell so ghastly in that lone turret withered the health and the spirits of his bride, who pined visibly to all but him. Yet she smiled on and still on, uncomplainingly, because she saw that the painter, (who had high renown,) took a fervid and burning pleasure in his task, and wrought day and night to depict her who so loved him, yet who grew daily more dispirited and weak. And in sooth some who beheld the portrait spoke of its resemblance in low words, as of a mighty marvel and a proof not less of the power of the painter than of his deep love for her whom he depicted so surpassingly well. But at length, as the labor drew nearer to its conclusion, there were admitted none into the turret; for the painter had grown wild with the ardor of his work, and turned his visage from the canvas rarely, even to regard the countenance of his wife. And he *would* not see that the tints which he spread upon the canvas were drawn from the cheeks of her who sat beside him. And when many weeks had passed, and but little remained to do, save one brush upon the mouth and one tint upon the eye, the spirit of the lady again flickered up as the flame within the socket of the lamp. And then the brush was given, and then the tint was placed; and, for one moment, the painter stood entranced before the work which he had wrought; but in the next, while yet he gazed, he grew tremulous and very pallid, and aghast, and crying with a loud voice ‘This is indeed *Life* itself!’ turned himself suddenly round to his beloved—*who was dead*. The painter then added—‘But is this indeed *Death*?’”

THE MINER'S FATE.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A RAMBLING ARTIST.

A BRIGHT fresh May morning smiled upon one of the loveliest landscapes in nature, and revealed to the eye of a wandering young artist a picture of such exceeding beauty, that he found it impossible to confine his attention to his canvas sufficiently long to produce the faintest semblance of the loveliness which reigned and revelled around him.

"What a grand effect is produced on that magnificent amphitheatre of hills by the sunrise purpling their rising mist as it ascends and imperceptibly mingles with the rose-colored clouds—while its base is wrapped in the cold blue tint which the stronger rays of the sun will presently disperse. If I could catch the hue of that many-tinted mist, and throw over it the soft dreamy haze which clothes the atmosphere, I should more than rival the mighty master, Claude Lorraine—one more trial; such a scene must inspire the humblest artist."

He re-arranged a small easel as he spoke, and proceeded to cover his pallet with the choicest and most exquisite colors: but the glories of *outré mër* and carmine seemed so pale and faded before the inexpressible radiance of earth and ether, that long before he had finished laying on the dead coloring of his picture, he threw it aside in despair.

"I must complete it," he said, "at some other time when the majesty of nature may not mock my humble efforts." He then arose, and re-packing his paint-box, deposited it safely among the mossy rocks, and sauntered slowly onward, to enjoy at least, if he could not imitate, the enchantments of nature. And truly he might well give up his heart to the passionate love of beauty which pervaded it; for the loveliness of that quiet valley was well calculated to gratify the intense desires of a mind thirsting for images of perfection. Not only did the mountain tops and mist gleam with the golden sunlight, but every flower at his feet, every blade of grass displayed each its wealth of gem-like dew glittering with unrivalled colors.

"The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,"

filled the scented air, and shed their "music of many murmurings" upon his path; and he was inclined to fancy that no new feature could add beauty to the landscape around, when a sudden turn in the winding path convinced him of his error.

He had turned his back on the semi-circular range of hills, and emerged into a tract of country much more extensive, though still very broken. Huge

masses of rock salt, covered with crystals whose prismatic forms lent them a startling brilliancy, gleamed upon his sight, and the green sweep of land between was diversified by many small cottages built of the gray rock which abounded throughout the country. The narrow path bordered with vines and wild roses lured him on, until the sweet accents of a female voice broke upon his ear, and he found that his path would lead him to trespass upon the enclosure of a cottage which appeared to be one of the neatest and best arranged among them. The painter paused, and his eye, (that morning destined to agreeable surprises,) readily discovered a group without the door, which immediately called out his pencil and pocket port-folio. A very bright-eyed child had thrown his chubby little arms around his father's neck, and seemed resolved upon detaining him from his day's labor; while the young wife, with eyes and lips scarcely less bright than those of the child, vainly endeavored to attract the infant with the most enticing toys. At length the father succeeded in unclasping the dimpled hands, and placing the baby on the floor; but the child still endeavored to detain him by holding the skirts of his coat.

"Philip seems determined that you shall not go to-day," said the young woman; "perhaps there is a meaning in his warning."

"If I listened to all your signs and warnings, I should very seldom leave you," replied the husband. "I must go and that quickly, in spite of my persevering little pet."

"But you will come back very soon?"

"I cannot even promise that," replied the miner; for the husband was a laborer in the extensive salt mines, whose crystallizations produce so beautiful an effect in the distance. "We have a tremendous piece of work before us to-day, and there is no telling when it will be finished."

"Would to God it were safely over."

"Don't look so pale and frightened, Mary; worse jobs are done every day—but they will call me sluggish if I loiter here—so good-bye, good-bye, darlings."

"Heaven preserve you," responded the wife; and she turned with feelings half of dread and half of hope to the cottage door.

"Just such a morning," muttered an old woman who sat crouching in the chimney corner—"just such a morning, bright as this,—and a black night followed the bright day—a black, black night."

"Now the saints save us!" exclaimed the young





Wm. J. H. H. H.



Painted by Prentice.

Engraved by H. S. S. & Co. N.Y.

The Wife

Entered expressly for Graham's Magazine





GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.

PHILADELPHIA: APRIL, 1842.

No. 4.

THE WIFE.

BY AGNES PIERSOL.

It was the dead hour of the night. The room was a high wainscotted apartment, with furniture of a rich but antique pattern. The pale moonlight streaming through the curtained window, and struggling with the subdued light of a candle placed in a corner, disclosed the figure of a sick man extended on a bed, wrapped in an unquiet slumber. By his side sat a care-worn though still beautiful woman gazing anxiously on his face, and breathlessly awaiting the crisis of the fever—for it was now the ninth day since that strong man had been prostrated by the hand of disease, and during all that time he had raved in an incessant delirium. He had at length dropped into an unquiet slumber, broken at first by starts and moans, but during the last hour he had been less restless, and he now lay as still as a sculptured statue. His wife well knew that ere morning the crisis would be past, and she waited, with all a woman's affection, breathlessly for the event. Aye! though few women have been wronged as Emily Walpole had been wronged, she still cherished her husband's image, for he was, despite his errors, the lover of her youth.

Few girls had been more admired than Emily Severn. But it was not only the beauty of her features and the elegance of her form which drew around her a train of worshippers: her mind was one of no ordinary cast, and the sweetness of her temper lent an ineffable charm to all she did. No one was so eagerly sought for at a ball or a pic-nic as Emily Severn, and at her parental fireside she was the universal favorite. It was long before she loved. She was not to be misled by glitter or show. She could only bestow her affections where she thought they were deserved, and it was not until she met Edward Walpole that she learned to surrender her heart.

Edward Walpole, when he became the husband of Emily Severn, was apparently all that a woman could wish. He was warm hearted, of a noble soul, kind, gentle, and ever ready to waive his own selfish

gratification at the call of duty. But, alas! he had one weakness, *he did not act from principle*. His generous deeds were the offspring of a warm heart rather than of a regulated intellect. As yet he had never been placed in circumstances which severely tried his principles. But, about a year after his marriage, he fell heir to the large property of a maiden aunt, and at once his whole style of life was altered. His accession of wealth brought him into contact with society in which hitherto he had never mingled, where the polish of factitious politeness often hides the most depraved morals. Above all, by abandoning his profession, he condemned himself to comparative idleness. He now began to be tortured by *ennui*, and sought any excitement to pass away the time. The harpies who infest society, and with the appearance of gentlemen have the hearts of fiends, now marked him for their prey; and his open and generous nature made him their victim in a comparatively short space of time. We shall not trace his downward progress. It is always a melancholy task to mark the lapse from virtue of a noble and generous character, and how much more so when the heart of a wife is to be broken by the dereliction from rectitude.

Emily saw the gradual aberration of her husband, and though she mourned the cause, no word of reproach escaped her lips, but by every gentle means she strove to bring back her husband to the paths of virtue. But a fatality seemed to have seized him. He was in a whirlpool from which he could not extricate himself. He still loved his wife, and more than once, when her looks cut him to the heart, he made an effort to break loose from his associates; but they always found means to bring him back ere long. Thus a year passed. His fortune began to give way, for he had learnt to gamble. As his losses became more frequent his thirst for cards became greater, until at length he grew sullen and desperate

He was now a changed man. He no longer felt compunction at the wrongs he inflicted on his sweet wife, but if her sad looks touched his heart at all they only stung him into undeserved reproaches. He was become harsh and violent. Yet his poor wife endured all in silence. No recrimination passed her lips. But in the solitude of her chamber she shed many a bitter tear, and often, at the hour of midnight, when her husband was far away in some riotous company, her prayers were heard ascending for him.

Two years had now elapsed, and the last one had been a year of bitter sorrow to Emily. At length her husband came home one night an almost ruined man. He had been stripped at the gambling table, of every cent of his property, over which he had any control, and he was now in a state almost approaching to madness. Before morning he was in a high fever. For days he raved incessantly of his ruin, cursing the wretches by whom he had been plundered. Nine days had passed and now the crisis was at hand.

The clock struck twelve. As sound after sound rung out on the stillness and died away in echoes, reverberating through the house, the sick man moved in his sleep, until, when the last stroke was given, he opened his eyes and looked languidly and vacantly around. His gaze almost instantly met the face of his wife. For a moment his recollection could be seen struggling in his countenance, and at length an expression of deep mental suffering settled in his face. His wife had by this time risen and was now at his bedside. She saw that the crisis was past, and as she laid her hand in his, and felt the moisture of the skin, she knew that he would recover. Tears of joy gushed from her eyes and dropped on the sick man's face.

"Heavenly father, I thank thee!" she murmured at length, when her emotion suffered her to speak, while the tears streamed faster and faster down her cheek, "he is safe. He will recover," and though she ceased speaking, her lips still moved in silent prayer.

The sick man felt the tears on his face, he saw his wife's grateful emotion, he knew that she was even now praying for him, and as he recalled to mind the wrongs which he had inflicted on that uncomplaining woman, his heart was melted within him. There is no chastener like sickness; the most stony bosom softens beneath it. He thought of the long days and nights during which he must have been ill, and when his insulted and abused wife had watched anxiously at his bedside. Oh! how he had crushed that noble heart; and now this was her return! She prayed for him who had wronged her. She shed tears of joy because her erring husband had been restored, as it were, to life. These things rushed through his bosom and the strong man's eyes filled with tears.

"Emily—dear Emily," he said, "I have been a villain, and can you forgive me? I deserve it not at your hands—but can you, will you forgive a wretch like me?"

"Oh! *can* I forgive you?" sobbed the grateful wife, "yes! yes! but too gladly. But it is not

against me you have sinned, it is against a good and righteous God."

"I know it—I know it," said the repentant husband, "and to His mercy I look. I cannot pray for myself, but oh! Emily pray for me. He has saved me from the jaws of death. Pray for me, dear Emily."

The wife knelt at the bedside, and while the husband, exhausted by his agitation, sank back with closed eyes on the pillow, she read the noble petition for the sick, from the book of Common Prayer. At times the sobs of Emily would almost choke her utterance, but the holy words she read had at length, a soothing effect both on her mind and that of her husband. When the prayer was over, she remained for several minutes kneeling, while her husband murmured at intervals his heart-felt responses. At length she rose from the bedside. Her husband would again have spoken, to beseech once more her forgiveness. But with a glad feeling at her heart—a feeling such as she had not had for years—she enjoined silence on him, and sat down again by his bedside to watch. At length he fell again into a calm slumber, while the now happy wife watched at his bedside until morning, breathing thanksgivings for her husband's recovery, and shedding tears of joy the while.

When the sick man awoke at daybreak, he was a changed being. He was now convalescent, he was more, he was a repentant man. He wept on the bosom of his wife, and made resolutions of reformation which, after his recovery, through the blessing of God, he was enabled to fulfil.

The fortune of Walpole was mostly gone, but sufficient remained from its wrecks, to allow him the comforts, though not the luxuries of life. He soon settled his affairs and removed from his splendid mansion to a quiet cottage in a neighboring village. The only pang he felt was at leaving the home which for so many years had been the dwelling of the head of his family—the home where his uncle had died, and which had been lost only through his own folly.

Neither Walpole nor his wife ever regretted their loss of fortune; for both looked upon it as the means used by an over-ruling Providence to bring the husband back to the path of rectitude; and they referred to it therefore with feelings rather of gratitude than of repining. In their quiet cottage, on the wreck of their wealth, they enjoyed a happiness to which they had been strangers in the days of their opulence. A family of lovely children sprung up around them, and it was the daily task of the parents to educate these young minds in the path of duty and rectitude. Oh! the happy hours which they enjoyed in that white, vine-bowered cottage, with their children smiling around them, and the consciousness of a well regulated life, filling their hearts with peace.

Years rolled by and the hair of Walpole began to turn gray, while the brow of his sweet wife showed more than one wrinkle, but still their happiness remained undiminished.

woman: "who ever heard Dame Ursula talking away at such a rate before? As sure as fate something unusual will happen. What is it you were saying grand-dame," she added in a louder tone, approaching the thin, withered old hag who had crept slowly toward the door-step, and seating herself there, continued to mutter and mumble half indistinct words.

"Storms follow the sunshine—storms and tempests and thick darkness."

The anxious wife followed and sat down beside her.

"Is there any evil hanging over us? for mercy sake tell me if you know," she asked.

"Evil, did I say Evil! I spoke of the past, not the future—I spoke of the days of youth and hope and beauty." Then as her wandering memory gradually linked together the chain of by-gone associations, her countenance brightened, and she poured into the ear of her astonished auditor the narrative of events which had taken place nearly a century before, and were generally forgotten,—treasured only in the heart of that desolate, and decrepid old creature.

"Youth and beauty, and love I said, and you marvelled at hearing such words from my lips; no wonder, for many a year has passed since these things have been aught to me save idle dreams. But the time has been, when I too was young—loving and loved—blessing and blessed. My brother, your grandfather, and myself were left, you know, in early life as orphans in the hands of strangers; and although we had no claim on them except that of helplessness, and could only repay their kindness by our exertions, we had no reason ever to complain of harshness or ill-treatment among our kind and simple people. I was older than my brother, and as I grew up to be a tall handsome lass, the young men of the village strove which could make themselves most agreeable to the light hearted and beautiful Ursula. I know it is folly in me to talk so now, and you can scarcely believe it, but eighty years hence, if you should live so long, your cheek may be wrinkled and your eye beared like mine, so that your laughing boy will scarcely credit the tale of your former beauty."

"Heaven forbid."

"And if not," resumed the crone, "the change may be far more fearful—but where was I? Oh—a merry romping lass of eighteen, with blue eyes, fair curling locks and red ripe lips—admired by all the village—but above all the favored choice of young Albert Wessenbery. The handsomest, bravest, noblest being! I wish you could have seen him, Mary, in all his pride of vast strength, and perfection of manly beauty. Words cannot express the love with which I loved him. A lifelong loneliness has proved it. Well, as I told you, I was his choice, and consequently the envy of all my acquaintances, for no one thought of denying that Albert Wessenbery was the pride of the village. So powerful, so stately, so devoted to me,—well, well! our wedding day was fixed, and the bridesmaids appointed. A week before—yes, just seven days before our wedding was to have taken place, I bade farewell to Albert for a day

only, I believed. Just such a day as this, it was—and perhaps that is the reason why the soft clear sunshine, and the sweet sounds in the air have called up all these old memories so freshly. He pressed me in his arms and bade me farewell till evening. I dreaded his going out to work that day, for there was dangerous duty to be done; but he went in spite of my entreaties, and from that hour to this, I have never seen him return. I remember but dimly what followed. A stunning shock as if an avalanche had overwhelmed me. Death to him was worse than death to me. They told me he had perished in the mine. I know not whether they spoke truly. I have known nothing clearly since that time. I remember only that the light was removed from my path, and that the blackness of madness gathered round me for a while. How long this lasted I know not—when I arose from my bed of sickness, my heart and my flesh failed me, and I was as useless and decrepid as if years had passed over my head. Since that time I have struggled on through a long life of darkness and misery, dragging on a useless and tedious existence."

"Oh say not useless my good friend; have you not while you had strength, given to others the happiness which fate denied you?"

"My brother gave me a home in his chimney corner, and here have I lived more years than I can count, and for what? God knows—perhaps I may yet live to see Albert return. I cannot fancy him altered as I am. I cannot help hoping to see him once more as he was of old. Vain as the hope may seem to you—that hope has been the only happiness I have known since he left me—the only hope. Of what other use am I in the world? why should I live? what other use? what other hope?" So speaking and shaking her palsied head, she relapsed into her former half unconscious state, occasionally muttering words to which her young companion listened with strained attention; but she could hear no more, neither did she succeed in again arousing the old woman from her apathy.

The Artist sauntered idly onward until he reached the mines; here finding that the reflection of the noon-tide brilliancy from the crystals was painful to the eyesight, he descended into one of the deepest excavations, where he found his acquaintance of the morning, and a fellow labourer at work. The day's work was a heavy one, for they were opening a communication between the mines, and in heaving up the massive rocks there was great danger of being buried alive beneath their crumbling weight. Such things had often happened.

"Here is a mass which requires more strength than we can furnish," said Philip, and he shouted for help. The desired assistance arrived, and after an hour's severe labor, the huge rock was heaved upwards. This removal disclosed a solid stratum of the salt for which they were toiling; but the attainment of the object of their labor called forth no expression of pleasure from the beholders, for the attention of every one was riveted upon a strange and unlooked for apparition. Extended upon this singular couch, lay

the form of a young man, apparently not more than twenty years of age; his limbs were exquisitely moulded, and he looked as if but yesterday he had been hushed in the deep sleep of death. It was evident to the minds of all, that many years must have elapsed since the being they had thus disinterred, had been overwhelmed with destruction in attempting to move that massive weight; for many years had passed since that portion of the mine had been worked upon. But was his destruction instantaneous? or did he linger on, day after day, in vain hope for the help which came not? how long had that crystalized rock been his mausoleum? who was he? where were his kindred? Here was a wide field for conjecture. Could no one remember that form which might have passed for a sculptured image of Antinous? But stranger than all this, the body seemed utterly untouched by the hand of time. The very pliability of the flesh remained! Destruction had passed harmlessly by that glorious form, and decomposition had not come near it. There he lay—he, whose existence none could remember—lifelike, and beautiful—embalmed as it were in the solid rock. The sinewy, and rounded limbs told of the strength and beauty which had once been theirs, and the long black hair curled wildly over the clay cold face, and nerveless shoulders. He was in his ordinary mining dress, and by his spade and pickaxe beside him, gave evidence of his final and fatal occupation. The body was removed, and laid upon the thick green sward for further inspection, and perhaps recognition. The news spread rapidly, and the inhabitants quickly crowded around. None recollected him, although some of the oldest among them told stories of such an accident which had happened when they were little children; but none could remember the circumstances. After awhile a universal murmur broke from the crowd, for they beheld their oldest villager, Dame Ursula, approach with tottering and unsteady steps, leaning on the arm of a handsome young female. Not the exhumation of the life-like corpse itself, produced greater sensation among them, than the appearance of the living spectre—for such the old woman appeared, having never left her home for more than twenty years.

"Jesu, Maria—the Saints save us," were echoed

around her as the crowd respectfully made room for her to advance. She passed on slowly, and with difficulty, until she reached the stiff white figure of the dead miner. Then throwing herself upon the grass beside him, she passed her withered long fingers through his hair, and pressed it back from the pale brow.

"It is he, it is he—Albert Wessenbery," she murmured; "and it was for this I have been spared through long years of loneliness, and wretchedness—long, long years—I knew not why I lived. It was for this, for this: that I might see him once more, once more in all his unearthly beauty, in his unmatched perfection: that I might see, and know that time has not marred, nor decay changed, nor the worm defiled the being I have idolized for nearly a century. Spared too to rejoice that my own Albert cannot behold the change which time, and life have wrought in a form he once loved so well. To him these withered arms and lips are welcome as if they yet retained all their former loveliness. He will not reject his early love for her age, and sickness, and unsightliness. To him therefore I devote the remainder of my existence. Here will I fulfil the vows of love and constancy plighted in the spring time of life."

She bent her head as she spoke and imprinted with bloodless lips a kiss upon his; her white hair streamed down, and mingled with his raven tresses, her long skinny fingers warm with life, pressed the cold marble hand of the dead! Strange union of youth and age—beauty and deformity—life and death! Seven days afterwards they were buried in the same grave, the superannuated woman, and her youthful lover. The constancy of a lifetime was rewarded, for she was permitted to rest her aged and hoary head, upon the manly, and unaltered breast of him she had loved so long and so well. Turf and flowers sprung up as greenly and freely above their grave as if they had been always young, and beautiful, and happy. Many a garland of young flowers, and the more lasting wreaths of the amaranth were hung upon that grave; and the names of Ursula and Albert, rudely sculptured on the grey stone which covered them, formed their only obituary, save the memory which survives in the hearts of the villagers.

BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

BY WM. WALLACE, AUTHOR OF "JERUSALEM," "STAR LYRA," ETC.

Yes, Freedom! Tyrants date thy splendid birth
With those uprisings in the bloody Past,
When all the lion-hearted of the earth
Unfurled their rebel-banners to the blast,
And from their limbs the dungeon-fetter cast;
But thou, Oh, idol of the brave! wast born,
In full-grown majesty, upon that morn

When all the stars together sang, and forms
Of wondrous beauty, suns of dazzling light
Flamed from the bosom of those primal storms
Which lashed the rivers of chaotic night:
And some would drive thee from our gloomy sod;
Vainly they war with such blasphemous might;
Thy birth-place, Freedom! was the heart of God.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WEST POINT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

AMONG the numerous strangers that stop at West Point, in ascending or in coming down the Hudson, there are comparatively few who allow themselves sufficient time to become acquainted with even the half that is worthy of note, in that extraordinary place—giving but one day, or perhaps only a few hours, to a visit which ought at least to comprise a whole week. A large proportion of these travellers, after they have hurried through the rooms of the academy, walked round the camp, witnessed the parade, heard the band, or perhaps accomplished a hasty survey of the ruins of Fort Putnam, seem to believe that they are consequently familiar with all that both nature and art have done for one of the most beautiful and interesting spots on the American continent.

And beautiful indeed it is, from its romantic situation in the midst of the highlands, looking directly down on one of the finest rivers in the world—and from its picturesque combinations of mountain, valley and plain; woodland, rock, and water—scenery to which no painter has ever yet done justice. And how intensely interesting are its associations with the history of our revolutionary contest—when West Point commanded the passes of the highlands—at once opposing a barrier to the descent of the enemy from the lake country and to their ascent from the ocean. Also amid these hills lay the army of Washington, at the time it was so providentially saved by the discovery of Arnold's treason.

And now, "when the storm of war is gone," and the Gibraltar of America finds no farther occasion for its mountain fortresses, it has become the nucleus from whence the military science of our country radiates to its utmost boundaries; the nursery of a body of officers whose cultivated minds, polished manners, and high tone of moral feeling, have rendered them deservedly popular with their compatriots—also eliciting a favourable testimony even from the British tourists.

It is a common and, in most instances, a true remark, that first impressions are lasting: at least with regard to external objects. My own first impressions of West Point were received on a lovely summer evening that succeeded a stormy day. I had left the city of New York with my brother, at nine o'clock in the morning, in the slow and unpopular Richmond; the only boat that went up the river on that day, and the worst of the three steam-vessels which at that time comprised the establishment of what is now termed the old North River Company. I need not say that it was during the period of the

charter they had obtained for the exclusive steam-navigation of the Hudson. In those days, a voyage from New York to Albany frequently consumed twenty-four hours, and the fare was ten dollars.

I had anticipated the most extatic delight from my first view of the grand and romantic scenery of this noble river. But very soon after we left the city a heavy rain came on, and seemed to have set in for the whole day. I had recently recovered from a long illness, and could not venture to remain on the wet deck, even under the screen of an umbrella. The canvass awning was so perforated with holes from the chimney-sparks, that it afforded about as much shelter as a large sieve. There was no upper cabin, and I reluctantly compelled myself to quit admiring the Palisade Rocks and descend to the apartment appropriated to the ladies. It was very crowded and perfectly close. The berths were all occupied by females lying down in their clothes, and trying to sleep away the tedious hours. The numerous children were uncomfortable, fretful, and troublesome, as most children are when they are "cabin'd crib'd, confin'd." Seats were so scarce (when were they otherwise in a summer steamboat) that many of us were glad to place ourselves on the wooden edges of the lower berths. In this extreme I could not agree with the old adage that "it is as cheap sitting as standing:" for if cheapness means convenience or agreeableness, as is generally supposed, I found it quite as convenient, and rather more agreeable, to stand leaning against something, than to sit on the perpendicular edge of a board. We had not even the pleasure of regaling our eyes with the handsome fittings-up that now when there is no monopoly and great rivalry, are deemed indispensable to the reputation of an American steam-boat. The old Richmond was furnished very plainly, alias meanly. Her cabins had common ingrain carpets of the ugliest possible patterns, pine tables painted red, and curtains of coarse dark calico. By the by, reader, never go to a boarding-house that professes a *plain* table; you will be almost sure to find it a mean one. Also, never engage a *plain* cook—you will be almost sure to find her no cook at all.

We were nearly all day in the boat, and it rained incessantly. It was very tantalizing on this, my first voyage up the Hudson, to obtain only an occasional glimpse of its beautiful shores through the small cabin windows, which windows were always monopolized by nurse-maids, seated on the transom with their babies; the babies taking no interest in the scenery, and their nurses still less.

When we came into the highlands, the storm had

increased, and my first view of them was caught by ever-interrupted glances through a few inches of window-pane, and by peeping over the head of a girl whose eyes were all the time wandering among the people in the interior of the cabin. These sublime mountains loomed green and dimly through the rain-mist that veiled their rocky sides, and their towering heads were lost in the volumes of fantastic clouds that rolled around them. But it proved what is called the clearing up shower; and just as we were rounding that low projection of bare rock that runs far out into the river, and forms the extreme point of West Point, the clouds began to part in the zenith, and the blue sky appeared between them, and the sun suddenly broke out lighting up the western sides of the hills and pouring his full effulgence on the river. We landed just as the evening parade was about to commence, and I saw it from the front windows of an apartment that commanded a full view. It was a beautiful scene; on this spacious and level plain, elevated about a hundred and sixty feet above the river, which bounds it on the north and east, while on the south and west it is hemmed in by the mountains that rise directly from it. The numerous windows of the barracks were sparkling and burnishing in the setting sun that was beaming out below the retiring clouds, throwing a rosy tint on the white tents of the camp, and glittering on the bayonets of the long line of cadets drawn up for the exercise that, at a military post always concludes the day. The band was playing delightfully, and the effect of the whole was very striking at the moment when the drums rolled, the evening gun went off, the flag came down, and the officers all drew their swords and advanced to the front.

Many circumstances contributed to render my first visit to West Point peculiarly pleasant. I had never in my life spent three weeks so agreeably. Subsequently, I resided there nearly two years in the family of my brother. I have enjoyed the grand and lovely scenery of West Point under all the various aspects of the seasons. I have been there when the late, but rapid spring, with its balmy breathings, and its soft sun-light, suddenly awakens the long-slumbering vegetation of these high and northerly regions, when you can almost see the forming of the buds and their bursting into leaf; while patches of the last snow yet linger here and there about the cavities of the rocks, and in the hollows that lie among the roots of the trees, "on their cold and winter-shaded side." At the same time, in the warmer recesses of the forests, the early flowers of the hepatica and the violet are finding their way up amid the dead leaves which the wild blasts of November have strewed thickly over the ground.

These mountains are wooded from the base to the summit, (except where a block of granite looks out from amid the trees,) and in the month of May they are variegated with all those countless and exquisite shades of green, that can only emanate from the hand of that Great Painter that colored the Universe. While some of these inimitable tints are dark almost to blackness, and some are of the richest olive, others

present in endless variety, the numerous gradations of deep-green, blue-green, grass-green, apple-green, pea-green, and yellow-green; the catalpa and the locust, with their clusters of pencilled blossoms, and the dogwood with its milk-white flowers, supplying the bright lights of the picture. Then, in looking up the river, the long perspective is closed at the utmost verge of the horizon by the far-off Taghcanoke mountains: the snows that still rest on their cold and lonely summits extending in streaks of whiteness half-way down their dim blue sides.

To a stranger at West Point the commencement of a summer's day has many circumstances of novelty and excitement that are almost lost upon those to whom custom has rendered them familiar. With the earliest blush of dawn, and at the third tap of the drum, the morning gun goes off, and when the wind is in a certain direction, I have heard its loud booming sound five times repeated by the mountain echoes, "fainter and fainter still"—but always distinctly audible. At the same moment the flag is run up, and flings out to the early breeze its waving folds of stars and stripes denoting that the place is United States' ground, a military post, and under martial law. These ceremonies are immediately succeeded by the drums and fifes commencing the delightful *réveillee*, clear, sweet and exhilarating—the first notes of which seem so distinctly to express the words,

"The lark is up, the morn is gay,
The drums now beat the *réveillee*."

followed by a medley of popular airs, each one concluding like a rondo, with—"The lark is up," &c.

It is beautiful on a soft summer morning to look out upon these forest-cinctured mountains, when there has been a rain during the night, and to see the misty clouds veiling their summits and rolling off from their sides; breaking, as the sun ascends, into thin white wreaths that creep slowly about the glens, and gradually losing all distinctness of form and blending with the blue of ether. More beautiful still is the broad expanse of the Hudson, glittering with the golden sun-light, and reflecting the clear cerulean of the sky; while the white-sailed sloops seem to slumber on the calm surface of the water, as each "floats double, *sloop* and shadow," and near the shore the dark mountains and the rocky precipices cast their deep masses of shade upon the liquid mirror below.

I was once at West Point when the dawn of our national anniversary was ushered in by the roar of artillery from amid the ruins of Fort Putnam, the guns having been previously conveyed up the mountain for that purpose. There is a history belonging to these guns. They were originally French; and are engraved with the name of the foundry at which they were cast; bearing also the three *fleur de lis* of the *ancien regime*, the cypher of Louis the Fourteenth, (who at that time, filled the throne of France) and the celebrated motto which he ordered to be inscribed on all his cannon—"Ultimo ratio regum." The guns in question were sent to Quebec, and were taken by the English on the heights of Abraham, in

that eventful battle, when both commanders fell in the same hour that transferred the dominion of Canada from France to England. Belonging afterwards to the army of Burgoyne, they became the property of America on the surrender at Saratoga, and finally were presented by Congress to the Military Academy. At the cadets annual ball I have seen these guns decorated with wreaths of laurel, and arranged as ornaments along a covered promenade, lighted up with lamps in front of the ball-room.

To the dwellers on the plain below, the effect on the aforesaid fourth of July was indescribably fine; the guns thundering and echoing in a region so far above us, their gleams of fire flashing out amid the clouds of white smoke that rolled their eddying volumes round the old dismantled ramparts. The salute was followed by a full burst of martial harmony from the band, who had also gone up into the ruins; all playing so admirably and in such perfect unison, that the whole of their various instruments sounded like one alone—but like one whose grand and exquisite tones seemed scarcely to belong to earth. The band had their fourth of July dinner within the dilapidated recesses of the moss-grown fortress, and frequently during the day, we heard their music. Sometimes the soft sweet warblings of the octave flute rose alone upon the air; then the clear melodious tones of Willis's bugle seemed to "lap the soul in Elysium;" then came the clarionets deepened by the trombone; and finally the loud and thrilling notes of the bass-drum struck grandly in, and swelled the full tide of sound till the rocks seemed to tremble with its reverberations. Music, like painting, has its lights and shadows.

Nothing can be more lovely than the scenery about West Point when lighted up by the beams of the summer moon. While there, I was once on a water party, in a delightful evening towards the close of the "leafy month of June." The gentlemen attached to the military academy had made arrangements for taking the ladies on a moonlight voyage through the highlands, in the boats belonging to the post. Of these boats I think there were eight. The first and largest was appropriated to the band—in the others followed the professors connected with the institution, the officers, and the ladies—with soldiers as oarsmen. We were rowed to the upper extremity of the highlands, beyond Butter Hill which, notwithstanding its homely name, is a magnificent mountain with a gradual slope on the land-side, but presenting to the water a perpendicular precipice in height sixteen hundred feet. In the clefts of this lofty rock tradition has asserted that the pirate Blackbeard deposited portions of his treasure more than a century ago. It is not many years since a gentleman who believed the story, was killed by losing his hold, and falling down backwards upon the stones below, in a desperate attempt to scale the precipice in quest of the rover's gold.

As we embarked on our aquatic excursion "the moon arose curtained in clouds which her beams gradually dispelled." When she climbed above them, as they "turned forth their silver linings to

the night," and her rays touched the top of the eastern hills, while their dark sides reposed in shadow, I thought of a song in the Carnival of Venice.

"And while the moon shines on the stream,
And while soft music breathes around,
The feathering oar returns the gleam
And dips in concert to the sound."

Having ascended beyond the inner highlands, our boats were put about. The men resting on their oars we floated down with the tide nearly as far as the Dunderberg, and never did this picturesque and romantic region look more lovely.

In the course of our little voyage several steam-boats passed us: and all of them slackened their steam awhile, for the purpose of remaining longer in our vicinity that the passengers might enjoy the music. One of these boats, in stopping to hear us, lay directly on the broad line of moonlight that was dancing and glittering on the water, the red glare of her lanterns strangely mingling with the golden radiance beneath. Our band was just then playing the Hunter's Chorus, that ever-charming composition which justly merits its universal popularity in every part of the world where music is known, and which would alone have been sufficient to entitle Weber to his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing can be finer than the atmospheric phenomena of these elevated regions. I remember one afternoon, when the sun was breaking out on the close of a summer shower, we seemed to find ourselves in the midst of an immense rain-bow which appeared to have descended upon the plain. The camp, the south barracks, the trees, and the eastern hills beyond the river were all brightly colored with its varid and beautiful tints, and looked as if seen through an immense prism.

A thunder storm in these mountains is sublime beyond all that imagination can conceive. In looking up the river, while the sun is yet shining brightly, and the sky is blue above our heads, we see a dark cloud far off in the direction of Newburgh, whose white houses stand out in strong relief against the deep gloom that has gathered beyond; the coming vapor rises and spreads till it appears behind the Crow's Nest, casting its deep shade upon the tops of the mountains, while on their sides still linger the last gleams of sunshine. As the clouds accumulate, and unite their forces, the darkness descends upon the river, whose blackening surface is seen ruffled with spots of white foam; the zig-zag lightning begins to quiver up from the gloom behind the hills; and then is heard the low murmur of the distant thunder; every flash becoming brighter, every peal sounding louder and nearer. At length, the wind rises, and the whole tempest rushes rapidly on. The trees writhe and bend to their roots, and are soon covered with the circling dust of the whirl-wind. The lightning glares out in one vast sheet, "flashing intolerable day" upon the night-like darkness that shrouds the river and its shores. At the same instant, the loud crash of the thunder rattles directly over head, and it continues throughout the storm its

long and incessant roll, the echoes of one peal not subsiding before those of another have commenced. The lightning glances on the bayonets of the centinels that "walk their lonely rounds" on the skirts of the camp; and frequently the tents are blown over by the violence of the gust, and lie prostrate on the wet grass. These terrific thunder-claps seem to shake the everlasting hills; the firm-set granite buildings of the institution trembling to their foundations. Often the tremendous power delegated to "the volleying bolt of heaven" is attested by a riven and blasted tree, split in a moment from its topmost spray down to its roots in the earth; while, at the same instant, every leaf of its green and flourishing foliage becomes dead and yellow, the birds that built their nests among its branches lying lifeless at its foot.

I recommend to all visitors at the West Point hotel not to neglect ascending to the belvedere or sky-light room on the top of that building. The view from thence is so vast and so magnificent that it rarely fails to call forth exclamations of delighted astonishment; particularly when autumn has colored the woods with its glowing and varied tints of scarlet, crimson, and purple, and with every shade of brown and yellow from the richest to the palest—such tints as, at this season, are to be found only in the foliage of America, and are most beautiful when seen through the gauzy haze of the Indian summer—that farewell smile of the departing year. Then the dilated disk of the sun looks round and red through its thin misty veil; the calm and slumbering river reflects a sky of the mildest blue; and near the shores its waters glow with the inverted beauties of the many-colored woods and hills. If viewed at evening, the splendor of the picture is increased by the glories of an autumnal sunset, when the clouds (such as are only seen in mountainous regions) assume the grandest forms and the most gorgeous hues.

Often after the last lingering beam has faded in the west, and all the stars have come out in the deep blue heaven, a dark mist appears behind the hills in the north, and from its dim recesses arise the ever-changing corruscations of the mysterious aurora borealis. Sometimes, its broad rays extend upwards nearly to the zenith, and diffuse a cold strange light upon the river and its western banks, rendering perfectly distinct the sloops on the water, and the trees and rocks on the shore. In the houses on the bank, the front-rooms are at times so well lighted by this incomprehensible phenomenon, that a newspaper may be read after the lamps or candles have been removed from the apartment. Then, perhaps in a few minutes, "the north's dancing streamers relinquished their fire," and faded dimly away into darkness. Suddenly they would again revive, darting upwards in renewed brightness their far-spreading rays, tinted with crimson and purple, and sometimes even with green and blue.

In a chamber that I once occupied at West Point there was a small knot-hole in the upper part of one of the shutters, by means of which, in cold weather, when the windows were closed fast, and the room

consequently darkened, I frequently at early morning saw as in a camera obscura, a landscape depicted on the white wall above the mantel-piece. So that before I was up myself, I could observe the first gleams of the dawnlight, and the changing colors of the clouds as they brightened upon the blue sky, lending their glories to the hills beyond the river: and the first rays of the sun, when they "fired the proud tops of the eastern pines." In this way, without opening the shutters to look out, I could always tell whether the morning was clear or cloudy.

The winter at West Point is long and cold; and (before the days of rail roads,) when the river was once closed, the ice fast, and the boats laid up for the season, the inhabitants of this insulated spot seemed nearly shut out from all communication with the rest of the world; and it may easily be guessed what interest was attached to the mails, after the difficulties of transportation caused them to arrive irregularly. We were very soon convinced of the fact that

"When cold and raw the wind doth blow
Bleak in the morning early,
When all the hills are cover'd with snow
Then it is winter fairly."

I have known the snow so deep and so drifted, as to block up the parlor windows of the house we then inhabited, precluding all possibility of opening the shutters; and as to clear it away was no trifling task, we were more than once obliged to breakfast by candle-light at eight o'clock.

In the "blue serene" of the clear and intensely cold mornings, which usually succeeded a deep fall of snow, I have seen the whole atmosphere glittering with minute particles of ice: to breathe which must, in delicate lungs, have caused a sensation similar to laceration with a sharp knife. No one afflicted with pulmonary disease should live at West Point.

The scenery, in its winter aspect, looked somewhat like a panorama done in Indian ink, or rather like a great etching: except that the sky formed a blue background to the snowy mountains, on which the leafless branches of the denuded forest seemed pencilled in black and gray. We had our winter walks too: and I never felt a more pleasant glow from exercise than in climbing Mount Independence, through the snow, to visit Fort Putnam. In addition to the ordinary steepness of the road, it was now in many places rendered slippery by broad sheets of ice, beneath which we saw the living waters of a mountain brook gliding and murmuring along under their glassy coating. The snow had drifted high among the recesses of the old fortress, and lay white and thick along the broken and roofless edges of its dark gray walls, while here and there, amid the desolation, lingered the evergreen of a lonely cedar. Long bright icicles suspended their transparent and glittering fringes from the arches of the dismantled casements, whose entrances were now even less accessible than usual, being blocked up with mounds of snow that covered the heaps of fallen stones.

One of our favorite winter walks was to the cascade; and on entering the close woods that led

thither, we always felt a sensible access of warmth in the atmosphere, which was very agreeable when compared to the unsheltered bleakness of the plain. In looking down from the heights, through the steep slopes of the forest, we saw glimpses of the river, as it lay far below us; its solid waters now of a bluish-white, shining beneath the wintry sun. Yet the cascade still poured its resistless torrent freely among the snow-covered rocks, roaring, frothing, and pitching from ledge to ledge. An old pine tree had thrown itself horizontally across the upper fall, its dark green foliage almost touching the water, and its rough trunk forming a bridge for the passage of the minks, foxes, ground squirrels, and other petty denizens of the wild. As the foaming torrent threw up its misty spray, this tree became incrustated with ice of the most brilliant transparency; looking like an immense chandelier, with multitudes of long crystal drops depending from its feathery branches.

The last winter I spent at West Point a funeral took place in the middle of December. It was that of a gentleman attached to the institution, and he died after a long and painful illness. The river had closed at a very early period, and the little world of West Point was locked up in ice and snow. Three o'clock was the time appointed for the melancholy procession to take up its line of march; the coffin, covered with a pall, having been previously carried into the chapel, and the funeral service performed over it by the chaplain.

It was a clear, cold afternoon, and the sun was already sinking behind the mountains, whose giant shadows, magnificently colored with crimson and purple, were projected far forward upon the frozen snow that covered the plain; as a range of painted windows cast down their glowing tints upon a white marble pavement.

When the funeral began to move from the chapel, the band (preceding the coffin) commenced one of the mournful airs that are usually appropriated to "the march of death." The muffled drums were struck only at long intervals, and their heavy notes were deadened still more by the chillness of the atmosphere; while Willis's bugle sounded almost like music from the world of spirits. Next came the soldiers, then the cadets, afterwards the officers, and lastly the commandant; all walking with their

arms inverted. I saw the sad and lonely procession moving slowly through the snow, and directing its course to the cemetery, which is about a mile from the plain. Shaded with ancient trees, the graveyard occupies the summit of a promontory that impends above the river; and the Cadet's Monument crowned by its military trophy in white marble, forms one of the land marks of the shore. I heard (and it always seems to me the most affecting part of the ceremonial) the volley which was fired over the grave, after that cold and narrow cell had been covered in with clods of frozen earth mingled with snow.

A very extraordinary circumstance connected with military funerals is the custom, that when all is over, and the procession is returning with recovered arms, and marching in quick time, the music always performs a lively air; frequently one that is designated in the army as, "So went the merry man home to his grave." This revolting practice is said to have originated in the same principle that is set forth in the commencing lines of the well-known song, said to have been sung by General Wolfe at his supper table on the night before the battle in which he was killed:

"Why, soldiers why,
Should *we* be melancholy boys
Whose business 'tis to die."

The horrors of *every* war are, and must be so terrible, that its practice admits of no palliation, except when the struggle is in defence of our native land. How ought we then to rejoice that in this our own favored country, no hecatombs of human victims can be immolated to swell the pride, to gratify the ambition, or to feed the rapacity of a few of their fellow men. Surely the people of another century will regard with amazement the tales of blood and carnage that defile the pages of history. They will wonder that rational beings could be found who were willing to engage in these atrocious contests, undertaken "for the glory of heroes, the splendor of thrones." Where are now the Buonapartes and the Bourbons, for whose sake forty thousand lives were destroyed in the dreadful day of Waterloo, "on that tremendous harvest field where death swung the scythe."

May we not hope that the war-times will pass away with the king-times.

(To be concluded.)

FRAGMENT.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

We are all mariners on this sea of life;
And they who climb above us up the shrouds,
Have only, in their over-topping place,
Gained a more dangerous station, and foothold
More insecure. The wind that passeth over

And harmeth not the humble crowd below,
Whistles amid the shrouds, and shaketh down
These overweening climbers of the ocean,
Into the great gigantic vase of death.

DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

A NIGHT SCENE AT SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength—as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! —————

BYRON.

But few among those who constitute the educated portion of society on shore, enjoy much opportunity of feeling the grandeur,—the awful variety of night. Women are necessarily debarred from the privilege of partaking freely of its mysterious but ennobling influence by the restraints unfortunately requisite for their protection; and, in order to reap the full advantage of such communion, we must be *alone* with the queen of the ebon wand and starry diadem. As for those of the bolder sex,—by them, the hours of shade are usually devoted to study, pleasure, or dissipation, and only the few possessing the poetic temperament become familiar with her changeable moods.

But, on the ocean, the closeness of the cabin drives the novice frequently on deck, even in stormy weather and at unseasonable hours; and when once this compulsory introduction has been effected, it is surprising how rapidly the traveller, of either sex, becomes enamored of solitude and night—of starlight and the storm.

The changes in the heavens,—and the waters too—are quite as numerous and far more impressive by night than by day.—There is no sameness in the sea for those who are blest with capacity to feel the beauties of Nature.

Let us lounge away an hour of this lovely evening here, by the companion-way. We are between the trades, and time would hang heavily on our hands but for the baffling winds and tempting cat-paws that keep us perpetually on the alert to gain or save a mile of southing.* At present, we are suffering all the tedium of a calm. How dark!—How absolutely black the sky appears, contrasted with the brightness of a tropical moon! And yon dazzling star, waving its long line of reflected rays athwart the glassy billows, rivalling the broad glare of the moon-light!—What diamond ever equalled it in lustre, or surpassed it in variety of hues, as its ray changes from red to yellow, and from yellow to the most delicate blue?

The sails are flapping against the mast and the ship rolls so gently that one might well suppose no

gale had ever ruffled this smooth summer ocean. To see the sailors lolling on the watch, the observer would infer they lead the idlest lives that mortals could enjoy; but alas! such moments are like angel visits with the crew. Poor fellows! How rich to them is the delight of a single hour of freedom spent in spinning their “tough yarns” under the lea of the long-boat, in singing or in music! That clarionet is admirably played, for rough and tarry fingers:—and how softly the notes float on the damp night air! The mate, in his impatience, is *whistling for a wind*; and that “old salt,” in whom many years of service have implanted deeply all the superstitions of his class, is muttering to himself with discontented glances, “You’ll have a cap-full, and more than you want of it before long,—and in the wrong quarter too.—I never knew any good to come of this whistling for wind.”

And, in truth, to judge from appearances, the prophecy is likely, in this case, to be fulfilled. Already the moon begins to be encircled by a wide halo of vapor. It is almost imperceptible at present; but, even while we speak, it gathers, and thickens, and seems to become more palpable. Now it assumes the faint tints of the lunar rain-bow; and all around a silvery veil is falling over the face of the heavens.

Slight fleeces of denser mist are collecting in columns and squadrons across the sky, giving it a mottled aspect. They are still too thin materially to check the full-flooding of the moon-light; but, as they gradually enlarge themselves, a slow, gliding motion is perceived among them. They are wafted gently southward; but the breeze—if breeze there be to-night—will come from the opposite quarter; for the higher and lower currents of our atmosphere are almost invariably found thus at variance with each other. The signs of the weather augur nothing favorable to our success in speedily reaching the southern trades.

Mark! How the broad glare of the moon-beams on the water fades away as the vapors in the upper air increase in density! The star-light reflection has disappeared; and the bright little orb from which it was derived, still struggling hard to make itself conspicuous, shines on with fiful ray.—And now, it

* The scene of this sketch is laid in the tropical Atlantic, between the northern and southern trade-winds;—a region of calms and baffling winds.

is extinct.—Even the waters have lost their azure hue, and all things above and below are rapidly becoming gray.

The swell is momentarily rising, though you discover no cause for the change. Though we feel not a puff of wind the sails flap less heavily against the mast, and occasionally they are buoyed up and belied out for many seconds, as if lifted by the breath of some unseen spirit.

Listen to the voice of the waves!—For the sea has a voice as well as the winds—not only where it speaks in thunders, booming upon the level beach, or roars among the time-worn rocks of an iron-bound coast, but far off in its loneliness, also, where no barrier opposes its will. Who knows not the mild tone of the breeze of spring from the melancholy moan of the autumnal gale?—As different is the dull plash of the lazy billow in a settled calm from the threatening sound that precedes a storm.

But the steward is ringing his supper-bell. Let us go below, and if I mistake not, you will find all nature dressed in another garb when we return on deck.

* * * * *

An hour has passed,—and what a change!—The ship close hauled on a wind, no longer rolls listlessly over the swell; but, laboring slowly up each coming wave, she staggers and shivers from stem to stern, as the crest of the watery mountain dashes against the weather bow,—then, rushing down into the trough of the sea and plunging deep into the succeeding billow, she strains every shroud and back-stay with the sudden jerk of the masts, and sends a broad sheet of crackling foam to leeward from beneath the bows.

How different is this disagreeable motion from that which we enjoy when the wind is on the beam or the quarter!—Then, we glide gently over the sea-hills, and every wave seems playfully bent on urging us forward:—Now, we are opposed unceasingly by wind and swell, and must contest laboriously each foot of the battle-ground, till the strength of our enemies is exhausted—conscious the while, that every league we loose in this strange, fitful region, may cost us a week's delay in the recovery.

This is “a young gale” that bids fair to prove precocious; for it is rapidly advancing towards maturity. But it cannot last. Nothing but a calm displays much tendency to permanence between the trades.

The heavens are dark as midnight:—no star or planet penetrates the gloom with a friendly ray:—yet the color of the overhanging vault is by no means uniform. Broad tracts or patches of intense obscurity cover the chief part of the field of view; but, at intervals, you may perceive long, moving, dusky lines dividing these heavy masses, made visible by a strange and unaccountable half illumination. As they sweep hurriedly by, on their northward course, seemingly almost within reach from the mast head, we are made painfully conscious that the wings of the tempest are hovering over us in dangerous proximity.

Except the lamps in the binnacle, there is no obvious source of light above or around us: yet the

outlines of the vessel, with all the labyrinth of spars and rigging, are dimly traceable in the murky air. Whence do we derive this power of vision? you will naturally inquire.—A glance at the surface of the water will explain it.

Every wave, as it combs and breaks, bears on its summit a high crest of foam, visible at a great distance by its own moon-light, or soft silvery radiation. Each little ripple carries its tiny lantern. Wherever the sea is disturbed by the motion of the vessel, and especially at the bow, where the waters are rudely parted, or in the wake, where they rush together violently as she shoots along, a gentle, milky light is broadly diffused; and here and there a brilliant spark is seen beneath the surface shining distinct and permanent, like a star submerged, or gleaming and disappearing alternately, like the fire-flies of June.

The phosphorescence of the sea is unusually feeble at present, but it is sufficient to prevent a total darkness, and by its aid we trace the dim forms of surrounding objects, while a slight reflection from the clouds betrays the threatening aspect of the weather.

Do you observe those singular luminous appearances resembling masses of pale fire, or torch lights, hurrying from place to place, turning and meandering in all directions, some feet beneath the waves, like comets liberated from their proper spheres, and wandering without rule in the abyss of waters? They are produced by fish that are playing about the vessel, and were we adepts in the sport we might chance to strike one with the grains by the glare of his own torch. But this requires the skill and long experience of many voyages. To strike a fish by day is difficult enough; for, even then, he is not to be found where he appears. When you look obliquely from the vessel's side at any object in the water, refraction changes its apparent place to a much greater distance than the real one, and brings the image nearer to the surface. Success in reaching such an object requires your aim to be directed towards a point considerably below the spot at which your game is seen. At night the difficulty is much enhanced;—for it is not the fish itself that emits the light. The agitation produced by his rapid motions awakens the thousands of luminous animalcules swarming in every cubic foot of water, and, as they fire their little tapers in succession, they fall into the rear, while the fish darts onward under cover of the obscurity, leaving a brilliant wake which serves but to deceive, or sometimes to guide, his enemies, and to attract his prey.

But hark!—How the wind howls through the shrouds and whistles around the slender rigging!—The gale increases, and another change comes over the night scene. Do you observe how pitchy the gloom has grown to windward?—All traces of the clouds in that direction are lost.—Ha!—A flash of lightning!—Here it comes in earnest!—The pouring rain obscures even the phosphoric glimmering of the waves, and now we have “night and storm and darkness,” in all their terrible beauty! Who dares attempt to paint the scene in words!—On every hand,—above—around—within—all is confusion! The

crew spring to their stations, while the loud command and the scarce audible response are mingled with the dash of waves, the roar of the blast, and the creaking of the wracked timbers in one discordant, unintelligible burst of sound.

You stand, or rather *hang* by the mizzen shrouds, the centre of an invisible world where the maddened elements and hardy men contend for life or conquest. You hear them, but you see them not,—save when the electric flash tinges sea and cloud with momentary brilliance. Your eye detects the foot of the nearest mast, but you endeavor in vain to trace the tall spar upwards towards the lofty perch of those brave fellows on the yard, whose shrill voices—heard as if from a mile in the distance, in answer to the trumpet of the captain,—just reach the ear amid the din of a thousand unearthly voices, and add to the wizard wildness of the scene.

The storm swells loud and more loudly; but the yielding ship has risen from the first awful impression of its force and now careers furiously before it. The brailed but unfurled topsails flap with a dull and hollow thunder, as they whirl and rebound under the restraint of the clue-lines and the iron hands of the desperate crew. See that ghastly ball of purple flame leaping from spar to spar, like the visible spirit of the tempest!—Now it is on the foremast head,—now it glares on the bowsprit,—and again, it springs to the mainyard and flashes full in the face of yon startled reefer, casting the hue of death over his boyish features, rendered clearly visible for a moment in the demon torchlight.

The first flurry of the squall is passed;—we are again on a wind!—but still wave follows wave, rolling on with an angry roar;—and each in turn, as it reaches the vessel, strikes the bow with a resounding crash. Every plank in the firmly-bolted hull trembles beneath the blow, while the billow sweeps off under the lea, hissing and frothing in baffled rage to find the gallant bark invulnerable to its power.—Ever and anon the vivid lightning gilds the wide circle of a boiling sea, covered with broad streaks of foam driven onward for miles in narrow belts before the wind, while the sharp, sudden thunder follows on the instant, with a single detonation, like the discharge of an enormous cannon. Here are no hills and valleys to awake the long reverberating echoes—no solid earth to fling back the war-note of the storm in proud defiance to the clouds!

The binnacle lamps are shining on a portion of the quarter-deck, and light up the form of the helmsman at the wheel. Firm and unmoved amid the

elemental jar, he stands like a guardian spirit in the centre of an illuminated sphere, contrasted so strongly with the palpable darkness around, that the imponderable air itself is made it appear material and tangible. On him depends our fate. One error!—one instance of momentary neglect, and the mountain swell might overtop our oaken bulwarks, leaving us a shattered and unmanagable wreck upon the desert waste of waters!

But listen!—what mean those indescribable sounds making themselves audible at intervals above the roar of the gale? Look out into the gloom, and strive to penetrate the mingled rain and spray!

Do you not see from time to time, those undefined and monstrous shapes,—blacker than night itself,—rising from the deep and giving utterance to noises like the puff of a steam engine combined with the snorting of some mammoth beast? Even here, while winds and waves are raging—in this chaos of air and ocean, where the barriers of heaven and earth seem broken down, and spray and foam—the sea—the rain—the clouds—are whirled together in one wide mass of inextricable confusion—even here, there are beings whose joy is in the tempest, sporting their ungainly gambols—fearless of the scathing bolt and glorying in the pealing thunder!

We are surrounded by an army of the grampus whales. Their breathing adds a fiend-like wildness to the voices of the night,—and their dusky forms looming through the obscurity as they thrust their misshapen backs above the surface of the sea, give an almost infernal aspect to the scene, *if scene that may be called which is but half perceived* in dimness that appears,

“Not light, but rather darkness visible.”

But come below!—We are happily exempt from the necessity of dangerous exposure, and the force of the salt spray that has been driven in our faces with stinging effect for the last half hour begins to weaken the impression of this magnificent display of Omnipotence. Man would find room for selfishness and vanity amid “the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.”—Your complexion is in danger! So if you would avoid the hard looks of a weather-beaten tar, it is time to seek the shelter of the cabin. There I can amuse you with pictures of other night scenes by sea and land, until this short-lived tropical squall is over, or you feel inclined to retire to your state room. In another hour we shall probably be bounding along merrily, with all sail set, and the moon beams sparkling and playing *hide-and-go-seek* among the little rippling waves with which a six-knot breeze roughens a subsiding swell!

* The corposant, an electric ball or brush of light, sometimes witnessed during storms at sea.

AGATHÈ.—A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA III.

Another moon! And over the blue night
She bendeth, like a holy spirit bright,
Through stars that veil them in their wings of gold;
As on she floateth with her image cold
Enamell'd on the deep, a sail of cloud
Is to her left, majestically proud!
Trailing its silver drapery away
In thin and fairy webs, that are at play
Like stormless waves upon a summer sea,
Dragging their length of waters lazily.

Ay! to the rocks! and thou wilt see, I wist,
A lonely one, that bendeth in the mist
Of moonlight, with a wide and raven pall
Flung round him.—Is he mortal man at all?
For, by the meagre fire-light that is under
Those eyelids, and the vision shade of wonder
Falling upon his features, I would guess
Of one that wanders out of blessedness!
Julio! raise thee! By the holy mass!
I wot not of the fearless one would pass
Thy wizard shadow. Where the raven hair
Was shorn before, in many a matted layer
It lieth now; and on a rock beside
The sea, like merman at the ebb of tide,
Feasting his wondrous vision on decay,
So art thou gazing over Agathè!

Ah me! but this is never the fair girl,
With brow of light, as lovely as a pearl,
That was as beautiful as is the form
Of sea-bird at the breaking of a storm.
The eye is open, with convulsive strain—
A most unflinchingly orb! the stars that wane
Have nothing of its hue; for it is cast
With sickly blood, and terribly aghast!
And sunken in its socket like the light
Of a red taper in the lonely night!

And there is not a braid of her bright hair
But lieth floating in the moonlight air,
Like the long moss beside a silver spring,
In elfin tresses, sadly mumbling.
The worm hath 'gan to crawl upon her brow—
The living worm! and with a ripple now,
Like that upon the sea, are heard below
The slimy swarms all ravening as they go,
Amid the stagnate vitals, with a crush;
And one might hear them echoing the hush
Of Julio, as he watches by the side
Of the dead ladye, his betrothed bride!

And ever and anon a yellow group
Was creeping on her bosom, like a troop
Of stars, far up amid the galaxy,
Pale, pale, as snowy showers, and two or three
Were mocking the cold finger, round and round
With likeness of a ring; and, as they wound
About its bony girth, they had the hue
Of pearly jewels glistening in the dew.
That deathly stare! it is an awful thing
To gaze upon; and sickly thoughts will spring
Before it to the heart: it telleth how
There must be waste where there is beauty now.
The chalk! the chalk! where was the virgin snow
Of that once heaving bosom? even so,
The cold, pale dewy chalk, with yellow shade
Amid the leprous hues; and o'er it play'd
The straggling moonlight and the merry breeze,
Like two fair elves that by the murmuring seas
Woo'd smilingly together; but there fell
No life-gleam on the brow, all terrible
Becoming, through its beauty, like a cloud
That waneth paler even than a shroud,
All gorgeous and all glorious before;
For waste, like to the wanton night, was o'er
Her virgin features, stealing them away—
Ah me! ah me! and this is Agathè?

"Enough! enough! oh God! but I have pray'd
To thee, in early daylight and in shade,
And the mad-curse is on me still—and still!
I cannot alter the eternal will—
But—but—I hate thee Agathè! I hate
What lunacy hath made me consecrate:
I am *not* mad!—*not now*!—I do not feel
That slumberous and blessed opiate steal
Up to my brain—oh! that it only would,
To people this eternal solitude
With fancies, and fair dreams, and summer-mirth,
Which is not now—and yet my mother earth
I would not love to lie above thee so
As Agathè lies there—Oh! no! no! no!
To have these clay worms feast upon my heart!
And all the light of being to depart
Into a dismal shadow! I could die
As the red lightnings, quenching amid sky
Their wild and wizard breath; I could away
Like a blue billow bursting into spray:
But never—never have corruption here
To feed her worms and let the sunlight jeer
Above me so. 'Tis thou! I owe thee, moon,
To-night's fair worship; so be lifting soon
Thy veil of clouds, that I may kneel as one
That seeketh for thy virgin benison!"

He gathers the cold limpets as they creep
On the gray rocks beside the lonely deep,
And with a flint breaks through into the shell,
And feeds him—by the mass! he feasteth well.
And he hath lifted water in a clam
And tasted sweetly from a stream that swam
Down to the sea; and now is turn'd away
Again, again, to gaze on Agathè!
There is a cave upon that isle—a cave
Where dwelt a hermit-man: the winter wave
Roll'd to its entrance, casting a bright mound
Of snowy shells and fairy pebbles round;
And over were the solemn ridges strewn
Of a dark rock, that, like the wizard throne
Of some sea-monarch, stood, and from it hung
Wild thorn and bramble in confusion flung
Amid the startling crevices—like sky
Through gloom of clouds, that sweep in thunder by.
A cataract fell over, in a streak
Of silver, playing many a wanton freak;
Midway, and musical, with elfin glee
It bounded in its beauty to the sea,
Like dazzling angel vanishing away.
In sooth, 'twas pleasant in the moonlight gray
To see that fairy fountain leaping so,
Like one that knew not wickedness nor woe!

The hermit had his cross and rosary:
I ween like other hermits so was he,
A holy man and frugal, and at night
He prayed, or slept, or, sometimes, by the light
Of the fair moon went wandering beside
The lonely sea, to hear the silver tide
Rolling in gleesome music to the shore;
The more he heard he loved to hear the more.
And there he is, his hoary beard adrift
To the night winds, that sportingly do lift
Its snow-white tresses; and he leaneth on
A rugged staff, all weakly and alone,
A childless, friendless man!

He is beside

The ghastly Julio and his ghastlier bride.
'Twas wond'rous strange to gaze upon the two!
And the old hermit felt a throbbing through
His pulses—"Holy Virgin! save me, save!"
He deem'd of spectre from the midnight wave,
And cross'd him thrice, and pray'd and pray'd again:
"Hence! hence!" and Julio started as the strain
Of exorcisms fell faintly on his ear:
"I knew thee, father, that thou beest here
To gaze upon this girl, as I have been.
By yonder moon! it was a frantic sin
To worship so an image of the clay;
It was like beauty—but is now away—
What lived upon her features, like the light
On yonder cloud, all tender and all bright;
But it is faded as the other must,
And she that was all beauty is all dust.

"Father! thy hand upon this brow of mine
And tell me is it cold? But she will twine
No wreath upon these temples—never, never!
For there she lieth like a streamless river
That stagnates in its bed. Feel, feel me here,
If I be madly throbbing in the fear
For that cold slimy worm. Ay! look and see
How dotingly it feeds, how pleasantly!
And where it is have been the living hues
Of beauty, purer than the very dews.

Do, father! seest thou that yonder moon
Will be on wane to-morrow, soon and soon?
And I, that feel my being wear away,
Shall droop beside to darkness: so, but say
A prayer for the dead, when I am gone
And let the azure tide that floweth on
Cover us lightly with its murmuring surf,
Like a green sward of melancholy turf;
Thou mayest, if thou wilt, thou mayest rear
A cenotaph on this lone island here,
Of some rude mossy stone, below a tree,
And carve an olden rhyme for her and me
Upon its brow."

He bends, and gazes yet

Before his ghastly bride! the anchoress
Sate by him, and hath press'd a cross of wood
To his wan lips

* * * * *

"My son! look up and tell thy dismal tale.
Thou seemest cold, and sorrowful, and pale.
Alas! I fear that thou hast strangely been
A child of curse, and misery, and sin.
And this,—is she thy sister?"—"Nay! my bride."
"Anon! and thou?"—"True, true! but then she died,
And was a virgin, and is virgin still,
Chaste as the moon, that taketh her pure fill
Of light from the great sun. But now, go by,
And leave me to my madness, or to die!
This heart, this brain are sore.—Come, come, and fold
Me round, ye hydra billows! wrapt in gold,
That are so writhing your eternal gyres
Before the moon, which, with a myriad tiars
Is crowning you, as ye do fall and kiss
Her pearly feet, that glide in blessedness!
Let me be torture-eaten, ere I die!
Let me be mangled sore with agony!
And be so cursed; so stricken by the spell
Of my heart's frenzy, that a living hell
Be burning there!—back! back if thou art mad—
Methought thou wast, but thou art only sad.
Is this thy child, old man? look, look, and see!
In truth it is a piteous thing for thee
To become childless—well a-well, go by!
Is there no grave? The quiet sea is nigh,
And I will bury her below the moon:
It may be but a trance or midnight swoon.
And she may wake. Wake, Ladye! ha! methought
It was like *her*.—Like her! and is it not?
My angel girl? my brain, my stricken brain!—
I know thee now!—I know myself again."

He flings him on the ladye, and anon,
With loathly shudder, from that wither'd one
Hath torn him back. "Oh me! no more—no more!
Thou virgin mother! is the dream not o'er,
That I have dreamt, but I must dream again
For moons together, till this weary brain
Become distemper'd as the winter sea!
Good father! give me blessing; let it be
Upon me as the dew upon the moss.
Oh me! but I have made the holy cross
A curse; and not a blessing! let me kiss
The sacred symbol; for, by this—by this!
I swear, and swear again, as now I will—
Thou Heaven! if there be bounty in thee still,
If thou wilt hear, and minister, and bring
The light of comfort, on some angel wing

To one that lieth lone; do—do it now;
By all the stars that open on thy brow
Like silver flowers! and by the herald moon
That listeth to be forth at nightly noon,
Jousting the clouds, I swear! and be it true,
As I have perjured me, that I renew
Allegiance to thy God, and bind me o'er
To this same penance, I have done before!
That night and day I watch, as I have been
Long watching, o'er the partner of my sin!
That I taste never the delight of food,
But these wild shell-fish, that may make the mood
Of madness stronger, till it grapple death—
Despair—eternity!"

He saith, he saith,
And, on the jaundiced bosom of the corse,
Lieth all frenzied; one would see remorse,
And hopeless love, and hatred, struggling there,
And lunacy, that lightens up despair,
And makes a gladness out of agony.
Pale phantom! I would fear and worship thee,
That hast the soul at will, and gives it play,
Amid the wildest fancies far away;
That thronest reason, on some wizard throne
Of fairy land, within the milky zone,—
Some spectre star, that glittereth beyond
The glorious galaxies of diamond.

Beautiful lunacy! that shapest flight
For love to blessed bowers of delight,
And buildest holy monarchies within
The fancy, till the very heart is queen
Of all her golden wishes. Lunacy!
Thou empress of the passions! though they be,
A sister group of wild, unearthly forms,
Like lightnings playing in their home of storms!
I see thee, striking at the silver strings
Of the pure heart, and holy music springs
Before thy touch, in many a solemn strain,
Like that of sea-waves rolling from the main!
But say, is melancholy by thy side,
With tresses in a raven shower, that hide
Her pale and weeping features? Is she never
Flowing before thee, like a gloomy river,
The sister of thyself? But cold and chill,
And winter-born, and sorrowfully still,
And not like thee, that art in merry mood,
And frolicsome amid thy solitude?

Fair Lunacy! I see thee, with a crown
Of hawthorn and sweet daisies, bending down
To mirror thy young image in a spring:
And thou wilt kiss that shadow of a thing
As soulless as thyself. 'Tis tender, too,
The smile that meeteth thine! the holy hue
Of health! the pearly radiance of the brow!
All, all as tender,—beautiful as thou!
And wilt thou say, my sister, there is none
Will answer thee? Thou art—thou art alone,
A pure, pure being! but the God on high
Is with thee ever, as thou goest by.

Thou Poetess! that harpest to the moon,
And, in soft concert to the silver tune,
Of waters play'd on by the magic wind,
As he comes streaming, with his hair untwined,
Dost sing light strains of melody and mirth,—
I hear thee, hymning on thy holy birth,

How thou wert moulded of thy mother Love,
That came, like seraph, from the stars above.
And was so sadly wedded unto Sin,
That thou wert born, and Sorrow was thy twin.
Sorrow with mirthful Lunacy! that be
Together link'd for time, I deem of ye
That ye are worshipp'd as none others are,—
One as a lonely shadow,—one a star!

Is Julio glad, that bendeth, even now,
To his wild purpose, to his holy vow?
He seeth only in his ladye-bride
The image of the laughing girl, that died
A moon before—the same, the very same—
The Agathè that lisped her lover's name,
To him and to her heart: that azure eye,
That shone through sunny tresses, waving by:
The brow, the cheek, that blush'd of fire and snow,
Both blending into one ethereal glow:
And the same breathing radiancy, that swam
Around her, like a pure and blessed calm
Around some halcyon bird. And, as he kiss'd
Her wormy lips, he felt that he was blest!
He felt her holy being stealing through
His own, like fountains of the azure dew,
That summer mingles with his golden light;
And he would clasp her, till the weary night,
Was worn away.

* * * * *
* * * * *

And morning rose in form
Of heavy clouds, that knitted into storm
The brow of Heaven, and through her lips the wind
Came rolling westward, with a tract behind
Of gloomy billows, bursting on the sea,
All rampant, like great lions terribly,
And gnashing on each other: and anon,
Julio heard them, rushing one by one,
And laugh'd and turn'd. The hermit was away
For he was old and weary, and he lay
Within his cave, and thought it was a dream,
A summer's dream! and so the quiet stream
Of sleep came o'er his eyelids, and in truth
He dreamt of that strange ladye and the youth
That held a death-wake on her wasting form;
And so he slept and woke not till the storm
Was over.

But they came—the wind, and sea,
And rain and thunder, that in giant glee,
Sang o'er the lightnings pale, as to and fro
They writhed, like stricken angels!—white as snow
Roll'd billow after billow, and the tide
Came forward as an army deep and wide,
To charge with all its waters. There was heard
A murmur far and far, of those that stir'd
Within the great encampment of the sea,
And dark they were, and lifted terribly
Their water-spouts like banners. It was grand
To see the black battalions, hand in hand
Striding to conflict, and their helmets bent
Below their foamy plumes magnificent!

And Julio heard and laugh'd. "Shall I be king
To your great hosts, that ye are murmuring
For one to bear you to your holy war?
There is no sun, or moon, or any star,
To guide your iron footsteps as ye go,
But I, your king, will marshal you to flow

From shore to shore. Then bring my car of shell,
That I may ride before you terrible;
And bring my sceptre of the amber weed,
And Agathè, my virgin bride, shall lead
Your summer hosts, when these are ambling low,
In azure and in ermine, to and fro."

He said, and madly, with his wasted hand
Swept o'er the tuneless harp, and fast he spann'd
The silver chords, until a rush of sound
Came from them, solemn—terrible—profound:
And then he dash'd the instrument away
Into the waters, and the giant play
Of billows threw it back unto the shore,
A shiver'd, stringless frame—its day of music o'er!
The tide, the rolling tide! the multitude
Of the sea surges, terrible and rude,
Tossing their chalky foam along the bed
Of thundering pebbles, that are shoring dread,
And fast retreating to the gloomy gorge
Of waters, sounding like a Titan forge!
It comes! it comes! the tide, the rolling tide!
But Julio is bending to his bride,
And making mirthful whispers to her ear,
A cataract! a cataract is near,
Of one stupendous billow, and it breaks
Terribly furious, with a myriad flakes
Of foam, that fly about the haggard twain;
And Julio started, with a sudden pain,
That shot into his heart; his reason flew
Back to her throne: he rose, and wildly threw
His matted tresses over on his brow.
Another billow came, and even now
Was dashing at his feet. There was no shade
Of terror, as the serpent waters play'd
Before him, but his eye was calm as death.
Another, yet another! and the breath
Of the wierd wind was with it, like a rock
Unriveted it fell—a shroud of smoke
Pass'd over—there was heard, and died away,
The voice of one shrill-shrieking "Agathè!"

The sea-bird sitteth lonely by the side
Of the far waste of waters, flapping wide
His wet and weary wings; but he is gone,
The stricken Julio! a wave-swept stone
Stands there, on which he sat, and nakedly
It rises looking to the lonely sea;
But Julio is gone, and Agathè!
The waters swept them madly to their core—
The dead and living with a frantic roar!
And so he died, his bosom fondly set
On hers; and round her clay-cold waist were met
His bare and wither'd arms, and to her brow
His lips were press'd. Both, both are perish'd now!

He died upon her bosom in a swoon:
And fancied of the pale and silver moon,
That went before him in her hall of blue;
He died like golden insect in the dew,
Calm, calm and pure; and not a chord was wrung
In his deep heart—but love. He perish'd young,
But perish'd wasted by some fatal flame
That fed upon his vitals: and there came
Lunacy, sweeping lightly, like a stream,
Along his brain—he perish'd in a dream!

In sooth I marvel not
If death be only a mysterious thought,

That cometh on the heart and turns the brow
Brightless and chill, as Julio's is now;
For only had the wasting struggle been
Of one wild feeling, till it rose within
Into the form of death, and nature felt
The light of the immortal being melt
Into its happier home beyond the sea,
And moon, and stars, into eternity!

The sun broke through his dungeon, long enthral'd
By dismal clouds, and on the emerald
Of the great living sea was blazing down
To gift the lordly billows with a crown
Of diamond and silver. From his cave
The hermit came, and by the dying wave
Lone wander'd, and he found upon the sand,
Below a truss of sea-weed, with his hand
Around the silent waist of Agathè
The corse of Julio! Pale, pale, it lay
Beside the wasted girl. The fireless eye
Was open, and a jewell'd rosary
Flung round the neck; but it was gone—the cross
That Agathè had given.

Amid the moss
The hermit scoop'd a solitary grave
Below the pine-trees, and he sang a stave,
Or two, or three, of some old requiem
As in their narrow home he buried them;
And many a day before that blessed spot
He sate, in lone and melancholy thought,
Gazing upon the grave; and one had guess'd
Of some dark secret shadowing his breast.
And yet, to see him, with his silver hair
Adrift and floating in the sea-borne air,
And features chaster'd in the tears of woe,
In sooth, 'twas merely sad to see him so!
A wreck of nature floating far and fast,
Upon the stream of Time—to sink at last!

And he is wandering by the shore again,
Hard leaning on his staff; the azure main
Lies sleeping far before him, with his seas
Fast folded in the bosom of the breeze,
That like the angel Peace, hath dropt his wings
Around the warring waters. Sadly sings
To his own heart that lonely hermit-man,
A tale of other days when passion ran
Along his pulses like a troubled stream,
And glory was a splendor and a dream!
He stoop'd to gather up a shining gem
That lay amid the shells, as bright as them,
It was a cross, the cross that Agathè
Had given to her Julio; the play
Of the fierce sunbeams fell upon its face,
And on the glistening jewels—but the trace
Of some old thought came burning to the brain
Of the pale hermit, and he shrunk in pain
Before the holy symbol. It was not
Because of the eternal ransom wrought
In ages far away, or he had bent
In pure devotion, sad and reverent;
But now, he startled as he look'd upon
That jewell'd thing, and wildly he is gone
Back to the mossy grave, away, away:
"My child, my child! my own, own Agathè!"

It is her father,—he,—an alter'd man!
His quiet had been wounded, and the ban

Of misery came over him, and froze
 The bright and holy tides, that fell and rose
 In joy amid his heart. To think of her,
 That he had injured so, and all so fair,
 So fond, so like the chosen of his youth,—
 It was a very dismal thought, in truth,
 That he had left her hopelessly, for aye,
 Within the cloister-wall to droop, and die !
 And so he could not bear to have it be ;
 But sought for some lone island in the sea,
 Where he might dwell in doleful solitude,
 And do strange penance in his mindful mood,
 For this same crime, unnaturally wild,
 That he had done unto his saintly child.
 And ever he did think, when he had laid
 These lovers in the grave, that, through the shade
 Of ghostly features melting to decay,
 He saw the image of his Agathè.

And now the truth had flash'd into his brain :
 And he has fallen, with a shriek of pain,
 Upon the lap of pale and yellow moss ;
 For long ago he gave that blessed cross
 To his fair girl, and knew the relic still,
 By many a thousand thoughts, that rose at will
 Before it of the one that was not now,
 But, like a dream, had floated from the brow
 Of time, that seeth many a lovely thing
 Fade by him, like a sea-wave murmuring.

The heart is burst !—the heart that stood in steel
 To woman's earnest tears, and bade her feel
 The curse of virgin solitude,—a veil ;
 And saw the gladsome features growing pale
 Unmoved : 'tis rent like some eternal tower
 The sea hath shaken, and its stately power
 Lies lonely, fallen, scatter'd on the shore ;
 'Tis rent like some great mountain, that before
 The Deluge stood in glory and in might,
 But now is lightning-riven, and the night
 Is clambering up its sides, and chasms lie strewn,
 Like coffins, here and there : 'tis rent ! the throne
 Where passions, in their awful anarchy,
 Stood sceptred ! There was heard an inward sigh,
 That took the being, on its troubled wings,
 Far to the land of deep imaginings !

All three are dead ! that desolate green isle
 Is only peopled by the passing smile
 Of sun and moon, that surely have a sense,
 They look so radiant with intelligence,—
 So like the soul's own element,—so fair !
 The features of a God lie veiled there !

And mariners that have been toiling far
 Upon the deep, and lost the polar star,
 Have visited that island, and have seen
 That lover's grave : and many there have been
 That sat upon the grey and crumbling stone,
 And started as they saw a skeleton
 Amid the long sad moss, that fondly grew
 Through the white wasted ribs : but never knew
 Of those who slept below, or of the tale
 Of that brain-stricken man, that felt the pale
 And wandering moonlight steal his soul away,—
 Poor Julio, and the Ladye Agathè !

We found them,—children of toil and tears,
 Their birth of beauty shaded ;
 We left them in their early years
 Fallen and faded.

We found them, flowers of summer hue,
 Their golden cups were lighted,
 With sparkles of the pearly dew—
 We left them blighted !

We found them,—like those fairy flowers
 And the light of morn lay holy
 Over their sad and sainted bowers—
 We left them lonely.

We found them,—like twin stars, alone,
 In brightness and in feeling ;
 We left them,—and the curse was on
 Their beauty stealing.

They rest in quiet, where they are :
 Their life time is the story
 Of some fair flower—some silver star,
 Faded in glory !

TO A SPIRIT.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Nor the effulgent light
 Of that bright realm where live the blest departed,
 Nor the grave's gloom, Oh ! loved one, and true hearted,
 Can hide thee from thy sight.

Thy sweet angelic smile
 Beams on my sleep. I see thee, hear thy voice,
 Thou say'st unto my fettered soul, " Rejoice !
 Wait but a little while."

Sometimes 'mid cloudlets bright,
 The sunset splendors of a summer's day,
 An instant thou'lt appear, then pass away
 From my entranced sight.

Up in the blue heavens clear
 A never-setting star hast thou become,
 Pouring a silvery ray, from thy far home,
 Upon my pathway here.

Where tears ne'er dim the eyes,
 Shall we not meet in some far blessed land ?
 Shall we not walk together, hand in hand,
 In bowers of Paradise ?

My soul, though chained and pent,
 Sure of a future glorious career,
 In all its God-appointed labor here,
 Toils on in calm content.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

A CHIT-CHAT ABOUT KEATS.

God bless you, Oliver, don't think of such a thing! I join the temperance society!—why, you old curmudgeon, would you murder me outright? Not that temperance societies haven't done good—many a poor wife and weeping mother have they made happy—but, then, ever since I read Anacreon at college and shot buffalos at the Black Hills, I've had a fellow feeling for the good things of this life, especially for beef-steaks and port wine. I'm an Epicurean, sir—you needn't talk to me of glory—I despise the whole cant about posthumous renown. The great end of life is happiness, and happiness is best secured by gratifying our physical as well as our intellectual nature. I go in, sir, for enjoying existence, and when I was in my prime, I flatter myself that few could beat me at a dinner or had a more delicate way of making love to the girls. But alas! we have fallen on troublous times. The wine of these days—I say it with tears in my eyes—isn't the wine of my youth; and the girls—here's a health to the sweet angels—have sadly deteriorated from what their grandmothers were. *Eheu! Eheu!* The world is getting upside down, and I shouldn't wonder if an earthquake or epidemic or some other calamity should overtake us yet to fill up the catalogue of our ills.

I have just been reading Keats—shame on the wretches who tortured him to death! He is a practical argument, sir, for my creed. Genius he had unquestionably, yet he never enjoyed a happy hour. Why was this? Born in humble life, he thirsted for distinction, and trusting to his genius to achieve renown, found himself assailed by hostile critics, who dragged his private life before the public eye, and sneered at his poetry with the bitter scorn of fiends. He was naturally of a delicate constitution—of a proud and aspiring character; but of a modesty as shrinking as the sensitive plant; and when he found himself slighted, abused, maligned—when he saw that he was thrust back at every attempt to elevate himself, his delicate nature gave way, and he died of a broken heart, requesting that his epitaph might be, “Here lies one whose name was writ on water.” The world, since then, has done tardy justice to his genius—but this did not soothe his sorrows, nor will it reach him in his silent grave. What to him is posthumous renown?—what the tears of this generation or the plaudits of the next? Had he been less

sensitive, had he thirsted less after glory, he might still have been living, with matured powers, extorting even from his enemies deserved commendation. But he fell in his youthful prime, an eaglet pierced before it had learnt to soar. I have shed tears over his grave at Rome—let us drink to his memory in solemn silence.

Keats would have made a giant had he lived, sir. Everything he wrote evinced high genius. Each successive poem he published displayed increased merit. His sonnets remind me of Milton—his shorter pieces breathe of Lycidas or Venus and Adonis. He had little artistical skill, but then what an exuberant fancy! Few men had a finer perception of the beautiful, the *beau idéal* of poetry. He is one of the most Grecian—if I may use the expression—of our poets. Shelley, perhaps, was more deeply imbued with the Attic spirit, but then, although his heart was always right, his intellect was always wrong, and thus it happens that his poetry is often mystic, obscure, and even confused. Keats was not so. He had this freshness without its mysticism. He delighted in themes drawn from classic fountains, in allusions breathing of Thessaly and the gods. There was in many of his poems a voluptuousness approaching to effeminacy, reminding one of the Aphrodite in her own fragrant bowers. In others of his poems there was an Arcadian sweetness. What is finer than his ode to the Grecian Urn? Do you remember the opening?

“Thou still unravished bride of quietness!

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,

Sylvan historian who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities, or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?”

Delicious, is it not? You seem to be in classic Greece itself, amid the groves of Academus, by the fountain of Castaly, beneath the god-encircled Olympus. You can hear the Dorian flutes, you can see the daughters of Ionia. There are the priest and his assistants leading the flower-decked heifer to the altar—lo! a group of bacchantes singing and dancing through the vale. And high up yonder is the snowy temple of Jove—a picture for the gods!

You shake your head—you have no taste for classic allusions. Egad! I remember, you are a devotee of the German literature, and admire nothing which is not of the romantic school. Well, well—have you ever read “The Eve of St. Agnes?” It is—let me tell you—the poem for which Keats will be loved, and you ought to walk barefooted a thousand miles, like an ancient pilgrim to Loretto, for having neglected to peruse this poem. It is not so fine as Hyperion, but then the latter is a fragment. It is as superior to Endymion as a star to a satellite. It pleases me more than Lamia or Isabella. It has the glow of a landscape seen through a rosy glass—it is warm and blushing, yet pure as a maiden in her first exceeding beauty. As Burgundy is to other wines, as a bride blushing to her lover’s side is to other virgins, so is “The Eve of St. Agnes” to other poems. What luxuriance of fancy, what scope of language, what graphic power it displays! It is a love story, and right witchingly told. How exquisite the description of Madeline, her moonlit chamber, her awakening from her dream, and the delicious intoxicating emotions which break on her when she learns that she loves and is beloved. Ah! sir, we are old now, but I never read this poem without thinking of the time when I first pressed my own Mary to my side, and felt her little warm heart beating against my own. Egad, I will just skip over “The Eve of St. Agnes,” to pass the time away while we finish this bottle.

The poem opens with a graphic picture of a winter’s night. Draw closer to the grate, for—by my ancestry!—it is a freezing theme. I will read.

“St. Agnes’ eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp’d trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman’s fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem’d taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin’s picture, while his prayer he saith.”

The poet then proceeds to describe a festive scene, amid which is one fair lady, whose heart had throbb’d all day on love, she having heard old dames tell that maidens might, on St. Agnes’ eve, behold their lovers in dreams, if they observed certain mystic ceremonies. The lovely Madeline has resolved to follow the old legend, and she sighs, amid her suitors, for midnight to arrive. Then goes the story thus:

“Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress’d from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things
have been.”

In that vast mansion, amid all that gay party, young Porphyro has but one friend, an old beldame, for all the rest are athirst for his blood and that of his line. While watching thus, the beldame discovers him and beseeches him to fly. He refuses. In her

garrulous entreaty she reveals to Porphyro that his mistress intends playing the conjurer to discover who shall be her lover. He eagerly makes a proposition, to which the old dame objects in horror, but after many protestations on his part and a rash declaration that otherwise he will reveal himself to his foes, she finally consents. And what was his proposition? Let the poet tell. It was

——“To lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline’s chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion’d fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.”

The old dame accordingly leads the lover, through many a dusky gallery, to the maiden’s chamber, and then, hurriedly hiding him in a closet, is feeling in the dark on the landing for the stair,

“When Madeline, St. Agnes’ charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit unaware:
With silver taper’s light, and pious care,
She turn’d, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting.”

Ah! we have few Madelines now-a-days. I love her for that act, as I would love an only daughter. Well may the poet exultingly say after this—

“Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.”

The whole picture that follows is purity itself. We wish the wind would whistle less loudly without—there! it dies away as if in homage to this maiden soft. Shut your eyes and dream, while I read in whispers.

“Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch’d there was,
All garlanded with carved imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger moth’s deep damask’d wings.
And in the midst, ’mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush’d with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline’s fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven’s grace and boon:
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a rose again."

And now, when the maiden is all asleep, her lover steals from his hiding place, and mixing a charm, kneels by her bedside, and while his warm unnerved arm sinks in her pillow, he whispers to her that he is her eremite, and beseeches her for sweet Agnes' sake to open her eyes. But the maiden, lying there in her holy sleep, awakes not. At length he takes her lute, and kneeling by her ear, plays an ancient ditty. She utters a soft moan. He ceases—she pants quick—and suddenly her blue eyes open in affright, while her lover sinks again on his knees, pale as a sculptured statue. And Madeline awakens, and thinking that her blissful dream is over, begins to weep. At length she finds vent for her words, and are they not sweet as the complainings of a dove?

"Ah! Porphyro!" said she "but even now Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear, Made tunable with every sweetest vow; And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear: How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear! Give me that voice again, my Porphyro, Those looks immortal, those complainings dear! O leave me not in this eternal woe, For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

If you have ever been young, and heard, for the first time, the blushing confession of her you loved in doubt and danger, you can form some conception of the bewildering joy which seized Porphyro at this. Egad! sir, I would give ten years of my life—old as I am—to enjoy such rapture. But no tongue except that of the poet can even shadow forth his ecstasy. Ah! to be loved is bliss, but to be loved by a Madeline—!

"Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet!"

You can see the end of all this as well as I can, for though never has other mortal than Porphyro breathed the language of love into the ears of one like Madeline, yet we have all pleaded more than once in the ears of angels only one remove less beautiful. Shut your eyes, and fancy you see the lover kneeling by the bedside of that white-armed one, fragrant and pure as a lily in the overshadowed brook—lovelier than an Imogen, whose very breath perfumes the chamber. Hear her low complainings when she fancies that her lover is about to desert her. Are they not more musical than the zephyrs sighing through the moonlit pines? And then how soothing is Porphyro, and how delicately he allays her fears. Ah! the moon is down, and the chamber is in darkness—and there, as I live, the rain-drops are pattering against the casement. Now is thy time, bold Por-

phyro—St. Agnes will befriend thee—urge, urge that sweet lady, with all thy eloquence, to seize the chance and fly amid the confusion. We know how it will end! Love ever wins the day—and is not Madeline yet all blushing with her dream? And so—and so—hear the rest!

"She hurried at the words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropp'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like pitantons to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the foot-wood stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold."

Who, after that, will say that Keats was not a genius? But "Hyperion," though less complete than this poem, evinces—let me tell you—even more of the "*mens divini*or." "The Eve of St. Agnes" is warm, voluptuous, luxuriant, yet pure as a quiet pool with silver sand below—but "Hyperion" is bold, impassioned and colossal, Miltonic even in its grandeur, overpowering at times as a thunder-storm among the mountains. Would God that Keats had lived to finish it! With many faults, it evinces more genius than any poem since written in our language. Hear the speeches of the Titans!—read the description of Apollo!—drink in the intoxication of its less sublime but more beautiful passages! It often exhibits a redundant fancy—the style is at times affected, and the choice of words bad—the execution is careless, though less so than that of Endymion—and, above all, the plan of the poem, so far as it has been developed, bears an unhappy resemblance to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Yet it displays such extraordinary genius, that we will never forgive the Quarterly for having disheartened Keats from the completion of this poem. Ah! sir, what has the world lost?

I repeat it, I am an Epicurean. Fame!—immortality!—what are they? We wear out our lives for a bauble, and coin our souls away to purchase dross. We dig our own graves and call it *glory*. Away with such sophistry! Go over the melancholy list of unfortunate genius—White, Collins, Keats, Chatterton and the rest—and tell me what they reaped except thorns! Ah! sir, it melts my heart with pity—I must take a glass on it. But, I declare, the bottle's out, and—by my halidome!—here is Oliver asleep.

J. S.

THE AFFAIR AT TATTLETOWN.

BY EPES SARGEANT.

It is very questionable whether the reader has ever heard a true and impartial account of the affair at Tattletown. So many exaggerated versions have been put forth—so many garbled and malicious reports in regard to it, have been propagated—that the world is likely to be either unduly prejudiced against one of the parties, or wholly in doubt as to the merits of both. It is with an emotion of pride, that I take up my pen with the consciousness of being able to throw light upon this interesting, but mysterious subject.

There have been many changes in Tattletown during the last twenty years. Of this fact I became assured the last summer, when, by the way of a parenthesis in a tour to the White Hills, I branched off from my prescribed route to visit the little village where I had spent so many pleasant days in boyhood. What a change! It used to be one of the quietest, greenest, most sequestered nooks in the world, with its single wide street, bordered by venerable elms, and its shady by-roads radiating in every direction, and dotted with white cottages embosomed in clouds of verdure.

And then its inn! its single, unpretending inn, with its simple flag-staff, its modest piazza, and its cool, clean parlor, with the vase of asparagus upon the freshly reddened hearth-stone! Its sleeping-rooms with their snow-white curtains and coverlets, and the rustling foliage against their windows—what a temptation it was to enter them of a warm summer afternoon! Now, forsooth, the respectable old tenement is replaced by a hotel. I beg pardon—a *house*, built after the style of the Parthenon, its sides painted very white, and its blinds very green. The bar-room is floored with tessellated squares of marble, and there is a white marble counter, behind which presides a spruce young man with long dark hair plastered over his right ear, and an emerald breast-pin on his shirt bosom. Nay, it is rumored that the landlord has serious designs of introducing a gong in the place of the good old-fashioned bell of our forefathers. What is the country coming to?

Within my remembrance, the people of Tattletown were the best natured, most industrious and contented people alive. Every evening in summer their patriarchs might be seen sitting in front of their woodbine-covered porches, smoking their pipes and talking over old times, while groups of ruddy, riotous children, faxen-haired and blue-eyed, danced to the strains of some village Paganini. Poor, deluded, miserable

Tattletonians! What a sight was it for the philanthropist to grieve at! Little knew they, of the errors and vices of the social system! They had not read Miss Martineau's tracts; knew nothing of Owenism, nothing of Grahamism, nothing of transcendentalism, nothing of Fourierism, nothing of Mormonism. The "Society for the promotion of every thing," had not established a branch among them. They were benighted, uninitiated; contented to live as their fathers had lived before them; to pluck the rose and leave the thorn behind; to keep their linen and their consciences clean, and to remain at peace with all mankind.

Then the belles of the village—how beautiful they were! how artless! how adorned with every sylvan grace! Now they all seem to have lost the heritage of loveliness. They look didactic, sedentary and precocious. There is not the same bloom on the cheek—the same sparkle in the eye—the same ruby mischief on the lip. Instead of cultivating their music and their flower-gardens, working flags for the Tattletown "Guardians of Liberty," and teaching the children their catechisms on Sundays, they are meddling with matters that they have not the means of comprehending, establishing *anti-everything* societies, and fussing over phrenology and other new-fangled heresies. Instead of a vase of freshly gathered flowers upon their shelves, you are now greeted by a vile plaster bust, with the skull phrenologically mapped out, and figured. I never encounter one of the odious things, without putting my fist in its face.

A religious revolution has, of course, been introduced among the other mutations. Instead of one well-filled church, where all the villagers may meet as members of one family, Tattletown can now boast of half a dozen sectarian societies, which are eternally at war with one another. Poor old Dr. Balmwell, who is still the meekest of God's creatures, and whose annual salary would not equal the one night's wages of a second-rate theatrical star, is denounced as a "haughty, over-fed prelate," "the advocate of an established church," and a "vile minion of the aristocracy." Many a fair maiden is content to go with holes in her stockings, in order that she may contribute to the "society for the support of indigent young men intended for the ministry!"

"Dear smiling village! loveliest of the lawn!
Thy joys are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!"

As for politics—but here I approach the subject which was uppermost in my mind at starting. All

the world knows that there are, or rather used to be, two rival newspapers published at Tattletown, the editors of which manage to keep the poor people in a perpetual ferment. There is the Tattletown Independent American, edited by Mr. Snobb! and the Tattletown Free and Independent American, edited by Mr. Fobb. The former is the longer established of the two, and, as the public are well aware, is conservative in its tone. Fobb's hebdomadal, on the contrary, is characterised by the spirit of innovation. If a doctrine be new, startling, incredible, abrupt, violating all preconceived notions and prejudices, it commends itself at once to Fobb's acceptance. He will urge it with a boldness and pertinacity that confound the unthinking. To incur his opposition, it is only necessary that a principle should be old and well established. His morality would seem to resemble that of the tribe, with whom it is a custom to kill all their old men and women. Age is with him the worst of crimes, and the most penal. Novelty is the first of charms.

Strange as it may seem, Fobb has his devoted admirers and active supporters. As for Snobb, I am credibly informed, that, disgusted with the supineness of the Tattletonians, he had at one time resolved to relinquish the publication of the "Independent American," when, unexpectedly, the field was invaded by Fobb with his "Free and Independent." Then it was that the patriotism and disinterestedness of Snobb's character shone conspicuous. He was, to use his own vigorous expression, determined to stand to his guns, and however great might be the pecuniary sacrifice, to remain in the village to combat the pernicious influence, which, "like the Bohon Upas," I quote Snobb's own words—"would spread poison and desolation among families and communities." Snobb wound off his appeal, by calling upon all, who valued their liberty and their lives; who would save their country from intestine confusion and slaughter; who would keep unstained the altar of domestic felicity, and transmit unimpaired that glorious fabric of constitutional right, cemented by the blood of martyred ancestors—to rally round him and the Independent American. "Any person obtaining five subscribers," said he in conclusion, "shall receive a sixth copy gratis."

It is difficult to conceive of the degree of excitement produced in Tattletown by this fulmination, on the part of Snobb, and the subsequent establishment of the "Free and Independent American," on the part of Fobb. Such a thing as neutrality could no longer exist. Great and vital principles were at stake; and from the squire to the tinman's apprentice, it was necessary that every man should take one side or the other—should be either a Snobbite or a Fobbite. Both journals were benefited by this agitation. New subscribers poured in daily, and a fund was raised by the partisans of each establishment for the more effectual prosecution of the war. And what was the war about? To this day nobody can tell.

Personalities now began to be interchanged. Snobb gave Fobb the lie direct, and defied him to prove a statement which had appeared in the "Free and In-

dependent," accusing Snobb of highway robbery, arson and other little peccadilloes. Fobb treated Snobb's defiance with an easy irony, which bewildered the good people of Tattletown, who began to think that Fobb must know a good deal more of Snobb than other people. The following answer appeared in the "Independent American:"

"We must apologise to our readers for again polluting our columns with an allusion to the reckless traducer, whose journal of yesterday came forth reeking with slanders against ourselves. It would be charitable, perhaps, to attribute to a diseased intellect, rather than a malicious temper, these ebullitions of mendacity, but the motive is too obviously bad. We can assure this poor creature, this beggarly reprobate and unwashed scribbler, that mere declamation is not proof, and that assertion carries no weight when unsustained by evidence. If he can keep sober long enough, let him reply to the question which we once more reiterate, 'where are your proofs?'"

It was with intense anxiety that the citizens of Tattletown looked for the next number of the "Free and Independent." Never before had Snobb been so severe, so savage. Fobb's rejoinder excited public interest in the quarrel, to a painful degree. It was as follows:

"The guilty fugitive from justice, whom it is with shame we acknowledge as our contemporary, attempts to invalidate our charges by clamoring for proofs. We beg him to reflect a moment before he repeats his call. If he has sincerely striven to make reparation for past misdemeanors, by a life comparatively guiltless—if there be any hope or prospect of reformation in his case—most reluctantly would we be instrumental in re-consigning him to the State-prison or the gallows. Before, therefore, we come out with any statements, that shall be universally admitted as final and conclusive as to the character of this man, we will put a few questions which he will understand, however enigmatical they may be to others. Did Snobb ever make the acquaintance of Miss Amanda W — ? Did he ever see a white crape scarf that used to belong to that ill-fated young lady? Does he remember the circumstance of an old pruning-knife being found beneath a cherry-tree? Has he still got that red silk handkerchief?"

I must leave it for some more graphic pen—to the author of "Jack Sheppard" or "Barnaby Rudge," to depict the consternation and horror produced among the Tattletonians by this publication. Could it be that Tattletown harbored a murderer? What other interpretation could be put upon the diabolical insinuations in Fobb's paper? For a week and more nothing was talked of but this article. At the post office—the tinman's shop—the grocer's—on the steps of the meeting-houses, no other topic was broached. With unprecedented eagerness the next number of Snobb's paper was looked for and purchased. The only allusion it contained to Fobb's ferocious attack was in these simple lines: "As we shall make the insinuations contained in the last number of the Tattletown Free and Independent the subject of a judi-

cial investigation, it is quite unnecessary for us to bestow any farther notice upon the miserable calumniator, who is striving to get into notice by means of the attention he may provoke from ourselves."

Tattletown was disappointed in this rejoinder, and began to entertain its suspicions as to the truth of Fobb's intimations. The old women of the place began to shake their heads and look wise, when the subject was broached. "They *must* say they always thought there was something wrong—something not altogether *easy* about Mr. Snobb. They hoped for the best, but there *were* things—however murder will out." The fate of the injured "Amanda" was a topic of endless speculation among the more youthful of the feminine inhabitants; and there was a delightful mystery about the "white crane scarf," which afforded an exhaustless pabulum for curiosity. Snobb must certainly clear up his character. He must explain the circumstances in regard to that "ill-fated young lady." He must tell the public what became of "that red silk handkerchief." Above all, he must satisfactorily account for the horrible fact of the old pruning-knife being found under the cherry tree.

In the meantime Fobb declared that he was daily and hourly environed with the perils of assassination. He was obliged to go armed, to protect himself from the minions of the culprit Snobb. His fearless devotion to the cause of truth and justice had "sharpened daggers that were thirsting for his blood—but what was life compared with the proud satisfaction of having maintained the cause of the people,

"Unmoved by flattery and unbribed by gain?"

In the midst of the excitement produced by this war of words, Tattletown was electrified one fine morning in December, by the report, that Snobb and Fobb had gone over to the neighboring village of Bungville to settle their differences by mortal combat. Two spruce young men from New York had arrived in the stage-coach the night before, and put up at the Tattletown house. *They had brought guns with them*; and early that morning the two editors, similarly armed and equipped, had started off with the strangers in a wagon belonging to the latter, in the direction of the village already named. As these facts became currently known among the Tattletownians the sensation was prodigious. A meeting of the "select men" was instantly called, and a committee of five, consisting of Mr. Fuzz, the retired "squire of the village," Mr. Rattle, the tinman, Mr. Ponder, the celebrated lecturer on matters and things in general, Mr. Rumble the auctioneer, and Mr. Blister the apothecary, were appointed to proceed on horseback to Bungville, and prevent if possible the duel—or, if that had transpired, to arrest the survivor and the seconds.

Headed by Mr. Fuzz, the cavalcade started off in gallant style, followed by the prayers and anxious entreaties of the gentler sex to prevent if possible the "effusion of blood." Miss Celestina Scragg, the poetess of the village, and the author of the cele-

brated ode to that beautiful stream, the Squamkeog, came very near being thrown under the hoofs of the squire's horse, as she appealed to Mr. Fuzz, and besought him to rescue Albert, as she tenderly designated Mr. Fobb, or "perish in the attempt."

After riding hard for about an hour, the committee approached the Bungville house, where they determined to make their first inquiries as to the fate of the editors and their seconds. Mr. Buzz, the landlord, was a brisk, officious little man, who always knew before you spoke what you were going to say, and rarely listened to more than the two first words of any question you might put to him. He was, moreover, a little deaf, so that the habit of anticipation was, perhaps, as much a matter of necessity as of choice.

"Have we arrived too late?" asked Fuzz.

"Oh, by more than an hour. It is all over," replied Buzz, who supposed that the inquiry had reference to the dinner hour.

"It is all over, gentlemen," said Fuzz, in a magisterial tone, turning to his awe-stricken companions. "Has any one been killed or wounded?" continued he, addressing the landlord.

"Killed, indeed? I guess you would think so," exclaimed Buzz. "They have shot one fine, plump fellow."

"It is probably Snobb. He is the plump one," said Fuzz, contracting his lips, and looking sternly round at the members of the committee. "Did he fall dead on the spot?" he rejoined.

"Dead as Julius Cæsar—I may say very dead," replied Buzz.

"Serious business this, gentlemen," said Fuzz, dilating with importance.

Here Mr. Rattle, the tinman, was seen to mount his horse and gallop off in the direction of Tattletown. He was determined to be the first to communicate the news of the catastrophe.

"There will be no need of your services, Mr. Blister," said Fuzz, bestowing a patronizing glance upon the apothecary. "Have the seconds escaped, Mr. Buzz?"

"Yes, the second one escaped, but with a bullet in his neck. They tracked him a mile or two by his blood."

"Dreadful!" muttered Mr. Blister. "So Fobb is wounded! I will just ride back and inform Miss Scragg of the fact. She will go into hysterics, and I shall get a job." And so saying, the apothecary mounted his horse, and followed in Rattle's track.

"What have you done with the killed, Mr. Buzz?"

"Oh, we have skinned him, and hung him up to dry, to be sure. One of the gents *would* have a slice of him for dinner, but he found it rather tough eating I suspect; not quite equal to the ducks."

"What!" exclaimed Fuzz, turning pale and starting back with horror. "Are they cannibals?"

"Yes, to be sure," responded Buzz, who did not fully comprehend the question.

"Gentlemen, we must pursue the guilty fugitives," said the squire. "What direction did they take, landlord? No equivocation, sir. The law will

bear us out in adopting the most rigorous measures. Where are they?"

"Bless me, they are cosily seated at dinner in my little back parlor. I wouldn't interrupt them now. It may make them mad."

"Landlord! Lead us to them at once—at once, I say," exclaimed Fuzz, turning very red about the gills.

"Well, squire, don't talk so loud. I will show you the way, but mind that I say I shouldn't wonder if they resented it."

Buzz led the way through a long entry to a door, which he pointed out to the squire as communicating with the apartment where the "young gentlemen" were assembled. It needed not his words to convince Fuzz and his two remaining companions of this fact. A noise of uproarious mirth, mingled with the jingling of glasses, the clash of plates and the stamping of feet, plainly foretold the state of things within. Fuzz buttoned his coat, and tried to look undismayed.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "stand by me. Don't flinch."

He made a bold step forward, but as his palm approached the door-handle, an explosion of laughter, loud and long, made him recoil like a man who has barely saved himself from falling over a precipice. He looked at his associates, puffed out his cheeks, and seemed to be gathering energy for a renewed essay. Again he stopped suddenly, and assuming a look of unwonted sagacity, remarked that it was best to proceed gently and craftily about the business. Then motioning the bystanders to keep silence, he cautiously turned the handle of the door, and opening it an inch or two, stealthily looked in upon the convivial party. It consisted of four nice young men. They were seated at a round table, which was plentifully covered with bottles, decanters, glasses, and the remains of a dessert. Two of the party were strangers to Fuzz, but the other two were, marvellous to behold, no other than Fobb and Snobb, not seamed with ghastly wounds, but quaffing champagne and clapping each other on the back with the affectionate familiarity of old friends.

At this spectacle, Fuzz was no less amazed than he would have been, had he seen one of the editors trussed, spitted and "done to a turn," served up in a big dish on the table, while the other was flourishing his knife with the savory anticipation of making a meal of him. Cautiously shutting the door, Fuzz communicated the astounding fact to his brethren of the committee, and then reopening the door so that they might hear without seeing or being seen, they listened "with all their ears."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the voice of Fobb in tones of mock solemnity, "you behold in that abandoned individual, my unworthy brother Zeke Peabody, otherwise known as Simon Snobb—you behold in him, I repeat, the ruthless, unhung murderer of the unfortunate Amanda W——."

Here a roar of obstreperous laughter, in which Snobb's lungs seemed to crow like chanticleer, interrupted the speaker for a moment. He continued:

"If you ask me for proofs, consider for a moment

the fact of the red silk handkerchief—the white crape scarf—the old pruning-knife that was found under the cherry-tree. If these circumstances be not enough to convict that cowering culprit—then pass along the champagne, and fill to my toast."

"Fill to Fobb's toast!" exclaimed three voices amid shouts of laughter.

"My toast," said Fobb, "is one that cannot fail to be appreciated by this intelligent company. You, my dear Timms, will drink to it with a tear in your eye, for are you not the immortal inventor of the world-renowned Tricographophphlogidion, that invaluable and never-to-be-sufficiently-commended preparation for the hair, by merely spreading which over a wig-block, you find there the next morning, a beautiful, curly wig, redundant and glossy? And you, O modest and retiring Jones, are not you the man that, by your grandfather's celebrated pills, have rejuvenated suffering humanity? Have you not 'floored consumption,' and broken the back of dyspepsia? Isn't it a man's own fault now if he is sick? Do not children cry for your incomparable lozenges? Are they not a blessing to mothers, and a curse to the doctors? Cannot a hand-cart-man, with your powerful 'poor man's plaster' on his back, draw fifty times the weight that he could without it? Estimable, philanthropic Jones! Posterity will do you justice. And you, brother Zeke, in Tattletown known as Snobb, where shall we find an editor in the country who can fight windmills and make people think they are devouring despots with a better grace than yourself? My own accomplishments modestly forbids me to speak at length; but I flatter myself, that the story of Amanda W—— and the pruning-knife—and my eloquent denunciations of the monster, Snobb—are not unworthy specimens of those talents which entitle me to rank myself in your fraternity, and to participate in the emotions, which the sentiment I am now about to offer is calculated to excite. I will give you, gentlemen: *Vive la humbug!*"

Hardly had the peals of laughter consequent upon this prolonged sally subsided, when Fuzz, who was holding on to the door by the handle, being pressed upon from behind by his own companions, and two or three bar-room loungers, whom the sound of speech-making had attracted to the spot, suddenly let the handle slip from his grasp, whereupon the whole body of eaves-droppers, preceded by the squire, were precipitated into the room, where the two editors and their friends were at their revels. Imagining it to be a hostile invasion, the four friends, whose tempers had been pretty well primed with champagne, immediately "squared off," and showed their "science."

Fuzz was greeted by Timms with what the latter was pleased to call "a settler in his bread-basket," which had the effect of lifting him from his feet, and spinning him into a corner of the room with a most unmagisterial celerity. Mr. Ponder, the "celebrated lecturer on matters and things in general," was attended to in the most prompt manner by Jones, who, as he technically expressed himself, "punished

him by a dig in his dice-box," meaning that his blow took effect somewhere in the region of his teeth. As for Rumble, the auctioneer, he was knocked down by a bottle in the hand of Snobb, like an old remnant of goods disposed of under his own hammer. The rest of the invaders met with due attention from Fobb, who broke two chairs over as many heads.

The battle was speedily fought and won. The committee sent by the select men of Tattletown returned home that night in melancholy disarray, and imprecating vengeance upon their assailants. There was an immediate demand in the village for brown paper and vinegar, court plaster and lint. It was long be-

fore Mr. Ponder could deliver another lecture at the new Lyceum, owing to the disfigurement of his countenance. As for Snobb and Fobb, who were in fact the originators of the whole mischief, they issued no more numbers of their sprightly papers. The "Independent," and the "Free and Independent" were abruptly stopped. The two brother editors were never more seen in Tattletown. The last I heard of them, one was lecturing on Animal Magnetism, while the other accompanied him as a subject for his experiments. Their wonderful feats in clairvoyance have been so trumpeted by the country press, that it is unnecessary for me to allude to them more minutely.

THE OLD MAN RETURNED HOME.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

The dews fall softly from the dropping skies,
And winds are dallying with the wanton flowers,
That like young maidens in their coy retreats
Unveil their beauties for the spirit stars
Alone to gaze on.—Age, they say, dries up
The fountain of enthusiasm, and the hues
That morning sunlight pictures in the wave,
Shrink like scared spirits away beneath the disco
Of noontide sun, or evening's cheerless beam.
Now, I have seen old Time's retreating tide
Leave its white froth upon me—aye, gray hairs
Have sprung from out the furrows of my brain,
As weeds will grow upon the o'erwrought soil,
To tell me that I'm *old*—bid me put off
The misty mantle of life's morning dreams,
And plod in dull indifference to the grave.
Why, 'tis a lie! I feel the air as fresh—
I scent the fragrance of this beauteous eve
As gratefully—I watch the retiring moon
Stealing to her magnificent repose

Behind the starry curtains of the west,
With as unchanged and vigorous delight
As when, a boy, beside my own dear lake
I lay, and saw the same moon kiss the wave
That in strange music murmured out its joy.
The whippoorwill amid the hazel boughs
Sings his old tunes *unchanged*—as are the leaves
And skies and waves that echo it. 'Tis *man*,
And not man's real *nature*, which dims o'er
The gold of feeling with pernicious rust,
Drawn, like the poison of the asp, from flowers
Which spring forever, would he cherish them,
Within his heart of hearts.

What! I grow old?

I have n't felt so young for forty years!
And, were it not my mother's hair is white—
My father dead, and all that's *human*, changed—
I'd deem the past but as a school-boy's dream
Over an ill-conned lesson—and awake
To the reality of living joy.

STANZAS

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

"I HAVE a passion" for the budding Spring,
Who clasps the wanton Earth in her embrace,
For, like a glorious vision, she doth bring
Rich fruits and flowers, which the tropics grace;
And shining bands, that make our forests ring
With melodies so rich, that they efface
All thoughts of gloomy winter from my mind,
And leave my heart as free as is the summer wind!

"I have a passion" for the girdled mountain,
That rears its crowned head beneath the sky,
Which bends above it like a blue, sealed fountain,
Whose waters flow not in those realms on high!
Though many of these hours I cannot count on,
Yet when these glories meet mine eager eye,
I stand entranced upon the mount or lea,
For hours like these are years—are years of bliss to me!

But more than these, I love the restless sea,
The kingly element!—Its dark blue waves
Were ever like some gentle friends to me!
For oft, in dreams, I've wandered through its caves
Like some pale spirit of the dead, now free;
I've seen the bright, but tombless "place of graves,"
Where Ocean gathers all his dead to sleep,
The pale and shadowy sleep, which Death's phantasms keep!

"I have a passion" for all lovely features
That deck fair nature's ever glowing face;
Rocks, hills and waves to me seem glorious creatures,
Endowed with life, and majesty, and grace!
They are to us as everlasting teachers,
In whose revealings, truths divine we trace;
They bid us raise, when sad, our tearful eyes,
And seek perfection only 'mid the blissful skies.

THE BACHELOR'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

THERE are some persons in the world who seem born to evil fortune; they grow up under the shadow of care, and misfortune dogs their footsteps like a sleuth-hound eager for his prey. Reversing the old fable of King Midas, every thing they touch becomes valueless. Their best efforts are rewarded with disappointment,—their life is a perpetual struggle,—troubles come not in a host which might be confronted at once, but in slow and sure succession, one evil being overcome only to make room for another, until at length the energies of the worn spirit are all exhausted, and patient endurance is the only trace which still remains of the high capabilities with which it was originally gifted. But there are others who are decidedly born to good luck. (Poor Power! how do we check the career of laughter with a sigh, when some passing word recalls the inimitable skill with which he ruled the chords of mirth!) There are people to whom success is a sort of natural inheritance,—who never put forth a finger to beckon fortune onwards, and yet find her following in their track, dropping her golden favours in their way, and smoothing with obsequious care the asperities in their path of life. Such an one was the hero of the following sketch.

Mr. Simon D. Waldie, or rather S. De Courcy Waldie, (for thus he always wrote it; having rather a leaning towards aristocracy even in the trifling matter of names,) was the son of a highly respectable merchant, who, conscious of the defects in his own early education, determined to bestow on his child all the advantages of scholarship. As young De Courcy exhibited evidences of talent, and indeed was looked upon as a remarkably precocious boy ere he attained his fifth year, he was early banished from his paternal roof to the residence of a private tutor in the country. This plan was adopted in order to rescue him from the temptations to idleness which exist in large schools, and, so far, it was very judicious. But to a constitution naturally delicate and a temper exceedingly reserved, a public school offered some advantages which were not to be found in the home of a secluded student, and the want of which had no small influence on the future life of young De Courcy. Shut out from other companionship than that of his pedantic tutor, he devoted himself to study with most indefatigable zeal, and his close application was rewarded by the attainment of the highest honours, when called to pass through the ordeal of a collegiate examination.

Of course all those who were interested in his future welfare anticipated great results from this early development of mind. But in the education of the young student one most material point had been forgotten. He had been taught to labor but no object

had been offered to his future attainment:—he had learned to delve the classic mine but he knew not how to coin the fine gold he there discovered:—he had been trained to run a race without having any fixed goal to direct his steps. His life was a perfectly aimless one,—he had no definite end in view. His father's competent fortune placed him above the necessity of seeking a livelihood, and nothing short of absolute want seemed likely to drive the solitary student into the haunts of men. When desired to choose a profession he was utterly confounded. The various claims of Law, Gospel and Physic were placed before him in every possible light; but they were exhibited after his habits of desultory thought and profitless study had become too deeply rooted. At first he was inclined to adopt the law; but a few days attendance on court, (where he heard the finest powers of reasoning and the noblest gifts of eloquence exerted in behalf of one of the vilest criminals that ever stood before the bar of Justice,) sickened him of this profession. "I cannot spend some of the best years of my life" said he, "in learning to make the worse appear the better reason." The delight with which he sometimes listened to the gifted preacher, who spoke as if his lips had been 'touched with a live coal from the altar,' tempted him to the study of divinity. But his delicate sense of duty checked the impulse ere it became a wish, for he dared not assume the 'form' without the 'spirit of godliness' or enter into the 'holy of holies' with the soil of earth upon his garments' hem. The study of medicine attracted him by the facilities which it afforded for relieving the sufferings of mortality; but the illness of a young friend showed him the darker side of the picture also. He beheld the weeping relatives looking up to the medical attendant as if he were an angel endowed with the power of life and death. He learned how fearful is the responsibility of him who ministers at the bed of sickness, and how deeply it is felt by the honest and conscientious physician. He was disgusted with the heartlessness of those (and there are such) who calculate a patient's means of payment ere they enter his sick room; and he was intimidated by the remembrance of the wear and tear of feeling which is necessarily suffered by the man of science who puts heart and soul into his duties at the couch of suffering. Commerce, De Courcy abhorred, for the details of its busy scenes were little suited to his reserved habits and refined tastes. Viewed in its fairest light he recognised it as a noble calling, but those who pursued it were but too apt to wander with idolatry and bow down before the golden calf.

So the youth hesitated, and deferred his decision,

passing his days amid his books in the seclusion of his study until his habits of reverie were rather rudely broken by the sudden death of his father. This startled him from his torpor and had he been then called to enter upon the active duties of life, might have aroused him more effectually. But the elder Mr. Waldie had been one of those careful bodies who trust nothing to chance. Every thing was in such perfect order, his business was so admirably arranged, and his will was so precise in its directions that De Courcy had nothing to do and little to reflect upon. The head clerk assumed the business and purchased the stock in trade,—the income of the property was bequeathed to mother and son during life with a reversion of the whole estate to the survivor, and after the legal forms had been properly attended to, every thing went on in its usual manner. The only perceptible difference was that when rents, or interests on bonds and mortgages became due the bold and flourishing signature of S. De Courcy Waldie was appended to the receipts instead of the cramped and queer hieroglyphics which were formerly presumed to designate the name of his parent.

There was something in the mode of life peculiarly calculated to cherish the secluded habits of De Courcy Waldie. Their abode was situated in one of those narrow gloomy streets, where the sun is only visible at noonday,—a street which formed, in old times, a portion of the 'court-end' of the city, but which is now occupied principally by elderly proprietors or decayed gentlewomen, who, compelled to live on a small income, yet unwilling to appear shorn of their former honors, haunt the scenes of their youthful gaiety, and affect to despise the upstart 'nobodies' of B— Street and — Place. The tall, dusky houses stand wedged in close array, looking upon their opposite neighbors like a row of their old time-worn spinsters in an old fashioned contra-dance; in one of these sleepy-looking mansions, resided the Waldie family. Every thing in the house bore evidences of Dutch neatness in housekeeping. The faded but unworn carpets were the same which had been the wonder of the neighborhood when the parents of our hero were first married; the carved chairs belonged to that perpendicular race now rarely to be found except in rubbishy rooms; the narrow necked china jars on the high chimney-piece were relics of a by-gone age; and the tall clock, standing in the very spot where it had been placed thirty years before, rolled its Ethiop eyes, and ticked its monotonous warnings in a most drowsy and slumber-inducing voice. Dark heavy curtains in winter, and yellow Venitian half-blinds in summer, added to the gloomy appearance of apartments in which the sun never shone. The sound of the clock, the low purr of the cat as she stretched her overgrown body on the soft hearth-rug, and the dull clicking of Mrs. Waldie's knitting-needles, which she plied with unceasing assiduity, alone broke the deep silence of the apartment, and the most sincere votary of indolence could scarcely have imagined a more comfortable sort of domestic "sleepy-hollow."

Here would Mr. De Courcy Waldie sit hour after hour, pondering over some learned treatise, digging out Greek roots, exhausting his ingenuity in patching up some mutilated fragment of antiquity, and occasionally, by way of light reading, amusing himself with the Latin Poets, but never condescending to look into any thing which could not boast the musty flavor of past ages, except the daily newspapers. It is not strange that a man of such habits should soon learn to mistake *reverie* for *reflection*, and *feasible projects* for *good resolutions*. There was always something which he meant to do at some future time. He would tilt himself back in his chair, plant his feet against the chimney piece, and, with a cigar in his mouth, indulge those vague and pleasant but idle dreams, which such men are apt to dignify with the name of thoughts. The household went on with a kind of mechanical regularity. The important affairs of indoor life were managed by two old servants, who, before the abolition of slavery in New York, had been the property of Mr. Waldie, and had been carefully trained in all the duties of their station, (a class, by the way, who make the very best domestics, but who are now almost extinct; thanks to the spirit of philanthropy, which has thrown them upon their own resources and left them to die by want, vice and intemperance.) Mrs. Waldie walked into the kitchen every morning, and gave, or fancied she gave directions for the day; but Dinah needed no such watchfulness,—she knew her business and went about it as regularly as if she were wound up like the clock every Saturday night.

In the early part of his life it had been suggested that De Courcy ought to look out for a wife. But the idea of returning into a throng of giddy giggling girls, was quite too trying to the poor youth's feelings. He was sometimes conscious of an emotion of pleasure when, as he sat at the head of his pew in church, his eye fell upon the rosy cheek and bright eye of some fair damsel. Yet he only admired at a respectful distance, for a single word from a lady, or even the necessity of touching his hat to her in the street, would crimson his face with the painful blush of most officious modesty. If perchance he did venture to play the agreeable to some female less volatile than her companions, his constrained manner and pedantic compliments evinced a much more intimate acquaintance with the Daphnes and Chloes of antiquity, than with the luring, breathing, captivating beauties of the nineteenth century. By degrees all hope of taming the shy young student was relinquished. His female contemporaries married less intractable individuals, and long before he had made up his mind as to the propriety of assuming the responsibilities of wedlock, a second race of giggling girls was springing up around him. However he seemed quite contented with his celibacy. Perhaps some of my readers may consider this as a very integral portion of the good fortune which had fallen to his lot, and this I will not venture to dispute, for to a man of his dreamy temper and indolent habits, a wife would have been a positive annoyance—unless indeed, he could have found a sister to the inimitable "*fat boy*" of Pickwick.

Matters went on very smoothly with De Courcy Waldie until he had attained that awkward corner in man's life, which must be turned, and the pathway from which leads rather down hill. Mr. De Courcy Waldie reached his forty-fifth birth day, ere he had decided upon a profession or concluded to take a wife, but his time had glided away so calmly, that he scarcely noted its loss, till a second domestic bereavement aroused him. Quiet old ladies, who do not trouble themselves about their neighbors and never talk scandal, generally spin out life to its most attenuated thread, and thus Mrs. Waldie dozed away until she had completed her eighty-fourth year, when she fell into a sound sleep from which she never woke. It was not until the bustle attendant upon the funeral, had subsided, that the son had time to think of his loss, and then, when left to the utter solitude of his home—for the first time in his life he was sensible of actual profound grief. He did not know how essential his mother's presence had become to him. He was so accustomed to see her in the warmest corner in winter, and by the recess of the window in summer, that the apartment seemed to have lost, not only one of its inmates, but part of its furniture. Her tiny work-table and easy chair still held their wonted place, but she who was almost a part of them, was gone forever, and a feeling of loneliness took possession of his heart. He knew not, until the form of that revered parent was hidden from his sight, how often his eye had wandered from the page of his favourite book, to rest on her placid face. He remembered how carefully she had studied his tastes, how scrupulously she had obeyed his wishes, how well she had adapted herself to his peculiar habits; and when he reflected upon the different degree of his grief at the loss of his father, he began to think that there was something in the nature of woman particularly calculated to make man happy. This thought was followed by regret at not having secured a continuance of womanly tenderness for his future life. In the natural order of events, he must long outlive his mother, and who would have supplied her place, like a devoted wife. Mr. De Courcy Waldie began to wish he was married.

The longer he dreamed over this new idea, however, the more his difficulties seemed to increase. He thought of the pretty delicate girls whom he had admired in his college days, but he recollected them now as fat comfortable matrons, or thin, withered spinsters; and he looked in his mirror as if to discover whether age had made the same havoc with his appearance. But the daily use of the said useful appendage of the toilet had rendered him so gradually habituated to time's changes, that he could discern little difference in himself. He had never possessed much of the bloom of youth, and his face had early worn the pale student-like 'cast of thought,' which years had only traced in deeper characters. His dapper little figure, still trim and upright, was not spoiled by the obesity so much dreaded by elderly gentlemen; his teeth were still perfect—his incipient baldness—but this was an exceedingly delicate point—we will draw the veil of silence over his

reflections on this painful subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. De Courcy Waldie came to the conclusion that he was yet young enough to think of matrimony.

It was necessary for him to proceed with great caution however, for he knew that he was reputed rich, and he heard that society contained such anomalies as mercenary young ladies. While thinking over his new project, he was one day called upon for a subscription to some benevolent association, by one of those charitable persons who relieve the real or fancied distresses of their fellow mortals, by a free expenditure of *their own time* and their *neighbor's money*. With his usual generosity, Mr. Waldie handed her a liberal contribution, not sorry perhaps, to buy off her garrulity at such a price. But the lady dropped some words ere she departed, which set him off upon a new track. She had suggested the propriety of his adopting some orphan boy and educating him as his own. This was quite a new idea to him, but he viewed it in rather a different light from that which his visitor had intended. "Adopt a son," said he to himself, in a tone that seemed strangely like disgust, "no indeed. I should go crazy with a rollicking boy ransacking the house, and turning every thing upside down. Besides, boys have always got dirty faces, and they are forever cutting their fingers with their penknives, breaking their heads against horseposts or cracking their skulls on skating ponds; then they always tear their trousers, lose their gloves, and stump their toes through their shoes. Faugh! I can't endure great rude bearish boys. If she had said a daughter now, I might have thought better of it; there is certainly something very pleasant in a nice little quiet girl."

The more he reflected upon this fancy, the better he liked it, but the idea of adopting a daughter soon gave place to a more eccentric scheme. He determined to make an experiment. He would 'train up' a child in the way she should go; he would *educate a wife*.

Whether it was the loss of his mother which had awakened him from his apathy, or whether the long latent affections of his nature were now only developing themselves, cannot be determined, but, certain it is, that before he had dreamed over his project three months, Mr. De Courcy Waldie actually applied to the managers of the Orphan Asylum for permission to adopt *three* of the female inmates. He engaged to educate them according to their different capacities, to furnish them with the means of obtaining a future livelihood, and to settle the sum of two thousand dollars on each, when she should either marry or attain her majority. His character for probity and honor, was as well known as his eccentricity, and as no doubt existed of the fulfilment of his promises, his proposition was accepted. He was allowed to select his three protégées, and however ignorant he might be of female character, he showed himself no mean judge of female beauty, for his choice fell on three of the loveliest children in the institution. He wished them to be about twelve years of age, and there was but the difference of a few months between them. They were poor, friend-

less orphans, destined to a life of hardship if not of want, and he knew that if his experiment terminated unsuccessfully, the girls would be better provided for by his means, than if they were apprenticed to some hard task-master. He determined to bestow on all the same care, to educate them after his own peculiar notions, and when they should have attained a proper age, to decide upon their individual claims to his affections.

The old servants shook their heads in ominous silence, when they learned the sudden increase of family. Old Dinah went so far as to hint that his mother's death had touched Mr. Waldie's brain, and indeed wiser folks than she came to something like the same conclusion. But your quiet people, who are so amazingly slow in waking up to any purpose, pursue it with wonderful perseverance, when once fairly placed on the track. Mr. Waldie engaged an elderly governess to take charge of his young wards, and an apartment in the upper part of the house was appropriated to her use as a schoolroom. It was agreed that the privacy of Mr. Waldie's sitting room should never be violated by the intrusion of the females, except when he invited them to enter its hallowed precincts. His old-fashioned politeness regulated the etiquette of the table at their daily meals, and very soon the household assumed its usual regularity, notwithstanding the presence of three little girls. Mr. Waldie did not consider them old enough to deserve his particular attention for the present, and he therefore left them to the care of their very competent governess: only stipulating that they were never to be allowed to read poetry or fiction—never to wear any other dress than a calico frock, white apron and cottage bonnet,—and by no means, to form an acquaintance with other children. Having made these rules he returned to his former abstract studies, until such a time as he should deem it proper to undertake the instruction of his young protégées.

He had chosen the little girls rather on account of their personal beauty than with any regard to their mental gifts, for of these he determined to judge for himself, and it was not surprising, therefore, that he should discover great diversity in their characters. Fanny Morris, the elder of the three, possessed that regular and classical beauty which ever charms the eye in the remnants of Grecian art. Her features were perfect, her complexion exquisite, her form symmetry itself, but unfortunately, she seemed born to verify the oft-repeated criticism on that paragon of ideal beauty, the Venus de Medici, of whom it has been said that "if a woman exactly resembling her could be found in this breathing world, she would in all probability, (judging by the rules of physiognomy and phrenology) be an idiot." Fanny's small and beautifully shaped head was utterly destitute of brains—her soft dark eyes were never lighted up with any loftier expression than that of pleasure at sight of a box of sugar plums—and her lovely mouth gave utterance to none but the silliest of speeches. She could learn nothing, and after a year spent in fruitless attempts to impart more than the mere rudiments

of knowledge, she was given up as incorrigible. But mindful of his promise Mr. Waldie gave her the choice of an avocation, and finding her only capable of the most mechanical employment, he apprenticed her to a fringe and fancy-button maker; at the same time he purchased, in her name, bank stock to the amount of two thousand dollars, as her future dowry. Fanny seemed to have as little heart as mind, and parted from her benefactor with no regret. As we shall not have occasion to allude to her again, it may be as well to satisfy the reader's curiosity by stating that her beauty afterwards attracted the attention of a young artist, who wanted just such a model. Finding that her quiet stupidity rendered her a most untiring *sitter*, while her two thousand dollars added weight to her other attractions, the painter married her, and much of his present celebrity is owing to the matchless loveliness of his silly wife.

Of the two children who now remained under Mr. Waldie's roof, Emily Rivers was by far the most strikingly beautiful. Her blonde hair fell in rich curls upon her fat, white shoulders, while her delicate features, and large clear blue eyes gave an infantile grace to her lovely countenance. There was a frank joyousness in her expression, which was very attractive, and, at that time, few would have hesitated in giving her the preference over her young companion. Celina Morley was one of those children whose personal characteristics develop very slowly. She was short in stature, and slightly inclined to stoop, while her gray eyes, whose hue was deepened almost into blackness by the shadow of the fringed lid, and a small mouth filled up with pearly teeth, formed her only claims to admiration. Her face appeared out of proportion—her forehead was so immensely high, her brows so thick and dark her cheeks so colorless, that her countenance seemed like some modern engravings, all *black and white*, without tints of light and shadow.

Nor was this difference in their personal appearance the only one which existed between the two girls. The shy, quiet demeanor of Celina, contrasted strongly with the frank, bold manner of her companion. Emily would run to meet Mr. Waldie with a gay laugh, and throwing herself on a footstool beside him, would beguile him with her merry prattle, without seeming to care whether he were annoyed by her intrusion. But Celina would stand timidly awaiting an encouraging word from her benefactor, and thus it often happened, in the little household as in the great world, that modest merit was overlooked in favor of obtrusive importunity, and Celina was forgotten for the more clamorous Emily. Yet it was Celina who brought the dressing-gown the very moment it was wanted, and drew the easy-chair into the accustomed corner—it was Celina who laid the slippers just where his feet would be sure to find them without giving the head trouble to think about them; it was Celina who, when he was confined to his bed by sickness, watched in his room through the long day, and listened at his door in the silent hours of the night. But the caresses of Emily had opened a fountain of tenderness in Mr. Waldie's bosom, and

after they had been inmates of his family for rather more than two years, he felt that the time had come when his course of instruction must commence. What that course was it is needless to specify; let it suffice to know that he destined them to pursue a series of studies which would have appalled the most zealous aspirant for college honors.

The true character of the two girls began now to be exhibited. They were approaching their fifteenth year, and the fresh, glowing beauty of Emily Rivers had already excited the notice of strangers. She had observed the stolen glance of admiration, she had even heard the sudden exclamation of delight, as some ardent youth peeped under the close cottage bonnet, while she walked demurely beside her benefactor or her governess, in their daily promenades, and the latent vanity of her nature had been fully aroused. The calico dress and white apron annoyed her sadly. She was full of projects for making Mr. Waldie sensible of the folly of his restrictions, and while he was busied in teaching them to solve algebraic problems, she was as busy in devising schemes for eluding his vigilance. She had no taste for study, but she had tact and quickness of comprehension and thus it often happened that her adroitness stood her in the stead of application and industry. While Celina devoted herself to the performance of her required tasks, Emily exerted her ingenuity in evading them, or in skilfully applying to her own use, the industry and talent of her young companion. But Emily had a most decided love for dress. She was wonderfully tasteful in trimming bonnets and furbelowing dresses and debarred from any such pleasures for her own account, she amused her leisure hours by furbishing up old Dinah (who was particularly fond of a fine spreading knot of ribbons) and regarnishing the head gear of all the dingy dame's dressy acquaintances.

At length her vanity would no longer be controlled. The girls received a regular allowance of pocket-money, which it was expected they would spend in charity, and this sum Emily hoarded up until she was enabled to purchase some of the long-coveted finery. Determined to try the strength of Mr. Waldie's rules, she came down to the parlor one Sunday morning, prepared to accompany him to church, clad in her new attire. For a few minutes he looked at her in stern silence, while, with a beating heart but resolute spirit, she awaited his reproaches. The little cottage bonnet had given place to a tawdry pink silk hat, flaunting with streamers of lace and ribbons, and instead of her simple white cape her shoulders were now covered with a bright yellow gauze scarf. She had certainly not improved her appearance by her new display, but she wished to try the effect of a little rebellion, and she was fully satisfied. Mr. Waldie quietly desired her to change her dress,—she remonstrated,—he insisted,—she grew angry and exhibited a degree of fiery passion, which, though by no means strange to the other members of the family, had hitherto been carefully concealed from him; until at length, irritated by her vehement opposition, he led her to her apartment and locked her in. There were three faults which

Mr. Waldie regarded with peculiar abhorrence in the female character, and these were a passionate temper, a love of dress, and a determined will. He was perfectly horror-stricken, therefore, at the sudden discovery of all these most dreaded attributes in the beautiful Emily. Nor was his disgust much diminished, when, on his return from church, he proceeded to her apartment to receive, as he hoped, an humble confession of her fault. He found her leaning from the window engaged in an interesting conversation with a beardless young gentleman who resided in the adjoining house, and who was now standing on the top of a ladder placed against the garden wall, in order to be within whispering or rather murmuring distance of the young lady, with whom he had for some months carried on a flirtation by means of billets tied to pebbles and flung into her window. This of course decided the matter. Emily was desired by her benefactor to make choice of some trade, and, as she fancied it must be perfectly delightful to live among finery, she decided upon adopting the *profession* of a milliner. Accordingly, Latin and Geometry were exchanged for frippery and folly. Emily soon became a most skilful *artiste*, and, by exhibiting their effect on her beautiful face, which nothing could spoil, was the means of selling so many ugly bonnets and turbans, that she was quite a prize to her employer. At the age of eighteen she married a fashionable draper and tailor, when she received her promised dowry from the hand of Mr. Waldie. As the business of both husband and wife was one which ministered to the master spirit of vanity, they made a large fortune in a few years, and I have heard—but I will not vouch for the truth of the story—that after their retirement, Colonel Fitwell and his beautiful wife made quite a figure in the saloons of Paris, where she could boast of the honor of having been noticed by royalty; his majesty having been heard to ask the name of that very *large woman* with blonde hair! What an honor for a simple republican!

Celina Morley was now left alone, and the punishment inflicted on her companion, for such to her sensitive nature it seemed, rather tended to increase her timid reserve. But she possessed high intellectual gifts and a great love for study, so that her progress in learning equalled her eccentric benefactor's highest anticipations. I am afraid she would have been deemed a blue-stocking in the circles of fashion, for she was a fine Latin scholar, read Greek with great ease, had not even been delayed on the Pons Asinorum in her mathematical career, and in short, when she had attained her eighteenth year, knew considerably more than most collegians when they take their degree. Do not think this is an over-estimate of the attainments of our heroine, gentle reader. Let an intelligent woman be endowed with industry, perseverance and a love for study, then give her a powerful motive, such as love or gratitude, to stimulate her, and all the boasted intellect of man will hardly outstrip her in the race of learning.

The person of Celina had developed as fully as her mind. Her swarthy complexion had cleared into

a fine brunette, her dark hair parted smoothly on her high forehead, added feminine grace to a rather masculine feature, while the intellectual expression which beamed in her fine eyes, lighted up her whole face with positive beauty. Her form had become tall and majestic, scarcely rounded enough for perfect symmetry, but just such a figure as expands with queenly grace in later life. In short, Celina had become a stately, beautiful, and gifted woman. But while all these things had been going on, Mr. Waldie had become some six or seven years older, and already passed his *fiftieth* year; yet some how or other, he did not seem to be very impatient to change his condition. It is true, Celina had attained the age which he had originally destined to be the period of marriage, but he felt so very comfortable and was so much the creature of habit, that he seemed rather to dread any innovation. He had taken the precaution to keep his wards in ignorance of his final intentions, and therefore, Celina loved him with truly filial affection, without dreaming that she might be called upon to cherish any warmer emotion. As she grew up to the stature of womanhood, Mr. Waldie had been induced, by the remonstrance of the governess, to withdraw some of his restrictions in female attire; and though he still insisted on a rigid proscription of bows, feathers, flowers and lace, he allowed Celina to assume a garb somewhat in accordance with the prevailing fashion. But he had forbidden her to acquire any feminine accomplishment except sewing and knitting. The first act he found very necessary to his own comfort, as strings would break, and buttons would come off, which evils no one could repair with such neat-handed rapidity as Celina; while the second mystery he looked upon as essential to every well-trained woman, because it had been the sole occupation of his mother for the last twenty years of her life. But sad to tell! the young victim of theory could neither dance, nor play on the piano, nor sketch in crayons, nor paint velvet, nor make fillagree boxes, nor work worsted;—in short, she was utterly unskilled in the thousand lady-like arts of *idle industry*.

Yet nature had made her beautiful and good, education had made her a fine scholar, and her innate tact (without which talent and learning are often but useless gifts) had taught her womanly duties and womanly tastes. Indeed she had rather too much feminine delicacy to suit the peculiar notions of Mr. Waldie. He had an idea that the want of physical courage, which characterizes the sex, was simply an error in female education, and, not content with the passive endurance and moral strength which make woman a heroine in the chamber of pestilence, he determined that Celina should possess some share of masculine boldness. Accordingly, he practised various fantastic experiments to habituate her to pain and terror. He dropped hot sealing-wax on her bare arms, fired pistols within six inches of her head, and practised various feats of a similar nature, until, after having thrice set fire to her dress by accident, and once shocked her into a fit of sickness, he gave

up his attempt in despair of ever bringing her to the required point of courage. Mr. Waldie was a little disappointed. Celina did not quite realize his ideal of the partner of his life. She bore little resemblance to the dull, drowsy, quiet creature, who, soon after his mother's death, seemed to fulfil his notions of wifely excellence, and neither was she that most unfeminine of all females—a plodding and slovenly book-worm. She was simply a gentle, lovely, intellectual woman, whom profound learning had failed to make either a pedant or a metaphysician. Do not listen to your prejudices, friend reader, and fancy that I am portraying an immaterial character: such women are to be found—sometimes in the saloons of gaiety but more frequently in the shades of private life, and the fire on the domestic hearth may still burn brightly and cheerfully even when lighted by the torch of wisdom.

A year or two more passed on. Mr. Waldie seemed to linger long on the threshold of celibacy ere he could summon courage to cross it, and in the meantime he was spared all future anxiety about the matter. Among the few, who still kept up their acquaintance with the eccentric Mr. Waldie, was the head-clerk of his deceased father, who, grateful for the liberal treatment which he had received at the settlement of the estate, was always ready to do a kindness for the heir. Unpunctual tenants and troublesome debtors were peculiar objects of his watchfulness, and Mr. Waldie was saved from many a loss and many a vexation by his honest friend. The son of this gentleman, after receiving a liberal education, had devoted himself to the church, and, as Mr. Waldie's extensive library furnished a great variety of polemical works, he had gladly accepted the bachelor's kind invitation to visit it at all times, without restraint. At first young Willington Merwyn came rarely, and taking some dusty volume of controversial divinity would retire to his own quiet study. By degrees he learned to linger longer, and ponderous tomes which he formerly sought were often forgotten when he took his departure. He came frequently and staid late, while Mr. Waldie, absorbed in his own speculative philosophy, always greeted the presence of the clergyman as a tribute to the value of his intellectual stores, or a compliment to his own scholarship. He fancied, good man, that the long metaphysical discussions and ingenious theories, in which he took so much delight, were the young man's chief attraction, and never dreamed that even the presence of philosophy herself,

“Attired in all
The star-gemmed robes of speculative truth”

would have awakened far less emotion in the bosom of Willington Merwyn than did the beauty and gentleness of Celina. But the lady herself had some little inkling of the truth, for women seem to have a sort of intuitive knowledge of the heart's love. There were looks and tones and casual words which needed no interpreter, or if they did, she soon found one in her own feelings. She discovered that the visits of the clergyman were only recurring pleasures

to her, and she reflected upon the matter till she came to the very natural conclusion, that, considering the warm regard manifested by her benefactor to his young friend, it probably was his wish that they should obey the command of the apostle to "love one another." Not long after she had arrived at this conclusion, one of those lucky chances, which always favor lovers, revealed to her the fact that Mr. Merwyn had precisely the same opinion. In short, if the commandment already quoted had contained the sum of Christian duty, they would certainly have been regarded as eminently excellent young persons.

Of course the elder Mr. Merwyn was soon made acquainted with his son's passion for Celina, and, following the honest old-fashioned mode of transacting such affairs, he thought it best to be sure of his friend's approbation. Now it so happened that Mr. Waldie came to a decision on the momentous subject which had so long occupied his thoughts. He had made up his mind that, however reluctant he might feel to assume the responsible duties of matrimony, a further delay would be an act of cruel injustice to Celina. He thought over all her good qualities, and, though he did not quite like her cowardice, he determined that, rather than doom her to a life of celibacy, he would celebrate his *fifty-fifth* birth day by a wedding. It cost him some effort to make this decision; for, in addition to his natural indolence which led him to dread any change in his mode of life, Mr. Waldie had one secret which he could not bear to betray. It was one of his weak points—nobody knew it, and he dreaded lest the familiar intercourse of married life should reveal it. Nothing but a sense of duty towards his ward could have induced him to overcome this last objection which seemed to have gained new force with the progress of time. It was just at this moment, when his heroic self-devotion had carried him to the verge of an explanation with Celina, that Mr. Merwyn, with sundry nods, and winks, and dry jokes, disclosed to him the wishes of the young people. Mr. Waldie was thunder-struck. It seemed to him too preposterous for belief, but it was sufficiently startling to determine him to judge for himself. He shook

off his abstraction long enough to discover that his old friend was not very far wrong, and once assured of the fact, he fell into his usual reverie before coming to any definite decision. He had sufficient practical wisdom to keep his own counsel about his original plan, and he reflected upon Celina's incorrigible timidity—the many little troubles which matrimony is apt to bring around one—his own bachelor comforts—and, above all, his inviolable *SECRET*, until he was quite disposed to believe that it was "all for the best."

Mr. Waldie's fifty-fifth birth-day was celebrated by a wedding; but Mr. Waldie still enjoyed his celibacy and his secret. Celina became the wife of Wilington Merwyn. At the request of the eccentric but kind bachelor, the happy pair took up their abode with him. He probably did not gain much in the way of quiet by this arrangement, for in the course of a few years a certain little rosy-cheeked De Courcy and his chubby sister started the decorous echoes of the old house with the sounds of baby-grief and baby-joy. However, there is a wonderful power of adaptation in the human mind, and Mr. Waldie learned, after a while, to allow them free ingress to his student's den, while he often neglected his speculative theories for practical illustrations of kindly affections. Celina made quite as good a wife as if she had been brought up in the usual lady-like ignorance of science. She shaped and sewed her children's garments, concocted puddings and pies, directed the mechanism of her household, and was quite as useful in her sphere as the most vehement declaimer against *learned women* could have deemed necessary to vindicate her character. Mr. Waldie never regretted the result of his experiment. He lived in perfect harmony and peace with his now enlarged family, and it was not until Celina had become a comely matron and her children had grown up to love and reverence him, that the old man was gathered to his fathers. But his secret had been discovered long before his death, for he gradually lost his little personal vanity as soon as he finally concluded to remain a bachelor, and he did not find any decrease in Celina's affection even when she learned that *he wore a wig*.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Through the ever-heaving ocean

Bear us from our forest-land,
Through the rising waves' commotion,
To a far and foreign strand;
Still the heart, all space unheeding,
Firmly 'gainst our progress strives,
Leaves us, and with haste is speeding
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Ye may bind the eagle's pinion,—
Check the deer's impetuous course,—
Curb the steed to your dominion,—
Quell the torrent's headlong force,—

But the spirit, fetters spurning
As our proud ship onward drives,
Leaves us, in its joy returning
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Noah's freed and wand'ring raven
Toward the ark for safety flew;
Backward, to the spotless heaven,
Springs, at morn, the vesper dew.
Thus affection's fond devotion,
Balm and solace of our lives;
Flies, like incense, o'er the ocean,
To our sweethearts and our wives.

THE DUEL.

BY E. S. GOULD, ESQ. OF NEW YORK.

HARRY BRADFORD sat musing by the window and was apparently lost in thought, when a sudden knock at his door aroused him; but before he could bid the applicant enter, Fred Stanley burst into the room.

"It's all arranged, Harry," said he with a glee in which, however, his companion did not seem at all to participate.

"So I supposed," replied Harry, quietly; "such an affair is not likely to remain long unfinished in your hands."

"And why should it, pray?" inquired Stanley, a little nettled at his friend's want of enthusiasm.

"Oh, it should not, of course," said Harry; "such matters, after all, are best done when soonest done. Where do we meet?"

"On the old battle-ground—Weehawken," said Stanley; "no place like it."

"No, none like it, indeed! What time have you appointed?" asked Harry.

"To-morrow, at sunrise," replied Stanley.

"That's rather prompt, too," said Harry, "if one has to take leave of his friends and make his peace with God."

"Bah!" said Stanley, slightly, "we must not think too much of these things."

"I must not, certainly," replied Harry, "if I would just now retain my self-possession. We use pistols, I presume?"

"Yes, at ten paces;" said Stanley.

"A fearful proximity for men of approved courage and skill who are bent on taking each other's life!" rejoined Harry; then after a pause, he added, "Wilson persists in his challenge, Fred?"

"Good G—!" exclaimed Stanley in dismay at what appeared to him a prospect of losing his expected sport, "you are not afraid to meet him Harry?"

"No, Stanley," said Harry, "not in your sense of the word. So long as consequences are limited to myself, I have little thought of fear. But," he continued—and he spoke in a low tone and with unwonted rapidity, lest some tremulousness of the voice might betray his emotion—there are other interests, other fears, other considerations—"

"Forget them for heaven's sake, until after to-morrow," said Stanley, interrupting him, "or you will never acquit yourself with honor. If you have any little affairs to despatch, set about them at once, and don't fail to be abed and asleep before ten, or you won't be up in season. I would not have

Wilson on the ground before us for the world. Good bye; I must prepare my pistols, for I see you will never give them a thought;" and away went Fred Stanley as full of bravery, as solicitous for his friend's honor, and as indifferent about his friend's distress of mind—as seconds are wont to be.

Harry did not move for some minutes after Stanley left him; and when at length he raised his eyes from the floor, his countenance bore an expression of unutterable woe.

It was no wonder. He was the only child of a widowed mother, and the affianced lover of the sweetest maid in the land. If he should fall, as he well might, what would become of that mother and of Kate Birney?

He at length aroused himself saying—"I dare not see my mother: but Kate—dearest, loveliest Kate! I promised to call on her at five; and it's five now; and, by heaven, there she stands at her parlor window beckoning me to hasten; yes! and she holds up that bouquet of flowers. It was but yesterday I gathered them for her—and what has not happened since yesterday!" Here he paused, as if too much overcome by fond recollections to proceed: he then added in a different tone—"these follies come upon us, with both cause and consequences, as suddenly, as fatally as the inevitable casualties of life! A day of promise is changed to a life of mourning by the event of a moment; the act of an instant destroys the happiness and poisons the memory of years! Those flowers were gathered in hope; and before they—frail, perishing mementos—can wither, he who bound them and she who wears them may be lost in despair!

With a heavy heart Harry repaired to his love's rendezvous, where, full of beauty and tenderness, Kate awaited him. They were to be married in a week; and these interviews of the lovers now possessed an additional witchery from the fact that their communings, as lovers, were so soon to terminate forever.

The romance of passion is a bright episode in our youth. The hymenæal sun, while he yet clambers toward the "misty mountain-tops" on the morning of a wedding-day, spreads his promise over the broad firmament in a thousand fantastical images of crimson and gold. We watch the accumulating splendors of the sky and say, exultingly, if the dawn be so gorgeous what will not the day bring forth? But as we gaze, the sun heaves his broad disk above the horizon—the ephemeral imagery of vapor disappears—and

the calm, steady sunlight of every day-life succeeds to the beautiful vision.

To Kate, this glowing blazonry of heaven was now at its culminating point; but Harry felt, as he almost reluctantly approached her, that a cloud—the more terrible from his uncertainty as to its dimensions and progress—was gathering on that glorious sky.

As he approached, his lovely mistress hailed him with an arch reproof for his delay; but when she reached out her hand to welcome him, she saw that his face was flushed and his eye disturbed; and, changing her tone of censure to one of solicitude, she inquired anxiously:

"Are you ill, Harry?"

The pressure of the hand—the eager look of inquiry—the tremulous tone of affection which accompanied these few words startled Harry from his self-possession; and he replied—

"No—no—not at all ill; I—I—"

"Harry! dear Harry!" exclaimed Kate with passionate earnestness, "what has happened? Tell me, Harry! tell me *all*!"

It was instantly obvious to the young man that his engagement for the morning—which he held himself bound in honor to fulfil—would in some way certainly be interfered with by his mistress, if he allowed her to be informed of it; for, whatever might be his notions of chivalric obligations, and however imperiously he might demand her acquiescence in them, he still knew that a dread of personal danger to himself would overbear, in her mind, *all* other considerations. He, therefore, felt it necessary to equivocate and deceive her. This train of argument, which of course went through his mind in far less time than is required to note it down, resulted in his saying promptly—

"For heaven's sake, Kate, don't alarm yourself in this manner! Nothing has happened."

It is not to be supposed that this reply was altogether satisfactory, but as Harry, in his attempt to mislead Kate had broken the spell of his own forebodings, he was now able to regain his self-command; and he then soon succeeded in making a jest of her fears.

After an interview such as lovers know how to protract and one knows how to describe, they parted; Kate inspired with bright visions of happiness, and Harry, in a state of wretchedness, the nature, but not the extent, of which may be readily conceived. He hurried to his room and without any preparation for the morrow cast himself on the bed where his agony found poor relief in a fit of uncontrollable weeping.

In this condition, he fell asleep.

It often happens, by some strange contrariety of nature, that our dreams have relation to the subjects *not* nearest our hearts: what has occupied our thoughts during the day usually gives place, in sleep, to something of more remote interest—as if the soul, when momentarily disencumbered of the cares of life, shook off its dependence on the body and pursued the bent of its own fancy, regardless of the wants and woes of this tabernacle of clay to which it is

ordinarily held in subjection. But Harry's experience did not, at this time, conform to the rule.

After he had slept awhile, he dreamed that he was hurrying, stealthily and alone, to the scene of mortal strife. A little in advance of him was an old man whom he had several times tried to avoid by changing his route, but the stranger, without appearing to be conscious of Harry's motions, happened so exactly to regulate his course by that which Harry took, that the impatient youth found it necessary to brush past him, at the risk of being interrupted, if he would reach his destination in due season.

He had just overtaken the old man, and was rapidly striding onward, when the latter, with a promptness and vigor not to be expected in one of his years, grasped Harry's arm, saying—

"Hold a moment, young man; you are Harry Bradford, I believe?"

"That is my name, old gentleman," replied Harry, with a stare of astonishment, "but as I have not the pleasure of knowing you, I must beg you to defer your civilities. I am in haste."

"Stay a moment, nevertheless," continued the stranger, "or,"—seeing Harry about to move on in spite of him—"if you will not, at least walk slower, that I may accompany you. I knew your father, Harry, and I can surely claim of his son the privilege of a parting word just as he is about to rush unbidden into eternity."

"Who are you, then, and what would you say?" exclaimed Harry, not a little startled to find that his purpose as well as his name was known to the stranger.

"I am your friend," replied the old man, "and my name is Common Sense. Why are you determined to throw away your life?"

"Sir," said Harry, "I am engaged in an affair of honor—a matter with which, I fancy, you can have no concern."

"I have little to do with honor as young men understand it; but I am desirous to serve you. Tell me, therefore, what is your predicament?"

"A quondam friend and rival lover, jealous of my success with a lady, insinuated something to her prejudice in the presence of gentlemen. I struck him. He challenged me; and I am bound to fight him."

"Why?"

"The laws of honor accord full satisfaction to an injured person."

"Is he injured?"

"No, not in fact: he merely received a just chastisement for a wanton insult."

"Who says, then, that he is injured?"

"He says so."

"And is it one of the articles of your code of honor that a party to a quarrel is entitled, also, to be a judge of his own case?"

"That is immaterial. If a man chooses to consider himself aggrieved, he can demand an apology, or, personal satisfaction. The apology being refused—as in my case it must be—the challenge ensues: and to question his right to issue it, provided he is recognised as a gentleman, is, equally with a

refusal to fight, equivalent to an admission of cowardice."

"An admission of one's own cowardice is, truly, no alluring alternative. But let us understand each other: what sort of cowardice do you mean?"

"I know of but one."

"Indeed! Cowardice, speaking generally, is fear: what fear does a man betray who declines to accept a challenge?"

"The fear—eh—that is—the fear of being shot."

"Death, young gentleman, to one who believes in a future state of reward and punishment, is a solemn event; and I apprehend that a brave man, or a good man (to say nothing of a bad man) may fear to meet it without suffering the imputation of cowardice: so that, thus far, your position is none of the strongest. Does this cowardice comprehend nothing else than the fear of death?"

"Nothing else."

"Then we have all the argument on that side of the question. Let us look a moment at the other. What induces a man to accept a challenge?"

"The fear of dishonor."

"Ay? then *fear* operates on both horns of the dilemma: and, for my own part, if I were forced to act under the dictation of fear, I would choose that course which promised the least disastrous result. But here, again, we do not perhaps understand each other. What kind of *dishonor* is this?"

"Disgrace, in an intolerable form! A man thus degraded would be driven from society, branded with the stigma of cowardice, and blasted with the scorn of all honorable men."

"That, truly, were a fate to be deprecated; though a man of sober judgment might urge that even such a fate is nothing compared to what awaits those who throw themselves, uncalled and unprepared, into the presence of their Maker. But is what you say *true*? Does such dishonor involve such consequences?"

"Unquestionably it does!"

"Stop a moment. Let us consider this. You say the man would be driven from society: tell me, by whom?"

"By public opinion."

"And the same agent would brand him a coward and blast him with universal scorn?"

"Even so."

"This public opinion, I take it, is the united opinion of that class whom you designate by the phrase *all honorable men*?"

"It is."

"Very well. I wish now to ascertain the practical operation of public opinion. Supposing you were this dishonored individual: who, as the Scripture hath it, would cast the first stone at you? Who would take the initiative in banishing, branding and scorning you—would your father have done it?"

"No, certainly not."

"Would your mother?"

"No."

"Would the lady you love—or *any* lady on the face of the earth?"

"No."

"Would any of the old respectable inhabitants—your father's companions and equals?"

"No."

"Would any of those who, by common consent, form the respectable and estimable portion of the community?"

"No."

"Would not, rather, all these to whom I have referred, applaud you for refusing deliberately to give or receive a death-wound in a quarrel; and honor you for daring to *practice* what every sensible man has *preached* since the world began?"

"Perhaps they might."

"Then will you tell me, identically, *who* would inflict on you the penalties of this imaginary dishonor? *Who* would pronounce you disgraced and point at you as a coward?"

"Why, Wilson, and Fred Stanly, and Jack Smith, and Jim Brown, and every body."

"What are they?"

"Gentlemen."

"What is a gentleman?"

"One who has, or had, or expects to have a plenty of cash—who has no particular vocation—who carries a rattan, wears long hair, and goes to all the fashionable parties."

"I have but two questions more to ask: supposing you are killed in this duel: what would be the consequences to *others*?"

"My mother would die of a broken heart; and Kate—God knows what would become of her!"

"Supposing, on the contrary, you should kill your antagonist?"

"If I were not arrested and hanged according to law, I should be obliged to quit the country and bear, ever, in my bosom the remorse and on my brow the mark of a murderer."

"One thing more: are you not heartily ashamed of your present purpose?"

Before Harry could reply, Stanley stood at his side and awakened him by saying:

"Come, Harry, you will be too late!"

The brotherly, disinterested zeal of a second is worthy of all admiration. How dispassionately he tries the flint! How coolly he squints along the barrel to ascertain if the sight is in order! How carefully he graduates the powder, and with what a touching connoisseurship he chooses a ball! Observe, too, with what a stately air he paces off the ground—from the pride of his step you might imagine he was a prince or a conqueror marching to receive the reward of his greatness!—God in heaven! is that man arranging the ground where his friend is to be shot—shot in cold blood—and he, a silent, premeditating witness of the deed?

At the hour designated, the parties were all in attendance: the ground was measured and the pistols were loaded.

Harry now interrupted the proceedings saying:

"Gentlemen this affair has gone far enough."

"It is too late now, sir!" said Wilson's second, haughtily: "my friend refuses to accept an apology."

"He had better wait," said Harry, "until I offer

it. I accepted his challenge under a misapprehension of my obligations to my friends, to society, and to what are called the laws of honor. I now retract that acceptance. He insulted me and I struck him; the reckoning of revenge was thus closed as soon as it was opened. If he dares to repeat the offence, I shall repeat the punishment; without holding myself liable to be shot at like a wild beast of the forest. You are all welcome to put your own interpretation on my refusal to fight. My conduct will *justify itself* to all those whose opinions are truly worthy of regard; and as for the bullying denunciation of those

few miscreants whose highest ambition is to be known as the lamp-lighters and candle-snuffers of mortal combats—combats which the laws of God and man pronounce to be murder—as for their denunciation, my now wishing you a good morning shows how thoroughly I despise it.”

Was Harry Bradford a sensible man or a fool? Did he, in after years, regret his refusal to fight a duel? And will any one who reads this have the good sense and manliness to do likewise?

ELEGY ON THE FATE OF JANE M'CREA.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

WHEN Genius, Valor, Worth, too soon decays,
The world sings vocal with posthumous praise,
And o'er the love that fate has sorely tried,
Oft have the hearts of pitying mortals sigh'd.
What then to thee, oh, hapless maid! is due,
Whose form was lovely as thy soul was true?
Who fell ere life hope's promise could impart,
Or love's fruition cheer thy constant heart?
As some sweet bird that leaves its nest to fly,
With sportive wings along the alluring sky,
'Midst greener scenes and groves of happier song,
To wake its wild notes with its kindred throng,
Feels the quick shot its gushing bosom smite,
Just when it seeks to ease its tiring flight,
And ere its glance can tell the ball is sped,
Finds the cold sod its blood-encrimson'd bed.

Ah, sad for thee! when life's frail thread was shorn,
Few near thee wept, though many liv'd to mourn.
No arm was there to stay the savage deed,
That left thy form with gory wounds to bleed.
No mystic rites from holy tongues were thine,
In death's cold sleep thy beauty to resign—
No hearse-drawn train, with mournful steps and slow,
Was nigh to yield the accustomed signs of woe,
But Peace was priestess o'er the virgin clay,
When Nature's arms embrac'd thee in decay,
While duteous there a remnant of the brave,
Bent o'er thy dust, and form'd thy humble grave,
And 'neath the pine-tree's unfrequented shade,
Lone and compos'd thy blood-stain'd relics laid,
Where from the boughs the wild-bird chim'd its song,
And gurgling leap'd the fountain's stream along—
In earth's green breast by warrior hands enshrin'd,—
Beauty in earth by Valor's side reclined!

But unforgetful Grief her debt hath paid,
In sad remembrance of thy lovely shade;
And friendly hands have op'd this cell of sleep,
Thy dust to honor, and thy fall to weep,
And maiden trains from village hamlets nigh,
Have borne thy relics thence to where they lie,
There rear'd the slab that tells thy joyless doom,
Points to the skies, and shows thy hallow'd tomb.

Ne'er shall thy fate around thee fail to draw,
Hearts ever true to Nature's kindest law—
To trace the spot whereon thy bosom bled,
Where Guilt to Death Life's sinless semblance wed—
Where startling shrieks in savage madness rose,
That rous'd the panther from his lair's repose—
Where stood dismay'd the feeble hand that bore

Thy form where savage hands thy ringlets tore—
Where flows the fount, and still the pine-tree stands,
Notch'd by the bird's beak, and the stranger's hands,
Rocking its wide boughs to the shivering gale,
The time-worn witness of thy chilling tale.

Now shall the feet of pensive wanderers turn,
With heedless steps from thy more classic urn;
But sadly tread the village grave-yard round,
'Midst tombs defac'd, and many a mouldering mound,
And pause and ponder where, embower'd in green,
Thy marble crowns the fair surrounding scene—
Where gentle gales their flowery fragrance strew,
And morn and eve thy lowly turf bedew—
Where the fresh sward and trembling tree-leaves wave,
While night-winds sing their dirges round thy grave—
And slow-wing'd warblers on their airy way,
Breathe their sad wails o'er Murder's beauteous prey.

Fair maid below'd! whose vows were kept in heav'n,
By angels welcom'd ere pronounc'd forgiven—
'Tis not alone that thou didst early die,
That rain thee tears from every manly eye—
Not that thy love's unanswer'd wish was pure,
Does the touch'd heart remember and deplore;
But that thy form a savage hand should doom,
In bridal robes to share a nuptial tomb—
Just as hope held life's blissful prize in view,
That death should prove it mockery and untrue,
And make thee share, who sought the plighted brave,
A lover's anguish and a martyr's grave!

But vain for thee may roll the tuneless line,
Since praises breath'd from every tongue are thine—
In vain may song its mournful strain bestow,
Since grief to feel is but thy fate to know—
In vain may sorrow her sad dirge impart,
For Pity's throb is thine from every heart—
In vain thy tale these thoughtful numbers chime,
Since trac'd in blood upon the scroll of time.

Cease then the song, and drop the tear instead,
O'er the still slumbers of the lovely dead—
Heave from the breast the unaffected sigh,
Where spreads her name, and where her ashes lie.
For when from art the world shall cease to know,
Afflicted Beauty's all-surviving woe—
When poet's verse and sculptor's shaft decay,
Time o'er the wreck the story shall display,
And simple truth, with tragic power relate
The love that perish'd from the wrongs of fate,
While Pity melts, and listening Fear turns pale,
With each stern horror of the harrowing tale.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

THE PIRATE.

It was a tropical night. The moon had gone down, but the stars shone clear and lustrous, with a brilliancy unknown to more temperate climes, painting a myriad of silvery lines along the smooth swell of the sleeping ocean. A light breeze was murmuring across the waters, now and then rippling the waves in the starlight, and flapping the reef-points occasionally against the sails. A heavy dew was falling, bringing with it, from the island that lay far up to windward, a thousand spicy odors mingled into one delicious perfume. On the extreme verge of the horizon hung a misty veil, shrouding the sea-board in obscurity. Up to windward the same delicate gauze-like vapor was perceptible, and the position of the island which we had made at twilight, was only to be told from the denser masses of mist, that had gathered in one particular spot on the horizon in that quarter.

It was the morning watch and I was standing, wrapped up in my monkey jacket, looking out dreamingly on the ripples that played under our side in the starlight, when the bluff voice of the boatswain addressed me, at the same time that the old fellow wrung an enormous piece of tobacco from a still larger mass that he held in his brawny hand.

"A still night, Mr. Cavendish," began Hinton—"it looks as if the old salt-lake was dreaming, and had drawn around her that fog as a sort of curtain to keep herself quiet, as I've heard King George and other big folks do when they go to sleep. For my part I've no notion of such sort of sleeping, for I'd stifle to death if I had to be wrapt in every night like the Egyptian mummies that I've seen up the straits. Give me a hammock for sleeping comfortable like in—I never slept out of one since I went to sea but once, and then I'd as lief have slept head downwards, for I didn't get a wink all night."

"You mean to say that you tried to sleep," said I smiling.

"Exactly—I'm no scollard, and none the worse for that I think. Them as is born to live by head work ought to be sent to 'cademies and colleges and such high places,—but them as have to get a living by their hands had better leave book larnin' alone, for—take my word for it—it only ends in making them rascals; and there's other ways of killing a dog without choking him to death with bread and butter. Them's my sentiments, and so when I've got to speak, instead of skulking about the business in search of big words, like the cook in the galley, I

come out at once in the plain style my fathers taught me. The devil fly away with them that can't speak without shaking in their shoes lest they make a mistake. What's not to be expected of them can't be, and big words don't make an honest man much less a good boatswain—the proof of the pudding is in the chewing," and the old fellow paused and looked in my face for a reply. He had scarcely done so when he started, looked around and turned as pale as ashes. A low melancholy strain, seeming to pervade the air, and coming now from above and now from some other quarter, could be distinctly heard rising solemnly across the night. The phenomenon baffled even myself, but on Hinton it had an extraordinary effect. Sailors are at all times superstitious, and the bluff boatswain possessed a large share of this faculty. These singular sounds, therefore, appealed to one of the strongest feelings in his bosom. He looked at me doubtfully, turned around on tip-toe, and listened attentively a moment in every direction. His scrutiny did not satisfy him, but rather increased his wonder. There could be no doubt that the sounds existed in reality, for although they died away for a moment now and then, they would almost instantly be heard again, apparently coming from a different quarter of the horizon. The burden of the strain could not indeed be distinguished, but I fancied I could recognize human voices in it, although I was forced to confess that I had never heard from mortal lips such exquisite melody, for as the strain rose and fell across the night, now swelling out clear and full as if sung almost at our ears, and then melting away in the distance until it died off like the faintest breathing of a wind-harp, I was tempted almost to attribute the music to angelic visitants. The old boatswain seemed to assign the sounds to the same cause, for drawing nearer to my side, he ran his eye cautiously and as if in awe, up to the mast-head; and then looked with a blank and puzzled gaze, in which, perhaps, some supernatural fear might be detected, into my face.

My own astonishment, however, was but momentary. Hastily scanning the horizon, I had noticed that the mist in the direction of the island had been, during the fifteen minutes that I had been idly looking over the ship's side, slowly creeping up towards us, although in every other direction, except down in the extreme distance, the sky was as clear as before. At first moreover my imagination had yielded to the impression that, as the strain died away on the

night, it came out again from a different quarter of the horizon; but when, divesting myself of the momentary influence of my fancy, I began to analyze the causes of this phenomenon I became satisfied that the sounds in reality arose out of the bank of clouds, to windward, and the illusion had been produced by the rising and falling of the strain upon the night. When therefore, the old boatswain turned to me with his baffled look, I had made up my mind as to the real causes of that which puzzled the veteran seaman.

"There is a craft up yonder in that fog," I said, pointing to windward, "and there are women on board, for the voices we hear are too sweet for those of men."

I said this with a calm smile, which at once dissipated the fear of my companion, for after thinking a moment in silence, the puzzled expression of his face gradually cleared away, and he replied with a low laugh, which I thought, notwithstanding, a little forced.

"You are right—and that's a reason for book-larin I never thought of before. Here have I sailed for a matter of forty years or so, and yet I couldn't exactly come at the cause of them same sounds, when you, who haven't been ten years on the water, —though you're a smart sailor, I must say, for your years—can tell at once all about it, just because you've had a riggilar eddication. Book-larin ain't to be despised arter all," he continued shaking his head, "even for a boatswain, and, by the blessing of God, I'll borrow the good book of the parson, to-morrow, and go at it myself; for when I was a youngster I could spell, I calculate, at the rate of a ten knot breeze. But mayhap," he continued, his thoughts suddenly changing, "that craft up yonder may turn out a fat prize—we could soon overhaul her if the wind would only breeze up a little."

The wind, however, had now fallen to a dead calm and the sails hung idly from the masts, while the ship rolled with a scarce perceptible motion upon the quiet sea. A current was setting in however, to the island, and we were thus gradually borne nearer to the unseen craft. This soon became evident from the greater distinctness of the sounds, and at length I thought I could distinguish a few of the words sung, which seemed to be those of a Spanish air. As the night advanced the music ceased; but the silence did not long continue. Suddenly a shriek was heard rising fearfully on the air, followed by a strange mixture of noises, as if oaths, groans and entreaties, and even sounds of mortal strife were all mingled in one fearful discord. The shriek was now repeated, with even more fearful vehemence; and then came the report of a pistol across the darkness. Our hearts beat with strange feelings. What nefarious deeds were being done on board the unseen craft? Hitherto the captain, who had strolled on deck to enjoy the music, had said that he should await the dawn, or at least the appearance of a breeze, before overhauling the stranger, but now he came to the determination of ordering out the boats, and learning the cause of those fearful outcries.

"Some hellish work, I fear," he said, "is going on yonder; perhaps a piratical boat has boarded the craft, for the villains infest these islands. Board her at every risk, and then no mercy to the fiends if they are really at their work."

The boats were hastily lowered, manned and shoved off from the side of the ship. The second lieutenant commanded one of the boats, and to me was deputed the charge of the other. We proceeded rapidly and as noiselessly as possible, into the bank of clouds and soon lost sight of THE ARROW, although long after her hull and spars had disappeared in the obscurity, her top-light was to be seen like a red baneful star, floating in the firmament. Our guide meanwhile, was the sounds of strife on board the invisible craft, but as we proceeded, the uproar died away, and for a few moments a profound silence reigned. Then came a few sullen plunges in the water which we were at no loss to understand. The men sprung to their oars with renewed vigor at the sounds. A perfect stillness reigned once more, but we knew, from the distinctness with which we had heard the plunges, that we were close on to the craft. Steering in the direction therefore, from which the sounds had come, we glided along the smooth surface of the sea with almost incredible velocity. Not a word was spoken, but the oarsmen strained their sinews to the utmost, while the officers gazed intently into the gloom ahead. Each moment seemed an age. Scarcely a dozen more strokes of the oar had been given, however, when the outlines of a brig shot up, as if by magic, out of the mist ahead, and almost instantaneously a voice from the stranger hailed us in the Spanish tongue.

"Keep her to it my lads—pull with a will," I said, as the boat commanded by the lieutenant dashed on without heeding the hail.

"Boats ahoy!" shouted another voice from the brig, and this time the words were in English, "lay on your oars or we'll fire into you," and at the same time a score of heads was faintly seen crowding the bulwarks of the vessel.

"Dash into her my brave lads!" exclaimed the lieutenant, standing up in the stern sheets and waving his sword aloft, "another pull and we are up to them."

The men cheered in reply, and, with a jerk that made the ash blades bend like willow wands, we shot up to the sides of the brig. But not unopposed; for almost before the lieutenant had ceased speaking, the dark villains crowding the sides of the brig poured in a rattling fire on us that would have checked men in the pursuit of a less holy object. But the character of the assassins who had taken the brig had now become apparent, and every man of our crew, remembering that agonizing shriek, thirsted to avenge the sufferer. The volley of the pirates was not, however, as deadly as it might have been had they not been taken partially by surprise; and been in consequence, without that preparation to meet us which they otherwise would have shown. Their discharge however—God knows!—was deadly enough. The stroke oarsman, but a few feet in

advance of me, fell dead across the thwart. But the other boat, being in advance, suffered far more, for I saw several of the men stagger in their places,—while the lieutenant, springing up like a deer, tumbled headlong into the stern-sheets. He had been shot through the heart. The impetus, however, which the last gigantic stroke of the men had given to the boats sent them onwards to the brig, and we struck her side almost instantaneously with the fall of my superior.

"Vengeance," I shouted, "vengeance my lads! follow me," and springing into the forechains of the brig, I leaped from thence upon her deck, and found myself, the next moment almost unsupported amidst a circle of desperate foes. But it was only for a moment that I was left without aid. I had scarcely exchanged the first parry with a brawny desperado who met me at the bulwark, when my gallant fellows came pouring in after me, inflamed to double fury by the loss we had suffered, and betokening by their stern determined looks that the approaching conflict was to be one of extermination or death. The pirates, seemingly aware of their situation, glared on us with the fury of wild-beasts, and sprang with curses and yells to repel the boarders. This left me, for the instant, almost alone with my stalwart opponent, and had my cause been less righteous, or my skill at my weapon not a proverb, I should have trembled for my life. Rarely indeed have I seen a finer looking or more muscular man than my opponent on that fatal night. He was a tall sinewy Spaniard, of the pure olive complexion, with a dark, glittering, fearful eye, and a huge black mustache such as I never saw on a man before or since. His head was bare, with the exception of a red scarf which was wound around it in the form of a turban, the ends of which depended on the left side, as I have sometimes seen them fancifully arranged by the creole girls of the islands. His shirt collar was thrown open, displaying a broad and brawny chest that would have served as a model for that of an athlete. His arms were bared to above the elbow, and in his hand he held a common cutlass; but a brace of huge silver mounted pistols, and a dagger with a splendidly ornamented hilt were thrust into the scarf he wore around his waist. I forgot to mention that a small cross, the jewels of which sparkled even in the comparative darkness, depended by a rich gold chain from his neck.

I am able to give this description of him, because when we found ourselves left almost alone, we paused a moment, as men engaged in a deadly single combat will often do, before commencing our strife. I suspected at once that I was opposed to the leader of the pirates, and he seemed to feel that I held the same office among the assailants, for he gazed at me a moment, with a kind of proud satisfaction, which, however, settled down, as his eye took in my comparatively slight proportions, to an expression of sneering scorn. Our pause, although sufficiently long for me to observe all this, endured but for an instant, for the momentary admiration of my foe faded before that sneering expression, and making a blow at him with my cutlass, which he dexterously repelled, we were soon engaged in mortal combat. At first

my opponent underrated my powers, but a wound, which I gave him in the arm, seemed to convince him that victory would cost him an effort, and he became more wary. For several moments the conflict was only a rapid exchange of passes, during which our blades rattled and flashed incessantly; for neither of us could obtain the slightest advantage over the other. How the combatants progressed during this interval I neither knew nor cared to ascertain, for so intensely was I engrossed in my duel with the pirate-leader that I heard nothing but the ringing of our blades, and saw only the glittering eye of my opponent. Those only who have been engaged in a deadly strife can understand the feelings of one in such a situation. Every faculty is engrossed in the struggle—the very heart seems to stand still, awaiting the end. The hand involuntarily follows the impulse of the mind, and the eye never loses sight of that of its destined victim. The combat had continued for several minutes, when I saw that the pirate was beginning to grow chafed, for the calm, collected expression of his eye gave place gradually to one of fury, and his lunges were made with inconceivable rapidity, and with a daring amounting to rashness. It took all my skill to protect myself, and I was forced at length to give ground. The eye of the pirate glared at his success like that of a wild beast already sure of its prey, and, becoming even more venturesome, he pressed forward and made a pass at me which I avoided with difficulty, and then only partially, for the keen blade, although averted from my heart, glanced sideways, and penetrating my arm inflicted a fearful wound. But at the time I was insensible of the injury. I felt the wound no more than if a pin had pierced me. Every thought and feeling was engrossed by the now defenceless front of my antagonist, for, as he lunged forward with his blade, he lost his defence and his bosom lay unguarded before me. Quick as lightning I shortened my blade and prepared to plunge it into the heart of the pirate. He saw his error and made an attempt to grasp a pistol with his left hand, to ward off the blow with his sword arm. But it was in vain. With one desperate effort I drove my blade inwards—it cut through and through his half opposed defence—and with a dull heavy sound went to his very heart. His eyes glared an instant more wildly than ever—his lips opened, but the faint cry was stifled ere it was half uttered—a quick, shuddering, convulsive movement passed over his face and through his frame, and, as I drew out the glittering blade, now red with the life blood of one who, a moment before, had been in full existence, the pirate fell back dead upon the deck. At the same moment I heard a hearty cheer, and looking around, I saw that our brave fellows had gained a footing on the deck, and were driving the pirates backwards towards the stern of the vessel. I now, for the first time, felt the pain of my wound. But hastily snatching the scarf from the body of my late opponent, I managed to bandage my arm so as partially to stop the blood, and hurried to head my gallant tars.

All this had not occupied three minutes, so rapid were the events of a mortal combat. I had at first thought that we had been forgotten in the excitement of the strife, but I had not been wholly unobserved, for as I stooped to snatch the scarf of the pirate, one of his followers who had seen him fall, levelled a pistol at me with a curse, but the missile was struck up by one of my men, just as it was discharged, and the ball lodged itself harmlessly in the bulwark beside me. In another instant I was again in the midst of the fight. The red scarf which I wore however, reminding the pirates of the death of their leader, called down on me their revenge, and my appearance in the strife was a signal for a general rush upon me.

"Down with him," roared a tall swarthy assassin, who, from his tone of authority, I judged to be the second in command, "cut him down—revenge! revenge!"

I was at that moment surrounded on two sides by the pirates, but springing back while my gallant tars raised their blades in an arch over me, I escaped the cutlasses of the foe.

"Hurl the hell-hounds to perdition," growled a veteran fore-top-man, as he dashed at the piratical lieutenant.

"Stand fast, all—life or death—that for your vengeance," was the response of the foe as he levelled a pistol at the breast of the gallant seaman. The ball sped on its errand, and the top man fell at my feet.

My men were now infuriated beyond all control. They dashed forward, like a torrent, sweeping every thing before them. The pirates, headed by their leader, made one or two desperate efforts to maintain their ground, but the impetuosity of their antagonists was irresistible, and the desperadoes, at first sullenly giving way, at length were forced into an indiscriminate retreat. A few of the most daring of the freebooters, however, refused to yield an inch and were cut down; while others, after flying a few paces, turned and died at bay; but with the mass the love of immediate life triumphed over the fear of an ultimate ignominious death, and they retreated to the fore-hatch, down which they were driven. A few attempted to regain the long crank boat in which they had attacked the brig from the island, but their design was anticipated by one of our fellows who hove a brace of shot through her bottom.

I now bethought me of the female whose shriek had first alarmed us; and, advancing to the cabin, I descended with a trembling heart, anxious and yet fearing to learn the truth. I have faced death in a hundred forms—in storm, in battle, and amidst epidemics, but my nerves never trembled before or since as they did when I opened the door into the cabin. What a sight was there! Extended on the floor lay a white-haired old man, with a huge gash in his forehead, and his long silvery locks dabbled in his own gore. At his side, in a state of grief approaching to stupefaction, sat, or rather knelt, a lovely young creature who might be about seventeen, her long golden tresses dishevelled on her snowy shoul-

ders, and her blue eyes gazing with a dry, stony look upon the face of her dead parent. Both the daughter and the father were attired with an elegance which bespoke wealth if not rank. Around her were several female slaves, filling the cabin with their lamentations, and, at intervals, vainly endeavoring to comfort their young mistress. Several books and a guitar were scattered about, and the whole apartment, though only the cabin of a common merchant brig, had an air of feminine grace and neatness. The sight of the instruments of music almost brought the tears into my eyes. Alas! little had that lovely girl imagined, when singing her artless songs, in what misery another hour would find her.

My entrance, however, partially aroused the desolate girl. She looked up with alarm in every feature, gazed at me irresolutely a moment, and then frantically claspng the body of her murdered parent, shrunk from my approach. The negro women clustered around her, their lamentations stilled by their fears.

"You are free—thank God!" said I in a voice husky with emotion, "the murderers of your parent are avenged!"

The terrified girl looked at me with an expression which I shall never forget—an expression in which agony, joy and doubt were all mingled into one—and then, pressing the cold body of that old man close to her bosom, she burst into a flood of tears; while her slaves, reassured by my words, resumed their noisy grief. I knew that the tears of the agonized daughter would relieve her grief, and respecting the sacredness of her sorrow, I withdrew to the deck.

Meantime, one of the crew of the brig who had managed to secrete himself from the pirates, and had thus escaped the massacre which befell indiscriminately his messmates, had come forth from his hiding place, and related the story of their capture. I will give it, adding other matters in their place, as I learnt them subsequently from the inmates of the cabin. The brig was a coaster, and had left the Havanna a few days before, having for passengers an English gentleman of large fortune with his daughter and her personal slaves. They had been becalmed the preceding evening under the lee of the neighboring island, and, as the night was a fine one, their passengers had remained on deck until a late hour, the daughter of Mr. Neville amusing herself with singing on her own guitar, or listening to the ruder but yet dulcet music of her slaves. At length they had descended to the cabin, but, within a few minutes of their retirement, a large crank boat, pulled by some twenty armed piratical ruffians, had been seen coming towards the brig. Escape was impossible, and defence was useless. The feeble though desperate resistance made by the crew of a half dozen men, was soon overcome. Mr. Neville had headed the combat, and, when the ruffians gained possession of the deck, had retreated to the cabin, barricading the entrance on the inside. But the pirates, headed by their leader, although baffled for a while, had eventually broke through this defence and poured into the cabin; but not until several of

of their number had been wounded by the desperate parent, who, fighting like a lion at bay, had even fired through the door on his assailants, after they had shattered it and before it was finally broken in. At length the ruffians had gained an entrance; and a dozen swords were levelled at Mr. Neville, who still endeavored to shield his daughter. He fell—and God knows what would have been the fate of that innocent girl, if we had not at the instant reached the brig. The ruffian leader was forced to leave his prey and hasten on deck. The reader knows the rest.

When morning dawned we were still abreast of the island. By this time, however, a light breeze had sprung up and the schooner had been brought to under the quarter of *THE ARROW*. My superior heard with emotion of the death of his lieutenant, and expressed his determination of carrying the pirates into the

neighboring port at once, and delivering them up for trial. He gave up his own cabin temporarily to the afflicted daughter, and sympathized with her sorrow as if she had been his own child. The remains of her parent were not consigned to the deep, but allotted, on the following day, a place in consecrated ground. But I pass over the events immediately succeeding the capture of the pirates. Suffice it to say that, after a delay of three or four days in port, we found it would be impossible to have the pirates brought to trial by the tardy authorities under a month. As my presence was deemed necessary on that event, and as my superior was unwilling to delay his cruise for so long a period, it was determined then that *THE ARROW* should pursue her voyage, calling again at the port to take me up in the course of a month or six weeks. The next day, after this arrangement, she sailed.

SONNETS.

BY W. W. STORY.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fixed, as if nothing ever could o'erthrow
Its infinite faith, and firm as it had stood,
Stemming life-long misfortune's sapping flood,
Is the brave head of Michael Angelo.
No smile, no fear, that noble face doth show:
A sublime purpose o'er it seems to brood,
In which no mean thought ever did intrude,
No busy interest hurry to and fro—
A will so stern, that nothing can abate,
Fastens the mouth. The anxious abstract eye,
Beyond earth's gloomy shadows lowering nigh,
Beholds great angels in the distance wait—
And on those features, seamed with many a line,
Love seems like sunlight on rude cliffs to shine.

RAFFAELLO.

Thou wouldst seem sorrowful, but that we knew
That mild, fair brow, that serious seeking eye,
Where the pale lightnings of emotion lie,
Were caught from earnest striving to look through
These shadows that obscure the mortal view—
This hazy distance of humanity,
Far dawns of the Beautiful and True,
And those divine thoughts that can never die.
Thy mouth, so tender and so sensitive—
Full and unrigid—formed as if to part
With each emotion—seemeth tuned by Art,
Like harp-strings, with each wandering breath to live;
And that same apostolic light is thine
Which made thy Christ and Mother so divine.

TO FLORENCE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

DEAR Florence! young and fair thou art,
Thy cheeks are like the rose's heart—
The sweet, red rose, that's newly born,
When from the faintly dappled sky,
Looks out the laughing glance of morn.
Alas! dear one, I can but sigh
To think how many years divide
Thy happy turn of life and mine!
A river rolleth deep and wide
Between my destined path and thine.
Still unto thee my fancy flies,
With thee my thoughts and visions dwell,
And from thy soft, celestial eyes
Comes sunshine to my hermit-cell.

I love thee! nay—turn not away!
I dare not hope—'twere worse than vain
To cherish in my heart a ray
Of feeling fraught with grief and pain.
All but thy image I resign;
With that I cannot part—it glows
With hues so lovely, so divine.
That though upon my head the snows
Of Age were cast, I yet should trace
The lines of thy enchanting face;
Still would thy form, instinct with grace,
Before me rise, and I should see,
In all things bright some types of thee!

THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 144.)

A still more important scene than that which we have described in Lady Jane Seymour's chamber was passing in the Lord Protector's closet. A portion of those noblemen forming his council had been hastily summoned to assist in the examination of Lord Dudley, who was brought up from his prison in the new and damp rooms, near the Strand, where he had spent a night of discomfort, which by no means reconciled his proud spirit to the degradation heaped upon it. Though a member, and most powerful one, of his own council, the Lord Protector had neglected to summon the Earl of Warwick to the examination of his son, and Dudley was far too anxious for a good understanding between his own father and the family of his betrothed, to solicit his interference, or even send news of his arrest to the haughty earl. He dreaded the fiery indignation with which the intelligence might be received, and even felt a sensation of relief when he found his father's seat vacant at the tribunal before which he was so ignominiously arraigned. He was sensible that the Earl of Warwick, as well as the duke, was willing to avail himself of any excuse which might terminate the contract existing between himself and the Lady Jane. His affection for the sweet girl was both sincere and ardent, and though he felt the insult offered by her father with the irritation of a proud, sensitive spirit, he suffered still more deeply from a consciousness that she was a sharer in his trouble, and that the proceedings to which he was an unwilling party were not only a degradation to his manhood but liable to separate him from the object of his affections forever.

With these indignant and conflicting feelings the young nobleman presented himself before the Lord Protector and the few councillors whom he had gathered to his assistance—men who seemed but ill at ease in the position which they held, and were in truth far more anxious to appease the duke than to join him in rash measures against a family which had already rendered itself fearful throughout the kingdom by the might of its power. The artisan was there, craven and abject, yet with something of insolence in his manner; but whether he was brought forward as a witness or a prisoner the proud young man did not deign to inquire; under any circumstances to be so associated was a cruel insult which made the blood tingle in his veins. It was with a firm lip and an eye darkling with subdued excitement that

Lord Dudley placed himself before the council table to be questioned like a criminal by the man he had loved almost as a father. The duke seemed touched by some regretful feelings, and a flush came up to his forehead as he encountered the proud glance which was bent upon him by the prisoner. At another time he would have shrunk from mingling the pure name of his child with an investigation so strange in its nature—with questions which might even endanger the honor of his name, but this consideration was lost in his dislike of the Earl of Warwick—a man whom he feared and hated almost as much as he could fear and hate mortal being. Ambition was the leading characteristic of both—such ambition as at last rendered their strife for power like the struggle of two gladiators in mortal combat. They were bold combatants, and hitherto the strife had been a quiet and subtle one. Now a kingdom was looking on. Somerset had sprung into the arena, struck the first blow, and he was well aware that his station and power depended on the victory which he was contending for—that Warwick must be driven from the council of the nation or himself from the protectorship. He little knew how still and subtle had been the windings of his enemy, and with how deep a triumph he received the news of his son's arrest. We have said that Dudley had caught one glimpse of his betrothed on his way to the council, and for her sake he condescended to answer, with haughty calmness, the questions propounded by her father. His account of the share he had taken in the St. Margaret's riot was simple, and given in few words.

He had sallied forth, as usual, on his morning ride with the ordinary number of attendants and without the most remote suspicion that any disturbance was threatened. He described the manner in which he had become entangled with the crowd, but avoided all mention of the Lady Jane till called upon by her father to state how she came under his protection. He explained all about the condition in which he had found her—the struggle with which she was conducted through the crowd—their entrance to the church and every thing that transpired till the poor girl was exposed to public outrage by the violence of her own parent. There was truth and dignity in the young man's statement, which, against his will, convinced the duke of his injustice. But he had already proceeded too far, and he felt that to leave

the charge against his prisoner unsubstantiated was to make himself still more unpopular with the people, and fling a fearful power into the hands of his rival. Family affection, his daughter, everything was forgotten in the strife to maintain his tottering power, and though his eye quailed and his brow crimsoned as he perpetrated the insult, that cringing artisan was called forward to disprove the solemn statement of a high born and honorable man.

Lord Dudley turned very pale and drew back with a stern brow and folded arms as the wretch gave his infamous story. The artisan had enough of low born cunning to see that any statement, calculated to implicate the noble youth, would be received as an atonement for the base fraud which he had committed, and persisted in the assertions that he had previously made. When the jewels and the ring were produced he turned, like a coward hound, from the stern glance fixed on him by the young noble, but still in a tone of low bravado, asserted that the ring had been given by the Lady Jane, and that Lord Dudley had rewarded his exertions in bringing them together with the emeralds.

Lord Dudley shut his teeth hard and folded his arms more tightly, as if to repress an impulse to smite the worm where he stood, but turning his flashing eyes from the miscreant to the Duke of Somerset he once more forced himself to composure. The artisan proceeded to substantiate his evidence by assertions regarding the manner and words of the lady, and was going on adding falsehood to falsehood, when the gentle girl, whom he so cruelly aspersed, opened the door and glided into the room. She moved forward to a chair which stood directly in front of the wretch, and grasping the back with her hand, stood regarding him with a look of calm and almost solemn indignation. So noiseless was her entrance that she had been more than a minute in the room before those assembled there became conscious of her presence. As the perjured man lifted his eyes in uttering a sentence, they met the rebuke of that calm glance and quailed beneath it. He faltered in what he was saying and shrunk back to avoid the frown of her innocent presence. When the duke saw his child standing before him, her robe hastily girt round her person, her hair wound in a heavy web over her head, and her sweet face bearing upon each feature evidence of late and bitter suffering, he started to his feet with an exclamation of displeasure and would have demanded the cause of her intrusion, but the change which had fallen upon her was so great that he stood gazing upon her face, lost in a degree of astonishment that had something of awe in it. He could scarcely believe that the face so calm, so pale and resolute, was that of his quiet and child-like daughter. The fountains of a resolute and noble heart had been troubled for the first time, and their overflow left upon her face an expression that never left it again—the impress of such thoughts and feelings as exalt and strengthen the heart they wring. The Lady Jane had become suddenly capable of acting for herself.

“Father” she said, turning her large eyes from

the perjurer to his judge, “Father, I have heard enough to prove how base a thing may be dared even in the presence of a parent; that man has spoken falsely, the ring which you hold was taken from my finger when I lay helpless, and so terrified that I was almost unconscious of the loss, and only remember now as in a dream that a strange grasp was on my hand, a wrench that pained me; then I fainted and forgot all till my mother spoke of the ring a few moments since in my chamber. The emeralds my Lord Duke—” she hesitated a moment and her eyes filled as if with regret that she had uttered so cold a title, “the emeralds—my father, were not Lord Dudley’s but my mother’s gift, and I bound my hair with them yesterday morning when I went forth according to your command to take the air; they must have broken loose from my head, for behold here is a proof that they were my own and not Lord Dudley’s.”

As she spoke the Lady Jane unbound the rich masses of her hair, which had not been smoothed since the previous day, and disentangled a fragment of the emerald band which still sparkled within it. They were broad smooth gems linked together with its delicate chain work of gold, and each with a fanciful device cut upon its surface. One of those which the duke held, still remained firm in its setting, a link or two of the chain adhered to it, and those links corresponded in size and workmanship with the fragment which Lady Jane had taken from her hair.

“Still” said the Duke of Somerset, willing to exculpate his daughter, but determined at all hazards to make good his charge against Dudley, “still does this in no way clear the prisoner from his participation in the riot. We saw him with our own eyes amid the mob, we—”

The duke broke off suddenly, for as the last words left his lips, the closet door was flung open and a tall man, almost regally arrayed, and of imperious presence, entered the room. He cast one quick glance at the Lord Protector, from under his eyebrows, and moving tranquilly to a chair by the council table sat down.

“Go on, my lord duke; I am rather late, but do not let my entrance disturb these august proceedings,” he said, blandly, though there was a slight trembling of the voice which told how tumultuous were the passions concealed beneath all that elaborate and courteous display of words.

The Duke bowed stiffly, and his face was crimson to the temples, Lord Dudley grew pale and red by turns, half disposed to approach his father, and as yet uncertain that he was aware of the position in which he was placed before the council. The Lady Jane trembled visibly and grasped the chair against which she stood for support, while the councillors looked in each other’s faces confused and at a loss how to act.

All this time Warwick sat with his elbow resting on the table, supporting his chin with the palm of his bent hand, and gazing with a doubtful smile, quietly into the duke’s face, as if they had been the best friends on earth.

"Go on, my lord duke, go on," he said slightly waving his right hand, "Pray do not allow my late and abrupt entrance to interrupt the flow of your grace's eloquence."

"Excuse me," replied the duke, rising from his seat, "this subject must be a painful one, alike to your Lordship and myself. We scarcely expected the Earl of Warwick would choose to meet us in council this morning."

"And therefore did not summon him to the examination of his son and heir. It was kindly managed, my lord duke, very kindly; be assured the earl of Warwick will not forget this delicacy. Nor will the king, whom I left but now, so deeply impressed with the generous care which your grace bestows on the honor of my humble house, that he has summoned such noblemen of your council as were deemed worthy of the generous silence with which your grace has honored me, to meet him at Somerset House, where, with permission, I will have the pleasure of conducting my son."

There was cool and cutting irony in this speech which would have lashed the excitable protector to fury, but for the startling intelligence which it conveyed, regarding the young king. This so overpowered him that he sat pale and with gleaming eyes gazing on the composed and smiling features of the earl, speechless and for a moment bereft of all presence of mind.

Without seeming to notice the effect his speech had made on the protector, Warwick arose, threw back his velvet cloak with a careless toss that exposed the sable facings, and smoothing the folds over his shoulder with elaborate care, as if no deeper thought than that of personal appearance entered his mind, approached Lord Dudley and taking his arm seemed about to conduct him from the room without further ceremony.

"My Lord of Warwick," exclaimed Somerset starting to his feet and suddenly finding voice, "that young man is a prisoner under arrest for treason, and shall not leave this presence save with a guard of armed men."

"This young man is my prisoner, under the king's warrant, and he not only leaves this room without other guard than his father's arm, but denies the right of any man here, to question or retain him."

The Earl of Warwick turned as he spoke, and for the first time that day, all the haughty fire of his soul burst into the usually quiet but fine black eyes, which dwelt upon the Lord Protector's face.

"What—what means this? am I to be braved at my own council table? I—"

The Earl of Somerset broke off, for so intense was his rage, that words were denied him, and specks of foam rushed up to his white lips in their place.

"No, my lord duke," replied Warwick, once more recovering the composure which he seldom lost, even in moments of the deepest excitement, "not at your own council table; that no longer exists. The council of this nation is sitting now at Somerset House, and I preside there by a choice of the majority, and by desire of King Edward."

The Duke of Somerset fell back in his chair as if a sudden blow had stunned him, and shading his pale face with his scarcely less pallid hand, remained motionless and silent. The Lady Jane sprang to his side, flung her arm around his neck, and as Lord Dudley broke from the hold which Warwick placed on his arm, she put him calmly away with her disengaged hand. Then lifting her face to the earl, she said, "Your work is done. Leave my father to those who love him." For one moment a shade of feeling swept over Warwick's face, but it was instantly banished, and a courteous inclination of the head was all the reply he made. After a moment he turned to the few councillors still retaining their seats in silent consternation, and invited them in the name of King Edward and their colleagues, sitting at Somerset House, to join himself and son there.

There was a brief and whispered consultation around the board; then all, save one man arose, casting furtive glances at the fallen protector, as if they were anxious to escape from his presence unnoticed. The duke lifted his head, and a smile of mingled bitterness and pain passed over his pale features as he saw this movement of his friends. The Lady Jane too, blanched a little whiter and lifted her large clear eyes with an expression of painful astonishment, as if her generous nature could scarcely force itself to believe the selfishness with which she was surrounded.

With cringing and noiseless steps, those men whom Somerset had deemed his true and tried friends, those that would cling to him through good and through evil report—had glided from his presence and stood in the corridor, consulting together in whispers and waiting anxiously for Warwick to come forth, that they might offer him their support unchecked by the presence of the fallen noble to whom, in his prosperity, they had cringed with servile spirits, ready to kneel at any shrine which possessed stepping stones for their own ambition.

One man there was, a gray-haired and frank old nobleman, poor and proud, of a high name, but dignified in his poverty, who had never cringed to the protector or flattered him in the plenitude of his power, but who put away the hand which his antagonist extended as he passed round the table and knelt down by the fallen duke, with a true homage which had more of feeling in its silence than hours of protestation could have conveyed. The duke had leaned forward to the table, and one hand was pressed over his eyes, the other hung nervelessly by his side, and the quivering lips of that brave old man—for he was braver in his moral strength than a thousand battle heroes, went to his heart. One large tear forced itself through his fingers, and dashing it away, the Duke of Somerset arose a more dignified man in his adversity than he had ever been in prosperity.

"My Lord of Warwick," he said, "this is your hour of triumph—how obtained your own heart can best reply."

"No, your grace's rashness is my answer," interrupted Warwick, with a bland and courteous inclination, "but I have no time for cavil and recrimination. The king is waiting, and methinks there has

been enough of high words for a lady's presence. Lady Jane, we should all crave pardon for discussing state affairs in so gentle a presence. Permit my son to lead you from the room."

The young girl looked up and hesitated, then drawing nearer to the duke, she said very mildly—

"My father will permit me to stay. That which concerns him cannot be improper for his daughter to witness."

The earl seemed embarrassed by her refusal, but after a moment resumed his usual composed manner.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I am compelled to perform the first duty of my office in a manner which might have been avoided," and stepping to the door, the Earl of Warwick beckoned with his hand to some persons in the corridor. Instantly three men, whom Somerset knew, entered the closet, and there at his own council table, and in the presence of his child, arrested him for treason.

A death-like stillness reigned throughout the room for the duration of a minute after the warrant was read. Until this moment Dudley had remained inactive, confused and uncertain how to interfere in a scene which seemed passing before him like a wild dream, but now he stepped forward firmly and with the air of a man resolved to act from his own honest impulses at all hazards.

"My lord," he said, addressing his father, "you will not proceed to such extremities against an old friend."

Warwick looked in his son's face, and a slight sneer curled his lip as he muttered, "old friends, indeed—well."

"I am certain," resumed Dudley, "your own honorable heart must revolt at an act so cruel. If the Duke of Somerset has offended the king let his majesty find some other person than the Earl of Warwick to proceed against him, lest those who deem that there is little of friendly feeling between the houses of Somerset and Warwick, may impute other motives than a love of justice to the prosecution."

Dudley spoke in a low voice, but every tone fell upon the anxious ear of Lady Jane, and a flash of gratified affection, half pride and half tenderness filled her eyes. For she knew how deep was the reverence he rendered to the earl, and how much of moral courage was in the heart which could have the displeasure of a man so imperative and haughty,

but who had even preserved the affections as well as the fear of his family.

"Very prettily argued, my clerkly son," replied Warwick, lightly—"but pray can you tell me what the good people of England may think of the nobleman, who took advantage of his power to cast a son, and heir of that same 'old friend' whom you prate of into a damp hole in his palace, to herd him with a cur like that, and drag him before a picked number of councillors to be examined, on a question which touched his honor and life itself? Love is a question to amuse the people more than any act of mine. If His Grace of Somerset has seen fit to tread upon a serpent's nest, the world will not marvel that his foot is stung where it would have crushed.

"No, Dudley, no—the king has rightly decided, and he who would have heaped ignominy on my son shall drain the cup he has drugged! Even as he forced the heir to my house to this closet in base contact with a wretch like that cringing cur yonder, shall he go forth and in like company."

Dudley heard his father out with habitual reverence, but still opened his lips to expostulate once more against the course he was pursuing, but Warwick turned impatiently away.

"Tush man," he said with a quick wave of the hand, "have done with this and meet me at Somerset House within the hour. The king desires it. If your grace is ready," he added, turning to Somerset as if extending the most trifling invitation on earth, "we will proceed at once to the council."

Somerset arose, folded a cloak about him, and though his face was very pale, moved toward the door without speaking a word. The guard closed in around him, and he left the closet like one in a bewildering dream. He had entered that room but an hour before, arrogant in the consciousness of power, second to none in the kingdom; he left it a prisoner and a ruined man.

Warwick gave a sign that the artisan should be secured and followed the fallen duke. The old councillor kept by the side of his friend, and on their way through the corridor the Duchess of Somerset came through a side door and approached her husband, but seeing how pale he was, and that many persons were around him, she drew back disappointed in the womanly impulse which had induced her to seek an interview before he went from the palace, that the cause of her child might be justly understood.

RETURN FROM HAWKING.

ON A PICTURE BY LANDSEER.

THEY form a picture that appears of Eld—

The beauteous mother and the husband bold,

And smiling infant like a rose-bud held

Upon the parent-stem, but half unrolled

Yet blushing brightly in each crimson fold.

The household steed, in quiet sympathy,

Looks silent on and seems to share their glee.

21*

The shaggy dog that wakes the forest old

With joyous echoes as he bounds along,

Starting the heron from his reedy lair—

These, while the morning sunbeams slant along

Through that old portal, massy, grim and bare,

Stand, grouped together,—emblems fit, I ween,

Of many another quiet household scene!

E.

THERE'S NO LAND LIKE SCOTLAND. BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. DEMPSTER.

COMPOSED BY

EDWARD J. LODER.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 Chestnut Street.

Andantina quasi Allegretto.

mf *p*

tr *p*

There's no land like Scot-land with - - in the wide sea, There's

no land like Scotland, The fearless and free, With her fair glens and moun tains, Her

fair locks and foun tains, Her wild spring - ing hea ther and mo - dest blue bell, No

place in the world do I love half so well, No place in the world do I love half so well,

Oh! sleepin' or wakin', where e'er I may be,
 My thoughts aye are turning dear Scotland to thee,
 Bright gem of the northern wave,
 Home of the free and brave,
 While life endures thou canst never depart,
 Ah! while life endures thou canst never depart,
 Dear pride of the north from thy throne in my heart.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ballads and Other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," &c. Second Edition. John Owen: Cambridge.

In our last number we had some hasty observations on these "Ballads"—observations which we now propose, in some measure, to amplify and explain.

It may be remembered that, among other points, we demurred to Mr. Longfellow's *themes*, or rather to their general character. We found fault with the too obtrusive nature of their *didacticism*. Some years ago we urged a similar objection to one or two of the longer pieces of Bryant; and neither time nor reflection has sufficed to modify, in the slightest particular, our convictions upon this topic.

We have said that Mr. Longfellow's conception of the *aims* of poesy is erroneous; and that thus, laboring at a disadvantage, he does violent wrong to his own high powers; and now the question is, *what are his ideas of the aims of the Muse*, as we gather these ideas from the *general tendency* of his poems? It will be at once evident that, imbued with the peculiar spirit of German song (a pure conventionality) he regards the inculcation of a *moral* as essential. Here we find it necessary to repeat that we have reference only to the *general tendency* of his compositions; for there are some magnificent exceptions, where, as if by accident, he has permitted his genius to get the better of his conventional prejudice. But didacticism is the prevalent *tone* of his song. His invention, his imagery, his all, is made subservient to the elucidation of some one or more points (but rarely of more than one) which he looks upon as *truth*. And that this mode of procedure will find stern defenders should never excite surprise, so long as the world is full to overflowing with cant and conventicles. There are men who will scramble on all fours through the muddiest sloughs of vice to pick up a single apple of virtue. There are things called men who, so long as the sun rolls, will greet with snuffing huzzas every figure that takes upon itself the semblance of truth, even although the figure, in itself only a "stuffed Paddy," be as much out of place as a toga on the statue of Washington, or out of season as rabbits in the days of the dog-star.

Now with as deep a reverence for "the true" as ever inspired the bosom of mortal man, we would limit, in many respects, its modes of inculcation. We would limit to enforce them. We would not render them impotent by dissipation. The demands of truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All that is indispensable in song is all with which she has nothing to do. To deck her in gay robes is to render her a harlot. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreath her in gems and flowers. Even in stating this our present proposition, we verify our own words—we feel the necessity, in enforcing this *truth*, of descending from metaphor. Let us then be simple and distinct. To convey "the true" we are required to dismiss from the attention all essentials. We must be perspicuous, precise, terse. We need concentration rather than expansion of mind. We must be calm, unimpassioned, unexcited—in a word, we must be in that peculiar mood which,

as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. He must be blind indeed who cannot perceive the radical and chasmal difference between the truthful and the poetical modes of inculcation. He must be grossly wedded to conventionalisms who, in spite of this difference, shall still attempt to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth.

Dividing the world of mind into its most obvious and immediately recognisable distinctions, we have the pure intellect, taste, and the moral sense. We place *taste* between the intellect and the moral sense, because it is just this intermediate space which, in the mind, it occupies. It is the connecting link in the triple chain. It serves to sustain a mutual intelligence between the extremes. It appertains, in strict appreciation, to the former, but is distinguished from the latter by so faint a difference, that Aristotle has not hesitated to class some of its operations among the Virtues themselves. But the *offices* of the trio are broadly marked. Just as conscience, or the moral sense, recognises duty; just as the intellect deals with *truth*; so is it the part of taste alone to inform us of *BEAUTY*. And Poesy is the handmaiden but of Taste. Yet we would not be misunderstood. This handmaiden is not forbidden to moralise—in her own fashion. She is not forbidden to depict—but to reason and preach, of virtue. As, of this latter, conscience recognises the obligation, so intellect teaches the expediency, while taste contents herself with displaying the beauty: waging war with vice merely on the ground of its inconsistency with fitness, harmony, proportion—in a word with *TO KALON*.

An important condition of man's immortal nature is thus, plainly, the sense of the Beautiful. This it is which ministers to his delight in the manifold forms and colors and sounds and sentiments amid which he exists. And, just as the eyes of Amaryllys are repeated in the mirror, or the living lily in the lake, so is the mere *record* of these forms and colors and sounds and sentiments—so is their mere oral or written repetition a duplicate source of delight. But this repetition is not Poesy. He who shall merely sing with whatever rapture, in however harmonious strains, or with however vivid a truth of imitation, of the sights and sounds which greet him in common with all mankind—he, we say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a longing unsatisfied, which he has been impotent to fulfil. There is still a thirst unquenchable, which to allay he has shown us no crystal springs. This burning thirst belongs to the *immortal* essence of man's nature. It is equally a consequence and an indication of his perennial life. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is not the mere appreciation of the beauty before us. It is a wild effort to reach the beauty above. It is a forethought of the loveliness to come. It is a passion to be satiated by no sublunary sights, or sounds, or sentiments, and the soul thus athirst strives to allay its fever in futile efforts at *creation*. Inspired with a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave, it struggles by multimorph novelty of combination among the things and thoughts of Time, to anticipate some portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain solely to Eternity. And the result of

such effort, on the part of souls fittingly constituted, is alone what mankind have agreed to denominate Poetry.

We say this with little fear of contradiction. Yet the spirit of our assertion must be more heeded than the letter. Mankind have *seemed* to define Poesy in a thousand, and in a thousand conflicting definitions. But the war is one only of words. Induction is as well applicable to this subject as to the most palpable and utilitarian; and by its sober processes we find that, in respect to compositions which have been really received as poems, the *imaginative*, or, more popularly, the creative portions *alone* have ensured them to be so received. Yet these works, on account of these portions, having once been so received and so named, it has happened, naturally and inevitably, that other portions totally unpoetic have not only come to be regarded by the popular voice as poetic, but have been made to serve as false standards of perfection, in the adjustment of other poetical claims. Whatever has been found in whatever has been received as a poem, has been blindly regarded as *ex statù* poetic. And this is a species of gross error which scarcely could have made its way into any less intangible topic. In fact that license which appertains to the Muse herself, it has been thought decorous, if not sagacious to indulge, in all examination of her character.

Poesy is thus seen to be a response—unsatisfactory it is true—but still in some measure a response, to a natural and irrepressible demand. Man being what he is, the time could never have been in which Poesy was not. Its first element is the thirst for *supernal BEAUTY*—a beauty which is not afforded the soul by any existing collocation of earth's forms—a beauty which, perhaps, *no possible* combination of these forms would fully produce. Its second element is the attempt to satisfy this thirst by *novel* combinations among those forms of beauty which already exist—or by novel combinations of those combinations which our predecessors, *toiling in chase of the same phantom, have already set in order*. We thus clearly deduce the *novelty*, the *originality*, the *invention*, the *imagination*, or lastly the *creation* of BEAUTY, (for the terms as here employed are synonymous) as the essence of all Poesy. Nor is this idea so much at variance with ordinary opinion as, at first sight, it may appear. A multitude of antique dogmas on this topic will be found, when divested of extrinsic speculation, to be easily resolvable into the definition now proposed. We do nothing more than present tangibly the vague clouds of the world's idea. We recognize the idea itself floating, unsettled, indefinite, in every attempt which has yet been made to circumscribe the conception of "Poesy" in words. A striking instance of this is observable in the fact that no definition exists, in which either "the beautiful," or some one of those qualities which we have above designated synonymously with "creation," has not been pointed out as the *chief* attribute of the Muse. "Invention," however, or "imagination," is by far more commonly insisted upon. The word *ποίησις* itself (creation) speaks volumes upon this point. Neither will it be amiss here to mention Count Bielfield's definition of poetry as "*L'art d'exprimer les pensées par la fiction*." With this definition (of which the philosophy is profound to a certain extent) the German terms *Dichtkunst*, the art of fiction, and *Dichten*, to feign, which are used for "poetry" and "to make verses," are in full and remarkable accordance. It is, nevertheless, in the combination of the two omni-prevalent ideas that the novelty and, we believe, the force of our own proposition is to be found.

So far, we have spoken of Poesy as of an abstraction alone. As such, it is obvious that it may be applicable in various moods. The sentiment may develop itself in Sculpture, in Painting, in Music, or otherwise. But our present

business is with its development in words—that development to which, in practical acception, the world has agreed to limit the term. And at this point there is one consideration which induces us to pause. We cannot make up our minds to admit (as some have admitted) the inessentiality of rhythm. On the contrary, the universality of its use in the earliest poetical efforts of all mankind would be sufficient to assure us, not merely of its congeniality with the Muse, or of its adaptation to her purposes, but of its elementary and indispensable importance. But here we must, perforce, content ourselves with mere suggestion; for this topic is of a character which would lead us too far. We have already spoken of Music as one of the moods of poetical development. It is in Music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains that end upon which we have commented—the creation of supernal beauty. It may be, indeed, that this august aim is here even partially or imperfectly attained, *in fact*. The elements of that beauty which is felt in sound, *may be* the mutual or common heritage of Earth and Heaven. In the soul's struggles at combination it is thus not impossible that a harp may strike notes not unfamiliar to the angels. And in this view the wonder may well be less that all attempts at defining the character or sentiment of the deeper musical impressions, has been found absolutely futile. Contenting ourselves, therefore, with the firm conviction, that music (in its modifications of rhythm and rhyme) is of so vast a moment in Poesy, as *never* to be neglected by him who is truly poetical—is of so mighty a force in furthering the great aim intended that he is mad who rejects its assistance—content with this idea we shall not pause to maintain its absolute essentiality, for the mere sake of rounding a definition. We will but add, at this point, that the highest possible development of the Poetical Sentiment is to be found in the union of song with music, in its popular sense. The old Bards and Minnesingers possessed, in the fullest perfection, the finest and truest elements of Poesy; and Thomas Moore, singing his own ballads, is but putting the final touch to their completion as poems.

To recapitulate, then, we would define in brief the Poetry of words as the *Rhythmical Creation of Beauty*. Beyond the limits of Beauty its province does not extend. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. It has no dependence, unless incidentally, upon either Duty or Truth. That our definition will necessarily exclude much of what, through a supine toleration, has been hitherto ranked as poetical, is a matter which affords us not even momentary concern. We address but the thoughtful, and heed only their approval—with our own. If our suggestions are truthful, then "after many days" shall they be understood as truth, even though found in contradiction of *all* that has been hitherto so understood. If false shall we not be the first to bid them die?

We would reject, of course, all such matters as "Armstrong on Health," a revolting production; Pope's "Essay on Man," which may well be content with the title of an "Essay in Rhyme;" "Hudibras" and other merely humorous pieces. We do not gainsay the peculiar merits of either of these latter compositions—but deny them the position held. In a notice, month before last, of Brainard's Poems, we took occasion to show that the common use of a certain instrument, (rhythm) had tended, more than ought else, to confound humorous verse with poetry. The observation is now recalled to corroborate what we have just said in respect to the vast effect or force of melody in itself—an effect which could elevate into even momentary confusion with the highest efforts of mind, compositions such as are the greater number of satires or burlesques.

Of the poets who have appeared most fully instinct with the principles now developed, we may mention *Kratts* as the most remarkable. He is the sole British poet who has never erred in his themes. Beauty is always his aim.

We have thus shown our ground of objection to the general themes of Professor Longfellow. In common with all who claim the sacred title of poet, he should limit his endeavors to the creation of novel moods of beauty, in form, in color, in sound, in sentiment; for over all this wide range has the poetry of words dominion. To what the world terms *prose* may be safely and properly left all else. The artist who doubts of his thesis, may always resolve his doubt by the single question—"might not this matter be as well or better handled in *prose*?" If it may, then is it no subject for the Muse. In the general acceptance of the term *Beauty* we are content to rest; being careful only to suggest that, in our peculiar views, it must be understood as inclusive of the *sublime*.

Of the pieces which constitute the present volume, there are not more than one or two thoroughly fulfilling the idea above proposed; although the volume as a whole is by no means so chargeable with didacticism as Mr. Longfellow's previous book. We would mention as poems *nearly true*, "The Village Blacksmith;" "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and especially "The Skeleton in Armor." In the first-mentioned we have the *beauty* of simple-mindedness as a genuine thesis; and this thesis is inimitably handled until the concluding stanza, where the spirit of legitimate poesy is aggrieved in the pointed antithetical deduction of a *moral* from what has gone before. In "The Wreck of the Hesperus" we have the *beauty* of child-like confidence and innocence, with that of the father's stern courage and affection. But, with slight exception, those particulars of the storm here detailed are not poetic subjects. Their thrilling *horror* belongs to prose, in which it could be far more effectively discussed, as Professor Longfellow may assure himself at any moment by experiment. There are points of a tempest which afford the loftiest and truest poetical themes—points in which pure beauty is found, or, better still, beauty heightened into the sublime, by terror. But when we read, among other similar things, that

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes,

we feel, if not positive disgust, at least a chilling sense of the inappropriate. In the "Skeleton in Armor" we find a pure and perfect thesis artistically treated. We find the beauty of bold courage and self-confidence, of love and maiden devotion, of reckless adventure, and finally of life-containing grief. Combined with all this we have numerous *points* of beauty apparently insulated, but all aiding the main effect or impression. The heart is stirred, and the mind does not lament its mal-instruction. The metre is simple, sonorous, well-balanced and fully adapted to the subject. Upon the whole, there are fewer truer poems than this. It has but one defect—an important one. The prose remarks prefacing the narrative are really *necessary*. But every work of art should contain within itself all that is requisite for its own comprehension. And this remark is especially true of the ballad. In poems of magnitude the mind of the reader is not, at all times, enabled to include, in one comprehensive survey, the proportions and proper adjustment of the whole. He is pleased, if at all, with particular passages; and the sum of his pleasure is compounded of the sums of the pleasurable sentiments inspired by these individual passages in the progress of perusal. But, in pieces of less extent, the pleasure is *unique*, in the proper acceptance of this term—the understanding is employed, without difficulty, in the contemplation of the picture as a

whole; and thus its effect will depend, in great measure, upon the perfection of its finish. upon the nice adaptation of its constituent parts, and especially, upon what is rightly termed by Schlegel the *unity or totality of interest*. But the practice of prefixing explanatory passages is utterly at variance with such unity. By the prefix, we are either put in possession of the subject of the poem; or some hint, historic fact, or suggestion, is thereby afforded, not included in the body of the piece, which, without the hint, is incomprehensible. In the latter case, while perusing the poem, the reader must revert, in mind at least, to the prefix, for the necessary explanation. In the former, the poem being a mere paraphrase of the prefix, the interest is divided between the prefix and the paraphrase. In either instance the totality of effect is destroyed.

Of the other original poems in the volume before us, there is none in which the aim of instruction, or *truth*, has not been too obviously substituted for the legitimate aim, *beauty*. In our last number, we took occasion to say that a didactic moral might be happily made the *under-current* of a poetical theme, and, in "Burton's Magazine," some two years since, we treated this point at length, in a review of Moore's "Alciphron;" but the moral thus conveyed is invariably an ill effect when obtruding beyond the upper current of the thesis itself. Perhaps the worst specimen of this obtrusion is given us by our poet in "Blind Bartimeus" and the "Goblet of Life," where, it will be observed that the *sole* interest of the upper current of meaning depends upon its relation or reference to the under. What we read upon the surface would be *vox et preterea nihil* in default of the moral beneath. The Greek *finales* of "Blind Bartimeus" are an affectation altogether inexcusable. What the small, second-hand, Gibbon-ish pedantry of Byron introduced, is unworthy the imitation of Longfellow.

Of the translations we scarcely think it necessary to speak at all. We regret that our poet will persist in busying himself about such matters. His time might be better employed in original conception. Most of these versions are marked with the error upon which we have commented. This error is in fact, essentially Germanic. "The Luck of Edenhall," however, is a truly beautiful poem; and we say this with all that deference which the opinion of the "Democratic Review" demands. This composition appears to us *one of the very finest*. It has all the free, hearty, *obvious* movement of the true ballad-legend. The greatest force of language is combined in it with the richest imagination, acting in its most legitimate province. Upon the whole, we prefer it even to the "Sword-Song" of Körner. The pointed moral with which it terminates is so exceedingly natural—so perfectly fluent from the incidents—that we have hardly heart to pronounce it in ill taste. We may observe of this ballad, in conclusion, that its subject is more *physical* than is usual in Germany. Its images are rich rather in physical than in moral beauty. And this tendency, in Song, is the true one. It is chiefly, if we are not mistaken—it is chiefly amid forms of physical loveliness (we use the word *forms* in its widest sense as embracing modifications of sound and color) that the soul seeks the realization of its dreams of BEAUTY. It is to her demand in this sense especially, that the poet, who is wise, will most frequently and most earnestly respond.

"The Children of the Lord's Supper" is, beyond doubt, a true and most beautiful poem in great part, while, in some particulars, it is too metaphysical to have any pretension to the name. In our last number, we objected, briefly, to its metre—the ordinary Latin or Greek Hexameter—dactyls and spondees at random, with a spondee in conclusion. We maintain that the Hexameter can never be introduced into our language, from the nature of that language itself. This

rhythm demands, for *English ears*, a preponderance of natural spondee. Our tongue has few. Not only does the Latin and Greek, with the Swedish, and some others, abound in them; but the Greek and Roman ear had become reconciled (why or how is unknown) to the reception of artificial spondee—that is to say, spondaic words formed partly of one word and partly of another, or from an excised part of one word. In short the ancients were content to read as they scanned, or nearly so. It may be safely prophesied that we shall never do this; and thus we shall never admit English Hexameters. The attempt to introduce them, after the repeated failures of Sir Philip Sidney, and others, is, perhaps, somewhat discreditable to the scholarship of Professor Longfellow. The "Democratic Review," in saying that he has triumphed over difficulties in this rhythm, has been deceived, it is evident, by the facility with which some of these verses may be read. In glancing over the poem, we do not observe a single verse which can be read, to *English ears*, as a Greek Hexameter. There are many, however, which can be well read as mere English dactylic verses; such, for example, as the well known lines of Byron, commencing

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle.

These lines (although full of irregularities) are, in their perfection, formed of three dactyls and a cæsure—just as if we should cut short the initial verse of the *Bucolics* thus—

Tityre | tu patu | læ recu | bans—

The "myrtle," at the close of Byron's line, is a double rhyme, and must be understood as one syllable.

Now a great number of Professor Longfellow's Hexameters are merely these dactylic lines, continued for two feet. For example—

Whispered the | race of the | flowers and | merry on |
balancing | branches.

In this example, also, "branches," which is a double ending, must be regarded as the cæsure, or one syllable, of which alone it has the force.

As we have already alluded, in one or two regards, to a notice of these poems which appeared in the "Democratic Review," we may as well here proceed with some few further comments upon the article in question—with whose general tenor we are happy to agree.

The Review speaks of "Maidenhood" as a poem, "not to be understood but at the expense of more time and trouble than a song can justly claim." We are scarcely less surprised at this opinion from Mr. Langtree than we were at the condemnation of "The Luck of Edenhall."

"Maidenhood" is faulty; it appears to us, only on the score of its theme, which is somewhat didactic. Its meaning seems simplicity itself. A maiden on the verge of womanhood, hesitating to enjoy life (for which she has a strong appetite) through a false idea of duty, is bidden to fear nothing, having purity of heart as her lion of Una.

What Mr. Langtree styles "an unfortunate peculiarity" in Mr. Longfellow, resulting from "adherence to a false system" has really been always regarded by us as one of his idiosyncratic merits. "In each poem," says the critic, "he has but one idea which, in the progress of his song is gradually unfolded, and at last reaches its full development in the concluding lines; this singleness of thought might lead a harsh critic to suspect intellectual barrenness." It leads us, individually, only to a full sense of the artistic power and knowledge of the poet. We confess that now, for the first time, we hear unity of conception objected to as a defect. But Mr. Langtree seems to have fallen into

the singular error of supposing the poet to have absolutely but one idea in each of his ballads. Yet how "one idea" can be "gradually unfolded" without other ideas, is, to us, a mystery of mysteries. Mr. Longfellow, very properly, has but one leading idea which forms the basis of his poem; but to the aid and development of this one there are innumerable others, of which the rare excellence is, that all are in keeping, that none could be well omitted, that each tends to the one general effect. It is unnecessary to say another word upon this topic.

In speaking of "Excelsior," Mr. Langtree (are we wrong in attributing the notice to his very forcible pen?) seems to labor under some similar misconception. "It carries along with it," says he, "a false moral which greatly diminishes its merit in our eyes. The great merit of a picture, whether made with the pencil or pen, is its truth; and this merit does not belong to Mr. Longfellow's sketch. Men of genius may and probably do, meet with greater difficulties in their struggles with the world than their fellow-men who are less highly gifted; but their power of overcoming obstacles is proportionably greater, and the result of their laborious suffering is not death but immortality."

That the chief merit of a picture is its truth, is an assertion deplorably erroneous. Even in Painting which is, more essentially than Poetry, a mimetic art, the proposition cannot be sustained. Truth is not even the aim. Indeed it is curious to observe how very slight a degree of truth is sufficient to satisfy the mind, which acquiesces in the absence of numerous essentials in the thing depicted. An outline frequently stirs the spirit more pleasantly than the most elaborate picture. We need only refer to the compositions of Flaxman and of Retzsch. Here all details are omitted—nothing can be farther from truth. Without even color the most thrilling effects are produced. In statues we are rather pleased than disgusted with the want of the eyeball. The hair of the Venus de Medicis was gilded. Truth indeed! The grapes of Zeuxis as well as the curtain of Parrhasius were received as indisputable evidence of the truthfulness of these artists—but they were not even classed among their pictures. If truth is the highest aim of either Painting or Poesy, then Jan Steen was a greater artist than Angelo, and Crabbe is a more noble poet than Milton.

But we have not quoted the observation of Mr. Langtree to deny its philosophy; our design was simply to show that he has misunderstood the poet. "Excelsior" has not even a remote tendency to the interpretation assigned it by the critic. It depicts the earnest upward impulse of the soul—an impulse not to be subdued even in Death. Despising danger, resisting pleasure, the youth, bearing the banner inscribed "Excelsior!" (higher still!) struggles through all difficulties to an Alpine summit. Warned to be content with the elevation attained, his cry is still "Excelsior!" And, even in falling dead on the highest pinnacle, his cry is still "Excelsior!" There is yet an immortal height to be surmounted—an ascent in Eternity. The poet holds in view the idea of never-ending progress. That he is misunderstood is rather the misfortune of Mr. Langtree than the fault of Mr. Longfellow. There is an old adage about the difficulty of one's furnishing an auditor both with matter to be comprehended and brains for its comprehension.

Ideals and other Poems, by Algernon. Henry Perkins: Philadelphia.

Externally, this is a beautiful little volume, in which Mr. Longfellow's "Ballads" just noticed are imitated with close precision. Internally, no two publications could be more

different. A tripping prettiness, in thought and expression, is all to which the author of "Ideals" may lay claim. There is much poetry in his book, but none of a lofty order. The piece which gives name to the volume, is an unimpressive production of two pages and a half. The longest article is a tame translation of a portion of G  the's "Torquato Tasso." The best, is entitled "Preaching in the Woods," and this would bear comparison at some points with many of our most noted American poems. There are also twelve lines, seemingly intended as a sonnet, and prefacing the book—twelve lines of a sweet and quaint simplicity. The general air of the whole is nevertheless commonplace. It has nothing, except its mechanical execution, to distinguish it from the multitudinous ephemera with which our national poetical press is now groaning.

As regards the minor morals of the Muse, the author is either uninformed or affected. He is especially fond of unusual accents; and this, at least, is a point in which novelty produces no good or admissible effect. He has constantly such words as "accord" and "r  source"—utter abominations. He is endeavoring too, and very literally, to render confusion worse confounded by the introduction into poetry of Carlyle's hyper-ridiculous elisions in prose. Here, for example, where the pronoun "he" is left to be understood:

Now the fervent preacher rises,
And his theme is heavenly love.
Tells how once the blessed Saviour
Left his throne above.

His roughness is frequently reprehensible. We meet every where, or at least far too often, with lines such as this—

Its clustered stars beneath Spring's footsteps meets

in which the consonants are more sadly clustered than the stars. The poet who would bring uninterruptedly together such letters as *th s p and r*, has either no ear at all, or two unusually long ones. The word "footsteps," moreover, should never be used in verse. To read the line quoted, one must mouth like Forrest and hiss like a serpent.

Twice-Told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Jam's Monro & Co.: Boston.

We have always regarded the *Tale* (using this word in its popular acceptance) as affording the best prose opportunity for display of the highest talent. It has peculiar advantages which the novel does not admit. It is, of course, a far finer field than the essay. It has even points of superiority over the poem. An accident has deprived us, this month, of our customary space for review; and thus nipped in the bud a design long cherished of treating this subject in detail; taking Mr. Hawthorne's volumes as a text. In May we shall endeavor to carry out our intention. At present we are forced to be brief.

With rare exception—in the case of Mr. Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" and a few other works of a like cast—we have had no American tales of high merit. We have had no skillful compositions—nothing which could bear examination as works of art. Of twattle called tale-writing we have had, perhaps, more than enough. We have had a superabundance of the Rosa-Matilda effusions—gilt-edged paper all *coul  ur de rose*: a full allowance of cut-and-thrust blue-blazing melodramaticisms; a nauseating surfeit of low miniature copying of low life, much in the manner, and with about half the merit, of the Dutch herrings and decayed cheeses of Van Tuyssel—of all this, *cheu jam satis!*

Mr. Hawthorne's volumes appear to us misnamed in two respects. In the first place they should not have been called "Twice-Told Tales"—for this is a title which will not bear *repetition*. If in the first collected edition they were twice-told, of course now they are thrice-told.—May we live to hear them told a hundred times! In the second place, these compositions are by no means all "Tales." The most of them are essays properly so called. It would have been wise in their author to have modified his title, so as to have had reference to all included. This point could have been easily arranged.

But under whatever titular blunders we receive this book, it is most cordially welcome. We have seen no prose composition by any American which can compare with some of these articles in the higher merits, or indeed in the lower; while there is not a single piece which would do dishonor to the best of the British essays.

"The Rill from the Town Pump" which, through the *ad captandum* nature of its title, has attracted more of public notice than any one other of Mr. Hawthorne's compositions, is perhaps, the *least* meritorious. Among his best, we may briefly mention "The Hollow of the Three Hills;" "The Minister's Black Veil;" "Wakefield;" "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe;" "Fancy's Show-Box;" "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment;" "David Swan;" "The Wedding Knell;" and "The White Old Maid." It is remarkable that all these, with one exception, are from the first volume.

The style of Mr. Hawthorne is purity itself. His *tone* is singularly effective—wild, plaintive, thoughtful, and in full accordance with his themes. We have only to object that there is insufficient diversity in these themes themselves, or rather in their character. His *originality* both of incident and of reflection is very remarkable; and this trait alone would ensure him at least our warmest regard and commendation. We speak here chiefly of the tales; the essays are not so markedly novel. Upon the whole we look upon him as one of the few men of indisputable genius to whom our country has as yet given birth. As such, it will be our delight to do him honor; and lest, in these undigested and cursory remarks, without proof and without explanation, we should appear to do him *more* honor than is his due, we postpone all farther comment until a more favorable opportunity.

A Translation of Jacobs' Greek Reader, (adapted to all the editions printed in America) for the use of Schools, Academies, Colleges, and Private Learners; with Copious Notes, Critical and Explanatory: illustrated with numerous Parallel Passages and Apposite Quotations from the Greek, Latin, French, English, Spanish, and Italian Languages: and a Complete Parsing Index; elucidated by References to the most Popular Greek Grammars Extant: By Patrick S. Casserly, author of "A New Literal Translation of Longinus" &c. W. E. Dean: New York

We give this title in full, as affording the best possible idea of the character of the work. Nothing is left for us to say, except that we highly approve the use of literal translations. In spite of all care, these *will* be employed by students, and thus it is surely an object to furnish reputable versions. Mr. Casserly is, perhaps, chargeable with inflation and Johnsonism as regards his own style—a defect from which we have never known one of his profession free. The merit of his translations, however, is unquestionable.





suit. At least I fancied more than once that I piqued the Lady Katharine.

We still kept up the tone of badinage with which our acquaintance had commenced. There was a playful wit about the Lady Katharine which was irresistible; and I flattered myself that she was pleased with my conversation, perhaps because it was different from that of her suitors in general. But whether her liking for me extended further than to my qualities as a drawing room companion I was unable to tell. If I strove to hide my love from her, she was equally successful in concealing her feelings whatever they might be. Yet she gave me the credit of being a keen observer.

"You take more notice of little things than any one of your sex I ever saw," she said to me one evening. "The ladies have a way of reading one's sentiments by trifles, which your sex generally deem beneath its notice. But you! one would almost fear your finding out all one thinks."

"Oh! not at all," said I. "At any rate, if your sex are such keen observers they are also apt at concealment. What lady that has not striven to hide from her lover that she returned his passion, at least until he has proposed, and that even though aware how wholly he adores her? We all alike play a part."

"Shame, shame, Mr. Stanhope! Would you have us surrender our only protection, by betraying our sentiments too soon? And then to say that we all play a part, as if hypocrisy—in little things, it is true, but still *hypocrisy*—was an every-day affair. You make me ashamed of human nature. You really cannot believe what you say!"

This was spoken with a warmth that convinced me the words were from the heart. I felt that however flippant the Lady Katharine might be to the vain and empty suitors that usually thronged around her, she had a heart—a warm, true, woman's heart—a heart that beat with noble emotions and was susceptible to all the finer feelings of love. I would have replied, but at this instant the Duke of Chovers approached and requested the honor of waltzing with her.

The Duke of Chovers was a young man of about five and twenty. The calibre of his mind was that of fashionable men in general; but then he enjoyed a splendid fortune and wore the ducal coronet. He was confessedly the best match of the season. The charms of the Lady Katharine had been the first to divert his mind from his dress and horses. It was whispered that a union was already arranged betwixt him and my fair companion. As if to confirm this rumor, he always took his place by her bridle-rein. The worldly advantages of such a connexion were unanswerable; and I had been tortured by uneasy fears ever since I heard the rumor. Now was a fair opportunity to learn the truth. I had heard the Lady Katharine jestingly say a few days before, in describing a late ball, that she refused to waltz with Lord —— because she thought him unmarried, and that when she discovered her mistake she was piqued at herself for losing the handsomest partner

in the room. The remark was made jestingly and casually, and was by this time forgotten by her. But I still remembered it. Yet I knew that if she was betrothed to him she would accept his offer. How my heart thrilled, therefore, when I heard her decline it! His grace walked away unable to conceal his mortification.

"You should not be so hard-hearted," said I, "although the duke ought have known that you waltz with none of the proscribed race of bachelors."

She looked at me in unaffected surprise.

"How did you discover that?" she said. "We have had no waltzing since you came," and then, reflecting that these hasty words had confirmed my bold assertion, she blushed to the very brow and looked for a moment confused.

Our conversation was interrupted by her brother and one or two new acquaintances who had driven home with him. I soon sauntered away. My deductions respecting her and the duke were shaken, I confess, before the evening was over, by seeing them sitting *tête-à-tête*, by one of the casements, while the guests avoided them, as if by that tacit agreement under which lovers are left to themselves.

The attentions of his grace became daily more marked, and there was an evident embarrassment of manner in the Lady Katharine under them. A month slipped away meanwhile, and the time when the company was to break up drew near.

We were out on a ride one morning, and the duke, as usual, had established himself at her bridle-rein, when, in cantering along the brow of a somewhat precipitous hill, overlooking the country for miles around, the horse of the Lady Katharine took fright, from some cause, and dashed towards the edge of a precipice that sank sheer down for nearly a hundred feet. The precipice was several hundred yards to the right, but the pace at which the frightened steed went, threatened soon to bring him up with it, while the efforts of the rider to alter his course appeared to be unavailing. Our party was paralyzed, and his grace particularly so. I alone retained my presence of mind. Driving my spurs deep into the flanks of my steed, I plunged forward at full gallop, amid the shrieks of the females and the warnings of the gentlemen of the party. But I knew I could trust my gallant hunter. The Lady Katharine heard my horse's hoofs, and turned around. Never shall I forget her pleading look. I dashed my rowels again into Arab, for only a few paces yet remained betwixt the Lady Katharine's frightened animal and the edge of the precipice. One more leap and all would have been over; but luckily at that instant I came head and head with her furious steed, and catching him by the bridle, I swung him around with a superhuman strength. But I was only partially successful. The animal plunged and snorted, and nearly jerked me from the saddle.

"For God's sake dismount, my dear Lady Katharine, as well as you can, or all is over."

The daring girl hesitated no more, but seizing a favorable instant when the animal, though trembling all over, stood nearly still, she leaped to the earth.

The next instant her steed plunged more wildly than ever, and seeing that she was safe I let go the bridle. He snorted, dashed forward and went headlong over the precipice. In an instant I had dismounted and was by the Lady Katharine's side. I was just in time to catch her in my arms as she fainted away. Before she recovered, the landau, with the rest of the party, came up. I saw her in the hands of her mother, and then giving reins to Arab, under pretence of sending medical aid, but in reality to escape the congratulations of the company, I dashed off.

When I entered the drawing-room before dinner, there was no one in the apartment but the Lady Katharine. She looked pale, but on recognizing me, a deep blush suffused her cheek and brow, while her eye lit up for the instant, with an expression of dewy tenderness that made every vein in my body thrill. But these traces of emotion passed as rapidly as they came, leaving her manner as it usually was, only that there was an unnatural restraint about it, as if her feelings of gratitude were struggling with others of a different character. She rose, however, and extended her hand. There was nothing of its usual light tone in her voice, but an expression of deep seriousness, perhaps emotion, as she said,

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently, Mr. Stanhope, for saving my life?" and that same dewy tenderness again shone from her eyes.

"By never alluding, my dear Lady Katharine, to this day's occurrence. I have only done what every other gentleman would have done."

She sighed. Was she thinking of the tardiness of the duke? I thought so, and sighed too. She looked up suddenly, with her large full eyes fixed on me, as if she would read my very soul; while a deep roseate blush suffused her face and crimsoned even her shoulders and bosom. There was something in that look that changed the whole current of my convictions, and bid me hope. In the impulse of the moment, I took her hand. Again that conscious blush rushed over her cheek and bosom; but this

time her eyes sought the ground. My brain reeled. At length I found words, and, in burning language poured forth my hopes and fears, and told the tale of my love. I ceased; her bosom heaved wildly, but she did not answer. I still knelt at her feet. At length she said,

"Rise."

There was something in the tone, rather than in the word, which assured me I was beloved. If I needed further confirmation of this it was given in the look of confiding tenderness with which she gazed an instant on me, and then averted her eyes tremblingly. I stole my arm around her, and drew her gently toward me. In a moment she looked up again half reproachfully, and gently disengaged herself from my embrace.

"We have been playing a part, dear Lady Katharine!" said I, still retaining her hand.

A gay smile, for the instant, shot over her face, but was lost as quickly in the tenderness which was now its prevailing expression, as she said.

"I'm afraid we have! But now, Henry, *dear* Henry, let me steal away, for one moment, before they descend to dinner."

I restrained her only to press my first kiss on her odorous lips, and then she darted from the room, leaving me in a tumult of feelings I cannot attempt to describe.

The duke had never been the Lady Katharine's choice, and she had only waited for him to propose in form to herself personally, to give him a decided refusal. Although I was but the heir of a commoner—of a wealthy and ancient family it is true; and he was the possessor of a dukedom, she had loved me, as I had loved her, from the first moment we had met. The duke had been backed by her parents, but when we both waited on them, and told them that our happiness depended on their consent, they sacrificed rank to the peace of their daughter, and gave it without reluctance. Before winter came the Lady Katharine was my BRIDE.

J. H. D.

CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

THIS town is situated on one of the three bays jutting out at the north-western extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee—a sheet of water situated near the centre of New Hampshire, and celebrated for its picturesque beauty. The lake is diversified with innumerable islands and promontories. It is seen, perhaps, to the best advantage from Red Hill, whence a magic landscape of hill, island and water stretches far away beneath the beholder's feet. The name of Winnipiseogee signifies in the Indian language "the beautiful lake."

The view from Centre Harbor has always won the admiration of tourists, there being a quiet beauty about it which few can resist. The best view is from

the highlands back of the town. The place itself is small, and lies immediately beneath the gazer's feet; but the lake, diversified with its green islands, and shut in by its rolling hills, instantly arrests the eye. In the quiet of a summer noon, or under a clear moonlit sky, there is a depth of repose brooding over the scene which seems akin to magic.

The lake is, in some places, unfathomable, but abounds with fish. At present it boasts little navigation, for the comparatively thinly scattered population on its borders has not yet ruffled its quiet waters with the keels of commerce. It is yet protected from the ravages of utilitarianism; and the lover of the picturesque will pray that it may long continue so.

THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH.

A FANTASY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had been ever so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avator and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleedings at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest-ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless, and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair from without or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned: With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballèt-dancers, there were musicians, there were cards, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was towards the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence. It was a voluptuous scene that masquerade.

But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case

was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and litten with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brasier of fire that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when its minute-hand made the

circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came forth from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians in the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and that the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes, (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies,) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then there were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the moveable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*, and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the costumes of the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in "Hernani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these, the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, momentarily, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for

the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length was sounded the twelfth hour upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus, again, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive at first of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there *are* matters of which no jest can be properly made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of the Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the

group that stood around him, "who dares thus to make mockery of our woes? Uncase the varlet that we may know whom we have to hang to-morrow at sunrise from the battlements. Will no one stir at my bidding?—stop him and strip him, I say, of those reddened vestures of sacrilege!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterrupted, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange,—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided

movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers—while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly round and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave-cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untended by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

SPRING'S ADVENT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

FROM Winter into Spring the Year has passed
As calm and noiseless as the snow and dew—
The pearls and diamonds which adorn his robes—
Melt in the morning, when the solar beam
Touches the foliage like a glittering wand.
Blue is the sky above, the wave below;
Slow through the ether glide transparent clouds
Just wafted by the breeze, as on the sea
White sails are borne in graceful ease along.
Lifting its green spears through the hardened ground
The grass is seen; though yet no verdant shields,
United over head in one bright roof,—
Like that which rose above the serried ranks
Of Roman legions in the battle plain—
Defend it from assailing sun and shower.
In guarded spots alone young buds expand,
Nor yet on slopes along the Southward sides
Of gentle mountains have the flowers unveiled
Their maiden blushes to the eyes of Day.
It is the season when Fruition fails
To smile on Hope, who, lower-like, attends
Long-promised joys and distant, dear delights.
It is the season when the heart awakes
As from deep slumber, and, alive to all

The soft, sweet feelings that from lovely forms
Like odors float, receives them to itself
And fondly garners with a miser's care,
Lest in the busy intercourse of life,
They, like untended roses, should retain
No fragrant freshness and no dewy bloom.

To me the coming of the Spring is dear
As to the sailor the first wind from land
When, after some long voyage, he descries
The far, faint outline of his native coast.
Rocked by the wave, when grandly rose the gale,
He thought how peaceful was the calm on shore.
Rocked by the wave, when died the gale away,
He dreamed of quiet he should find at home.
So, when I heard the Wintry storm abroad,
So, when upon my window beat the rain,
Or when I felt the piercing, arrowy frost,
Or, looking forth, beheld the frequent snow,
Falling as mutely as the steps of Time,
I longed for thy glad advent, and resigned
My spirit to the gloom that Nature wore,
In contemplation of the laughing hours
That follow in thy train, delicious Spring!

PROCRASTINATION.

BY MRS. M. H. PARSONS.

"To-morrow, I will do it to-morrow," was the curse of Lucy Clifton's life. When a child, she always had it in view to make such charming little dresses—to-morrow. When girlhood came her lessons were never perfect,—“only excuse me this once mamma, and I will never put off my lessons again!” The pleader was lovely, and engaging, mamma was weakly indulgent; Lucy was forgiven and the fault grew apace, until she rarely did any thing to-day, that could be put off till to-morrow. She was a wife, and the mother of two children, at the period our story commences.

With a cultivated mind, most engaging manners, and great beauty of form, and features, Lucy had already lost all influence over the mind of her husband, and was fast losing her hold on his affections. She had been married when quite young, as so many American girls unfortunately are, and with a character scarcely formed, had been thrown into situations of emergency and trial she was very unprepared to encounter. Her husband was a physician, had been but a year or two in practice, at the time of their marriage. William Clifton was a young man of fine abilities, and most excellent character; of quick temper, and impatient, he was ever generous, and ready to acknowledge his fault. When he married Lucy, he thought her as near perfection as it was possible for a woman to be; proportionate was his disappointment, at finding the evil habit of procrastination, almost inherent in her nature from long indulgence, threatening to overturn the whole fabric of domestic happiness his fancy had delighted to rear. There was no order in his household, no comfort by his fireside; and oftentimes when irritated to bitter anger, words escaped the husband, that fell crushingly on the warm, affectionate heart of the wife. The evil habit of procrastination had “grown with her growth” no parental hand, kind in its severity, had lopped off the excrescence, that now threatened to destroy her peace, that shadowed by its evil consequences her otherwise fair and beautiful character. In Lucy's sphere of life there was necessity for much self-exertion, and active superintendence over the affairs of her household. They lived retired; economy and good management were essential to render the limited income Doctor Clifton derived from his practice fully adequate to their support—that income was steadily on the increase, and his friends deemed the day not far distant, when he would rise to eminence in his profession. Lucy's father, a man of considerable wealth, but large family, had purchased a house, furnished it, and presented it to Lucy; she was quite willing to limit her visiting circle to a few friends, as

best suited with their present means. Surely William Clifton was not unreasonable, when he looked forward to a life of domestic happiness, with his young and tenderly nurtured bride. He could not know that her many bright excelling virtues of character would be dimmed, by the growth of the *one fault*, until a shadow lay on the pathway of his daily life. If *mothers* could lift the dim curtain of the future, and read the destiny of their children, they would see neglected faults, piercing like sharp adders the bosoms that bore them, and reproach mingling with the agony, that she, who had moulded their young minds, had not done her work aright!

It was four years after their marriage, Doctor Clifton entered the nursery hurriedly.

“Lucy my dear, will you have my things in order by twelve o'clock? I must leave home for two days, perhaps longer, if I find the patient I am called to see very ill.”

“Yes, yes! I will see to them. What shall I do with the child, William, he is so very fretful? How I wish I had given him the medicine yesterday; he is very troublesome!”

“If you think he needs it, give it to him at once;” said her husband abruptly, “and don't I beg Lucy forget my clothes.” He left the room, and Lucy tried to hush baby to sleep, but baby would not go, then the nurse girl who assisted her could not keep him quiet, and the mother, as she had often been before, became bewildered, and at a loss what to do first.

“If you please ma'am what am I to get for dinner?” said the cook, the only servant they kept in the kitchen, putting her head in at the door, and looking round with a half smile, on the littered room, and squalling baby.

“Directly, I shall be down directly Betty, I must first get baby to sleep.”

“Very well ma'am,” was the reply, and going down an hour afterwards, Mrs. Clifton found Betty with her feet stretched out and her arms folded one over the other, comfortably seated before an open window, intent in watching, and enjoying the movements of every passer-by.

“Betty, Betty!” said her mistress angrily, “have you nothing to do, that you sit so idly here?”

“I waited for orders, ma'am.” Dinner was an hour back, Lucy assisted for a short time herself, and then went up stairs to arrange Clifton's clothes. Baby was screaming terribly, and Lucy half terrified did *yesterday's* work, by giving him a dose of medicine. So the morning sped on. Clifton came in at the appointed time.

"Are my clothes in readiness, Lucy?"

She colored with vexation, and shame. "The baby has been very cross; I have not indeed had time. But I will go now." Clifton went down to his solitary dinner, and when he returned found Lucy busy with her needle; it was evident even to his unskilled eye there was much to be done.

"It is impossible to wait. Give me the things as they are; I am so accustomed to wearing my shirts without buttons, and my stockings with holes in, that I shall find it nothing new—nor more annoying than I daily endure." He threw the things carelessly into his carpet-bag, and left the room, nor did he say one kindly word in farewell, or affection. It was this giving away to violent anger, and using harsh language to his wife that had broken her spirit, almost her heart. She never even thought of reforming herself; she grieved bitterly, but hopelessly. Surely it is better when man and wife are joined together by the tie that "no man may put asunder," to strive seriously, and in affection to correct one another's faults. There is scarcely any defect of character, that a husband, by taking the right method may not cure; always providing his wife is not unprincipled. But he must be very patient; bear for a season; add to judicious counsel much tenderness and affection; making it clear to her mind that love for herself and solicitude for their mutual happiness are the objects in view. Hard in heart, and with little of woman's devotion unto him to whom her faith is plighted, must the wife be who could long resist. Not such an one was Lucy Clifton; but her husband in the stormy revulsion of feeling that had attended the first breaking up of his domestic happiness, had done injustice to her mind, to the sweetness of disposition that had borne all his anger without retorting in like manner. If Clifton was conscious of his own quickness of temper, approaching to violence, he did not for one moment suppose, that *he* was the cause of any portion of the misery brooding over his daily path. He attributed it all to the procrastinating spirit of Lucy, and upon her head he laid the blame with no unsparing hand. He forgot that she had numbered twenty years, and was the mother of two children; that her situation was one of exertion, and toil under the most favorable circumstances; that he was much her senior, had promised to cherish her tenderly. Yet the first harsh word that dwelt on Lucy's heart was from the lips of her husband! How tenderly in years long gone had she been nurtured! The kind arm of a father had guided and guarded her; the tender voice of a mother had lighted on her path like sunshine—and now? Oh ye, who would crush the spirit of the young and gentle, instead of leading it tenderly by a straight path in the way of wisdom—go down into the breaking heart and learn its agony; its desolation, when the fine feelings of a wasted nature go in upon the brain and consume it!

One morning Clifton entered the nursery, "Lucy," he said; "my old classmate, and very dear friend Walter Eustace is in town. He came unexpectedly; his stay is short; I should like to ask him to spend the day with me. Could you manage, love, to have

the time pass *comfortably* to my friend?" Lucy felt all the meaning conveyed in the emphasis on a word that from his lips sounded almost formidable in her ears.

"I will do what I can," she answered sadly.

"Do not scruple Lucy to get assistance. Have every thing ready *in time*, and do not fail in having order, and good arrangement. There was a time Lucy when Eustace heard much of you; I should be gratified to think he found the wife worthy of the praise the lover lavished so freely upon her. Sing for us to night—it is long since the piano was opened!—and look, and smile as you once did, in the days that are gone, but not forgotten Lucy." His voice softened unconsciously, he had gone back to that early time, when love of Lucy absorbed every feeling of his heart. He sighed; the stern, and bitter realities of his life came with their heavy weight upon him, and there was no balm in the future, for the endurance of present evils.

He turned and left the room; Lucy's eye followed him, and as the door closed she murmured—"not forgotten! Oh, Clifton how little reason I have to believe you!" Lucy was absorbed in her own thoughts so long as to be unconscious of the flight of time. When she roused, she thought she would go down stairs and see what was to be done, but her little boy asked her some question, which she stopped to answer; half an hour more elapsed before she got to the kitchen. She told Betty she meant to hire a cook for the morrow—thought she had better go at once and engage one—yet, no, on second thoughts, she might come with her to the parlors and assist in arranging them; it would be quite time enough to engage the cook when they were completed. To the parlors they went, and Lucy was well satisfied with the result of their labor—but mark her comment: "What a great while we have been detained here; well, I am sure I have meant this three weeks to clean the parlors, but never could find time. If I could but manage to attend them every day, they would never get so out of order."

The next morning came, the cook not engaged yet. Betty was despatched in haste, but was unsuccessful—all engaged for the day. So Betty must be trusted, who sometimes did well, and at others signally failed. Lucy spent the morning in the kitchen assisting Betty and arranging every thing she could do, but matters above were in the mean time sadly neglected, her children dirty, and ill dressed, the nursery in confusion, and Lucy almost bewildered in deciding what had better be done, and what left undone. She concluded to keep the children in the nursery without changing their dress, and then hastened to arrange her own, and go down stairs, as her husband and his friend had by this time arrived. Her face was flushed, and her countenance anxious; she was conscious that Mr. Eustace noticed it, and her uncomfortable feelings increased. The dinner, the dinner—if it were only over! she thought a hundred times. It came at last, and all other mortifications were as nothing in comparison. There was not a dish really well cooked, and every thing was served

up in a slovenly manner. Lucy's cheeks tingled with shame. Oh, if she had only sent *in time* for a cook. It was her bitterest thought even then. When the dinner was over Mr. Eustace asked for the children, expressing a strong desire to see them. Lucy colored, and in evident confusion, evaded the request. Her husband was silent, having a suspicion how matters stood.

Just then a great roar came from the hall, and the oldest boy burst into the room. "Mother! mother! Hannah shut me up she did!" A word from his father silenced him, and Lucy took her dirty, ill dressed boy by the hand and left the room. She could not restrain her tears, but her keen sense of right prevented her punishing the child, as she was fully aware, had he been properly dressed, she would not have objected to his presence, and that he was only claiming an accorded privilege. Mr. Eustace very soon left, and as soon as the door closed on him Clifton thought: "I never can hope to see a friend in comfort until I can afford to keep a house-keeper. Was there ever such a curse in a man's house as a procrastinating spirit?" With such feelings it may be supposed he could not meet his wife with any degree of cordiality. Lucy said, "there was no help for it, she had done her very best." Clifton answered her contemptuously; wearied and exhausted with the fatigues of the day, she made no reply, but rose up and retired to rest, glad to seek in sleep forgetfulness of the weary life she led. Clifton had been unusually irritated; when the morrow came, it still manifested itself in many ways that bore hard on Lucy; she did not reply to an angry word that fell from his lips, but she felt none the less deeply. Some misconduct in the child induced him to reflect with bitterness on her maternal management. She drew her hand over her eyes to keep back the tears, her lip quivered, and her voice trembled as she uttered:

"Do not speak so harshly Clifton, if the fault is all mine, most certainly the misery is also!"

"Of what avail is it to speak otherwise?" he said sternly, "you deserve wretchedness, and it is only the sure result of your precious system."

"Did you ever encourage me to reform, or point out the way?" urged Lucy, gently.

"I married a woman for a companion, not a child to instruct her," he answered bitterly.

"Ay—but I was a child! happy—so happy in that olden time, with all to love, and none to chide me. A child, even in years, when you took me for a wife—too soon a mother, shrinking from my responsibilities, and without courage to meet my trials. I found no sympathy to encourage me—no forbearance that my years were few—no advice when most I needed it—no tenderness when my heart was nearly breaking. It is the first time, Clifton, I have reproached you; but the worm will turn if it is trodden upon," and Lucy left the room. It was strange, even to herself, that she had spoken so freely, yet it seemed a sort of relief to the anguish of her heart. That he had allowed her to depart without reply did not surprise her; it may be doubted, although her heart pined for it, if ever she expected tenderness from

Clifton more. It was perhaps an hour after her conversation with Clifton, Lucy sat alone in the nursery; her baby was asleep in the cradle beside her; they were alone together, and as she gazed on its happy face, she hoped with an humble hope, to rear it up, that it might be enabled to *give* and receive happiness. There was a slight rap at the door; she opened it, and a glad cry escaped her,—*"Uncle Joshua!"* she exclaimed. He took her in his arms for a moment,—that kindly and excellent old man, while a tear dimmed his eye as he witnessed her joy at seeing him. She drew a stool towards him, and sat down at his feet as she had often done before in her happy, girlish days; she was glad when his hand rested on her head, even as it had done in another time; she felt a friend had come back to her, who had her interest nearly at heart, who had loved her long and most tenderly. Mr. Tremaine was the brother of Lucy's mother—he had arrived in town unexpectedly; indeed had come chiefly with a view of discovering the cause of Lucy's low-spirited letters—he feared all was not right, and as she was the object of almost his sole earthly attachment, he could not rest in peace while he believed her unhappy. He was fast approaching three score years and ten; never was there a warmer heart, a more incorruptible, or sterling nature. Eccentric in many things, possessing some prejudices, which inclined to ridicule in himself, no man had sounder common sense, or a more careful judgment. His hair was white, and fell in long smooth locks over his shoulders; his eye-brows were heavy, and shaded an eye as keen and penetrating as though years had no power to dim its light. The high, open brow, and the quiet tenderness that dwelt in his smile, were the crowning charms of a countenance on which nature had stamped her seal as her "noblest work." He spoke to Lucy of other days, of the happy home from whence he came, till her tears came down like "summer rain," with the mingling of sweet and bitter recollections. Of her children next, and her eye lighted, and her color came bright and joyous—the warm feelings of a mother's heart responded to every word of praise he uttered. Of her husband—and sadly "Uncle Joshua" noticed the change;—her voice was low and desponding, and a look of sorrow and care came back to the youthful face: "Clifton was succeeding in business; she was gratified and proud of his success," and that was all she said.

"Uncle Joshua's" visit was of some duration. He saw things as they really were, and the truth pained him deeply. "Lucy," he said quietly, as one day they were alone together—"I have much to say, and you to hear. Can you bear the truth, my dear girl?" She was by his side in a moment.

"Anything from you, uncle. Tell me freely all you think, and if it is censure of poor Lucy, little doubt but that she will profit by it."

"You are a good girl!" said "Uncle Joshua," resting his hand on her head, "and you will be rewarded yet." He paused for a moment ere he said—"Lucy, you are not a happy wife. You married with bright prospects—who is to blame?"

"I am—but not alone," said Lucy, in a choking voice, "not alone, there are some faults on both sides."

"Let us first consider yours; Clifton's faults will not exonerate you from the performance of your duty. For the love I bear you, Lucy, I will speak the truth: all the misery of your wedded life proceeds from the fatal indulgence of a procrastinating spirit. *One uncorrected fault* has been the means of alienating your husband's affections, and bringing discord and misrule into the very heart of your domestic Eden. This must not be. You have strong sense and feeling, and must conquer the defect of character that weighs so heavily on your peace."

Lucy burst into tears—"I fear I never can—and if I do, Clifton will not thank me, or care."

"Try, Lucy. You can have little knowledge of the happiness it would bring or you would make the effort. And Clifton will care. Bring order into his household and comfort to his fireside, and he will take you to his heart with a tenderer love than he ever gave to the bride of his youth."

Lucy drew her breath gaspingly, and for a moment gazed into her uncle's face with something of his own enthusiasm; but it passed and despondency came with its withering train of tortures to frighten her from exertion.

"You cannot think, dear uncle, how much I have to do; and my children are so troublesome, that I can never systematize time."

"Let us see first what you can do. What is your first duty in the morning after you have dressed yourself?"

"To wash and dress my children."

"Do you always do it? Because if you rise early you have time before breakfast. Your children are happy and comfortable, only in your regular management of every thing connected with them."

"I cannot always do it," said Lucy, blushing—"sometimes I get up as low-spirited and weary as after the fatigues of the day. I have no heart to go to work; Clifton is cold, and hurries off to business. After breakfast I go through the house and to the kitchen, so that it is often noon before I *can* manage to dress them."

"Now instead of all this, if you were to rise early, dress your little ones before breakfast, arrange your work, and go regularly from one work to the other: *never* putting off one to finish another, you get through everything, and have time to at each day may have its necessary portion of exercise in the open air. That would dissipate your fumes, raise your spirits, and invigorate your body, will you not make the trial for Clifton? Make his home a well-ordered one, and he will be glad to come into it."

Lucy promised to think of it. But her uncle, seeing her apparent apathy, and not long waiting for the true reason. Her heart is not in it, he said if her husband don't rouse it, never will Lucy feel she was an object of indifference, and he would be to Clifton; there was no end to be achieved by self-exertion; and as there was no

thing to repay her for the wasted love of many years, she would encourage no new hopes to find them as false as the past.

"Uncle Joshua" sat together with Dr. Clifton, in the office of the latter.

"Has it ever struck you, Doctor, how much Lucy is altered of late?"

"I cannot say that I see any particular alteration. It is some time since you saw her;—matrimony is not very favorable to good looks, and may have diminished her beauty."

"It is not of her beauty I speak. Her character is wholly changed; her spirits depressed, and her energies gone," and "Uncle Joshua" spoke warmly.

"I never thought her particularly energetic," said the Doctor, dryly.

"No one would suppose, my good sir, you had ever thought, or cared much about her." "Uncle Joshua" was angry; but the red spot left his cheek as soon as it came there as he went on:—"Let us speak in kindness of this sad business. I see Lucy was in the right in thinking you had lost all affection for her."

"Did Lucy say that? I should be sorry she thought so."

"A man has cause for sorrow, when a wife fully believes his love for her is gone. Nothing can be more disheartening—nothing hardens the heart more fearfully, and sad indeed is the lot of that woman who bears the evils of matrimony without the happiness that often counterbalances them. We, who are of harder natures, have too little sympathy, perhaps too little thought for her peculiar trials." Gently then, as a father to an only son, the old man related to Clifton all that had passed between Lucy and himself. More than once he saw his eyes moisten and strong emotion manifest itself in his manly countenance. A something of remorseful sorrow filled his heart, and its shadow lay on his face. "Uncle Joshua" read aright the expression, and his honest heart beat with joy at the prospects he thought it opened before them. Always wise-judging he said nothing further, but left him to his own reflections. And Clifton did indeed reflect long and anxiously: he saw indeed how much his own conduct had discouraged his wife, while it had been a source of positive unhappiness to her. He went at length to seek her;—she was alone in the parlor reading, or rather a book was before her, from which her eyes often wandered, until her head sank on the arm of the sofa, and a heavy sigh came sadly on the ear of Clifton. "Lucy, dear Lucy, grieve no more! We have both been wrong, but I have erred the most—having years on my side and experience. Shall we not forgive each other, my sweet wife?" and he lifted her tenderly in his arms, and kissed the tears as they fell on her cheek.

"I have caused you much suffering, Lucy, I greatly fear;—your faults occasioned me only inconvenience. Dry up your tears, and let me hear that you forgive me, Lucy."

"I have nothing to forgive," exclaimed Lucy. "Oh, I have been wrong, very wrong!—but if you

had only encouraged me to reform, and sustained and aided me in my efforts to do so by your affection, so many of our married days would not have passed in sorrow and suffering."

"I feel they would not," said Clifton, moved almost to tears. "Now, Lucy, the self-exertion shall be mutual. I will never rest until I correct the violence of temper, that has caused you so much pain. You have but one fault, procrastination—you will you strive also to overcome it?"

"I will," said Lucy; "but you must be very patient with me, and rather encourage me to new exertions. I have depended too long on your looks not to be influenced by them still—my love, Clifton, stronger than your own, fed on the memory of our early happiness, until my heart grew sick that it would never return. Oh! if you could love me as you did then, could respect me as once you did, I feel I could make any exertion to deserve it."

"And will you not be more worthy of esteem and love than ever you were, dear Lucy, if you succeed in reforming yourself! I believe you capable of the effort; and if success attends it, the blessing will fall on us both, Lucy, and on our own dear children. Of one thing be assured, that my love will know no further change or diminution. You shall not have cause to complain of me again, Lucy. Now smile on me, dearest, as you once did in a time we will never forget—and tell me you will be happy for my sake."

Lucy smiled, and gave the assurance—her heart beat lightly in her bosom—the color spread over her face—her eyes sparkled with the new, glad feelings of hope and happiness, and as Clifton clasped her in his arms, he thought her more beautiful than in that early time when he had first won her love.

In that very hour Lucy began her work of reform; it seemed as though new life had been infused into her hitherto drooping frame. She warbled many a sweet note of her youth, long since forgotten, for her spirits seemed running over from very excess of happiness. "Uncle Joshua" was consulted in all her arrangements, and of great use he was:—he planned for her, encouraged her, made all easy by his method and management. She had gone to work with a strong wish to do her duty, and with a husband's love shining steadily on her path, a husband's affection for all success, and sympathy with every failure, there was little fear of her not succeeding. 'Tis true, the habit had been long in forming, but every link she broke in the chain that bound her, brought a new comfort to that happy household hearth. Clifton had insisted on hiring a woman to take charge of the children—this was a great relief. And somehow or other, "Uncle Joshua" looked up a good cook.

"Now," said Lucy, "to fail would be a positive disgrace."

"No danger of your failing, my sweet wife," said Clifton, with a glance of affection that might have satisfied even her heart. "You are already beyond the fear of it."

Lucy shook her head—"I must watch or my old

enemy will be back again before I am fully rid of him."

"It is right to watch ourselves, I know, Lucy; are you satisfied that I have done so, and have, in so measure, corrected myself?" said Clifton.

"I have never seen a frown on your face since you promised me to be patient. You have been, and will continue to be, I am sure. said Lucy, fondly, as she raised his hand to her lips which had rested on her arm. They were happy both, and whatever trouble was in store for them in their future life, they had strong mutual affection to sustain them under it.

"God bless them both," murmured "Uncle Joshua," as he drew his hand hard across his eyes after witnessing this little scene. "I have done good here, but in many a case I might be termed a meddling old fool, and not without reason, perhaps. 'Tis a pity though, that folks, who will get their necks into this matrimonial yoke, would not try to make smooth the uneven places, instead of stumbling all the way, breaking their hearts by way of amusement, as they go."

"What is that you say, 'Uncle Joshua?'" said Lucy, turning quickly round, and walking towards him, accompanied by her husband.

"I have a bad habit of talking aloud," said he, smiling.

"But I thought you were abusing matrimony, uncle—you surely were not?"

"Cannot say exactly what I was thinking aloud. I am an old bachelor, Lucy, and have few objects of affection in the world: you have been to me as a child, always a good child, Lucy, too—and now I think you will make a good wife, and find the happiness you so well deserve. Am I right, love?"

"I hope you are, uncle. If it had not been for your kindness though, I might never have been happy again," and tears dimmed Lucy's eyes at the recollection.

"We shall not forget your kindness," said Clifton as he extended his hand, which "Uncle Joshua" grasped warmly. "I wish every married man in trouble could find a good genius like yourself to interfere in their favor."

"Ten to one he would be kicked out of doors!" said the old man, laughing. "This matrimony is a queer thing—those who have their necks in the noose had better make the most of it—and those on the scrapie keep so. Ah! you little reprobate!" he cried as he caught Lucy's bright eye, and disbelieving shake of the head—"you don't pretend to contradict me?"

"Yes I do, with my whole heart too. I would give up my husband for the wide world, nor he Lucy for the fairest girl in America!"

"Never!" exclaimed Clifton—"you are dearer than any other human being!"

"W-h-e-w!" was "Uncle Joshua's" reply prolonged sort of whistle, while his eyes opened in the profoundest wonder, and his whole countenance was expressive of the most ludicrous astonishment. "W-h-e-w!"

PERDITI.*

BY WM. WALLACE, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE;" "MARCHES FOR THE DEAD," ETC., ETC.

The following poem is respectfully dedicated to the Hon. ELISHA M. HUNTINGTON, as a tribute of respect to his head and heart, by the

AUTHOR.

PART FIRST.—ITALY.

OH! LAND of the BEAUTIFUL! LAND of the BRIGHT!

Where the echoless feet of the Hours

Are gliding forever in soft, dreamy light

Through their mazes of sunshine and flow'rs;

Fair clime of the Laurel—the Sword and the Lyre!

There the souls are all genius—the hearts are all fire;

There the Rivers—the Mountains—the lowliest sods

Were hallowed, long since, by the bright feet of Gods;

There BEAUTY and GRANDEUR their wonders of old

Like a bridal of star-light and thunder unroll'd;

There the air seems to breathe of a music sent out

From the rose-muffled lips of invisible streams,

Oh! sweet as the harmony whispered about

The NIGHT's moon-beaming portal of exquisite DREAMS.

Though BEAUTY and GRANDEUR, MAGNIFICENT CLIME!

Have walked o'er thy Vallies and Mountains sublime,

With a port as majestic—unfading as TIME—

A death-pall is on Thee! The funeral glare

Of a grave-torch, Oh! Italy, gleams on the air!

Lo! the crimes of whole ages roll down on thy breast!

Hark! Hark to the fierce thunder-troops of the STORM!

Ah! soon shall they stamp on thy beautiful crest,

And riot unchecked o'er thy loveliest form!

Oh! LAND of the BEAUTIFUL! LAND of the BRIGHT!

'Though the day of thy glory is o'er,

And the time-hallowed mountains are mantled in night

Where thy LIBERTY flourished before;

'Though the black brow of Bigotry scowls on thy race

Which are kissing the chains of their brutal digrace;

'Though the torches of FREEDOM so long hurled about

By thy heroes of old are forever gone out;

Yet! yet shall thy BEAUTY shine out from the gloom,

Oh! LAND of the Harp and the Wreath and the Tomb!

The seal has been set! IMMORTALITY beams

Like a time-daring star o'er thy temples and streams;

And still as whole tribes from the wierd future dart,

They shall kneel at thine altar, Oh! CLIME OF THE HEART!

More splendid art thou, with thy banners all furl'd

And thy brow in the dust, than the rest of the world,

For the MIGHTY—THE DEAD who have hallowed our earth,

In thee have their rest and from thee took their birth.

Oh! alas that we live—we the boastful who leap

Like mere rills where the sun-pillar'd TRUTH is enshrined

Where those broad-rolling rivers no longer may sweep

With their billows of light to the OCEAN of MIND.

*The tale of LORRO is founded on an actual occurrence: one of the incidents has already been turned to advantage by a prose writer. This poem will be followed by another, in which I have attempted to show the rewards of virtue.

It was a clime where mortal form

Hath never pressed the blasted soil—

Where tempest-fires and surging storm

Are struggling ever in their coil:

A sunless clime, whose dreary night

Gleams dimly with that doubtful light

Which men have seen—when DARKNESS threw

Around their homes its sombre hue—

The fearful herald of the wrath

That blazes on the WHIRLWIND's path

Ere he has tossed his banners out

Like sable draperies o'er the Dead,

And with a wild, delirious shout

Struck his deep thunder-drum of dread;

A clime where e'en the fountains fall

With tone and step funereal:

And ever through the dark, old trees

A melancholy music rolls

Along the faintly-chiming breeze—

Sad as the wail of tortured souls.

There ghastly forms were hurrying past

Like wierd clouds through the ether driven,

In fear, before the HUNTER-BLAST,

Whose vengeance purifies the heaven.

And some were pale, as if with woe,

And ever cast their eyes below;

And some were quivering with a fear

In this their dreary sepulchre;

And some, whose awful aspects wore

A look where sat the seal of age,

On their convulséd foreheads bore

The phrenzied agony of rage;

On some a dreadful beauty shone

Like rays received from fallen stars—

So dim, so mournful and so lone,

Yet brave, despite of all their scars.

Far from the throng two sat apart

Beneath a forest's darkling plume—

In that communion of the heart

Which but the wretched can assume.

They seemed in earnest converse there,

As if with words to quench despair;

And one, along whose features grew,

A withering, deathly, demon-hue,

Wore that high, dread, defying look

Which but the LOST can dare to brook

The other milder seemed—but he

Was shrouded, too, in mystery,

And ever threw along the sky

A fearful spiritual eye

Which in its gloomy light sublime—
Seemed half of virtue, half of crime,
Like lightning when you see its glow
Soft as a moonbeam flashed below—
And then in blasting brightness sent
Wild-quivering through the firmament.
So sat they in that dreary light,
Upon the blasted darkling mould—
Fit watchers of such awful night—
As thus the last his story told.

LORRO.

"The many only look to years ;
The many think *they* only roll
The tides of happiness or tears
Around the human soul :
I know a single hour for me—
A *minute*—was Eternity,
That seemed with its fierce, lidless eye
Fixed—fixed forever in the sky
Which, circling round the Italian shore,
Was only made for bliss before :
But now it darkled like a shroud
By demon-hands in warning shaken,
From their lone, scowling thunder-cloud
Ere yet its elements awaken.

Oh ! was it Fancy ? or a spell
Hurled o'er me by some dreadful power,—
That I should carry thus a hell,
Within my bosom from that hour ?
I know not—nor shall care to know ;
For e'en REPENTANCE will not dart
From her pure realm, a light below,
Upon my agony of heart ;
Nor hath Remorse—that mad'ning fire—
That final minister of pain
And deadliest offspring of deep ire—
E'er flashed across my tortured brain :
Yet ! yet there is a something here
Of hideous vacancy and fear,
(Not fear which cowards merely feel,
Who hear the damnd's thunder peal,)
A trembling—which the brave confess
In this their last and worst distress—
Part of the soul it burns a spell,
And like her indestructible—
Which only those who feel that woe,
Brought by an unrepented deed,
Can in its fiercest aching know—
For only they are doomed to bleed.

Go thou, whose cunning spirit hears
The mystic music of the spheres—
Who gazest with unquailing eye
Through this star-isled immensity—
Whose soul would feed on brighter flowers
Than earth's—and sit with pinion furl'd
Where in its lonely grandeur towers
The outside pillar of your world—
Go ! go with all thy boasted art—
And read *one* mystery of the *Heart*.
What ! think creation in a *sphere* !
The real universe is here—
Here ! here eternally enshrined
Within the secret caves of Mind.

Blood ! blood is reddening on these hands !
The blood of more than *one* is here ;
Unfaded too its crimson brands

Despite of many a weary year,
Whose tides of flame and darkness gloom
Amid the spirit's stagnant air—
More fearful than the damnd's one's tomb
And withering as despair.

Oh ! God why was I chos'n for such ?
I who until that fearful hour—
Ah ! would not e'en too wildly touch
The summer's very humblest flower.
The little bird whose rain-bow wing
I saw, in spring time's roseate eves,
With its own beauty quivering
Amid the golden orange leaves,
I made a friend—as if for me
It held its sinless revelry :
And e'en I've watched within the hall
The deadly spider weave his pall,
And smiled in very joy to see
The cunning workman's tracery.

The minstrel-breeze which struck by hours
Its tender instrument of flowers—
The moon that held her march alone
At midnight 'round th' Eternal Throne—
The sullen thunder whose red eyes
Flashed angrily within our skies—
All ! all to me were but the chain
Along whose wond'rous links there came
Unceasingly to head and brain
Love's own electric flame.
Yes ! when the Harp of Nature roll'd
Its midnight hymn from chords of gold,
And awful silence seemed to own,
Throughout the world, its wizard tone,
I've stood and wildly wished to float
Into that music's liquid strain—
Oh ! heavenly as its sweetest note—
Nor ever walk the earth again.

What change is this ? Hate, fiercest Hate,
Where once these angel-yearnings burned
Like torches set by Heaven's bright gate,
Hath all to deadly poison turned.

The Best can only feel the fire,
But once, which flashes from the clime
Where love sits beaming o'er the lyre
That strikes the mystic march of Time.
The tree of most luxuriant stem
Whose every leaflet glows a gem
Beneath its oriental sky,
When once its emerald diadem
Hath felt the simoon sweeping by.
Can never more in southern bowers
Renew its fragrant idol-flowers.
So with the great in soul—whose bloom
Of Heart hath felt the thunder-doom
Which mankind, trusted, may bestow
On him who little dreamed the blow—
Theirs be the joy !—But ours the woe !

I was my father's only child—
(The cherished scion of a race
Whose monuments of fame are piled
On glory's mighty dwelling-place)
I need not tell how oft he smiled
When counting o'er to me each deed,
In gallant barque, on champing steed,
Of ancestors in battle wild ;

Nor how he gazed upon my face
And there by hours would fondly trace
The lines which as they manlier grew,
He deemed the signs of Glory, too.

I saw at last the sable pall
Gloom in our lordly castle's hall,
And heard the Friar's burial rite
Keeping the watches of the night.
Another noble form was laid
Where Lorro's dead together meet—
And I, in ducal robes arrayed,
Took Lorro's castled seat.

I need not tell how passed the days,
I need not tell of pleasure's ways—
Where bright-eyed mirth flung dewy flowers
Beneath the silver-feet of hours,
While Time himself o'er music's strings
Lean'd panting on his weary wings.

At last there came unto our gate
One looking worn and desolate,
Who asked compassion for his fate.
He said he was an orphan lad,
In sooth my lonely heart was glad—
For I was weary of my state
Where only courtiers crowded round;
I wished some fair and gentle mate,
And such I fondly hoped I found.

Months rolled away and still he grew,
Beneath my care a lovely boy
And day by day I found anew
In him a very father's joy.—

And eighteen summers now have died
Since thou cam'st here my own heart's pride:
And still thy voice of silver seems
Sweet as sweet music heard in dreams;
And still thy softly radiant eye
Looks innocent as yonder sky,
And all as fair—when rainbows rest
Like angel-plumes upon its breast;
And still thy soul seems richly set
Within its form, like some bright gem
Which might by worshippers be met
In Purity's own diadem.

In Lorro's hall the tone of lutes
And harp is wafted through the air,
Such as the glad most fitly suits
When mirth and rosy wine are there.
In Lorro's castle, wreathed in light
And flowers, I ween a holy rite,
Most cherished with the young and bright,
By cowléd Priest, is done to night.

And who art thou around whose brow
The bridal chaplet sparkled now?
That form!—Oh, Heaven! and is it she
Thus standing there so radiantly?—
With bright curls floating on the air
And glorious as the cherubs wear;
An eye where love and virtue beam
Like spirits of an Angel's dream!

Away! away! thou maddening sight!
Away! what dost thou, Laura, here?
Thus standing by my side to night,
And long since in thy sepulchre?

What! will the grave its events tell?
The iron tomb dissolve its spell?
It has! it has! And there she stands
Mocking me with her outstretched hands;
And oft her icy fingers press
My hot brow through the long, long night;
And voices as of deep distress,
Like prisoned wind, whose wailing sound
Seems madly struggling under ground,
Peal dirge-like on my ear: away!
Nor wait, oh! horrid shape, for day
Such as these gloomy realms display—
E'er thou shalt quit my tortured sight.—

And we were wed! I need not say
How heavenly came and went each day,
Enough! our souls together beat
Like two sweet tunes that wandering meet,
Then so harmoniously they run
The hearer deems they are but one.

There are mailed forms in Lorro's halls,
And rustling banners on its walls,
And nodding plumes o'er many a brow,
That moulders on the red field now.

The wave of battle swells around!
Shall Lorro's chieftain thus be found
In revelry or idlesse bound,
When Glory hangs her blood-red sign
Above the castellated Rhine?

Away! away, I flew in pride
With those who mustered by my side:
But not, I ween, did Lorro miss
The ruler from its ducal throne,
'Till many a wild and burning kiss
Of woman's sweet lips warmed his own.

And Julio, too, (for such the name
I gave the orphan boy,) with tears
And choking sob, and trembling came
To whisper me his rising fears.

That I his father—I whose love
Had sheltered long his feeble form
E'en as some stronger bird the dove
All mateless wandering in the storm,—
That I borne down amid the stern
And bloody shapes of battle wild,
Would never from its wreck return
To sooth his lonely orphan child;
And then on bended knees he prayed—
(God! why availed not his prayer?)
That I would give him steed and blade,
So he might in my dangers share.
I left him for I could not bare
That tender brow to war's wild air.

Away! away on foaming steed,
For two long years my sword was out;
And I had learned (a soldier's need,)
—Almost without a groan to bleed—
Aye! gloried in the battle's shout;
For it gave presage of a fame
Such as the brave alone may claim.

For two long years, as I have told,
The storm of war around me roll'd;

But never more, by day or night
In sunshine or in shower,
Did I forget my castle's light—
Love's only idol-flower!

There is a deeper passion known
For those in love, when left alone;
Then busy fancy ponders o'er
Some kindness never prized before:
And we can almost turn with tears
And deep upbraiding (as distress
Comes with the holy light of years)
And kneeling ask forgiveness.

And so I felt—and Laura beamed
Still lovelier than she ever seemed,
E'en when the dew of childhood's hours
Along her heart's first blossoms clung,
And I amid my native bowers
In sinless worship o'er them hung.

Oh! are not feelings such as these
Like splendid rainbow-glories caught
(To cheer our voyage o'er life's seas)
From Heaven's own holy LAND OF THOUGHT?

And yet, oh, God! how soon may they
Like those bright glories flee away,
And leave the heart an unlit sea,
Where piloted by dark despair
The spirit-wreck rolls fearfully
Within the night of sullen air?

At last the eye of battle closed—
Its lurid fires no longer burned—
The warrior on his wreath reposed,
And I unto my halls returned.

Oh! who can tell the joys that start
Like angel-wings within the heart,
When wearied with war's toil, the chief
In home's dear light would seek relief?

Not he who has no loved one there
Left in his absence lonely—
Whose heart he fondly hopes shall beat
For him and for him only.

And such my Laura's heart I deemed;
For me alone I thought she beamed
Like some pure lamp on hermit's shrine,
Which only glows for him, divine
And beauteous as the spirit-eyes
That light the bow'rs of Paradise.

It was a lovely eve, but known
Unto the South's voluptuous zone;
An eve whose shining vesture hung
Like Heaven's own rosy flags unfurl'd,
And by some star-eyed cherub flung
In sport around our gloomy world;
An eve in which the coldest frame
And heart must feel a warming flame,
When light and soul no longer single,
But in a bridal glory mingle:
Then think how I whose spirit bowed
Whene'er the dimmest light was sent
From twinkling star or rosy cloud
In God's blue, glorious firmament—

How I in that ethereal time,
Standing beside my native rill
And shadowed by such hues sublime,
Felt unseen lightning through me thrill.

I stood within my own domain—
Once more upon my birth-right soil,
Free'd from the gory battle-plain
And weary with its toil.

"Laura!" my step is in the hall!
My sword suspended on the wall!
My standard-sheet once more unrolled
Where it has lain for years untold!
"Laura!"—In vain I stood for her
To meet the long-lost worshipper.
"Ho, Julio!" What? No answer yet?
I rung from base to parapet!
I mounted up the marble stair!—
I rushed into the olden room!
It shone beneath the evening's glare
As silent as the tomb,—
Save that a slave with wond'ring eye
Looked from the dreary vacancy.
"Your Lady, Serf?"

"She's in the bower."
"In sooth I should have sought her there!"
For oft we passed the twilight hour
In its delicious air.

I rushed with lightning steps—Oh, God!
Why flashed not then thy blasting flame—
That it might wither from the sod
The one who madly called Thy name?

My poniard grasped, left not its sheath—
I had nor hope—nor life—nor breath;
I only felt the ice of death
Slowly congealing o'er my heart—
And on my eye a dizzy cloud
Swam round and round, a sickening part
Of that which seemed a closing shroud
The one might feel whom burial gave
All prematurely to the grave.

But soon that deadly trance was o'er;
The foliage hid as yet; and I
Retraced the path I trod before
With such a heart-wild ecstasy.

For as I gazed upon their guilt,
A thought flashed out of demon-hue;
And I resigned my dagger's hilt
As deadlier then my vengeance grew.

Small torture satisfies the weak—
For they but slightly feel a wrong;
I would by hours my vengeance wreak!
The deep revenge is for the strong.

In Lorro's castle is a cell
(Where Cruelty has sat in state,
I ween that some have known it well,)
Which is divided by a grate.

No sunbeam ever pierced its night;
Nor aught save lamp there shed its light:
No sound save sound of wild despair
Hath ever vexed its heavy air.

Upon its walls so grim and old
Have gathered centuries of mould.
It seems that with the birth of time
That cell was hollowed out by crime,
And there, her hateful labor o'er,
She took her first sweet draught of gore.

Ha! Ha! I see them! See them now—
The cold damp dripping from each brow,
With hands outstretched they mercy sue—
(Ye know not how my vengeance grew,
While I stood by with sullen smile—
The only answer to their grief—
For wearied in that dungeon aisle,
In smiles *I* even found relief.

I watched them in that dreary gloom,
(To me a heaven—to them a tomb,)
For hours—for days—and joyed to hear
Their pleadings fill that sepulchre.
At first they tried to lull their state
By cheering each thro' that dull grate,
(For this they lingered separate;
I could not bear e'en then to see
Them closer in their agony.)
And this they did for days! at last
A change upon them came—
For each to each reproaches cast,
In which I heard my name.

I spake no word—their dread replies
Were only read within my eyes,
Which as they glared upon the pair,
Like scorpions writhing in their pain
When wounded in the loathsome lair,
Seemed burning to my very brain.
I shall not tell how hunger grew
In that dread time upon the two—
When each would vainly try to break
The bars an earthquake scarce could shake.
Nor how they gnawed, in their great pain,
Their dungeon's rusted iron chain;
Nor how their curses, deep and oft,
From parching lips were rung aloft;
Nor how like babbling fiends they would
Together vex the solitude;
Nor how the wasting crimson tide
Of withered life their wants supplied;
Nor how—enough! enough they died
Aye! and I saw the red worm creep
Upon their slumbers, dark and deep,
And felt with more of joy than dread
The grim eyes of the fleshless dead.

Long years have passed away, since then
And I have mixed with fellow men;
On land and wave my flag unfurl'd
Streamed like a storm above the world;
For *Lorro* was a soldier born;
His music was the battle-horn.
E'en when a boy—his playthings were
Such deadly toys as sword and spear,
I did not pant for fame or blood,

But thus in agony I sought
To strangle in their birth the brood
Of serpents cradled in my thought.
I've tried to pray: In vain! In vain!
The very words seem brands of fire
By demons hurled into my brain—
The burning ministers of ire.

How *Spirit*, mid such fearful strife
I left the hated mortal life,
I need not say: it matters not
How we may break that earthly spell;
Enough! enough! I knew my lot
And feel its agony too well.

My frame beside its father rests—
The same old banner o'er their breasts
Which they with all their serfs, of yore,
To battle and to triumph bore.
No chieftain sways the castle's wall,
No chieftain revels in its hall.
And on each bastion's leaning stone
Grim desolation sits alone,
While organ winds their masses roll
Around each lonely turret's head,
And seem to chant, "REST TROUBLED SOUL!
MERCY! OH! MERCY FOR THE DEAD!"

The spirit bent his brow—and tears
The first which he had shed for years,
Fell burning from his eyes, for *THOUGHT*
Had oped their overflowing cells,
Like wakened lightning which has sought
The cloud with all its liquid spells.

He wept—as he had wept of old—
When sudden through the gloomy air
A glorious gush of music roll'd
Around those wretched spirits there;—
They started up with frantic eyes
Wild-glancing to their sullen skies:
And still the angel-anthem went
Rejoicing 'round that firmament;
And shining harps were sparkling through
The cloud-rifts—held by seraph-forms
Oh! lovely as the loveliest hue
Of rainbows curled on buried storms.

Faint and more faint the music grows—
Yet how entrancing in its close—
Sweeter! oh sweeter than the hymn
Of an enthusiast who has given
His anthem forth, at twilight dim,
And hopes with it to float to heaven.

And see, where yonder tempests meet,
The rapid glance of silver feet—
The last of that refulgent train
Who leave this desolated sphere;
Oh! not for them such realms of *PAIN*
Where *CRIME* stands tremblingly by *FEAR*!—
They're gone, and *ALL IS DARK AGAIN*.

[End of Part First.]

THE CHEVALIER GLUCK.

BY W. W. STORY.

DURING the latter part of the autumn in Berlin there are usually some fine days. The cloudless sun shines pleasantly out and evaporates the moisture from the warm air which blows through the streets. Mingling together in motley groups, you may see a long row of fashionables, citizens with their wives, little children in Sunday clothes, priests, Jewesses, young counsellors, professors, milliners, dancers, officers, &c. walking among the lindens in the Park. All the seats in Klaus & Weber's coffee-house are soon occupied; the coffee throws off its steam. The fashionables light their cigars; everywhere persons are talking; here an argument is going on about war and peace, there about Madame Bethman's shoes, whether the last ones she wore were green or gray, or about the state of the market and the bad money, &c., until all is hushed by an Aria from "Tanchon," with which an untuned harp, a pair of ill-tuned violins, a wheezing flute, and a spasmodic bassoon torment themselves and their audience. Upon the balustrade which separates Weber's place from the highway, several little round tables and garden chairs are placed; here one can breathe in the free air and observe the comers and goers, at a distance from the monotonous noises of the accursed orchestra. There I sat down, and, abandoning myself to the light play of my fancy, conversed with the imaginary forms of friends who came around me, upon science and art, and all that is dearest to man. The mass of promenaders passing by me grows more and more motley, but nothing disturbs me, nothing can drive away my imaginary company. Now the execrable Trio of an intolerable waltz draws me out of my world of dreams. The high, squeaking tones of the violins and flutes, and the growling ground bass of the bassoon are all that I can hear; they follow each other up and down in octaves, which tear the ear, until, at last, like one who is seized with a burning pain, I cry out involuntarily,

"What mad music! Those detestable octaves"—Near me some one mutters.

"Cursed Fate! Here is another octave-hunter!"

I look up and perceive now for the first time that imperceptibly to me a man has taken a place at the same table, who is looking intently at me, and from whom I cannot take my eyes away again. Never did I see any head or figure which made so sudden and powerful an impression upon me. A slightly crooked nose was joined to a broad open brow, with remarkable prominences over the bushy, half-gray

eyebrows, under which the eyes glanced forth with an almost wild, youthful fire, (the age of the man might be about fifty;) the white and well-formed chin presented a singular contrast to the compressed mouth, and a satirical smile breaking out in the curious play of muscles in the hollow cheeks, seemed to contradict the deep melancholy earnestness which rested upon the brow; a few gray locks of hair lay behind the ears, which were large and prominent; over the tall, slender figure was wrapped a large modern over-coat. As soon as I looked at the man he cast down his eyes and gave his whole attention to the occupation from which my outcry had probably aroused him. He was shaking, with apparent delight, some snuff from several little paper horns into a large box which stood before him, and moistening it with red wine from a quarter-flask. The music had ceased and I felt an irresistible desire to address him.

"I am glad that the music is over," said I, "it was really intolerable."

The old man threw a hasty glance at me and shook out the contents from the last paper horn.

"It would be better not to play at all," I began again, "Don't you think so?"

"I don't think at all about it," said he, "you are a musician and connoisseur by profession!"

"You are wrong, I am neither. I once took lessons upon the harpsichord and in thorough-bass, because I considered it something which was necessary to a good education, and among other things I was told that nothing produced a more disagreeable effect than when the bass follows the upper notes in octaves. At first I took this upon authority, and have ever since found it to be a fact."

"Really?" interrupted he, and stood up and strode thoughtfully towards the musicians, often casting his eyes upwards and striking upon his brow with the palm of his hand, as if he wished to awaken some particular remembrance. I saw him speak to the musicians whom he treated with a dignified air of command—He returned and scarcely had he regained his seat, before they began to play the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

With his eyes half-closed and his folded arms resting on the table he listened to the Andante; all the while slightly moving his foot to indicate the falling in of the different parts; now he reversed his head—threw a swift glance about him—the left hand, with fingers apart, resting upon the table, as though

he were striking a chord upon the Piano Forte, and the right raised in the air; he was certainly the conductor who was indicating to the orchestra the entrance of the various Tempos—The right hand falls and the Allegro begins—a burning blush flew over his pale cheeks; his eyebrows were raised and drawn together; upon his wrinkled brow an inward rage flashed through his bold eyes, with a fire, which by degrees changed into a smile that gathered about his half-open mouth. Now he leaned back again, his eyebrows were drawn up, the play of muscles again swept over his face, his eyes glanced, the deep internal pain was dissolved in a delight which seized and vehemently agitated every fibre of his frame—he heaved a deep sigh, and drops stood upon his brow. He now indicated the entrance of the Tutti and the other principal parts; his right hand never ceased beating the time, and with his left he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his face—Thus he animated with flesh and color the skeleton of the Overture, formed by the two violins. I heard the soft plaintive lament breathed out by the flutes, after the storm of the violins and basses died away, and the thunder of the kettle drums had ceased; I heard the lightly touched tones of the violoncello and the bassoon, which fill the heart with irrepressible yearning—again the Tutti enters treading along the unison like a towering huge giant and the hollow lamenting expires beneath his crushing footsteps.

The overture was finished; the man suffered both his arms to drop, and sat with closed eyes, like one who was exhausted by excessive exertion. This bottle was empty; I filled his glass with the Burgundy, which in the meantime I had procured. He heaved a deep sigh, and seemed to awaken out of his dream. I motioned him to drink; he did so without hesitation, and swallowing the contents of the glass at one draught, exclaimed,

“I am well pleased with the performance! The orchestra did bravely!”

“And yet,” added I, “yet it was only a feeble outline of a master-piece finished in living colors.”

“Am I right? You are not a Berliner.”

“Perfectly right; I only reside here occasionally.”

“The Burgundy is good; but it is growing cold here.”

“Let us go into the house and finish the flask.”

“A good proposal—I do not know you; neither do you know me. We will not ask each other's names. Names are sometimes in the way. Here am I drinking Burgundy without it costing me anything. Our companionship is agreeable to both, and so far so good.”

All this he said with good-humored frankness. We entered the house together. As soon as he sat down and threw open his overcoat, I perceived with astonishment, that under it he wore an embroidered vest with long lappels, black velvet breeches, and a very small silver-hilted dagger. He again buttoned up his coat carefully.

“Why did you ask me if I was a Berliner?” I resumed.

“Because in such a case it would be necessary for me to leave you.”

“That sounds like a riddle.”

“Not in the least, when I tell you that I—that I am a composer.”

“I have no idea of your meaning.”

“Well then excuse me for my exclamation just now. I see that you understand yourself thoroughly and nothing of Berlin and Berliners.”

He rose and walked once hastily up and down; then went to the window, and in a scarcely audible voice hummed the chorus of Priestesses from the Iphigenia in Tauris, while at intervals he struck upon the window at the entrance of the Tutti. To my great astonishment I observed that he made several modifications of the melody, which struck me with their power and originality. I let him go on without interruption. He finished and returned to his seat. Surprised by the extraordinary bearing of the man, and by this fantastic expression of his singular musical talent—I remained silent. After some time he began—

“Have you never composed?”

“Yes, I have made some attempts in the art; only I found that all which seemed to me to have been written at inspired moments, became afterwards flat and tedious; so that I let it alone.”

“You have done wrong: for the mere fact of your having made the attempt is no small proof of your talent. We learn music when we are children, because papa and mamma will have it so; now you go to work jingling and fiddling, but imperceptibly the mind becomes susceptible to music. Perhaps the half-forgotten theme of the little song, which you formerly sang, was the first original thought, and from this embryo, nourished laboriously by foreign powers, grows a giant, who consumes all within his reach, and changes all into his own flesh and blood! Ah, how is it possible to point out the innumerable influences which lead a man to compose. There is a broad high-way, where all are hurrying round and shouting and screaming; we are the initiated! we are at the goal! Only through the ivory door is there entrance to the land of dreams; few ever see the door and still fewer pass through it. All seems strange here. Wild forms move hither and thither and each has a certain character—one more than the others. They are never seen in the high-way; they only can be found behind the ivory door. It is difficult to come out of this kingdom. Monsters besiege the way as before the Castle of Alsinens—they twirl—they twist. Many dream their dream in the Kingdom of Dreams,—they dissolve in dreams,—they cast no more shadows—otherwise by means of their shadows they would perceive the rays which pass through this realm; only a few awakened out of this dream, walk about and stride through the Kingdom of Dreams—they come to Truth. This is the highest moment;—the union with the eternal and unspeakable! It is the triple tone, from which the accords, like stars, shoot down and spin around you with threads of fire. You lie there

like a chrysalis in the fire, until the Psyche soars up to the sun."

As he spoke these last words, he sprang up, and raised his eyes, and threw up his hand. Then he seated himself and quickly emptied the full glass. A silence ensued, which I would not break, through a fear of leading this extraordinary man out of his track. At last he continued in a calmer manner—

"When I was in the kingdom of dreams a thousand pangs and sorrows tormented me. It was night, and the grinning forms of monsters rushed in upon me, now dragging me down into the abyss of the sea, and now lifting me high into the air. Rays of light streamed through the night, and these rays were tones which encircled me with delicious clearness. I awoke out of my pain and saw a large clear eye, gazing into an organ, and while it gazed, tones issued forth and sparkled and intervened in chords more glorious than I had ever imagined. Up and down streamed melodies, and as I swam in this stream, and was on the point of sinking, the eye looked down upon me and raised me out of the roaring waves. It was night again. Two colossi in glittering harnesses stepped up to me—Tonic and fifth! they lifted me up but the eye smiled; I know what fills thy breast with yearnings, the gentle tender third will step between the colossi; you will hear his sweet voice, will see me again, and my melodies shall become yours."

He paused.

"And you saw the eye again?"

"Yes, I saw it again. Long years I sighed in the realms of dreams—there—yes, there!—I sat in a beautiful valley, and listened to the flowers as they sang together; only one sun-flower was silent and sadly bent its closed chalice towards the earth. Invisible bonds bound me to it—it raised its head. The chalice opened, and streaming out of it again the eye met mine—The tones, like rays of light, drew my head toward the flower which eagerly enclosed it. Larger and larger grew the leaves—flames streamed forth from it—they flowed around me—the eye had vanished and I was in the chalice."

As he spoke these last words, he sprang up, and rushed out of the room with rapid youthful strides. I awaited his return in vain; I concluded at last to go down into the city.

As I approached the Brandenburg gates, I saw in the gloaming a tall figure stride by me, which I immediately recognized as my strange companion—I said to him—

"Why did you leave me so abruptly?"

"It was too late and the Euphon began to sound."

"I don't know what you mean!"

"So much the better!"

"So much the worse: for I should like to understand you."

"Do you hear nothing?"

"No."

"It is past! Let us go—I do not generally like company; but—you are not a composer—you are not a Berliner?"

"I cannot conceive what so prejudices you against

the Berliners. Here, where art is so highly esteemed and practised by the people in the highest degree—I should think that a man of your genius in art would like to be."

"You are mistaken. I am condemned for my torment to wander about here in this deserted place like a departed spirit."

"Here in Berlin—a deserted place?"

"Yes, it is deserted to me, for I can find no kindred spirit here. I am alone."

"But the artists!—the composers!"

"Away with them. They criticise and criticise, refining away everything to find one poor little thought—but beyond their babble about art and artistic taste, and I know not what—they can shape out nothing, and as soon as they endeavor to bring out a few thoughts into daylight—their fearful coldness shows their extreme distance from the sun—it is Lapland work."

"Your judgment seems to me too stern. At least you must allow that their theatrical representations are magnificent."

"I once resolved to go to the theatre to hear the opera of one of my young friends—what is the name of it? The whole world is in this opera—through the confused bustle of dressed up men, wander the spirits of Orcus. All here has a voice and an almighty sound. The devil—I mean Don Juan. But I could not endure it beyond the overture, through which they blustered as fast as possible without perception or understanding. And I had prepared myself for that by a course of fasting and prayer, because I know that the Euphon is much too severely tried by this measure and gives an indistinct utterance."

"Though I must admit that Mozart's masterpieces are generally slighted here in a most inexplicable manner—yet Gluck's works are very much better represented."

"Do you think so? I once was desirous of hearing the Iphigenia in Tauris. As soon as I entered the theatre, I perceived they were playing the Iphigenia in Aulis. Then—thought I, this is a mistake. Do they call *this* Iphigenia? I was amazed—for now the Andante came in, with which the Iphigenia in Tauris opens, and the storm followed. There is an interval of twenty years. All the effect, all the admirably arranged exposition of the tragedy is lost. A still sea—a storm—the Greeks wrecked on the land—this is the opera. How?—has the composer written the overture at random, so that one may play it as he pleases and when he will, like a trumpet-piece?"

"I confess that is a mistake. Yet in the meantime, they are doing all they can to raise Gluck's works in the general estimation."

"Oh yes!" said he shortly—and then smiled more and more bitterly. Suddenly he walked off, and nothing could detain him. In a moment he disappeared, and for many successive days I sought him in vain in the park.

* * * * *

Several months had elapsed, when one cold, rainy

evening, having been belated in a distant part of the city, I was going towards my house in Friedrich street. It was necessary to pass by the theatre. The noisy music of trumpets and kettle drums reminded me that Gluck's Armida was to be now performed, and I was on the point of going in, when a curious soliloquy spoken from the window, where every note of the orchestra was distinctly audible, arrested my attention.

"Now comes the king—they play the march—beat, beat away on your kettle drums. That's right, that's lively. Yes, yes, you must do that eleven times now—or else the procession won't be long enough. Ha, ha—Maestro—drag along, children. See there is a figurant with his shoe-string caught. That's right for the twelfth time!—Keep beating on that dominant—Oh! ye eternal powers this will never cease. Now he presents his compliments—Armida returns thanks. Still once more? Yes, I see all's right—there are two soldiers yet to come. What evil spirit has banished me here?"

"The ban is loosed," cried I—"come!"

I seized my curious friend by the arm (for the soliloquist was no other than he,) and hurrying him out of the park, carried him away with me. He seemed surprised, and followed me in silence. We had already arrived in Friedrich street when he suddenly stopped.

"I know you," said he—"You were in the park. We talked together. I drank your wine—grew heated by it. The Euphon sounded two days afterwards—I suffered much—it is over."

"I am rejoiced that accident has thrown you again in my way. Let us be better acquainted. I live not far from here—suppose you—"

"I cannot, and dare not go with any one."

"No, you shall not escape me thus—I will go with you."

"Then you must go about two hundred steps. But you were just going into the theatre?"

"I was going to hear Armida, but now—"

"You shall hear Armida *now*—come!"

In silence we went down Friedrich street. He turned quickly down a cross street, running so fast that I could with difficulty follow him—until he stopped at last before a common-looking house. After knocking for some time the door was opened.—Groping in the dark, we ascended the steps and entered a chamber in the upper story, the door of which my guide carefully locked. I heard a door open; through this he led me with a light, and the appearance of the curiously decorated apartment surprised me not a little—old-fashioned, richly adorned chairs, a clock fixed against the wall with a gilt case, and a heavy broad mirror gave to the whole the gloomy appearance of antiquated splendor. In the middle stood a little Piano Forte, upon which was placed a large inkstand; and near it lay several sheets of music. A more attentive examination of these arrangements for composition made it evident to me that for some time nothing could have been written; for the paper was perfectly yellow, and thick spider webs were woven over the inkstand—

the man stepped towards a press in the corner of a chamber which I had not perceived before, and as soon as he drew aside the curtain I saw a row of beautifully bound books with golden titles Orfeo—Armida—Alceste—Iphigenia—&c.—in short a collection of Gluck's master pieces standing together.

"Do you own all Gluck's works?" I cried.

He made no answer, but a spasmodic smile played across his mouth, and the play of muscles in the hollow cheeks distorted his countenance to the appearance of a hideous mask—He fixed his dark eyes sternly upon me, seized one of the books—it was Armida—and stepped solemnly towards the piano forte.—I opened it quickly and drew up the music rack; that appeared to give him pleasure—He opened the book—I beheld ruled leaves, but not a single note written upon them.

He began; "now I will play the overture—Do you turn over the leaves at the proper time"—I promised—and now grasping the full chords, gloriously and like a master, he played the majestic Tempo di Marcia with which the overture begins, without deviating from the original; but the Allegro was only interpenetrated by Gluck's principal thought. He brought out so many rich changes that my astonishment increased—His modulations were particularly bold, without being startling, and so great was his facility of hanging upon the principal idea of a thousand melodious lyrics, that each one seemed a reproduction of it in a new and renovated form—His countenance glowed—now he contracted his eyebrows and a long suppressed wrath broke powerfully forth, and now his eyes swam in tears of deep yearning melancholy. Sometimes with a pleasant tenor voice he sang the Thema, while both hands were employed in artist-like lyrics, and sometimes he imitated with his voice in an entirely different manner the hollow tone of the beaten kettle-drums. I industriously turned over the leaves, as I followed his look. The overture was finished and he fell back exhausted with closed eyes, upon the arm chair. But soon he raised himself again and turning hastily over a few blank leaves, said to me in a hollow tone—

"All this, sir, have I written when I came out of the kingdom of dreams, but I betrayed the holy to unholy, and an ice-cold hand fastened upon this glowing heart. It broke not. Yet was I condemned to wander among the unholy like a departed spirit—formless, so that no one knew me until the sun flower again lifted me up to the eternal—Ha, now let us sing Armida's Scena."

Then he sang the closing scene of the Armida with an expression which penetrated my inmost heart—Here also he deviated perceptibly from the original—but the substituted music was Gluck-like music in still higher potency.—All that Hate, Love, Despair, Madness, can express in its strongest traits—he united in his tones—His voice seemed that of a young man, for from its deep hollowness swelled forth an irrepressible strength—Every fibre trembled—I was beside myself—When he had finished I threw myself into his arms, and cried with sup-

pressed voice—"What does this mean? Who are you?"

He stood up and gazed at me with earnest, penetrating look—but as I was about to speak again he vanished with the light through a door and left me in the darkness—He was absent a quarter of an hour—I despaired of seeing him again and ascertaining

my position from the situation of the piano forte sought to open the door, when suddenly in an embroidered dress coat, rich vest and with a sword at his side and a light in his hand he entered—

I started—he came solemnly up to me, took me softly by the hand, and said, softly smiling—

"I am the Chevalier Gluck!"

VENUS AND THE MODERN BELLE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Young Beauty looked over her gems one night,
And stole to her glass, with a petulant air:
She braided her hair, with their burning light,
Till they played like the gleam of a glowworm there.

Then she folded, over her form of grace,
A costly robe from an Indian loom
But a cloud overshadowed her exquisite face,
And Love's sunny dimple was hid in the gloom.

"It is useless!" she murmured,—“my jewels have lost
All their lustre, since last they illumined my curls!”
And she snatched off the treasures, and haughtily tost,
Into brilliant confusion, gold, rubies and pearls.

Young Beauty was plainly provoked to a passion;
“And what?” she exclaimed, “shall the star of the ball
Be seen by the beaux, in a gown of this fashion?”—
Away went the robe,—ribbons, laces and all!

“Oh! Paphian goddess!” she sighed in despair,
“Could I borrow that mystic and magical zone,

Which Juno of old condescended to wear,
And which lent her a witchery sweet as your own!”—

She said and she started; for lo! in the glass,
Beside her a shape of rich loveliness came!
She turned,—it was Venus herself! and the lass
Stood blushing before her, in silence and shame.

“Fair girl!” said the goddess—“the girdle you seek,
Is one you can summon at once, if you will;
It will wake the soft dimple and bloom of your cheek,
And, with peerless enchantment, your flashing eyes, fill.

No gem in your casket such lustre can lend,
No silk wrought in silver, such beauty, bestow,
With that talisman heed not, tho' simply, my friend,
Your robe and your ringlets unjewelled may flow!”

“Oh! tell me! give it me!”—Beauty exclaimed,—
As Hope's happy smile, to her rosy mouth, stole,—
“Nay! you wear it e'en now, since your temper is tamed,
'Tis the light of Good Humour,—that gem of the soul!”

MY BARK IS OUT UPON THE SEA.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

My bark is out upon the sea
The moon's above;
Her light a presence seems to me
Like woman's love.
My native land I've left behind;
Afar I roam;
In other climes no hearts I'll find,
Like those at home.

Of all yon sisterhood of stars,
But one is true;
She paves my path with crystal spars,
And beams like you,

Whose purity the waves recall
In music's flow,
As round my bark they rise and fall
In liquid snow.

The freshening breeze now swells the sails,
A storm is on;
The weary moon's dim lustre fails,
The stars are gone.
Not so fades love's eternal light
When storm-clouds weep;
I know one heart's with me to-night
Upon the deep.

THE LATE SIR DAVID WILKIE.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

UNDER the head of Painting, England undoubtedly at present stands considerably above any of the continental nations; but they surpass her perhaps in an equal degree, in the sister Art of Sculpture, and in Music, — Italy in both of these, and Germany in the latter. France may perhaps be said to have reached the same general point that England has in all these Arts; but she cannot claim the same exceptions in favor of individual instances, in either of them. In musical composers, on the other hand, she surpasses England, and yet reaches to only a very moderate degree of excellence.

Sir David Wilkie was one of the most distinguished Artists, in his particular line, that England, or any other country ever possessed. He has, to be sure, produced, comparatively speaking, but few pictures; but in force and richness of expression, in truth and depth of character, in subtlety of thought, and felicity of invention, I have seen none in the same class that at all equal these few. In the above particulars, and in a marvellous truth and simplicity of pencil in delineating what he sees or remembers, Wilkie as far surpasses Teniers himself, as Teniers surpasses him in freedom and felicity of touch, and freshness, transparency, and beauty of coloring. And important as these latter qualities are in a picture, those which spring from, and appeal to, the intellect chiefly, must be allowed to be still more so.

The subject of Wilkie's pictures are confined to what may be called the higher classes of low life, where the habits and institutions of modern society have hitherto, in a great measure, failed to diffuse that artificial and conventional form of character, which, if it does not altogether preclude the *action* of the feelings, at least forbids all outward manifestation of them. If Sir David had unfortunately devoted his peculiar and unrivalled power of depicting what *is*, to scenes in high, or even in middle life, he would have produced works altogether feeble and worthless; because he could only represent what actually did exist; and, in these classes of life, *this*, as far as regards its outward attributes, is smoothed and polished down to a plane and colorless surface, which will not admit the passage of any thing from within, and from which every thing without slides off like water-drops from the feathers of a bird.

Only think of making a picture of a party of *ladies and gentlemen*, assembled to hear a piece of political news read; or of the same persons listening to a solo on the violin by an eminent professor! And yet these are the subjects of Wilkie's Village Politicians,

and his Blind Fiddler; two of the most interesting and perfect works that ever proceeded from the pencil; and which at once evince in the artist, and excite in the spectator, more activity of thought, and play of sentiment, than are called forth at all the fashionable parties of London and Paris for a whole season.

Wilkie's power was confined, as I have said, to the representation of what he saw; but he selected and combined this with such admirable judgment, and represented it with such unrivalled truth and precision, that his pictures impress themselves on the memory with all the force and reality of facts. We remember, and recur to, the scenes he places before us, just as we should to the real scenes if we had been present at them; and can hardly think of, and refer to them as any thing *but* real scenes. They seem to become part of our experience — to increase the stores of our actual knowledge of life and human nature; and the actors in them take their places among the persons we have seen and known in our intercourse with the living world.

Wilkie's pictures are, in one sense of the term, the most *national* that were ever painted; and will carry down to posterity the face, character, habits, costume, etc. of the period and class which they represent, in a way that nothing else ever did or could; for they are literally the things themselves — the truth, and nothing but the truth. The painter allows himself no liberty or licence in the minutest particulars. He seems to have a superstitious reverence for the truth; and he would no more *paint* a lie than he would tell one. I suppose he has never introduced an article of dress or furniture into any one of his pictures, that he had not actually seen worn or used under the circumstances he was representing. If he had occasion to paint a peasant who had just entered a cottage on a rainy day, he would, as a matter of conscience, leave the marks of his dirty footsteps on the threshold of the door! This scrupulous minuteness of detail, which would be the bane of some class of art, is the beauty of his, coupled, and made subservient, as it was, to the most curious, natural, and interesting development of character, sentiment and thought.

But the most extraordinary examples of this artist's professional skill, are those in which he has depicted some peculiar *expression* in the face and action of some one of his characters. The quantity and degree of expression that he has, in several of these instances, thrown into the compass of a face and figure of less than the common miniature size, is not to be conceived

without being seen, and has certainly never before been equalled in the Art. His most extraordinary efforts of this kind are two, in which the expressions are not very agreeable, but which become highly interesting, on account of the extreme difficulty that is felt to have been overcome in the production of them. One of these is an old man, in the act of coughing violently; and the other is a child, who has cut his fingers.

But if this is the most extraordinary part of Wilkie's pictures, and the part most likely to attract vulgar attention and curiosity, it is far from being the most valuable and characteristic. If it were, I should not regard him as the really great artist which I now do. The mere overcoming of difficulty, for the sake of overcoming it, and without producing any other ulterior effect, would be a mere idle waste of time and skill, and quite unworthy either of praise or attention. It is in these particular instances which I have noticed above, as in numerous others in different lines of art, a mere sleight of hand, exceedingly curious, as exhibiting the possible extent of human skill, but no more.

In Wilkie's pictures, this exhibition of mere manual skill is used very sparingly, and is almost always kept in subjection to, or brought in aid of, other infinitely more valuable ends. With the single exception of the "Cut Finger," which is a mere gratuitous effort of this manual dexterity, all his pictures are moral tales, more or less interesting, from their perfectly true delineation of habits and manners, or impressive, from their development of character, passion, and sentiment. The "Opening of the Will" is as fine in this way, as any of Sir Walter Scott's novels; and the "Rent Day" includes a whole series of national tales of English pastoral life in the nineteenth century.

It is a great mistake to consider Wilkie as a comic painter, in which light he is generally regarded by the public on both sides of the Atlantic. When they are standing before his pictures, they seem to feel themselves bound to be moved to laughter by them, as they would by a comedy or a farce; and without this, they do not show their taste; whereas laughter

seems to me to be the very last sensation these works are adapted to call forth.

Speaking of the best and most characteristic of them, I would say, that scarcely any compositions of the art, in whatever class, are calculated to excite a greater variety of deep and serious feelings; feelings, it is true, so uniformly tempered and modified by a calm and delightful satisfaction, that they can scarcely be considered without calling up a *smile* to the countenance. But the smile arising from inward delight is as different from the laughter excited by strangeness and drollery as any one thing can be from another. It is, in fact, the very essence of Wilkie's pictures, that there is literally nothing strange, and consequently nothing droll and laughter-moving about them.

From the works of no one English artist have I received so much pure and unmixed pleasure and instruction as I have from those of Sir David Wilkie. He differs from all the great old masters, inasmuch as I think he possesses more vigor of pencil, and more natural and characteristic truth of expression than any of them. His style cannot, indeed, be said to possess the airy and enchanting graces of Claude, or the classic power and beauty of the Poussins, or the delicious sweetness of Paul Potter, or the sunny brightness of Wynants, or the elegant warmth of Both, or the delightfully rural and country-fied air of Hobbima. In fact, he has no peculiar or distinguishing style of *his own*; and this is his great and characteristic beauty. There is nothing in his pictures but what belongs positively and exclusively to the scene they profess to represent. When any of the above qualities are required in his pictures, they are sure to be found there; not because they are part of *his* style, but because they are part of *Nature's*, in the circumstances under which he is representing her. The *artist* never obtrudes himself to share with nature the admiration of the spectator. And this is a very rare and admirable quality to possess in these days of pretence and affectation; when *subject* is usually but a *secondary* consideration, and is kept in submission to the display of style, manner, and what is called *effect*.

TO AMIE—UNKNOWN.

BY L. J. CIST.

THEY tell me, lady! thou art fair
As pale December's driven snow
That thy rich curls of golden hair
Are bright as summer-sunset's glow;
That on the coral of thy lips
Dwells nectar such as Jove ne'er sips;
And in thy deep cerulean eye
A thousand gentle graces lie;
While lofty thought, all pure as thou,
Sits throned upon thy queen-like brow!
Lady! I love thee! though I ne'er
Have seen that form of faultless grace;
Though never met mine eyes the fair
And perfect beauty of thy face:
Yet not for that thy face is fair—

Nor for thy sunny golden hair—
Nor for thy lips of roseate hue—
Nor for those eyes of Heaven's own blue—
Nor swan like neck—nor stately brow—
I love thee!—not for these I bow!

I love thee for the gifts of mind
With which they tell me thou'rt endow'd;
And for thy graceful manners—kind,
And gently frank, and meekly proud!
And for thy warm and gushing heart,
And soul, all void of guileful art,
And lofty intellect, well stored
With learning's rich and varied hoard;
For gifts like these (gifts all thine own)
I love thee!—BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN!

EDITH PEMBERTON.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh! days of youth and joy long clouded,
Why thus forever haunt my view?
While in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not memory die there too?

MOORE.

"My dear," said Mrs. Pemberton, drawing her needle through a very dilapidated stocking which she was darning, "my dear, do you know how much your old friend Ellis is worth?"

Mr. Pemberton looked up from his newspaper with some surprise, as he replied, "I can't tell exactly, but I should think his property cannot fall short of one hundred thousand dollars."

"That will be twenty thousand a piece for each of his five children," said Mrs. Pemberton, apparently pursuing some hidden train of thought.

"I am not so sure of that," returned her husband, with a smile, "it is difficult to calculate the fortune of a child during the life of a parent. Mr. Ellis is a hale hearty man, and may live long enough to double his fortune or perhaps to *lose* it all. But why are you so interested in his affairs just now, Sarah?"

"To tell you the truth, husband, I have been thinking that Edward Ellis would be a good match for Caroline."

"Pooh! pooh! Carry is but sixteen, it will be time enough three years hence, to think of a husband for her."

"But if a good opportunity should offer, it would be the height of folly to let it slip only on account of her youth. Edward is certainly very constant in his visits."

"His intimacy with Charles, sufficiently accounts for his frequent visits, and his attentions, if they mean anything, are rather directed to Edith, as far as I can judge," said Mr. Pemberton.

"Oh that is only because Edith is the eldest. I could easily manage to keep her out of the way, if she were to interfere with Caroline's prospects."

"But why not secure him for Edith, if you are so desirous of allying him to the family?"

"Mercy on me, husband, what should I do without Edith? I would not, upon any account, put such a notion into her head; nobody could supply her place if she were to marry just now."

"Rotation in office, my dear, is the true and just system in family government, whatever it may be in politics; it is time that Caroline shared some of Edith's manifold duties," said Mr. Pemberton.

"How little men know of domestic affairs," ex-

claimed Mrs. Pemberton; "do you suppose that such a giddy creature as Carry could ever be taught the patience, industry and thoughtfulness which seem so natural to Edith? No, no, I must keep Edith at home as long as possible."

"So you have come to the conclusion that she is too useful to be allowed to seek her own happiness."

"Oh, Mr. Pemberton how can you talk so? I am sure if Edith really loved any body I would never throw any obstacle in her way. She is quite contented now and I don't believe marriage is necessary to the happiness of every body."

"Why then are you so anxious to make matches for your girls? Why not wait and see whether Carry is not also content to be single."

"Because Caroline is such a hare-brained, thoughtless girl, that nothing but domestic duties will ever give her steadiness of character, and therefore I am anxious to see her settled in life."

"Well I don't think you need waste any feminine manoeuvres upon Edward Ellis, for whatever fortune his father may possess, he will never support his sons in idleness. He means that they shall work for themselves as he has done, and though he has given Edward a liberal education, he intends to make him a thorough merchant."

"Edward wishes to study a profession."

"I know old Ellis well enough to believe that he sets too high a value on time and money to consent to such a plan. He would never be willing to maintain Edward during the next ten years, as must necessarily be the case, if he adopted a profession."

"Edward is a remarkably fine young man."

"Yes, he possesses excellent talents and an amiable disposition, but his character is yet to be formed by time and circumstance."

"He is two and twenty, husband; and you were married when you were not that age."

"I know it, Sarah," said Mr. Pemberton, drily, "and we both married five years too soon. I became burdened with the support of a family at the outset of life, and you were weighed down with domestic cares, while yet in your girlhood; the consequence to me has been, that I am now obliged to labour as hard for a living at forty-five as I did at twenty,

and with as little prospect of making a fortune; while the result to you has been broken health and wearied spirits."

"I am sure I never repented our marriage, my dear," said Mrs. Pemberton half reproachfully.

"Nor I, my dear Sarah," replied her husband kindly, "it would be but an ill requital for all your affection and goodness; but should we not be equally happy and less care-worn now, if we had deferred our union until we had been a little older and wiser?"

"Ah well," sighed Mrs. Pemberton, feeling the truth of her husband's remark, but unwilling to confess it, "there is no use in such retrospection; we have a large family around us, and there are no finer children than ours in the whole circle of our acquaintance. If I am broken down with the care of bringing them up, I can forget all my trouble, when I have so much cause to be proud of them. A better daughter than Edith, a more steady boy than Charley, and prettier girls than Caroline and Maria, are not to be found anywhere in society; and I dare say I shall be just as proud of the little ones in the nursery as they grow up."

"I dare say you will, my dear," said her husband, smiling good-humoredly, "it would be very strange if you were not, and quite as strange if I had not similar opinions; Edith is as good as she is handsome and I only wish young Ellis was in circumstances to marry her."

"Don't speak of such a thing, husband, I cannot consent to part with her for the next four or five years."

"Yet you want to get rid of Caroline."

"I have already told you my motives; there never were two sisters more unlike."

"Edith has all the prudence and kindliness which befits a good wife, and therefore deserves to be well mated."

"She does not seem to think of such a thing as marriage, and I am truly glad she is so indifferent about it, indeed I almost believe that Edith is destined to be an old maid."

"It needs no great prophetic skill to predict that, if you keep her forever in the back-ground."

"I am sure I do no such thing," said Mrs. Pemberton, warmly.

"I don't pretend to know much about these matters but I have noticed that when the girls are invited to a party it is generally Edith who is left at home."

"It is not my fault, Mr. Pemberton, if she takes no pleasure in gay society."

"Are you certain she always stays at home from choice?"

"I dare say she does, at least she is never controlled by me."

"But you know as well as I do, that the slightest expression of a wish is sufficient to influence her. The truth is, Edith has made herself so useful in the family that we all depend upon her for a large portion of our comforts, and are too apt to forget that she often sacrifices her own. Do you suppose that she actually preferred staying at home to nurse little

Margaret, the other night, to going to Mrs. Moore's grand ball?"

"No, I can't say she did, for she seemed rather anxious to attend that ball, and had trimmed a dress beautifully for the occasion."

"The child was certainly not so ill as to require her attendance in addition to yours, and why, therefore, was she obliged to remain?"

"No, the baby was not very sick, but she cried so bitterly when she saw Edith dressed for the party, that I was afraid she would bring on a fever."

"Therefore you disappointed Edith merely to gratify the whim of a petted infant."

"I left her to do as she pleased; she immediately changed her dress, to pacify Margaret, and took her usual place by the cradle."

"Yes, you left her to do as she pleased, after she had been allowed to discover exactly what you wished she should do. This is always the way, Sarah; the incident just mentioned, is only one out of hundreds, where Edith's kind feelings have been made to interfere with her pleasures. I have long seen in the family a disposition to take advantage of her unselfish character, and it seems to me exceedingly unjust. I do not want to part with Edith, and should give her to a husband with great reluctance, but I insist that she should have a fair chance, and not be compelled to join the single sisterhood whether she will or not. You had better let match-making alone, Sarah; leave the girls to choose for themselves; only be careful that they have the right sort of admirers, from which to select their future master."

Edith Pemberton was the eldest of a large family. Her father, immersed in business like most of our American merchants, spent the working days of every week at his counting room, only returning at evening, jaded and fatigued, to read the newspaper, and to dose upon the sofa till bed time. Governed by the erroneous ideas, which led men, in our country, to attempt the accumulation of a rapid fortune, in the vain hope of enjoying perfect leisure in their later years, Mr. Pemberton had become little more than a money-making machine. He loved his family but he had little time to devote to them. He spared no expense in the education of his children, liberally provided them with comforts, and punctually paid all the family bills, but he left all the management of household matters to his wife, who soon found it utterly useless to consult him on any domestic arrangement. His purse was always open to her demands, but his time he could not give. The consequence was that Mrs. Pemberton while endeavoring conscientiously to perform her duties, made the usual mistake, and fell into those habits which often convert our good wives into mere housekeepers and nurse maids; "household drudges" as our grumbling cousin Bull calls them. A rapidly increasing family, and her utter ignorance of her husband's business prospects, induced her to practise the strictest economy which was consistent with comfort. Abandoning the elegant accomplishments which she had acquired with so much expense of time and labor at

school, she secluded herself in her nursery, and in the care of her children and the duties of housekeeping found full employment.

In childhood, Edith was what old ladies call 'a nice quiet little girl.' Her delicate features, fair complexion, and blonde hair, established her claim to infantile beauty, while her bright smile, sweet voice and graceful gentleness seemed to win the love of all who knew her. Endowed with no remarkable intellect, no decided genius, she yet managed, by dint of good sense, industry and perseverance, to maintain her place at the head of her classes, and to leave school, which she did at fifteen, with the reputation of a very good scholar. A plain, but thorough English education, a little French, a few not very ill done drawings in water colors; some velvet paintings and a profound knowledge of the art of stitching in all its varieties, were the fruits of Edith's studies. Gentle reader, do not despise the scanty list of accomplishments which she could number. It comprised the usual course of education at that time, and perhaps, in point of real usefulness, would bear a fair comparison with the more imposing "*sciences*" and "*ologies*" which are now *presumed* to be taught in schools of higher pretensions. Her skill in *needlecraft* was a most valuable acquisition to the eldest daughter of so numerous a family, and Mrs. Pemberton availed herself fully of its aid. Edith returned from school only to take her place as an assistant to her mother in the nursery. The maid whose business it was to take care of the children, was not trustworthy, and it became the duty of Edith to watch over the welfare of the little ones, while she employed her busy fingers in shaping and sewing their multifarious garments. Kindly in her feelings, affectionate in her disposition, gentle and patient in temper, she was dearly loved by the children. It was soon discovered that her influence could do more than the clamor of an impatient nursemaid, or the frown of a mother whose natural good temper had been fretted into irritability. If a child was refractory, sister Edith alone could administer medicine, or smooth the uneasy pillow,—and in short Edith became a kind of second mother to her five sisters and three brothers.

Had her nature been in the slightest degree tainted with selfishness, she might have reasonably murmured against the heavy burdens which were laid upon her at so early an age. But Edith never thought of herself. To contribute to the happiness of others was her chief pleasure, and she seemed totally unconscious of the value of her daily sacrifices. If any particularly disagreeable piece of work was to be done, it was always concluded that Edith would not refuse to undertake it; if any one was compelled to forego some anticipated pleasure, the lot was sure to fall on Edith; and in short the total absence of selfishness in her seemed to be the warrant for a double allowance of that ingredient in the characters of all around her. Have you never met, friend reader, with one of those kind, affectionate, ingenuous persons who have the knack of doing every thing well, and the tact of doing every thing kindly? and did you

never observe that with this useful and willing person, every body seemed to claim the right of sharing their troubles? Such an one was Edith Pemberton.

But Edith was not proof against that passion which is usually libelled as selfish and engrossing. Edward Ellis had cultivated an intimacy with her young and studious brother, solely on her account, and the patience with which the gifted "senior," assisted the efforts of the zealous "sophomore," might be attributed less to friendship than to a warmer emotion. Ellis was talented, ambitious and vain, but he was also warm-hearted, and susceptible to virtuous impressions. The perfect gentleness, the feminine delicacy, the modest beauty of Edith had charmed the romantic student, and her unaffected admiration of his superior mental endowments, completed the spell of her fascination. His parents, well knowing how strong a safeguard against evil influences, is a virtuous attachment, rather encouraged his intimacy with the Pemberton family, without enquiring closely into his motives; and Edward was content to enjoy the present, leaving the future to take care of itself. In compliance with his wishes, his father had given him a liberal education, but when, upon leaving college he requested permission to study some profession, he met with a decided negative. "I wish you to be a merchant, Edward," said his father, "I have given you an education which will enable you to be an enlightened and intelligent one, but upon yourself it depends to become a rich one. Talents and learning without money are of as little use as rough gems; they are curiosities for the cabinet of the virtuoso, not valuables to the man of sense; they must be polished and set in a golden frame before they can adorn the possessor, or seem precious in the eyes of the multitude. If you are wealthy, a little wisdom will procure you a great reputation; if you are poor your brightest talents only serve as a farthing rush-light to show you your own misery!" Such were the views of Mr. Ellis, and though his son differed widely from him in feeling, yet he dared not gainsay the assertions which he deemed the result of experience and worldly wisdom.

It was but a few days after the conversation just narrated that another of a different character took place between two of the parties interested. Edith was returning from a visit to a sick friend, just as evening was closing in; when she was met at her door, by Edward Ellis.

"Come with me, Edith," said Edward hurriedly, "wrap your shawl about you, and walk with me on the Battery."

"Not now, Mr. Ellis," replied Edith, "it is quite late, and little Madge is waiting for me to sing her to sleep."

"Psha! Edith, you are always thinking of some family matter; do you ever think of your own wishes?"

"Yes," replied Edith, laughing, "and I confess I should prefer a pleasant walk with you to a warm and noisy nursery."

"Then come," said Edward, drawing her arm

through his, "I have something of great consequence to say to you."

Edith looked surprised, but the expression of Edward's countenance was anxious and troubled, so she offered no further opposition. They entered the Battery, and walked along the river side, for some minutes in perfect silence, before Edward could summon courage to enter upon the subject nearest his thoughts. At length as they turned into a less frequented path, he abruptly exclaimed, "Do you know, Edith, that I am going away?"

Edith's heart gave a sudden bound, and then every pulsation seemed as suddenly to cease, as with trembling voice she uttered a faint exclamation of astonishment.

"You are surprised, Edith, I knew you would be so, but have you no other feeling at this announcement of my departure? Nay, turn not your sweet face from me; I must know whether your heart responds to mine."

Edith blushed and trembled as she thus listened, for the first time, to the voice of passionate tenderness. Feelings which had long been growing up unnoticed in her heart, and to which she had never thought of giving a name—fancies, beautiful in their vagueness,—emotions undefined and undetermined, but still pleasant in the indulgence,—all the

"countless things
That keep young hearts forever glowing,"

found in that instant their object and their aim. Edith had never thought of Edward as a lover, she had never looked into her heart to discover whether she really wished him to be such, but at the magic voice of affection, the mystery of her own heart was revealed to her, its secret recesses were unveiled to her gaze, and she knew that his image had long been there unconsciously enshrined. Her lover saw not all her emotions in her expressive countenance, but he read there no repulsive coldness, and as he clasped the little hand, which lay on his arm, he said;

"Listen to me, dear Edith; my father informed me, to-day, that he has made an arrangement with my uncle, (whom, as you know, has long resided at Smyrna,) by which I am to become the junior partner in the house, and he has directed me to be ready in three weeks, to sail in one of his ships, now lading for that port. How long I shall be absent, is uncertain, but as my uncle is desirous of returning to America, I presume that it is intended I shall take his place abroad. Years, therefore, may elapse ere I again behold my native land, and I cannot depart without telling you how dear you have long been to my heart. Yet let me not deceive you Edith: I have confessed to my father my affection for you,—he acknowledges your worth, and does not disapprove my choice, but he has positively forbidden me to form any engagement for the future. I am violating his commands in thus expressing my feelings to you."

"What are his objections, Edward?" faltered the trembling girl.

"Oh it is the old story of over-prudent age; he

says we may both change long before I return, and that it is best to be unfettered by any promise; then no harm can happen to either, and if you love me you will wait my return, without requiring any engagement to confirm your faith. Thus he argues and I can make no reply. I have no means of supporting a wife, therefore I dare not ask you of your parents, and my father's caution deprives me of the only comfort which hope might have afforded me in my exile."

Edith was deeply agitated, and her cheek grew pale, as she murmured: "You are right in obeying your father, Edward; happiness never yet waited on one who was deficient in filial duty."

"And is this all you can say, Edith," exclaimed Edward passionately. "Is this cold approval all I can hope to receive from the object of my first and only love? Have not my every look and tone told you how deeply I loved you, and can you let me depart without one word of tenderness or regret? Must I remember your gentle face but as a dream of boyhood? Shall your low, sweet voice be but as the melody of by-gone years? May I not bear with me, in my banishment, a hope, faint and cold it may be as the winter sunbeam, yet lighting up my dreary path with something like a promise of future happiness? Edith I ask no plighted faith; I wish you not to pledge me your hand till I can come forward and claim it openly; but I would fain know whether my love is but as incense flung upon the winds. If you can offer no return to my affection, dearest, let me at once know my fate, and with all the force of an over-mastering will, shall my heart be silenced, if not subdued. Say that you love me not, Edith, and though the stream of my life must forever bear your image on its surface, yet you shall never know how dark has been the shadow it has cast. Say that you love me not, and you shall never hear a murmur from my lips, nor shall your peaceful existence be saddened by the gloom which must ever pervade mine. You are silent Edith—you cannot bear to utter the words which must condemn me to despair."

Ellis paused, and strove to read in Edith's face, the feelings to which she could not give utterance. But her eyes were bent upon the ground, while the big tears fell like rain from beneath the drooping lids and in her flushed cheek he saw only displeasure.

"I was right, Edith," said he, sadly, "you do not love me; forgive and forget my folly, but let us not part in coldness." He took her hand again, as he spoke: "I perhaps deserve punishment for my selfishness in thus asking the heart 'when I could not claim the hand; when I am gone, some happier lover will perhaps ask both and then—"

"He will be denied," interrupted Edith, hastily, turning her agitated face towards her suitor. "This is no time for maiden coyness, Edward; your happiness and mine are both at stake, and therefore I tell you, what till this moment was unknown even to myself, that my affections are in your keeping."

"Dearest, dearest Edith, then am I supremely happy; I ask no more; let the only bond between us be the secret one of cherished love."

"Not so, Edward; you have promised your father not to enter into any engagement, but I am bound by no such restraints. You are, and must remain free from all other bonds than those of feeling, but if it will add to your happiness to be assured of my faith during your absence, I pledge you my word that my hand shall be yours whenever you come to claim it."

"But your parents, Edith,—what will they say, if they find you clinging to a remembered lover, and perhaps rejecting some advantageous settlement?"

"They will suffer me to pursue my own course, Edward, and will be satisfied with any thing that binds me to my childhood's home. I am too much the companion of my parents to be looked upon in the light of an intruder, when I prolong the period of filial dependence."

"Then be it so, dearest; bound by no outward pledge, we will cherish our affection within our hearts, and since we must part, you will still gladden your quiet home with your sweet presence, while I will wander forth to win the fortune which can alone secure me my future happiness."

Three weeks after this interview, Edward Ellis sailed for Smyrna, and Mrs. Pemberton, as she witnessed the ill-disguised agitation of the lovers, was compelled to acknowledge that "after all, she really believed, if Edward had staid, there would have been a match between him and Edith."

But Edith buried within her own bosom, her newly awakened emotions. Her manner was always so quiet, that if her step did become less light, and her voice grow softer in its melancholy cadence, it was scarcely noticed by her thoughtless companions. She had learned that she was beloved, only in the moment of separation, and therefore there were few tender and blissful recollections to beguile the weary days of absence; but

"Woman's love can live on long remembrance
And oh! how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives, and hallows!"

She was one of those gentle beings who draw from the font of tenderness within their own bosoms, a full draught of sympathy for the sufferings and wants of others. She returned to her self-denying duties with a more thoughtful spirit and a more loving heart. Her character, always full of goodness and truth, seemed to assume an elevation of feeling, such as nothing but a pure and unselfish attachment can ever create. A desire to become in all respects, worthy of him whom she loved, gave a new tone to all her impulses, and her vivid sense of duty became blended with her earnest desire to merit her future happiness. Edward wrote very punctually to his young friend Charles Pemberton, and every letter contained some message to Edith, but she alone could detect the secret meaning of the apparently careless lines. They afforded sufficient nutriment to the love which was rapidly becoming a part of her very being; and Edith was content to abide her time!

In the mean time Mrs. Pemberton, who became an adept in match-making, busied herself in providing for her younger girls, and was fortunate enough to

secure two most eligible offers. Caroline, at eighteen became the wife of a promising young lawyer, while Maria, who was nearly two years younger, married at the same time a prosperous merchant, who had lately set up his carriage and, as he had no time to use it himself, wanted a wife to ride in it. Mrs. Pemberton was in ecstasies, for she had succeeded in all her plans. Edith was still at home, as a sort of house keeper, head cook, chief nurse, etc. etc., sharing every body's labors and lightening every body's troubles, while the two giddy girls who had resolved not to become useful as long as they could avoid the necessity of it, were respectably settled in their own homes. She was never tired of extolling the talents of one son-in-law, and the fine fortune of the other, while she spoke of Edith as "that dear good girl, who, I am happy to say, is a confirmed old maid, and will never leave her mother while she lives." But this manœuvre did not discourage several from seeking the hand of the gentle girl. Her father wondered when she refused two of the most unexceptionable offers, and even her mother felt almost sorry, when she declined the addresses of an elderly widower, endowed with a fortune of half a million, and a family of fine children. But a total want of congeniality of feeling in all her immediate friends, had taught Edith a degree of reserve which seemed effectually to conceal her deepest feelings. She was patient and trustful, she considered herself affianced in heart, and though conscious that not even the tie of honor, as the world would consider it, bound her lover to his troth, she felt no misgivings as to his fidelity. She trod the even tenor of her way, diffusing cheerfulness and comfort around her, thinking for every body, remembering every thing and forgetting only herself. None sought her sympathy or assistance in vain; in her own family—in the chamber of sickness or death, among her friends,—in the hovel of poverty and distress, she was alike useful and kindly. Every one loved her, and even those who tested her powers of endurance most fully, almost idolized the unselfish and affectionate daughter and sister.

Years passed on, and brought their usual chances and charges. Caroline became a mother, and fancied that her cares were quite too heavy for her to bear alone. Edith was therefore summoned to assist and soon found herself occupying a similar station in her sister's nursery to that which she had long filled at home. The baby was often sick and always cross; nobody but Edith could manage him, and therefore Edith took the entire charge of him, while the mother paid visits and the nurse gossiped in the kitchen. Maria too began to assert claims upon her. She, poor thing, was entirely too young for the duties she had undertaken. Thoughtless, fond of dress, and profuse in household expenditure, she had no idea of systematic housekeeping, and Edith was called in to place matters on a better footing. But before Maria had attained her eighteenth year, her family was rather liberally increased by the addition of twin daughters, and again the agency of the useful sister was required. Her girlhood had been con-

sumed amid womanly cares, and now her years of blooming womanhood were to be wasted in supplying the deficiencies of those who had incurred responsibilities which exceeded their powers. Yet Edith never thought of murmuring. She had been so long accustomed to live for others that self-sacrifice had now become habitual, and she never dreamed too much might be asked of or granted by sisterly affection.

It is a common remark that the years seem to grow shorter as we advance in life, and they who could once exclaim "*a whole year*!" in accents of unqualified alarm at its length, at last find themselves referring to the same space in the careless tone of indifference as "*only a year*." Twelve months had seemed almost an eternity to Edith when her lover first bade her farewell, and the time that intervened between his letters to her brother seemed almost endless. But as she became engrossed in new cares, and her youth began to slip by, the years seemed to revolve with greater speed, even although Charles was now in a distant part of the country and the correspondence between him and her lover if it was still continued, never met her eye. She had formed an intimacy with Edward's mother, and, as the old lady was very fond of needle-worked pin-cushions, net purses, worsted fire screens, and all such little nick nacks if obtained without expense, Edith was soon established in her good graces. She was thus enabled to see Edward's letters to his parents, and though they were very business-like commonplace affairs, not at all resembling a lady's beautiful of a lover's epistle, still Edith was satisfied. It was strange that so strong, so abiding, so pervading a passion should have taken possession of a creature so gentle, so almost cold in her demeanor. But the calmest exterior often conceals the strongest emotions, and, if the flow of Edith's feelings was quiet it was only because they worked for themselves a deeper and less fathomable channel.

Seventeen years,—a long period in the annals of time, and a longer in the records of the heart;—seventeen years passed ere Edward Ellis returned to his native land. He had left it a romantic warm hearted youth and he returned a respectable, intelligent, wealthy man. The ambition which would have led him to seek literary fame, had been expended in search of other distinctions in the world of commerce. He had become a keen observer of men and an acute student of the more sordid qualities of human nature—in a word, he had devoted his fine energies to the acquisition of wealth, and as his father predicted, he had so well availed himself of his opportunities that he was both an enlightened and rich merchant. But the romance of his early days had long since passed away. The imaginative student was concealed or rather lost in the man of the world. Thrown upon his own resources, in a foreign land, and surrounded by strangers he had learned to think and act for himself. He had acquired the worldly wisdom which enabled him to study his own interests, and it is not strange that selfishness should have mingled its alloy with his

naturally amiable character. During his long sojourn abroad no claims had been made upon his affections, he had lived unloving and unloved, and the warm current of his feelings seemed gradually to have become chilled. When seen through the mist of absence, or viewed through the long vista of time, the familiar faces of his distant home, faded into vague and indistinct images. He returned to the scenes of his youth with a feeling of strangeness and the remembrances at every step of his approach were rather mournful than pleasant to his soul.

Edward Ellis had been several days at home, he had fully answered all the claims filial and fraternal duty, and received the congratulations of the friends who are always found ready to note one's good fortune, ere he bent his steps towards the dwelling of Edith Pemberton. His feelings in this as in most other things were materially altered. His early passion, like his aspirations after fame, had become but as a dream of the past, a shadow of some unattainable felicity. The hope which once made his love a source of anticipated happiness, had long since faded from his sight, and as time passed on, a tender and melancholy interest, such as one feels when regarding the youthful dead, was the only emotion which the recollection of Edith could inspire. He had outlived the affection which he had designed to be the measure of their existence. The flower had been blighted by the cold breath of worldliness, and so many sordid interests had occupied his heart since, that every trace of its beauty was lost forever. Not with a wish to revive old feelings, but from a morbid restless unsatisfied yearning towards the past, Ellis betook himself to the abode of his once loved Edith.

As he entered the hall, and ere the servant could announce his name, a young lady emerged from the drawing-room, and met him face to face. He started in unfeigned surprise, as he exclaimed:—

"Miss Pemberton!—Edith—can it be possible?"

The lady looked a little alarmed, and opening the door through which she had just passed said:—

"My name is Margaret, sir; did you wish to see sister Edith?"

He answered in the affirmative, and as he took his seat while the sylph-like figure of the beautiful girl disappeared, he could not help glancing at the mirror, where a moment's reflection soon convinced him that the years which had so changed him could scarcely have left Edith untouched. The thought that Margaret whom he had left almost an infant should have thus expanded into the lovely image of her sister, prepared him in some measure for other changes.

Edith had expected his visit with a flutter of spirits most unusual and distressing. She was conscious that he would find her sadly altered in person, and she had been trying to school herself for the interview, which she well knew must be fraught with pain even if it brought happiness. But when her young sister came to her with a ludicrous account of the strange gentleman's droll mistake, her prophetic soul, which had acquired the gift of prescience from sorrow, saw but too plainly the cloud upon her future. She descended to the drawing-room with a

determination to control her emotions, and, to one so accustomed to self command, the task though difficult was not impossible. The meeting between the long parted lovers was painful and full of constraint. In the emaciated figure, and hollow cheek of her who had long passed the spring of life, Ellis saw little to awaken the associations of early affection, for the being who now appeared before him scarcely retained a trace of her former self. Time, and care, and the wearing anxiety of hope deferred had blighted the beauty which under happier circumstances might have outlived her youthfulness. Edith was now only a placid pleasant looking woman with that indescribable air of mannerism which always characterises the single lady of a certain age, and as Ellis compared her present appearance with that of her blooming sister, who bore a most singular resemblance to her, he was tempted to feel a secret satisfaction in the belief that her heart was as much changed as her person.

And what felt Edith at this meeting? She had lived on one sweet hope, and had borne absence, and sorrow, and the wasting of weary expectancy with the patience of a loving and trusting heart. It is true that, as years sped on, she lost much of the sanguine temper which once seemed to abbreviate time and diminish space. It is true that as time stole the bloom from her cheek and the brightness from her eye, many a misgiving troubled her gentle bosom, and the shadow of a settled grief seemed gradually extending its gloom over her feelings. But still hope existed,—no longer as the brilliant sunshine of existence,—no longer as the only hope which the future could afford,—but faded and dim—its radiance lost in the mist of years, yet still retaining a spark of its early warmth. She had many doubts and fears but she still had pleasant fancies of the future, which, cherished in her secret heart, were the only fountains of delight in the dreary desert of her wasted feelings. But now all was at an end. They had met, not as strangers, but, far worse, as estranged friends. The dream of her life was rudely broken—the veil was lifted from her eyes,—the illusion which had given all she knew of happiness, was destroyed forever. In the words of him who has sounded every string of love's sweet lyre, she might have exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart:

"Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might in numbering them, forget
The deep deep pain of this;
But no! our hope was born in fears
And nursed 'mid vain regrets!
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them, in tears it sets."

Mrs. Pemberton at first formed some schemes, founded on the remembrance of Edward's former liking for Edith, but when she learned his error respecting Margaret she began to fancy that if her eldest daughter was a little too old, the younger was none too young to make a good wife for the rich merchant. She expressed her admiration of his expanded figure, extolled his fine hair, which hap-

pened to be a well made wig, was in raptures with his beautiful teeth which owed their brilliancy to the skill of a French dentist, and, in short, left no means untried to accomplish her end. But she was doomed to disappointment. It is not easy to kindle a new flame from the ashes of an extinguished passion. There was a secret consciousness, a sense of dissatisfaction with himself, that made Ellis rather shrink from Edith's society, and threw an air of constraint over his manner towards the whole family. He was not happy in the presence of her who appeared before him as a spectre of the past, bearing reproaches in its melancholy countenance, and after a few embarrassed attempts at carelessness in his intercourse with her, he ceased entirely to visit the family.

No one ever knew what Edith suffered, for no one suspected her long-cherished attachment. Her step became languid, her cheek sunken, her eye unnaturally bright, and when at length, a hacking cough fastened itself upon her lungs, every body said that Edith Pemberton was falling into a consumption. Some attributed it to a cold taken when nursing her sister through a dangerous illness,—others thought she had worn out her health among her numerous nephews and nieces. But the worm lay at the root of the tree and though the storm and the wind might work its final overthrow, the true cause of its fall was the gnawing of the secret destroyer. Gradually and quietly and silently she faded from among the living. Friends gathered round her couch of suffering and the consolations of the Book of all truth smoothed her passage to the tomb. With a world of sorrow and care sinking from her view, and an eternal life of happiness opening upon her dying eyes, she closed her useful and blameless life.

On the very day fixed upon for his marriage with a young and fashionable heiress, Edward Ellis received a summons to attend, as pall bearer, the funeral of Edith Pemberton. Of course he could not decline, and as he beheld the earth flung upon the coffin which concealed the faded form of her whom he had once loved, the heart of the selfish and worldly man was touched with pity and remorse. But he turned from Edith's grave to his own bridal and in the festivities of that gay scene soon forgot her who, after a life spent in the service of others, had fallen a victim to that chronic heart-break which destroys many a victim never numbered in the records of mortality.

Gentle reader, I have told you a simple story, but one so like the truth, that you will be tempted to conjecture that the real heroine has been actually known to you. Will not the circle of your own acquaintance furnish an Edith Pemberton?—a gentle, lovely and loveable woman, who leads a life of quiet benevolence, and whose obscure and peaceful existence is marked by deeds of kindness, even as the windings of a summer brook are traced by the freshness of the verdure and flowers that adorn its banks? Have you never met with one of those persons on whose gravestone might be inscribed the beautiful and touching lines of the poet Delille:

"Joyless I lived yet joy to others gave!"

And when you have listened to the bitter jest, the keen sarcasm and the thoughtless ridicule which the young and gay are apt to utter against "*the old maid*," has it never occurred to you that each of these solitary and useful beings may have her own true tale of young and disappointed affection?

TO AN ANTIQUE VASE.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

In the cabinet of M. Villaneu is an antique vase of elegant proportions and beautiful workmanship that was fished up from the sea. It is wreathed with coral and madriore, in the most grotesque manner. The play of Imagination I hope will not be considered too free in supposing it had been used in ancient sacrifices, at the founding of cities, and the revels of royalty.

AGES have passed since, amid the gale,
A votive gift to the god of the sea
Thou wert cast where the Tyrian's broidered sail
O'er the Adrian wave swept wildly free:
And we muse, as we gaze on thy tarnished gleam,
On the vanished past in a quiet dream.

Where ancient temples once flashed with gold
Thou hast stood with the priest at the holy shrine—
Where in amber wreaths the incense rolled,
Thou hast shed thy treasure of votive wine:
Now the temples are fallen—the altars lone,
And the white-robed priest and his gods are gone.

Where the angur waved and the monarch prayed
Thy font has the full libation poured;
And when the city walls were laid

The palace rose and the castle towered:
But they sunk by the engine and Time's dark flood,
And the wild grass waves where the columns stood.

In the festal halls where eyes grew bright,
And pulses leaped at the viol's sound,
Thou hast winged the hours with mystic flight,
As the feast and the mazy dance went round:
Now mosses the mouldering walls encrust,
And the pulseless hearts of the guests are dust.

Yes creeds have changed, and forms have grown old—
Empires and nations have faded away
Since the grape last purpled thy shining gold;
And grandeur and greatness have met decay
Since the beaded bubbles of old did swim,
Like rubies, around thy jewelled brim.

THE OLD WORLD.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

THERE was once a world and a brave old world,
Away in the ancient time,
When the men were brave and the women fair,
And the world was in its prime;
And the priest he had his book,
And the scholar had his gown,
And the old knight stout, he walked about
With his broadsword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
In the days long past and gone,
And the sun it shone, and the rain it rained,
And the world went merrily on.
The shepherd kept his sheep,
And the milkmaid milked the kine,
And the serving-man was a sturdy loon
In a cap and doublet fine.

And I've been told in this brave old world,
There were jolly times and free,
And they danced and sung, till the welkin rung,
All under the greenwood tree.
The sexton chimed his sweet sweet bells,
And the huntsman blew his horn,
And the hunt went out, with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh, the golden days of the brave old world
Made hall and cottage shine;
The squire he sat in his oaken chair,
And quaff'd the good red wine;
The lovely village maiden,
She was the village queen,
And, by the mass, tript through the grass
To the May-pole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world,
And banners flaunted wide,
The knight bestrode the stalwart steed,
And the page rode by his side.
And plumes and pennons tossing bright
Dash'd through the wild mêlée,
And he who prest amid them best
Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They ruled with wondrous sway;
But the stoutest knight he was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day.
The baron bold he kept his hold,
Her bower his bright ladye,
But the forester kept the good greenwood,
All under the forest tree.

Oh, how they laugh'd in the brave old world,
And flung grim care away!
And when they were tired of working
They held it time to play.
The bookman was a reverend sight,
With a studious face so pale,
And the curfew bell, with its sullen swell,
Broke duly on the gale.

And so passed on, in the brave old world,
Those merry days and free;
The king drank wine and the clown drank ale,
Each man in his degree.
And some ruled well and some ruled ill,
And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days
When the world was in its prime.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY HENRY COOD WATSON.

FROM whence does the Musician draw his inspiration? This question is often asked, but seldom correctly answered. Music, as a science, is but little understood. The importance of its detail is not considered, because its effects are not examined, by the appreciating eye of knowledge. To common observers, music possesses no feature worthy of consideration, beyond an accidental succession of notes, which gives a pleasing sensation to the ear, without intention or design. Most persons believe that they could write music, if they only knew their notes. To "turn" a melody is the easiest thing in life, and all the adjuncts, harmony and instrumentation, are merely mechanical parts of the art, which every one might learn. This is a popular and very gross error. Music is either a simple succession of relative intervals, which form a melody, or an aggregate of consonant or dissonant sounds, which produces a harmony. These two combined, form a vehicle for the expression of the passions of the human heart, more forcible and more truthful, than the noblest works of either the painter or the poet.

It would require too much space, and would lead me too far from my original subject, to enquire into, and to trace out, the means by which simple sounds, produced by vibration, percussion or detonation, affect the mind and imagination of the hearer. It will be sufficient to say, that the individual experience of every one, will bear witness to the existence of this most powerful agency.

The music of a low sweet voice, how it penetrates and vibrates through the whole being! The music of the small birds, though limited in its scale, how it fills up the measure of the imagination, by giving a voice of harmony to the silent beauties of nature. The pealing organ with its various tones, breathes out religious strains, and moves the heart to penitence and prayer. This instrument is suited above all others, to display the imagination of a master hand, from the vast extent of its compass, and the almost endless variety of its powers by combinations. It affects the imagination more than any individual instrument, or any combination of instruments. How deep and varied the emotions of the heart of him, whose "spirit is attentive," while listening to one of the sublime masses of Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven. With what a thrilling and awful feeling, the dark, mysterious and wailing miserere falls upon the soul; and with what a happy contrast, does the beautiful and comforting benedictus, pour "oil upon the bruised spirit."

The shrill fife, the hollow drum and the clangorous trumpet, speak to other and wilder passions of our hearts. They breathe an inspiration into the

mind; they nerve the arm, make firm the tread, and give an animated existence to slumbering ambition, or wavering courage. The soft toned flute, the plaintive oboe, the mellow clarionette, with the other various harmonious instruments, under the influence of the creative mind, affect to smiles or tears, discourse of love, or breathe of hate, according to the shades of feeling portrayed by the composition.

But by what means is the imitation of these intangible things, transferred to a medium, which is not visible to the eye, nor distinguishable to the touch? From whence does the musician draw, to enable him to affect his hearers, by the means of sound, with the very feelings which he attempts to imitate? We will proceed to answer these inquiries.

The task of the poet is one of less difficulty, than the task of the musician, for he treats of real or imaginary subjects, with the aid of a medium that is universally understood and appreciated, according to the various degrees, and powers of the peruser's intellect. This medium is language. Words embody and define ideas; a word can express a passion, and other words can describe its rise and progress, and follow it in all its secret channels, and through all its numerous ramifications. The power of language is unbounded. Every thing that is, has a name, which name becomes associated with it in the mind, and inseparable from it, always presenting to the mental vision the object that it represents. The most subtle emotions of the human mind, feelings which lie deep in the recesses of the heart, can be torn from their lair, and displayed before the world by means of this mighty agent. Even nature with her ten thousand hoarded secrets, is overmastered, and bares her bosom to the force of thought, and stands revealed to the world, yea, even to her innermost core, by the power of language. To aid him in the task, the poet hath a million adjuncts. He moves amidst the human world, and gathers from its denizens, unending food for thought and observation.—their joys and their sorrows; their pursuits and their ends; their passions and their vices, their virtues and their charities. The life of a single being in that living mass, would form a subject of varied and startling interest, and leave but little for the imagination to fill up, or to heighten. He looks up into the heavens, and finds a space of boundless immensity, in which his restless speculation may run riot. He looks abroad upon the face of nature, and there are endless stores of bright and beautiful things, to feed his fancy, to stimulate his imagination and refresh his thoughts.

How few of these fruitful themes, are available to the musician!

The painter in all his beautiful creations, portrays his subjects by the means of the actual. From the living loveliness which he daily sees, he hoards up rich stores of beauty, for some happy thought. But to aid him in his labors, he has the actual, form and color, light and shade. The forms of beauty that glow and breathe upon the canvass; the quiet landscape, so full of harmony and peacefulness; the rolling ocean, the strife of the elements, the wild commingling of warring men, are but the transcripts of the actual things.

The sculptor as he hews from the rough block, some form of exquisite loveliness, whose charms shall throw a spell over men's souls for ages, does but compress into one fair creation, the beauties of a thousand livings models.

But the resources of the musician are in his own soul. From that alone can he forge the chain of melody, that shall bind the senses in a wordless ecstasy. Tangibilities to him are useless. Comparisons are of no avail. He individualises, but does not reflect. He feels but does not think. He deals with action and emotion, but form and substance are beyond his imitation. He is a metaphysician, but not a philosopher. But the depth of the music, will depend entirely upon the man. From a close study of the works of Mozart and Beethoven, a correct and metaphysical analysis of their characters can be obtained. In the early works of Mozart will be found a continuous chain of tender and impassioned sentiment; an overflowing of soul, an exuberance of love, and his early life will be found to be a counterpart of these emotions. In him the passions were developed at an age, when in ordinary children their germ would be scarcely observed. Loved almost to idolatry by his family, and loving them as fondly in return, his life was passed in one unceasing round of the tenderest endearments. All that was beautiful in his nature was brought into action, and gave that toné of exquisite tenderness, that pervades all his imperishable works. But as the passing years brought with them an increase of thought and reflection, a change is to be found equally in the character of the music and the man. This change can be traced in his later operas, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così Fan Tutti*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. In these works there is the evidence of deeper and more comprehensive thought; the metaphysical identity of character is as strictly maintained, and as closely developed, as it could be portrayed by words. His *Il Don Giovanni*, stands now, and will forever stand, an unapproachable model of musical perfection.

The character of Beethoven exhibits no decided change through life, excepting, that in his later years the characteristics of his youth and manhood, increased to a degree of morbid acuteness. From his earliest childhood he was of a retiring, studious, and reflective nature. The conscious possession of great genius, made him wilful and unyielding in his opinions. Too high minded to court favours, he at various times suffered the severest privations that poverty could inflict; and, taking deeply to heart the

total want of public appreciation, he became morose, distrustful and dissatisfied. These feelings were rendered morbid in the highest degree, by the melancholy affliction that assailed him in his later years. He became nearly deaf, and was consequently deprived of the dearest enjoyment of a musician's life. These feelings were developed, in a marked degree, in all his purely ideal compositions. Dark and mysterious strains of harmony would be succeeded by a burst of wild and melancholy fancy. Anon a tender, but broad and flowing melody, would melt the soul by its passionate pathos, but only of sufficient duration to render the cadence of heart-rending despair, which succeeds it, the more striking. Rapid and abrupt modulations, strange and startling combinations, bore evidence of his wild imagination, and the uncontrollable impulse of his feelings. The opera of *Fidelio*, the only dramatic work that he ever wrote, ranks only second to *Don Giovanni*. In *Fidelio* each person has a distinct musical character, so clearly and forcibly marked, that the aid of words is not necessary to distinguish them. It would be impossible to transpose them without losing their identity, and destroying the sense of the music. Mozart's genius was tender yet sublime: Beethoven's was melancholy, mysterious, yet gigantic. Each painted himself; each drew from his own bosom all the inspiration his works exhibited. They required no outward influence; they needed no adventitious circumstances to rouse their imagination, or to cause their thoughts to flow, for in their own souls was an ever gushing spring of divine melody, that could not be controlled. They *thought music*, and, as light flows from the sun, gladdening the creation, so their music came from them, irradiating the hearts of men, and throwing over them a delicious spell, whose charm is everlasting.

Music is so ethereal, and deals so little in realities, that its followers, partaking of its characteristics, are in most instances, impulsive, impassioned and unworldly. Careless of the excitements and mutations of the times; unambitious of place or power; indifferent to the struggles and heart-burnings of party politicians, from the utter uncongeniality of the feelings and emotions they engender, with their own, they live secluded, shut up within their own hearts, and seldom appear to the world in their true colors, from the utter impossibility of making it comprehend or sympathise with their refined and mysterious feelings. The world has no conception of the exquisite delight that music confers upon musicians. It is not mere pleasure; it is not a mere gratification that can be experienced and forgotten! Oh, no! It is a blending of the physical with the intellectual; it softens the nature; it heightens the imagination; it throws a delicious languor over the whole organization; it isolates the thoughts, concentrating them only to listen and receive; it elevates the soul to a region of its own, until it is faint with breathing the melodious atmosphere.

Music is the offspring of these feelings. The inspiration is the gift of God alone, and cannot be added to or diminished.

EUROCLYDON.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS."

At one stride came the dark, and it is now night. Cold and loud is the raging storm. Rain enow and sleet are dashing most furiously against the windows,—actually dampening the curtains within. There—there goes a shutter, torn from its hinges by the wind! Another gust,—and how desolate its moan! It is the voice of the Winter Storm Spirit, who comes from beyond the ice-plains of the North. I can interpret his cry, which is dismal as the howl of wolves.

"Mortal crouch—crouch like a worm beside thy hearth-stone and acknowledge thy insignificance. When the skies are bright, and thou art surrounded by the comforts of life, thou goest forth among thy fellows boasting of thine intellect and greatness. But when the elements arise, shaking the very earth to its foundation, thou dost tremble with fear, and thy boasting is forgotten. Approach the window, and as thou lookest upon the gloom of this stormy night, learn a lesson of humility. Thou art in thyself as frail and helpless as the icicle depending from yonder bough.

"O, this is a glorious night for me! I have broken the chains which have bound me in the Arctic Sea, and fearful elements follow in my path to execute my bidding. Listen, while I picture to your mind a few of the countless scenes I have witnessed, which are terrible to man, but to me a delight.

"An hundred miles away, there is a lonely cottage on the border of an inland lake. An hour ago I passed by there, and a mingled sound of woe came from its inmates, for they were poor and sick, and had no wood. A miserable starving dog was whining at their door. I laughed with joy and left them to their suffering.

"I came to a broad river, where two ferrymen were toiling painfully at their work. I loosened the ice that had been formed farther up, and it crushed them to death in its mad career.

"Beside a mountain, a solitary foot-traveller, of

three score years and ten, was ascending a road heavily and slow. I chilled the crimson current in his veins, and the pure white snow became his winding sheet. What matter! It was his time to die.

"On yonder rock-bound coast, a fisherman was startled from his fireside by a signal of distress. He looked through the darkness and discovered a noble ship hastening toward a dangerous reef. I brought her there, regardless of the costly merchandize and freight of human life. She struck,—and three hundred hardy men went down into that black roaring element which gives not back its dead. The morrow will dawn, and the child at home will lisp its father's name, unconscious of his fate, and the wife will smile and press her infant to her bosom, not doubting but that her husband will soon return to bless her with his love. I have no sympathy with the widow and the fatherless.

"Hark! did you not hear it?—that dismal shout! Alas! the deed is done,—the touch of the incendiary hath kindled a fire such as this city has never beheld. What rich and glowing color in those clouds of smoke rising so heavily from yonder turrets! Already they are changed into an ocean of flame, hissing and roaring. Unheard, save at intervals, is the cry of the watchman, and the ringing bells; and muffled are the hasty footsteps of the thronging multitude, for the snow is deep. Slowly do the engines rumble along, while strained to their utmost are the sinews of those hardy firemen. But useless is all this noise and labor, for the receptacles of water are blocked with ice. Fire! fire!! fire!!!"

And here endeth the song of Euroclydon, which was listened to on the 16th of December, 1835. It will be recollected, that when the sun rose in unclouded beauty on the following morning, six hundred buildings had been consumed, many lives lost and twenty millions of property destroyed.

MYSTERY.

ALL things are dark! A mystery shrouds the same
Yon gorgeous sun or twilight's feeble star.
We feel, but who can analyze the flame
That wanders calmly from those realms afar?
Science may soar, but soon she finds a bar
Against her wing: and so she spends a life
Of sleepless doubt and agonizing strife,

Like some mad mind with its own self at war:
And many will repine, repine in vain,
And in their impious frenzy almost curse
This all-encircling, adamant chain
That binds the portal of the Universe.
Not so the wise! for they delight to see
His might and glory in this mystery.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC

THE EXPEDITION.

It was a melancholy day when the body of the murdered Mr. Neville was deposited in the burial ground of the port of——; and if strangers shed tears at his funeral what must have been the emotions of his orphaned daughter! All that kindness could do, however, was done to alleviate her grief; her friends crowded around her to offer consolation; and even our hardy tars showed their sympathy for her by more than one act. It was a fortunate occurrence that she had a near relative in town, and in his family accordingly she took up her residence, where she could indulge her sorrow on the bosoms of those who were united to her by natural ties, and could sympathize with her the more sincerely because they knew the worth of which she had been deprived. It is one of the wisest dispensations of Providence that our grief should be shared, and as it were soothed, by those we love.

The pirates had no sooner been committed to prison than endeavors were made, on the part of the authorities, to ascertain the haunt of the gang; for its depredations had been carried on during the past year to an extent that left no doubt that the prisoners formed only a detachment of a larger body, which, dividing into different parties, preyed on the commerce of the surrounding islands, from as many different points. Where the head quarters of the pirates were held was however unknown; as every attempt to discover them, or even to capture any of the gang had hitherto proved abortive. The authorities were, therefore, anxious to get one or more of the prisoners to reveal the retreat of their messmates on a promise of pardon; but for some time their efforts were unavailing, as each prisoner knew, that if any of the gang escaped, the life of the traitor would not be worth a moment's purchase. At length, however, the temptations held out to two of the prisoners proved irresistible, and they revealed the secret which the governor-general was so anxious to know. The head-quarters of the pirates proved to be on a small island, some leagues north of the spot where we captured the prisoners. The place was said to be admirably fortified by nature, and there was no doubt, from the prisoners' confession, that art had been called in to render the retreat impregnable.

The number of the pirates usually left behind to protect their head-quarters was said to amount to a considerable force. Notwithstanding these things, the governor-general resolved on sending a secret expedition to carry the place and, if possible, make

prisoners of the whole nest of freebooters. As, however, the spies of the gang were known to infest the town, it was necessary to carry on the preparations for the expedition with the utmost caution, so that no intelligence of the contemplated attack should reach the pirates to warn them of their danger. While, therefore, the authorities were apparently occupied with the approaching trial to the exclusion of everything else, they were, in fact, secretly making the most active exertions to fit out an expedition for the purpose of breaking up the haunts of the gang. Several vessels were purchased, ostensibly for private purposes; and soldiers drafted into them, under the cloud of night. The vessels then left the harbor, cleared for various ports, with the understanding, however, that they should all rendezvous on an appointed day at a cape a few leagues distant from the retreat of the pirates. So adroitly was the affair managed, that the various vessels composing the expedition left the port unsuspected—even high officers of government who were not admitted to the secret, regarding them merely as common merchantmen departing on their several voyages. Indeed, had an attack been contemplated on a hostile power the preparations could not have been more secret or comprehensive. The almost incredible strength of the piratical force rendered such preparations, however, not only desirable but necessary.

I was one among the few admitted to the secret, for the governor-general did me the honor to consult me on several important particulars respecting the expedition. Tired of the life of inactivity I was leading, and anxious to see the end of the adventure, I offered to accompany the enterprise as a volunteer—an offer which his excellency gladly accepted.

We set sail in a trim little brig, disguised as a merchantman; but as soon as morning dawned and we had gained an offing, we threw off our disguise, and presented an armament of six guns on a side, with a proportionable number of men. Our craft, indeed, was the heaviest one belonging to the expedition, and all on board acquainted with her destination were sanguine of success.

The wind proved favorable, and in less than forty-eight hours we made Capo del Istri, where the four vessels composing the expedition were to rendezvous. As we approached the promontory, we discovered one after another of the little fleet, for as we had been the last to leave port, our consorts had naturally first reached the rendezvous, and in a few minutes we hove to in the centre of the squadron

hoisting a signal for the respective captains to come aboard, in order to consult respecting the attack.

The den of the pirates was situated at the head of a narrow strait, communicating with a lagoon of some extent, formed by the waters of a river collecting in the hollow of three hills, before they discharged themselves into the sea. Across the mouth of this lagoon was moored the hull of a dismasted ship, in such a position that her broadside commanded the entrance to the lake. Behind, the huts of the piratical settlement stretched along the shore, while the various vessels of the freebooters lay anchored in different positions in the lagoon. Such, at least, we were told, was the appearance of the place when the pirates were not absent on their expeditions.

Our plan of attack was soon arranged. It was determined to divide our forces into two divisions, so that while one party should attack the pirates in front the other should take a more circuitous path, and penetrating by land to the back of the settlement, take the enemy in the rear. As night was already closing in, it was determined to disembark the latter party at once, so that it might proceed, under the guidance of one of the prisoners, to the position behind the enemy, and reach there, as near as possible, at the first dawn of day. It was arranged that the attack by water should commence an hour or two before day. By this means each party could reach its point of attack almost simultaneously. The onset however was to be first made from the water side, and the ambuscade in the rear of the foe was not to show itself until the fight had made some progress on our side.

The men destined for the land service were accordingly mustered and set ashore, under the guidance of one of the prisoners. We watched their receding forms through the twilight until they were lost to view, when we sought our hammocks for a few hours repose preparatory to what might be our last conflict.

The night was yet young, however, when we entered the mouth of the strait, and with a favorable breeze sailed along up towards the lagoon. The shallowness of the water in the channel had compelled us to leave our two larger craft behind and our forces were consequently crowded into the remaining vessels. Neither of these carried a broadside of weight sufficient to cope with that of the hull moored across the mouth of the lagoon.

As we advanced up the strait a death-like stillness reigned on its shadowy shores; and we had nearly reached the mouth of the lagoon before any sign betokened that the pirates were aware of our approach. We could just catch sight of the tall rakish masts of a schooner over the low tree tops on the right, when a gun was heard in the direction of the lagoon, whether accidentally fired or not we could not tell. We listened attentively for a repetition of the sound; but it came not. Could it have been a careless discharge from our own friends in the rear of the foe, or was it a warning fired by one of the pirates' sentinels. Five or ten minutes elapsed, however, and all was silent. Meantime our vessels, with a wind free over the taffrail, were stealing

almost noiselessly along the smooth surface of the strait; while the men lying close at their quarters, fully armed for the combat, breathlessly awaited the moment of attack, the intensity of their excitement increasing as the period approached.

My own emotions I will not attempt to pourtray. We were already within a cable's length of the end of the strait, and in rounding-to into the lagoon we would if our approach had been detected, have to run the gauntlet of the broadside of the craft guarding this approach to the pirates' den—a broadside which if well delivered would in all probability send us to the bottom. Our peril was indeed imminent. And the uncertainty whether our approach had been detected or not created a feeling of nervous suspense which increased our sensation of our peril.

"A minute more and we shall shoot by the pirate," said I to the captain of our craft.

"Ay!" said he, "I have just passed the word for the men to lie down under the shelter of the bulwarks, so that if they pour a fire of musketry into us, we shall escape it as much as possible. Let us follow their example."

We sheltered ourselves just forward of the wheelhouse, so that as the vessel came around on the starboard tack, no living individual was left standing on the deck, except the helmsman. The next moment, leaving the shelter of the high bank, we swept into the lagoon, and saw the dark hull of the opposing vessel moored directly across our way.

Our suspense however was soon brought to a close. We had scarcely come abreast of the enemy's broadside when, as if by magic, her port-holes were thrown open, and as the blaze of the battle lanterns streamed across the night, her guns were run out and instantaneously her fire was poured out from stem to stern in one continuous sheet of flame. Our mainmast went at once by the board; our hull was fearfully cut up; and the shrieks of the wounded of our crew rose up in terrible discord as the roar of the broadside died away. But we still had headway. Springing to his feet the captain shouted to cut away the hamper that dragged the mainmast by our side. His orders were instantly obeyed. The schooner was once more headed for the hulk, and with a loud cheer our men sprang to their guns, while our consort behind opened her fire at the same moment. Our light armament however was almost wholly inefficient. But happily we had not relied on it.

"Lay her aboard!" shouted the captain, "boarders away!"

At the word, amid the fire of a renewed broadside we dashed up to the foe, and running her afoul just abaft of the mizzen-chains, poured our exasperated men like a torrent upon her decks. I was one of the first to mount her bulwarks. Attacked thus at their very guns the pirates rallied desperately to the defence, and a furious combat ensued. I remember striking eagerly for a moment or two in the very thickest of the fight, and then feeling a sharp pain in my side, as a pistol went off beside me. I have a faint recollection of sinking to the deck, but after that all is a void.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WEST POINT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 209.)

PART II.

THE two winters that I spent at West Point, though long and cold, were by no means tedious. Secluded as we were from the rest of the world, while the river was locked up in ice, still we contrived amusements for ourselves, and had much enjoyment in our own way. The society of the place, though not large, was excellent. And in the evening (the best time for social intercourse) almost every member of our little circle was either out visiting, or at home entertaining visitors. There were reading-parties that assembled every Thursday night at the respective houses—the ladies bringing their work, and the gentlemen their books. The gentlemen had also weekly chess-parties, of ten or twelve chess-players and five or six chess-boards. They met at an early hour, and no ladies being present, they seriously set to work at this absorbing game—the solemnities being interrupted only by a *petit souper* at ten o'clock,—after which they resumed their chess, and frequently took no note of time till near midnight.

On the second winter of my abode at West Point, we had a series of regular subscription-balls, held in the large up-stairs room of the mess hall—the expense being defrayed by the officers and professors. On the first of these evenings the ground was hard frozen, but as yet no snow had fallen. The managers had notified that the ladies were all to ride to the ball. We were at a loss to conjecture where they would find conveyances for us—and we were not Cinderellas with convenient fairy-godmothers to transform pumpkins into coaches. An omnibus would have been a glorious acquisition—but at that time there was nothing on West Point in the shape of a wheeled carriage, with the exception of the doctor's gig. This vehicle was pressed into the service—and having great duty to perform, it commenced its trips at a very early hour, actually calling for the first lady at five o'clock in the afternoon—and from that time it was continually coming and going like a short stage. At last, by way of expediting the business, they thought proper to adopt, as an auxiliary to the gig, another conveyance not of the most dignified character. But then nobody saw us but ourselves—and newspaper correspondents had not yet begun to come up to West Point to forage among us in quest of food for their columns.

My sister-in-law and myself had not quite finished dressing, when we heard my brother down stairs

calling to our man to know why he had thrown open the large gate?—"To let in the cart, sir, to take the ladies to the ball!"—was Richard's reply. And, true enough, we found at the door a real *bonâ fide* open cart, having its flooring covered with straw. In it were some rather inelegant chairs, upon which my sister and I seated ourselves, like a couple of market-women. My brother having assisted us in, seemed to think it unofficer-like conduct to ride in a cart, and therefore, preferred walking—which, however, was no great fatigue, the distance being only a few furlongs from the house in which we then lived to the mess hall. The driver perched himself on the edge of the front board—and after a few steps of the horse, each accompanied by one jolt and two creaks, we were safely transported to the ball.

Fortunately, before the next *soirée de danse* the ground was covered with a deep snow; and the sleighing was excellent during the remainder of the winter. As sleighs were singularly plenty on West Point, and as a sleigh has the faculty of holding ladies *ad libitum*, the company was conveyed very expeditiously to the subsequent balls. This mode of transportation was found so convenient, that at the close of the season, (which was not till late in March,) though the snow had all disappeared and the ground was clear, the sleighs were still kept in requisition; and we went to the last ball sleighing upon nothing.

I well remember being at a New Year's ball given by the cadets. This also took place in the large upper room of the mess hall. The decorations (which were the best the place and the season could furnish) were planned and executed entirely by those young gentlemen. For several previous days they had devoted their leisure time to cutting and bringing in an immense quantity of evergreens, with which they festooned the walls, and converted every one of the numerous windows into a sort of bower, by arching it from the top to the floor with an impervious mass of thickly-woven foliage. The pillars that supported the ceiling were each encircled by muskets with very bright bayonets. The orchestra for the music was constructed of the national flag that belonged to the post. This flag, which, when flying out from the top of its lofty staff, looks at that height scarcely more than a yard or two in length, is, in reality, so large, that when taken down two men are required to carry it away in its voluminous folds. On this occasion the drapery of the stars and stripes was

ingeniously disposed, so as to form something like a stage-box with a canopy over it. The two elegant standards that had been presented to the corps of cadets by the hands of ladies, were fancifully and gracefully suspended between the central pillars, and waved over the heads of the dancers. Affixed to the walls were numerous lights in sconces, decorated with wreaths of the mountain-laurel whose leaves are green all winter. These sconces were merely of tin, made very bright for the occasion; but they were the same that had been used at the ball given, while our army lay at West Point, by the American to the French officers, in honor of the birth of the dauphin. For this camp-like entertainment, the soldiers erected on the plain, a sort of pavilion or arbor of immense length covered in with laurel branches, and illuminated by these simple lamps, which afterwards became valuable as revolutionary relics. They have ever since been taken care of, in the military store-house belonging to West Point.

At this memorable ball whose courtesies were emblematic of the national feeling, and which was intended to assist in strengthening the bonds of alliance between the regal government of France and the first congress of America, the ladies of many of our continental officers were present: having travelled to West Point for the purpose—and in the dance that commenced the festivities of the evening, the lady of General Knox led off as the partner of Washington. In all probability the commander-in-chief, with his fine figure and always graceful deportment, was in early life an excellent dancer, according to the fashion of those times.

Undoubtedly the intelligence of this complimentary entertainment was received with pleasure by Louis the Sixteenth and his beautiful Antoinette. Little did these unfortunate sovereigns surmise that those of their own subjects who participated in the festivities of that night, would return to France so imbued with republican principles as to lend their aid in overturning the throne;—that throne whose foundation had already been undermined by the crimes and vices of the two preceding monarchs. Few were the years that intervened between the emancipation of America, and that tremendous period when the brilliant court of Versailles was swept away by the hands of an infuriated people; its "princes and lords" either flying into exile or perishing on the scaffold. And, idolized as they had been at the commencement of their eventful reign, the son of St. Louis and the daughter of the Cæsars were reluctantly consigned to a dreary captivity terminated by a bloody death.

"How short, how gay, how bright the smile
That cheered their morning ray;
How dark, how cold, how loud the storm
That raging closed their day!"

The dauphin, whose birth was thus honored in the far-off land which his royal father was assisting in her contest for liberty, died, happily for himself, in early childhood; thus, escaping the miseries that were heaped upon the unfortunate boy who succeeded him.

The West Point balls seem to have peculiar

charms for strangers, particularly if these strangers are young ladies, and it is a pleasure to the residents of the place to see them enjoy the novelty of the scene. The fair visitors are always delighted with the decorations of the room, with the chivalric gallantry of the officers and cadets, and still more with the circumstance of all their partners being in uniform. To those who are not "to the manner born," there is something very dazzling in the shine of a military costume.

At the New Year's ball to which I have alluded, among other invited guests was a party that came over in an open boat from the opposite side of the Hudson, notwithstanding that the weather was intensely cold, the sky threatening a snow-storm, and the river almost impassable from the accumulating ice. The young ladies belonging to this party were certainly valuable acquisitions to the company, as they were handsome, sprightly, beautifully drest, and excellent dancers. I particularly recollect one of them—a tall, fair, fine-looking girl, attired in white satin with an upper dress of transparent pink zephyr, the skirt and sleeves looped up with small white roses. Her figure was set off to great advantage by an extremely well-fitting bodice of pale pink satin, laced in front with white silk cord and tassels—and a spray of white roses looked out among the plats that were enwreathed at the back of her finely-formed head. This young lady and her friends seemed to enter *con amore* into the enjoyment of the scene and the dance. But their pleasure was dearly purchased. As they had made arrangements to return home that night, after twelve o'clock, when the ball was over, they could not be persuaded to remain at West Point till the following day. They embarked with the gentlemen who belonged to their party. At daylight their boat was descried in the middle of the river. It was completely blocked up by the ice that had gathered round it, and in this manner they had passed the cold and dreary remainder of the night whose first part had afforded them so much enjoyment. A boat was immediately sent out from West Point to their rescue, and the ladies were found benumbed with cold, and indeed nearly dead. The ice was cut away with axes brought for the purpose, they were released from their perilous condition, and with much difficulty the passage to the other side of the river was finally achieved. After the ladies had recovered from the effects of so many hours severe suffering, they were said to have declared that they would willingly go through a repetition of the same for the sake of another such ball.

My compassion was much excited by a *contre-temps* that happened to certain fair young strangers from New York, whom I found in the dressing-room at the close of one of the summer balls annually given by the cadets about the last of August, on the eve of the day in which they break up their encampment, and return to their usual residence in the barracks. The above-mentioned young ladies had come up from the city that evening, in consequence of invitations sent down to them a week before. By some unaccountable oversight either of themselves or of the

gentlemen that escorted them, the trunks or boxes containing their ball-room paraphernalia, instead of being landed on the wharf at West Point had been left on board the steam-boat, and had gone up to Albany. As it was a rainy evening, these young ladies (four or five in number) had embarked in their very worst dresses, which they considered quite good enough for the crowd and damp and heat of the ladies' cabin, in whose uncomfortable precincts the bad weather would compel them to seclude themselves during their voyage of three or four hours. They did not discover that their baggage was missing till after their arrival at the dressing-room, supposing that the trunks were coming after them upstairs. Here they had remained the whole evening, and all they knew of the ball and its anticipated pleasures was the sound of the music from below as it imperfectly reached them; the shaking of the windows as the floor vibrated under the feet of the dancers; and a glance at the dresses of the ladies as they came up when the ball was over, to muffle themselves in their shawls and calashes. None of the distressed damsels had sufficient courage to go down to the ball-room in their dishabille, and sit there as spectators: though much importuned to do so by their unlucky beaux. I give this little anecdote as an admonition to my youthful readers to take especial care that their baggage does not give them the slip when they are travelling to a ball.

The cadets are remarkably clever at getting up fancy-balls; and in dressing and sustaining whatever characters they then assume. The corps being composed of miscellaneous young gentlemen from every section of the Union, each is *au fait* to the peculiar characteristics of the common people that he has seen in his native place—and they represent them with much truth and humor. There will be, for instance, a hunter from the far west; a Yankee pedlar with his tins and other "notions;" an assortment of Tuckahoes, Buckeyes, Hooshers, Wolverines, &c.; and also a good proportion of Indians.

At one of these fancy-balls the squeak of a bad fife (or perhaps of a good fife badly played on) and the tuck of an ill-braced drum, was heard ascending the stair-case followed by an irregular tramp of feet and the chatter of many voices. The door (which had been recently closed) was now thrown open with a bang, and a militia company, personated by a number of the choicest cadets, came marching in, with a step that set all time and tune at defiance; some trudging, some ambling, and some striding. They were headed by a captain who, compared to Uncle Sam's officers, certainly wore his regimentals "with a difference." Having "marshalled his clan," whom he arranged with a picturesque intermixture of tall and short, and in a line partaking of the serpentine, he put them through their exercise in a manner so laughably bad as could only have been enacted by persons who knew perfectly well what it ought to be. Their firelocks were rough sticks, corn-stalks, and shut umbrellas—and when the captain was calling the muster-roll, the names to which his men answered were ludicrous in the extreme.

I have before alluded to the West Point Band, which must always be classed among the most agreeable recollections connected with that place; particularly by those who were familiar with its excellence when Willis was the instructor in military music. He was an Irishman, and had belonged to the lord lieutenant's band at Dublin Castle. His own exquisite performance on the Kent bugle can never be forgotten by any one who has been so fortunate as to hear it; and he taught all the members of the West Point Band to play on their respective instruments in the most admirable manner. One of them, named Ford, excelled on the octave flute. Sometimes when, on a moonlight summer evening, they were playing under the beautiful elms that are clustered in front of the mess house, and delighting us with a charming composition called the Nightingale, Ford would ascend one of the trees, and seated amidst its branches, perform solo on his flute those passages that imitated the warbling of the bird.

Occasionally a distinguished vocalist came to West Point for the purpose of having a concert; and these concerts were always well attended. On one of the concert nights, Willis accompanied Keene (a celebrated singer of that time) in the fine martial air of the Last Bugle—a beautiful song beginning,

"When the muffled drum sounds the last march of the
brave."

As each verse finished with, "When he hears the last bugle," Willis sounded the bugle in a manner which seemed almost a foretaste of the music of another world. "When he hears the last bugle"—is again repeated, and the bugle accompaniment is lower and still sweeter. But at the concluding words, "When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms"—the loud, exulting and melodious tones of the noble instrument came out in all their fullness of sound, with an effect that elicited the most rapturous applause, and which words cannot describe nor imagination conceive.

How much is the beauty of music assisted by the beauty of poetry. Shame on selfish composers and conceited performers who, "wishing all the interest to centre in themselves," assert that the words of a song are of no consequence, and that if good, they only divert the attention of the hearers from the music—Milton thought otherwise when (himself a fine musician) he speaks of the double charms of "music married to immortal verse." As well might we say that it was a disadvantage for a handsome woman to possess a fine figure, lest it should render the beauty of her face less conspicuous.

Music affords additional delight when, it accompanies the recollection of some interesting fact; or of some fanciful and vivid allusion connected with romance, that idol of the young and enthusiastic. Among the numerous accounts of the peninsular war which have been given to the world by English officers, I was much struck by a little incident that I once read in a description of the entrance of Wellington's army into France while expelling the French

from Spain and following them into their own land beyond the Pyrenees. The first division of the English troops had at length reached the frontier. After a day of toilsome march the regiment to which our author belonged encamped for the night in the far-famed valley of Roncevalles, where a thousand years before the army of Charlemagne in attempting the invasion of Spain, had been driven back by the Spanish Moors and defeated with great slaughter, and the loss of his best and noblest paladins, including "Roland brave, and Olivier." The mind of our narrator was carried back to the chivalrous days of the dark ages, and he might almost have listened for

—"The blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne
The dying hero's call."——

It was a clear cool evening—the sun had sunk behind the hills—the roll had been called, the centinels posted, and the band of the regiment was playing. The English officer, imbued with the subject of his reverie, advanced to request of its leader that beautiful air

"Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight,"——

when he was unexpectedly anticipated by one of his companions in arms, another young officer whose thoughts had been running in the same channel, and who had stepped forward before him with the same request. The wild and melancholy notes of Lewis's popular song now rose upon the still evening air, on the very same spot where ten centuries ago the battle that it lamented, had been fought.

On the West Point band I have frequently heard music of a soft and touching character played with a taste and pathos that almost drew tears from the hearers—for instance, the sad but charming Scottish air,

"Oh! Mary when the wild wind blows."

I have heard Willis say, that after the publication of the Irish melodies was planned, he was engaged by Moore and Sir John Stevenson, to travel in bye roads and remote places among the peasantry, for the purpose of collecting from them all the songs and tunes peculiar to their country. He frequently passed the night in their cabins, where he was always hospitably received, and where he was liked the better for making himself at home among the people; singing new songs for them, (he was a good singer) and inducing them to sing him old ones in return. So that in this way he caught a great number of national airs, which were then new to him, and which he afterwards put in score. It was for these melodies that the minstrel of Ireland wrote those exquisite songs, on which he may rest his fairest claim to immortality.

Willis was himself an excellent composer of military music. While at West Point he produced a number of very fine marches and quick steps, usually calling them after the officers. Those de-

nominated General Swift's March, and Lieutenant Blaney's Quickstep, were perhaps the best. To some he did not even take the trouble to affix a title, but distinguished them by numbers. Sometimes when we sent out to ask the name of "that fine new march or quickstep that the band had just played," he would reply that it was No. 12 or No. 16. The officers often suggested to him the publication of these admirable pieces as a source of profit to himself, and of pleasure to the community; but with his habitual carelessness of his own interest, he always neglected taking any steps for the purpose. There is reason to fear that few or no copies of them are now in existence: and therefore they will be lost for ever to the admirers of martial music. Willis lived about twelve years at West Point, and died there of a lingering illness in 1830.

When the manager of the Park Theatre was getting up a new musical piece or reviving an old one, he generally borrowed Willis, for a few of the first evenings, to play in the orchestra. On one of these occasions he took down with him to New York his two little boys, neither of whom had ever been in a theatre. Mr. Simpson, the manager, allotted them seats in his private box over one of the stage doors. Both the children had been instructed by their father, and sung very well. The after piece was O'Keefe's little opera of Sprigs of Laurel. In the duet two rival soldiers, in which each in 1 brates the charms of Mary, the major's (of the boys on hearing the symphony, his brother—"Why Jem! that's our duet—the very last we've been practising." "So it is," replied Jem, "let's join in and sing it with them." Unconscious of such a proceeding being the least out of rule, they united their voices to those of the two actors, and went through the song with them in perfect time and tune. The soldiers were at this unexpected addition to their duet, but up, soon found from whence the sound pr Willis (who was in the orchestra) became disconcerted, and in vain made signs to his to cease. Their attention was too much engaged to perceive his displeasure. The audience were not long in discovering the young singers, and loudly applauded them, equally pleased with the naïveté of the boys and their proficiency in vocalism.

It was formerly customary for the West Point band to play sacred music every Sunday morning, in the camp, after the guard, was marched off.

"Sweet as the shepherd's tuneful reed,"

was performed by them delightfully.

Before the erection of the present edifice as a church, public worship was held in the large room designated as the chapel. The chaplains of the United States Military Academy, like the chaplain of congress, may be chosen from the clergy of any denomination. But as their congregation consists of persons from every part of the union, and of every religious denomination, according to the faith in which they have been educated by their parents, it is understood that the

pastor will have sufficient good taste, or rather good sense, to refrain from all attempts to advance the peculiar doctrines of his own immediate sect. After the officers and professors have all come in and taken their appropriate seats, the cadets make their entrance in a body, and occupy the benches allotted to them. I was one Sunday at the chapel, when five graduates, or ex-cadets, all of whom had recently been honored with commissions in the engineers, came in together, habited in their new uniforms, (that of the engineers is the handsomest in the army,) and for the first time took their seats with the officers. I could have said with Sterne—"Oh! how I envied them their feelings!" One of these young gentlemen was a Jew; and as I looked at him that day, I hoped he was grateful to the God of Abraham for having cast his lot in a country where the Hebrew faith can be no impediment to advancement in any profession either civil or military. Are "the wanderers of Israel," who still have so much to contend with in the old world, sufficiently aware of the advantages they would derive from changing their residence to the new?

It is a custom among the cadets, after they have completed their course of study, obtained their commissions as lieutenants, and received orders for repairing to their respective posts, to have a farewell-meeting previous to their departure from West Point. At this meeting it is understood that all offences, bickerings and animosities, which may have arisen among them during their four years intercourse as fellow-students, are to be consigned to oblivion. The hand of friendship is given all round, and before their separation they exchange rings which have been made for this express purpose, all of the same pattern. These rings they are to retain through life, as mementoes of "Auld lang syne," and as pledges of kind feelings under whatever circumstances, and in whatever part of the world they may meet hereafter.

Among the numerous benefits which this noble institution has conferred on the community, is that of creating attachment and diffusing friendship among so many young men from different sections of our widely-extended country, and belonging to different classes in society. The military academy has made gentlemen of many intelligent youths, sprung from the humbler grades of our people. It has made *men* of many scions of high estate, whose talents would otherwise have been smothered under the follies of fashion and the enervations of luxury.

In that kindness and consideration for females, which is one of the brightest gems in the American character, none can exceed the cadets and officers of the American army. Were I to relate all that I know on this subject I could fill a volume. For instance, I could tell of a young gentleman from Albany who out of his pay as a cadet, (twenty-eight dollars a month,) saved enough to defray the expenses of his sister's education, during four years of economy and self-denial to himself.

On the southern bank of the river, beyond the picturesque spot designated as Kosciusko's garden, the shore for some miles continues woody and precipi-

tous, down to the Kinsley farm house, a mile or two below. The path along these rocks was narrow, rugged, dark and dangerous. In some places it was impeded by trees growing so close together, and so near the verge of the precipice that it was expedient in passing along to cling to their trunks, or to catch hold of their lower branches, as a support against the danger of falling down the rocks that impended over the river. Yet with all its perils and difficulties this was an interesting walk to any lover of nature in her rudest aspects. There were wild vines and wild roses, and the trees were so old and lofty, and their shade so solemn and impervious. And at their roots grew clusters of ephemeral plants, of the fungus tribe it is true, but glowing with the most brilliant colors, yellow, orange, scarlet and crimson, often diversified with a group that was white as snow. Sometimes we saw a lizard of the finest verditer-green, gliding among the blocks of granite; and sometimes on hearing a slight chattering above our heads, we looked up and saw the squirrel as he

—"leap'd from tree to tree
And shell'd his nuts at liberty."

In the decline of a beautiful afternoon when "the sun was hasting to the west," and the sweet notes of the wood-thrush had already began "to hymn the fading fires of day," I set out on a walk accompanied by two young ladies from Philadelphia, whom in our daily rambles I had already guided to some of the most popular places on West Point. Having found that my youthful friends were fearless scramblers "over bush and over brier," I proposed that our walk to-day should be in this narrow pathway through these rocky woods, or rather along these woody rocks.

We proceeded accordingly—and our dangers and difficulties seemed to increase the enjoyment of my young companions. At length we suddenly emerged into a spot where the open sunshine denoted that, since my last walk in this direction, many of the trees had been cut away. About this little clearing we found eight or ten men busily at work with spades and pick-axes. I was struck at once with the excellent aspect of their habiliments, though their coats were off and hanging on the bushes and low rocks around them. We stopped, and I turned to one of my companions, and was about remarking to her, "what a happiness it was to live in a country where the common laboring men were enabled to make so respectable an appearance, and even while engaged at their work to wear clothes that were perfectly whole, and as clean as if put on fresh that day." While I was making this observation in a low voice, the men perceived us; and they all ceased work, and several stood leaning on their spades, looking much disconcerted. They consulted a little together and then one of the foresters advanced, as if to speak to us. The two young ladies, seized with a sudden panic, hastily ran back into the woods. He came up and addressed me by name, and I immediately recognised an officer who visited intimately at

my brother's house. On looking at his comrades, I found that I knew them every one; and that they were all gentlemen belonging to West Point. They seemed much, though needlessly, confused at being detected by ladies in their present occupation.

The gentleman who had come forward made some remarks on the inconveniences we must have encountered during our rugged walk, and he directed us to a way of going home that, though longer and more circuitous, would be less difficult. My young friends now ventured out from their retreat; I introduced them to the officer who had been talking to me, and leaving him with his comrades to pursue their work, we found our way home by the road that he indicated.

In the evening the same gentleman made one of his accustomed visits at my brother's, and explained to us the scene of the afternoon.

Captain H——, was the only surviving child of an aged and widowed mother, the sister of a distinguished general-officer in the revolutionary army. Her son, a graduate of the Military Academy, was afterwards stationed at West Point; and he then went to Vermont and brought his mother that they might live near each other. His own apartments being in one of the barracks, he took lodgings for Mrs. H——, at a quiet farm-house in the vicinity: and devoted nearly all his leisure-time to her society. The old lady sometimes came up to visit her son in his rooms at the barracks, to see that he was comfortable there, and keep his ward-robe in order. The nearest way from her residence to the plain, was along the dark and rugged forest path on the edge of the rocks; and

this was the road she always came. The captain wishing to make it more easy and less dangerous for his mother, set about doing so with his own hands. He had already made some progress in this work of filial affection, when he was discovered by several of his brother officers; they mentioned it to others, and they all immediately volunteered to assist him in his praise-worthy undertaking. They assembled of afternoons for this purpose, (which they endeavored to keep as secret as possible) and it was now about half accomplished; having been commenced at the end nearest to Mrs. H——'s residence. In consequence of this explanation, by the captain's friend, we took care not to interrupt them by walking in that direction, till after the work was completed.

They cut down trees, cleared away bushes, removed masses of stone, levelled banks, filled up hollows, and paved quagmires: leading the path to a safe distance from the ledge of rocks. A fine convenient road was soon completed, and the old lady was enabled to visit the captain without difficulty or danger.

The grave has long since closed over that mother, and the military station of her son has been changed to a place far distant from West Point. But the pathway commenced by filial affection, and finished with the assistance of friendship is still there, forming a convenient and beautiful walk through the woods to the farm-house and its vicinity.

It is known by all the inhabitants of West Point as the Officer's Road; and long may it continue to bear that title.

L'ENVOY TO E——.

BY G. HILL, AUTHOR OF "TITANIA'S BANQUET," ETC., ETC.

The nights are o'er when, by the shore,
We strayed—thy arm in mine,
And our hearts were like the full cup ere
The sparkle leaves the wine.
But the sparkle flies, the cup is drained,
And the nights return no more
When our hearts were warm and, arm in arm,
We strayed by the moonlit shore.

The nights are o'er when, by the shore,
We strayed—thy arm in mine,
And thy eye was like the star whose beam
We saw on the still wave shine.
But the bright star-beam has left the stream,

And the nights return no more
When our hearts were warm and, arm in arm,
We strayed by the moonlit shore.

The nights are o'er when, by the shore,
We strayed—thy arm in mine,
And thy tones were heard where the wind-harp's chord
Is the bough that the June-flowers twine.
But my boat rocks lone where the palm-trees moan*
And the nights return no more
When our hearts were warm and, arm in arm,
We strayed by the moonlit shore.

* Of the Nile.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.
BALLAD.

COMPOSED BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 Chestnut Street.

Andante Moderato.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, suggesting a lively but steady tempo.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a vocal line on the upper staff and a piano accompaniment on the lower staff. The lyrics "Oh wea-ry, wea-ry" are written below the vocal line. The music maintains the same key signature and tempo.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The lyrics "are our feet, And wea-ry weary is our way, — Thro' ma-ny a long and" are written below the vocal line. The music concludes with a final cadence on the lower staff.

con espress

crowd - ed street We've wan - dered mournfully to day; My lit - tle sis - ter she is

pale, — — — She is too ten - der and too young — — — To

bear the autumn's sullen gale, And all day long the child has

sung.

ad lib :

ad lib : assai.

pp

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'con espress', 'pp', and 'ad lib'. The lyrics are written below the corresponding vocal lines.

sung.

She was our mother's favorite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisped his name,
A little playful thing was she;
How proud we were,—yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
How strange how white how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends
They said our home no more was ours—
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
The garden we had filled with flowers.
The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honeycomb.
We wandered forth mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave and rest and die,
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er:
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas we have a home no more!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Twice-Told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two Volumes. Boston: James Munroe and Co :

We said a few hurried words about Mr. Hawthorne in our last number, with the design of speaking more fully in the present. We are still, however, pressed for room, and must necessarily discuss his volumes more briefly and more at random than their high merits deserve.

The book professes to be a collection of *tales*, yet is, in two respects, misnamed. These pieces are now in their third republication, and, of course, are thrice-told. Moreover, they are by no means *all* tales, either in the ordinary or in the legitimate understanding of the term. Many of them are pure essays; for example, "Sights from a Steeple," "Sunday at Home," "Little Annie's Ramble," "A Rill from the Town-Pump," "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," "The Haunted Mind," "The Sister Years," "Snow-Flakes," "Night Sketches," and "Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore." We mention these matters chiefly on account of their discrepancy with that marked precision and finish by which the body of the work is distinguished.

Of the Essays just named, we must be content to speak in brief. They are each and all beautiful, without being characterised by the polish and adaptation so visible in the tales proper. A painter would at once note their leading or predominant feature, and style it *repose*. There is no attempt at effect. All is quiet, thoughtful, subdued. Yet this repose may exist simultaneously with high originality of thought; and Mr. Hawthorne has demonstrated the fact. At every turn we meet with novel combinations; yet these combinations never surpass the limits of the quiet. We are soothed as we read; and withal is a calm astonishment that ideas so apparently obvious have never occurred or been presented to us before. Herein our author differs materially from Lamb or Hunt or Hazlitt—who, with vivid originality of manner and expression, have less of the true novelty of thought than is generally supposed, and whose originality, at best, has an uneasy and meretricious quaintness, replete with startling effects unfounded in nature, and inducing trains of reflection which lead to no satisfactory result. The Essays of Hawthorne have much of the character of Irving, with more of originality, and less of finish; while, compared with the Spectator, they have a vast superiority at all points. The Spectator, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Hawthorne have in common that tranquil and subdued manner which we have chosen to denominate *repose*; but, in the case of the two former, this repose is attained rather by the absence of novel combination, or of originality, than otherwise, and consists chiefly in the calm, quiet, unostentatious expression of commonplace thoughts, in an unambitious unadulterated Saxon. In them, by strong effort, we are made to conceive the absence of all. In the essays before us the absence of effort is too obvious to be mistaken, and a strong under-current of *suggestion* runs continuously beneath the upper stream of the tranquil thesis. In short, these effusions of Mr. Hawthorne are the product of a truly imaginative intellect, restrained, and in some measure repressed, by fastidiousness of taste, by constitutional melancholy and by indolence.

But it is of his tales that we desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were we bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, we should answer, without hesitation—in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. We need only here say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem too brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort—without a certain duration or repetition of purpose—the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water upon the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things—pungent and spirit-stirring—but, like all immassive bodies, they lack *momentum*, and thus fail to satisfy the Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

Were we called upon however to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as we have suggested, should best fulfil the demands of high genius—should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion—we should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. We allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a cer-

tain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poem's highest idea—the idea of the Beautiful—the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a table-land of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression—(the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic or the humorous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude of course, to *rhythm*. It may be added, here, *par parenthèse*, that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect* many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of Blackwood. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes an exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius: although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit—we may say, indeed, none, with the exception of "The Tales of a Traveller" of Washington Irving, and these "Twice-Told Tales" of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extravagant, and indicative of an imperfect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British Magazines; but, upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department of literature.

Of Mr. Hawthorne's Tales we would say, emphatically, that they belong to the highest region of Art—an Art subservient to genius of a very lofty order. We had supposed, with good reason for so supposing, that he had been thrust into his present position by one of the impudent *cliques* which beset our literature, and whose pretensions it is our full purpose to expose at the earliest opportunity; but

we have been most agreeably mistaken. We know of few compositions which the critic can more honestly commend than these "Twice-Told Tales." As Americans, we feel proud of the book.

Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality—a trait which, in the literature of fiction, is positively worth all the rest. But the nature of originality, so far as regards its manifestation in letters, is but imperfectly understood. The inventive or original mind as frequently displays itself in novelty of *tone* as in novelty of matter. Mr. Hawthorne is original at *all* points.

It would be a matter of some difficulty to designate the best of these tales; we repeat that, without exception, they are beautiful. "Wakefield" is remarkable for the skill with which an old idea—a well-known incident—is worked up or discussed. A man of whims conceives the purpose of quitting his wife and residing *incognito*, for twenty years, in her immediate neighborhood. Something of this kind actually happened in London. The force of Mr. Hawthorne's tale lies in the analysis of the motives which must or might have impelled the husband to such folly, in the first instance, with the possible causes of his perseverance. Upon this thesis a sketch of singular power has been constructed.

"The Wedding Knell" is full of the boldest imagination—an imagination fully controlled by taste. The most captious critic could find no flaw in this production.

"The Minister's Black Veil" is a masterly composition of which the sole defect is that to the rabble its exquisite skill will be *caviare*. The obvious meaning of this article will be found to smother its insinuated one. The *moral* put into the mouth of the dying minister will be supposed to convey the *true* import of the narrative; and that a crime of dark dye, (having reference to the "young lady") has been committed, is a point which only minds congenial with that of the author will perceive.

"Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" is vividly original and managed most dexterously.

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is exceedingly well imagined, and executed with surpassing ability. The artist breathes in every line of it.

"The White Old Maid" is objectionable, even more than the "Minister's Black Veil," on the score of its mysticism. Even with the thoughtful and analytic, there will be much trouble in penetrating its entire import.

"The Hollow of the Three Hills" we would quote in full, had we space;—not as evincing higher talent than any of the other pieces, but as affording an excellent example of the author's peculiar ability. The subject is commonplace. A witch subjects the Distant and the Past to the view of a mourner. It has been the fashion to describe, in such cases, a mirror in which the images of the absent appear; or a cloud of smoke is made to arise, and thence the figures are gradually unfolded. Mr. Hawthorne has wonderfully heightened his effect by making the ear, in place of the eye, the medium by which the fantasy is conveyed. The head of the mourner is enveloped in the cloak of the witch, and within its magic folds there arise sounds which have an all-sufficient intelligence. Throughout this article also, the artist is conspicuous—not more in positive than in negative merits. Not only is all done that should be done, but (what perhaps is an end with more difficulty attained) there is nothing done which should not be. Every word *tells*, and there is not a word which does not tell.

In "Howe's Masquerade" we observe something which resembles a plagiarism—but which *may be* a very flattering coincidence of thought. We quote the passage in question.

"With a dark flush of wrath upon his brow they saw the general draw his sword and advance to meet the figure in the cloak before the latter had stepped one pace upon the floor.

"Villain, unmuffle yourself," cried he, 'you pass no farther!'

"The figure, without blenching a hair's breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause, and lowered the cape of the cloak from his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The sternness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement, if not horror, while he recoiled several steps from the figure, and let fall his sword upon the floor."—See vol. 2, page 20.

The idea here is, that the figure in the cloak is the phantom or reduplication of Sir William Howe; but in an article called "William Wilson," one of the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," we have not only the same idea, but the same idea similarly presented in several respects. We quote two paragraphs, which our readers may compare with what has been already given. We have italicized, above, the immediate particulars of resemblance.

"The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce, apparently, a material change in the arrangement at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror, it appeared to me, now stood where none had been perceptible before: and as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, advanced with a feeble and tottering gait to meet me.

"Thus it appeared I say, but was not. It was Wilson, who then stood before me in the agonies of dissolution. Not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of that face which was not even identically mine own. *His mask and cloak lay where he had thrown them, upon the floor.*"—Vol. 2. p. 57.

Here it will be observed that, not only are the two general conceptions identical, but there are various points of similarity. In each case the figure seen is the wraith or duplication of the beholder. In each case the scene is a masquerade. In each case the figure is cloaked. In each, there is a quarrel—that is to say, angry words pass between the parties. In each the beholder is enraged. In each the cloak and sword fall upon the floor. The "villain, unmuffle yourself," of Mr. H. is precisely paralleled by a passage at page 56 of "William Wilson."

In the way of objection we have scarcely a word to say of these tales. There is, perhaps, a somewhat too general or prevalent tone—a tone of melancholy and mysticism. The subjects are insufficiently varied. There is not so much of *versatility* evinced as we might well be warranted in expecting from the high powers of Mr. Hawthorne. But beyond these trivial exceptions we have really none to make. The style is purity itself. Force abounds. High imagination gleams from every page. Mr. Hawthorne is a man of the truest genius. We only regret that the limits of our Magazine will not permit us to pay him that full tribute of commendation, which, under other circumstances, we should be so eager to pay.

The Vigil of Faith, and Other Poems. By C. F. Hoffman, Author of "Greyslaer," &c. S. Coleman: New York.

Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman is well known as the author of several popular novels, and as the quondam editor of the "American Monthly Magazine;" but his poetical abilities have not as yet attracted that attention which is indubitably their due.

"The Vigil of Faith," a poem of fifty-two irregular stanzas, embodies a deeply interesting narrative supposed to be related by an Indian encountered by the author in a hunting excursion amid the Highlands of the Hudson.

It bears the impress of the true spirit upon every line; but appears to be carelessly written.

The occasional Poems are scarcely more beautiful, but, in general, are more complete and polished. Now and then, however, we observe, even in these, an inaccurate rhythm. Here, for example, in "Moonlight on the Hudson," page 63, we note a foot too much—

"Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers."

This line is not used as an Alexandrine, but occurs in the body of a stanza. Mr. Hoffman is, also, somewhat too fond of a double rhyme, which, unduly employed, never fails to give a flippant air to a serious poem. It is not improbable that we shall speak more fully of this really beautiful volume hereafter. Its external or mechanical appearance excels that of any book we have seen for a long time.

The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent. By William Roscoe. From the London Edition, Corrected. In Two Volumes. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

The genius of Lorenzo de' Medici has never, perhaps, been so highly estimated, as his exertions on behalf of Italian literature. Yet he was not only an author unsurpassed by any of his illustrious contemporaries, but, as a statesman, gave evidence of profound ability. A work illustrating the value of his character and discussing his vast influence upon his age, has been long wanting, and no man lives who could better supply the desideratum than Mr. Roscoe. In republishing these volumes Messieurs Carey & Hart have rendered a service of the highest importance to the reading public of America.

The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

This is a volume of remarkable beauty externally, and of very high merit internally. It embraces selections from the poetical works of every true poet in America without exception; and these selections are prefaced, in each instance, with a brief memoir, for whose accuracy we can vouch. We know that no pains or expense have been spared in this compilation, which is, by very much indeed, the best of its class—affording, at one view, the justest idea of our poetical literature. Mr. Griswold is remarkably well qualified for the task he has undertaken. We shall speak at length of this book in our next.

Beauchampe, or The Kentucky Tragedy. A Tale of Passion. By the Author of "Richard Hurdiss," "Border Beagles," &c. Two Volumes. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

The events upon which this novel is based are but too real. No more thrilling, no more romantic tragedy did ever the brain of poet conceive than was the tragedy of Sharpe and Beauchampe. We are not sure that the author of "Border Beagles" has done right in the selection of his theme. Too little has been left for invention. We are sure, however, that the theme is skilfully handled. The author of "Richard Hurdiss" is one among the best of our native novelists—pure, bold, vigorous, original.







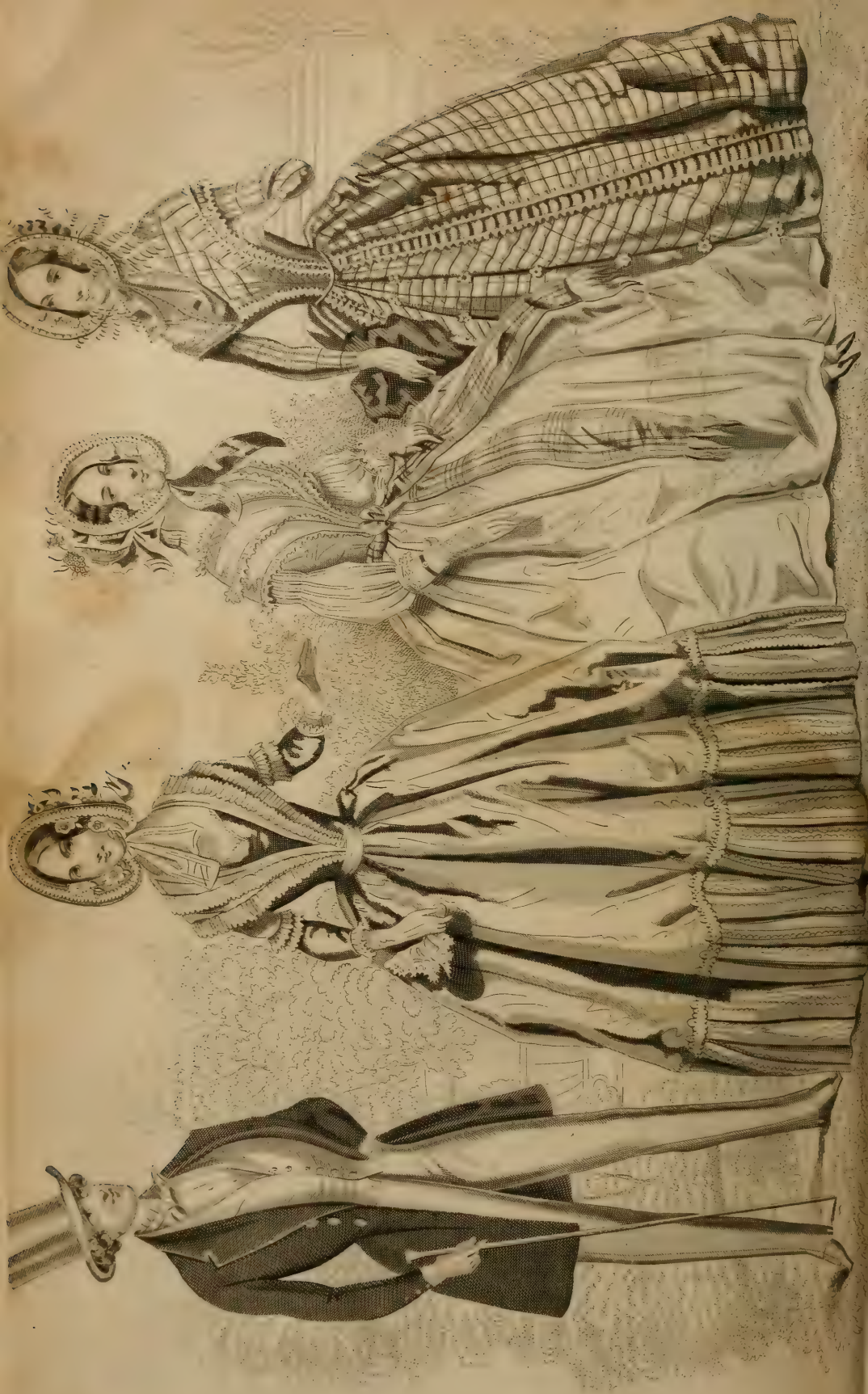


Engraving by J. W. Smith

Engraving by J. W. Smith

THE BIX CREEK SUSPENSION BRIDGE, OVER THE RIVER, NEAR
 THE TOWN OF BIX, CALIFORNIA.
 DRAWN AND
 ENGRAVED BY J. W. SMITH.





GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.

PHILADELPHIA: JUNE, 1842.

No. 6.

THE WIRE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THIS elegant structure is thrown across the Schuylkill, on the site once occupied by an airy and graceful wooden erection, for years the pride of our city, and celebrated as being the longest bridge of a single arch in the known world. The boldness of the architect in thus spanning a river three hundred and fifty feet wide, was the theme of universal admiration. Few will forget Fanny Kemble's poetic comparison, when she said the bridge looked like a white scarf flung across the water. The destruction of this favorite fabric, by fire, in the fall of 1838, was regarded as an irreparable loss.

The conflagration presented a grand picture. The flames were first seen towards the western entrance of the bridge, and in a very few minutes the whole fabric was a mass of fire. The wind was down the stream, and catching the flames as they broke from the flooring of the bridge, it swept them far away under, until a fiery cataract, reaching from shore to shore, seemed pouring horizontally down the river. By this time spectators began to throng around, and before the bridge fell, thousands lined the adjacent shores and covered the side of the overhanging hill, looking down on the scene below, as from the seats in an amphitheatre.

This splendid sight continued for some time, the gazers looking on in a rapt silence, until suddenly a low murmur, followed by an involuntary shiver, ran through the crowd, as the bridge, with a graceful curtesy, descended a few feet, hesitated, and then, with a gentle, swan-like motion, sank, like a dream, down on the waters. But the moment the fabric touched the wave, a simmering, hissing sound was heard, while ten thousand sparkles shot up into the air and sailed away to leeward. The fire still, however, burned fiercely in the upper works, which had not reached the water; while volumes of smoke rolled down the river, blending the earth, the wave, and the sky into one dark, indistinct mass, so that

the burning timbers, occasionally detached from the bridge, and borne along by the current, seemed, almost without the aid of fancy, to be lurid stars floating through the firmament. The moon, which was just rising, and which occasionally burst through the dense veil of smoke, appeared almost side by side with these wild meteors, and added to the illusion. The effect was picturesque; at times even sublime.

More than two years elapsed before the bridge was replaced by the present elegant structure, whose airiness and grace more than reconcile us to the loss of its predecessor.

This new fabric is, we believe, the finest, if not the only, specimen of its kind in the United States. The plan is simple. Two square towers of solid granite, thirty-two feet in height, are built on either abutment. Over each of these towers, on iron rollers, pass five wire cables, each cable being composed of two hundred and sixty strands, each strand being an eighth of an inch thick. The length of each cable is six hundred and fifty feet. These cables are secured, on each shore, in pits, distant from the towers one hundred feet, and continuing under ground fifty feet further, to a point where they are securely fastened at the depth of thirty feet. These pits are built over so as to exclude the rain, but not the air; and the cables, being painted, are thus preserved from rust. The cables, in stretching from tower to tower, form a curve, the lowest point of which is at the centre of the bridge. The causeway is of wood, and hangs, by smaller wire cables, from these larger ones. The width of the bridge is twenty-seven feet, and its length, from abutment to abutment, three hundred and forty-three feet. The strength of the bridge has been tested by a weight of seventy tons. The structure is painted white throughout, and has already won the name of the most graceful bridge in the country.

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING!!

THE AFTER-DINNER TALK OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

WHAT glorious times, Oliver, the old Turks must have, sitting, on a sultry day like this, listening to the cool plashing of their fountains, and smoking their chibouques—egad!—until they fall asleep, and dream of dark-eyed Houris smiling on them, amid the fragrant groves and by the cool rivers of a Muselman Paradise. What a pity we were not born in Turkey, you a Bashaw of three tails, and I the Sultaun of Stamboul! How we would have stroked our beards—and smoked our pipes—and given praise to the prophet as we drank our sherbert, spiced, you know, with a *very* little of the *aqua vitæ*, that comfort of comforts to the inner man! We could then have dressed like gentlemen, and not gone about, as we do now, breeched, coated, and swaddled in broadcloth, like a couple of Egyptian mummies. Just imagine yourself in a dashing Turkish dress, with a turban on your head, and a scimitar all studded with diamonds at your side, with which—the scimitar I mean—you are wont to slice off the heads of infidels as I slice off the top of this pyramid of ice-cream—help yourself, for it's delicious! I think I see us now, charging at the head of our spahis against the rascally Russians, driving their half starved soldier slaves like chaff before a whirlwind, and carrying our horse-tails and shouting "Il Allah!" into the very tents of their chieftains. What magnificent fellows we would have made! Ah!—my dear boy—you and I are out of our element. Take my word for it, a Turk is your finest gentleman, your true philosopher, the only man that understands how to live. He keeps better horses, wears richer clothes, walks with a nobler mien, smokes more luxuriously, drinks more seductive coffee, and kisses his wife or ladye-love with better grace, than any man or set of men, except you and I, "under the broad canopy of heaven" as the town-meeting orators have it. And let me tell you this last accomplishment—this kissing gracefully, "*secundum artem*"—is a point of education most impiously neglected amongst us. Kissing is a science by itself. Let us draw up to the window where we can drink in the perfume of the garden, and while you whiff away at your meerschaum, I will prove the truth of my assertion. One has a knack for talking after dinner—I suppose it is because good steaks and madeira lubricate the tongue.

We are born to kiss and be kissed. It comes natural to us, as marriage does to a woman. Why, sir, I can remember kissing the female babies when I was yet in my cradle, and my friend Sir Thomas

Lawrence did himself the honor to paint me at my favorite pursuit, as you know by that exquisite picture in my library. The very first day I went to school I kissed all the sweet little angels there. I wasn't fairly out of my alphabet, when I used to wait behind a pump, for my sweetheart to come out of school, and as soon as I saw her I made a point of kissing her just to see how prettily she blushed. As I grew older I loved to steal in, some summer evening, on her, and kiss her asleep on the sofa—or, if she was awake, and the old folks were by, I'd wait till they both got nodding, and then kiss her all the sweeter for the slyness of the thing. Ah! such stolen draughts are delicious. I wouldn't give a sous to kiss a girl in company, and I always hated Copenhagen, Pawns, and your other kissing plays, as I hope I hate the devil. They had a shocking custom when I was young, that everybody at a wedding should kiss the bride, just as they all drank, in the same free and easy way, out of the one big china punch-bowl; but the practice always hurt my sensibilities, and I avoided weddings as I would avoid a ghost, a bailiff, or any other fright. No—no—get your little charmer up into a corner by yourselves—watch when everybody's back is turned—then slip your arm around her waist, and kiss her with a long sweet kiss, as if you were a bee sucking honey from a flower. Nor can one kiss every girl. I'd as lief take ipecacuanha as kiss some of your sharp-chinned, icicle-mouthed, lignum-vitæ-faced spinsters—why one couldn't get the taste of the bitters out of his mouth for a week! I go in for your rosy, pouting lips, that seem to challenge everybody so saucily—egad! when we kiss such at our leisure, we think we're in a seventh heaven. I once lived on such a kiss for forty-eight hours, for it took the taste for commoner food out of my mouth "intirely," as poor Power used to say. Oh! how I loved the wide, dark entries one finds in old mansions, where one could catch these saucy little fairies, and, before they were well aware of your presence, kiss them so deliciously. There 's kissing for you! Or, to go upon a sleigh ride, and when all, save you and your partner, are busy chatting—while the merry ringing of the bells and the whizzing motion of the vehicle cause your spirits to dance for very joy—to make believe that you wish to arrange the buffalo, or pull her shawl up closer around her, and then slyly stealing your face into her bonnet to kiss her for an instant of ecstasy, while she blushes to the very temples, lest others may catch you at your

sport. And then, on a summer eve, to row out upon the bosom of a moonlit lake, and while one of the ladies sings and all the rest listen, to snatch a chance and laughingly kiss the pretty girl at your side, all unnoticed except by her. Or to sit beside a charmer on a sofa, before a cozy fire on a bitter winter night, and fill up the pauses of the conversation, you know, by drawing her to you and kissing her. But more than all,—when you have won a blushing confession of love from her you have long and tremblingly worshipped with all a boy's devotion,—is the rapture of the kiss which you press holily to her brow, while her warm heart flutters against your side, and every pulse in your body thrills with an ecstasy that has no rival in after life. Ah! sir, that kiss is THE KISS. It is worth all the rest.

Next to being born a Turk I should choose to have been born an Englishman in the days of Harry the Eighth. Do you remember how Erasmus tells us, in one of his letters, that all the pretty women in London ran up to him and kissed him whenever they met? That's what I call being in clover. I don't wonder people long for the good old times, for, if all their fashions were like this, commend me to the days of the bluff monarch, when

"thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days,
When the world was in its prime."

Did you ever attend a children's party, and see the little dears play Copenhagen? The boys seem to have an instinctive knack at kissing their partners, who always show the same modest repugnance—for modesty is inborn in every woman—aye! and flings a glory about her like the halo around a Madonna's head. The very instant one of the young scapegraces gets into the ring, he looks slyly all around it, and there be sure is one little face that blushes scarlet, and one little heart that beats faster, for well the owner knows that she is in peril. How fast her hands slide to and fro along the rope, and directly the imprisoned youngster makes a dash at her hand, and, missing it, turns away amid the uproarious laughter and clapping of hands of the rest, and essays perchance a feint to tap some other little hand, all the while, however, keeping one corner of his eye fixed on the blushing damsel who has foiled him. And lo! all at once—like an eagle shooting from the skies—he darts upon it. And now begins the struggle. What a shouting—and merry laughing—what cries of encouragement from the lookers on—what a diving under the rope, and over the rope, and among the chairs, mingled with whoopings from the boys, ensues, until the victim has escaped, or else been caught by her pursuer. Sometimes she submits quietly to the forfeit, but at other times she will fight like a young tiger. Then, indeed, comes "the tug of war." If she covers her face in her hands, and is a sturdy little piece beside, young Master Harry will have to give up the game, and be the laughing stock of the boys, or else set all chivalry at defiance and tear away those pretty hands by force. Many a time, you old curmudgeon, have I laughed

until the tears ran out of my eyes to see a young scoundrel, scarcely breeched, kissing an unwilling favorite. How sturdily he sticks up to her, one hand around her neck, and the other, perhaps, fast hold of her chin; while she, with face averted, and a frown upon her tiny brow, is all the while pushing him desperately away. But the young rascal knows that he is the strongest, and with him might makes right. With eagerness in every line of his face, he slips his arm around her waist, and, after sundry repulses, wins the kiss at last. And then what a mighty gentleman he thinks he is! In just such a scene has my old friend Lawrence taken me off, in that picture, of THE PROFFERED KISS, in my library, egad!

It is a great grief to me that so few understand how to kiss gracefully. Kissing is an accomplishment, I may be allowed to remark, that should form a part of every gentleman's education. A man that is too bashful to kiss a lady when all is agreeable, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, is a poor good-for-nothing, a lost sinner, without hope of mercy! He will never have the courage to pop the question—mark my words—and will remain a bachelor to his dying day, unless some lady kindly takes him in hand and asks him to have her, as my friend Mrs. Desperate did. The women have a sly way of doing these things, even if, like a spinster I once knew, they have to ask a man flatly whether his intentions are serious or not; and they are very apt to do this as soon as the kissing becomes a business on your part. But to return to the *modus operandi* of a kiss. Delicacy in this intellectual amusement is the chief thing. Do n't—by the bones of Johannes Secundus!—do n't bungle the matter by a five minutes torture, like a cat playing with a mouse. Kiss a girl deliberately, sir—sensible all the time of the great duty you are performing—but remember also that a kiss, to be enjoyed in its full flavor, should be taken fresh, like champagne just from the flask. Ah! then you get it in all its airy and *spirituelle* raciness. If you wish a sentimental kiss—and after all they are perhaps the spicier—steal your arm around her waist, take her hand softly in your own, and then, tenderly drawing her towards you, kiss her as you might imagine a zephyr to do it! I never exactly timed the manœuvre with a stop-watch, but I've no doubt the affair might be managed very handsomely in ten seconds. The exact point where a lady should be kissed may be determined by the intersection of two imaginary lines, one drawn perpendicularly down the centre of the face, and the other passing at right angles through the line of the mouth. Two such old codgers as you and I may talk of these things without indiscretion; and, it is but doing our duty by the world, to give others the benefits of our experience. Some of these days, when I get leisure, shall write a book called "KISSING MADE EASY." The title—don't you think?—will make it sell.

Kissing, however, has its evils, for the world, you know, is made up of sweet and sour. (One often gets into a way of kissing a pretty girl by way of a flirtation, and ends by tumbling head over ears into love with her. This is taking the disease in its most

virulent form; but—thank the stars!—it is most apt to attend on cases where the gentleman has not been used to kissing. I would recommend, as a general rule, that every one should be inoculated to the matter, for, depend upon it, this is the only way to save them from a desperate and perhaps fatal attack. I once knew a fine fellow—talented, rich, in a profession—whose only fault, indeed, was that he had never kissed anybody but his sister. He had the most holy horror of a man who could so insult the dignity of the sex as to kiss a lady—and, I verily believe, the sight of such a thing, in his younger days, would have thrown him into a fit. At length he fell in love; and as sweet a creature was Blanche Merion as ever trod greensward, or sang from very gaiety of heart on the morning air. Day after day her lover watched her from afar, as a worshipper would watch the countenance of a saint; but months passed by and still he dared not lift his eyes to her face, when her own were shining on him from their calm, holy depths. Other suitors appeared, and if Blanche had fancied them, she would have been lost forever to Howard, through his own timidity; but happily none of them touched her heart, and she went on her way “in maiden meditation fancy free.” Often, in her own gay style of railery, would she torment poor Howard about his bashfulness; and during these moments, I verily believe, he would gladly have exchanged his situation for that of any heretic that ever roasted in an inquisitorial fire. A twelvemonth passed by, and yet Howard could not muster courage to express his devotion, and if, perchance, his eyes sometimes revealed his tale, the confession faded from them as soon as the liquid ones of Blanche were turned upon him. If ever one suffered, he suffered from his love. He worshipped his divinity in awe-struck humility, scarcely deeming she would deign to see his adoration. He might have said with Helena,

“thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.”

At length a friend of Howard asked him to wait on him as a groomsman, and who should be his partner but Blanche! Now, of all places for kissing, commend me to a wedding. The groom kisses the bride—and the groomsman kiss the bridesmaids—and each one of the company kisses his partner, or if any one is destitute of the article he makes a dumb show of kissing somebody behind the door. But the groomsman have the cream of the business, for it's one of the perquisites of their office that they should kiss their partners, as a sort of recompense for shawling them, and chaperoning them, and paying them those thousand little attentions which are so exquisite to a lady, and which a gentleman can only pay, especially if the lady is grateful, at some peril to his peace of mind. Ah! sir, a bride-maid is a bachelor's worst foe—one plays with edge tools when he waits at a wedding—and though you may dance with an angel or flirt with a Hourii, I'd

never—heaven bless you—recommend you to wait on a girl unless you were ready to marry. Seeing other folks married is infectious, and, before you know it, you'll find yourself engaged. It was a lucky chance for Howard when he was asked to wait on Blanche, for I would stake my life that nothing else could have cured him of his bashfulness. Nor even then would he have succeeded but for an accident. One lovely afternoon—it was a country wedding—he happened to pass by a little sort of summer-house in a secluded spot in the grounds attached to the mansion, and who should he see within but Blanche, asleep on a garden sofa. I wish I could paint her to you as she then appeared. One arm was thrown negligently back over her head, while the other fell towards the floor, holding the book she had been reading. Her long, soft eye-lashes were drooped on her cheek. Her golden curls fell, like a shower of sunbeams scattered through the forest leaves on a secluded stream, around her brow and down her neck; and one fair tress, stealing across her face and nestling in her bosom, waved in her breath, and rose and fell with the gentle heaving of that spotless bust. A slight color was on her cheek, and her lips were parted in a smile the smallest space imaginable, disclosing the pure teeth beneath, seeming like a line of pearl set betwixt rubies, or a speck of snow within a budding rose. Howard would have retreated, but he could not, and so he stood gazing on her entranced, until, forgetting everything in that sight, he stole towards her, and falling on his knees, hung a moment enraptured over her. As he thus knelt, his eyes glanced an instant on the book. It was the poems of Campbell, and open at a passage which he had the evening before commended. Blanche had pencilled one verse which he had declared especially beautiful. His heart leapt into his mouth. His eyes stole again to that lovely countenance, and instinctively he bent down and pressed his lips softly to those of Blanche. Slight, however, as was the kiss, it broke her slumber, and she started up; but when her eyes met those of Howard the crimson blood rushed over her face, and brow, and down even to her bosom, while the lover stood, even more abashed, rooted to the spot. Poor fellow! he would have given the world if he could have recalled that moment's indiscretion. He stammered out something for an apology, he knew not what, yet without daring to lift his eyes to her face. She made no reply. A minute of silence passed. Could he have offended past forgiveness? He was desperate with agony and terror at the thought—and, in that very desperation, resolved to face the worst, and looked up. The bosom of Blanche heaved violently, her eyes were downcast, her cheek was changing from pale to red and from red to pale. All her usual gaiety had disappeared, and she stood embarrassed and confused, yet without any marks of displeasure, such as the lover had looked for, on her countenance. A sudden light flashed on him, a sudden boldness took possession of him. He lifted the hand of Blanche—that tiny hand which now trembled in his grasp—and said,

"Blanche! dear Blanche! if you forgive me, be still more merciful, and give me a right to offend thus again. I love you, oh! how deeply and fervently!—I have loved you with an untiring devotion for years. Will you, dearest, be mine?" and in a torrent of burning eloquence—for the long pent-up emotions of years had now found vent—he poured forth the whole history of his love, its doubts and fears, its sensitiveness, its adoration, its final hope. And did Blanche turn away? No—you needn't smile so meaningly, you old villain—she sank sobbing on her lover's shoulder, who, when at length she was soothed, was as good as his word, and sinned by a second kiss. It turned out that Blanche had loved him all along, and it was only his bashfulness that had blinded him, else by a thousand little tokens he might have seen what, in other ways, it would have

been unmaidenly for her to reveal. Now, sir, months of mutual sorrow might have been saved to both Blanche and her lover, if he had only possessed a little more assurance—he would have possessed that assurance if he had been less finical—if he had been less finical he would not have been shocked at kissing a pretty girl. Isn't that demonstrated like a problem in the sixth book?

I might multiply instances, egad, for fifty years of experience *will* store one's memory with facts, and by the aid of them I could reel off arguments for this accomplishment faster than a rocket whizzes into the sky. *Kissing*, sir—but there goes the supper bell, and I see your meerschäum's out. We will rejoin the ladies, and after taking our Mocha, set the young folks to dancing, while you and I accompany them on the shovel and tongs!—Ta-ra-la-ra!

FAREWELL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FAREWELL! as the bee round the blossom
Doth murmur drowsily,
So murmureth round my bosom
The memory of thee;
Lingering, it seems to go,
When the wind more full doth flow,
Waving the flower to and fro,
But still returneth, Marian!
My hope no longer burneth,
Which did so fiercely burn,
My joy to sorrow turneth,
Although loath, loath to turn,—
I would forget—
And yet—and yet
My heart to thee still yearneth, Marian!

Fair as a single star thou shinest,
And white as lilies are
The slender hands wherewith thou twinest
Thy heavy auburn hair;
Thou art to me
A memory
Of all that is divinest:
Thou art so fair and tall,
Thy looks so queenly are,
Thy very shadow on the wall,
Thy step upon the stair,
The thought that thou art nigh,
The chance look of thine eye
Are more to me than all, Marian,
And will be till I die!

As the last quiver of a bell
Doth fade into the air,
With a subsiding swell
That dies we know not where,
So my hope melted and was gone:
I raised mine eyes to bless the star
That shared its light with me so far

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Below its silver throne,
And gloom and chilling vacancy
Were all was left to me,
In the dark, bleak night I was alone!
Alone in the blessed Earth, Marian,
For what were all to me—
Its love, and light, and mirth, Marian,
If I were not with thee?

My heart will not forget thee
More than the moaning brine
Forgets the moon when she is set;
The gush when first I met thee
That thrilled my brain like wine,
Doth thrill as madly yet;
My heart cannot forget thee,
Though it may droop and pine,
Too deeply it had set thee
In every love of mine;
No new moon ever cometh,
No flower ever bloometh,
No twilight ever gloometh
But I'm more only thine.
Oh look not on me, Marian,
Thine eyes are wild and deep.
And they have won me, Marian,
From peacefulness and sleep;
The sunlight doth not sun me,
The meek moonshine doth shun me,
All sweetest voices stun me,—
There is no rest
Within my breast
And I can only weep, Marian!

As a landbird far at sea
Doth wander through the sleet
And drooping downward wearily
Finds no rest for her feet,
So wandereth my memory

O'er the years when we did meet :
 I used to say that everything
 Partook a share of thee,
 That not a little bird could sing,
 Or green leaf flutter on a tree,
 That nothing could be beautiful
 Save part of thee were there,
 That from thy soul so clear and full
 All bright and blessed things did cull
 The charm to make them fair ;
 And now I know
 That it was so,
 Thy spirit through the earth doth flow
 And face me whereso'er I go,—
 What right hath perfectness to give
 Such weary weight of wo
 Unto the soul which cannot live
 On anything more low ?
 Oh leave me, leave me, Marian,
 There 's no fair thing I see
 But doth deceive me, Marian,
 Into sad dreams of thee !

A cold snake gnaws my heart
 And crushes round my brain,
 And I should glory but to part
 So bitterly again,

Feeling the slow tears start
 And fall in fiery rain :
 There 's a wide ring round the moon,
 The ghost-like clouds glide by,
 And I hear the sad winds croon
 A dirge to the lowering sky ;
 There 's nothing soft or mild
 In the pale moon's sickly light,
 But all looks strange and wild
 Through the dim, foreboding night :
 I think thou must be dead
 In some dark and lonely place,
 With candles at thy head,
 And a pall above thee spread
 To hide thy dead, cold face ;
 But I can see thee underneath
 So pale, and still, and fair,
 Thine eyes closed smoothly and a wreath
 Of flowers in thy hair ;
 I never saw thy face so clear
 When thou wast with the living,
 As now beneath the pall, so drear,
 And stiff, and unforgiving ;
 I cannot flee thee, Marian,
 I cannot turn away,
 Mine eyes must see thee, Marian,
 Through salt tears night and day.

THE PEWEE.

BY DILL A. SMITH.

In hedges where the wild brier-rose,
 Woos to its breast the sweets of June ;
 When soft the balmy south-wind blows,
 The Pewee trills its simple tune.
 And when on glade and upland hill
 Shines out the sultrier July's sun ;
 And forest shade and bubbling rill
 The red-bird's shriller notes have won,

Oh then along the dull road side—
 (As if the deepening gloom to cheer)
 The Pewee loves to wander wide—
 There still its airy lay you hear.
 Or now, when more familiar grown,
 It seeks the busier haunts of men ;
 And to the welcome barn roof flown, *
 Renews its joyous song again.

And thus throughout the livelong day,
 (Tho' showery pearl-drops damp its wings ;
 And heedless who may pass its way,
 The modest Pewee sits and sings.

Bird of the heart—meek Virtue's child !
 Emblem of sweet simplicity ;
 An thou 'd 'st a pleasant hour have whiled,
 Go list the Pewee's minstrelsy !

The eagle's wing it may not boast,
 Nor yet his plume of golden sheen ;
 But not in garb of regal cost
 Are Virtue's children always seen.
 Ah, no, sweet bird ! in lowly guise
 Her fairest child is oftenest met ;
 And seldom knows thy cloudless skies,
 Or path with flowers so richly set.

When summer buds are bright and gay
 I fly the city's dull confines,
 And love to sport the hours away
 By sedgy streams and leafy shrines.
 Nor least among the happy sounds
 Which then salute my raptur'd ear,
 I hail, from hedge and meadow grounds,
 The Pewee, with its song so clear.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

ELLEN NEVILLE.

WHEN I recovered my senses, after the events narrated in the last chapter, I found that I was lying in the cabin of the schooner on board which I had been serving, while a group composed of the three surgeons and several officers of the expedition stood around me. As I opened my eyes and glanced around, scarce conscious as yet of the objects that met my gaze, one of the medical men bent over me and said that my safety depended on my quiet. Gradually I imbibed the full meaning of his words, and called to mind the events immediately preceding my fall; but, in spite of his charge, I felt an uncontrollable desire to learn the extent of my injury. In a low whisper—so low indeed that I was startled at its faintness—I asked if I was seriously wounded and whether we had conquered. But he smiled as he replied,

"Not now, at least not in full, for your weakness forbids it. But the danger is over. The ball has been extracted. Quiet is all you now require."

"But," said I again, "how of our expedition? Have we conquered?"

"We have, but not a word more now. To-morrow you shall hear all. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the group, "we had best withdraw now that our friend is past the crisis. He needs repose."

I felt the wisdom of this advice, for my brain was already whirling from the attempt to control my thoughts, even for the mere purpose of asking the questions necessary to satisfy my curiosity; so when the group left the cabin I sank back on my couch, and closing my eyes with a sense of relief, soon lost all recollection in a deep sleep, the effect, no doubt, of the opiate which had been administered to me.

When I awoke, the morning breeze was blowing freshly through the cabin, bringing with it the odors of thousands of aromatic plants from the shores of the neighboring islands, and as it wanted across my forehead, dallying with my hair and imparting a delicious coolness to the skin, I felt an invigorating, pleasurable sensation—a sensation of the most exquisite delight—such as no one can imagine who has not felt the cool breath of morning after an illness in the close cabin of a small schooner.

My curiosity to hear the events of the combat that occurred after my fall, would not suffer me to rest, and I gave my attendants no peace until I had learnt the whole.

It will be recollected that when I sank to the deck in a state of insensibility, we were engaged in a warm contest with the piratical hulk which had been moored across the mouth of the outlet from the lagoon. The fight was maintained for some time on board of the enemy, and at first with varying success; but the daring of our men at last overcame the desperate resistance of the pirates, and the enemy were either driven below, cut down, or forced overboard. This outwork, as it were, having thus been carried, we pushed on to the settlement itself, for the other vessels moored in the lagoon were by this time deserted, the pirates having retreated to a fortification on the shore, where their whole force could act together, and where they had entrenched themselves, as they vainly imagined, in an impregnable position. But our brave fellows were not intimidated. Flushed with success, and burning to revenge those of their comrades who had already fallen, they cried out to be led against the desperadoes. Accordingly, under cover of the guns of our little fleet, the men were landed, and, while a brisk fire was kept up from the vessels, the assault was made. At first the pirates stood manfully to their posts, pouring in a deadly and unrelenting fire on the assailants. In vain did the officers lead on their men three several times to the assault, for three several times were they driven back by the rattling fire of the now desperate pirates. To increase the peril of their situation, no sign of their companions in the rear had as yet appeared. The ruffians were already cheering in anticipation of a speedy victory, and our men, although still burning for vengeance, were beginning to lose all hope of victory, when the long expected rocket, announcing the arrival of the other party, shot up from the dense thicket in the rear of the fort, and instantaneously a crashing volley burst from the same quarter, followed by a long, loud cheer in which was recognised the battle shout of our comrades. The sounds shivered to the very hearts of our almost dispirited men, and added new energy to their souls and fresh vigor to their arms. Again they demanded to be led to the assault, and, with fixed bayonets, following their leader, they dashed up to the very embrasures of the fort. Then began a slaughter so terrific that the oldest veterans assured me they had never witnessed the like. Through an impervious veil of smoke, amid plunging balls and rattling grape shot, our gallant fellows

swept over the plain, through the ditch, up the embankment, and into the very heart of the fortification. At the mouths of their guns they met the pirates, bearing them bodily backwards at the point of the bayonet. But if the onslaught was determined the resistance was desperate. Every step we advanced was over the dead bodies of the foeman. Throwing away their muskets, they betook themselves to their pikes and cutlasses, and though forced to retreat by our overwhelming numbers, retreating sullenly, like a lion at bay, they marked their path with the blood of the assailants. Meanwhile the detachment of our troops in the rear, finding the defences in that quarter weaker than those in front, soon carried the entrenchments, and driving before it as well the immediate defenders of the walls, as the desperadoes who had hurried to reinforce them, it advanced with loud cheers to meet us in the centre of the fortification. Hemmed in thus on every side, the pirates saw that further resistance was useless, and were seized with a sudden panic. Some threw down their arms and cried for quarter, others cast themselves in despair on our bayonets, while a few, managing to escape by cutting their way through a part of our line, took to the swamps in the rear of the fort, whither they defied pursuit. In less than an hour from the first assault, not a pirate was left at large within the precincts of the settlement. The huts were given to the flames, and the hulk at the outlet of the lagoon scuttled and sunk. The other vessels were manned by our own forces and carried away as trophies. Thus was destroyed one of the most noted piratical haunts since the days of the Buccaneers.

We learned from the prisoners that the approach of the expedition had been detected while it was yet an hour's sail from the settlement, and that preparations had instantly been made for our repulse. Had we not been under a misapprehension as to the strength of these desperadoes, and thus been induced to take with us more than double the force we should otherwise have employed, their efforts would no doubt have been successful, since the almost impregnable nature of their defences enabled them to withstand the assault of a force four times the number of their own. It was only the opportune arrival of our comrades, and the surprise which they effected in their quarter of attack, that gave us the victory after all. As it was, our loss was terrible. We had extirpated this curse of society, but at what a price!

The wound which I had received was at first thought to be mortal, but after the extraction of the ball my case assumed a more favorable aspect. The crisis of my fate was looked for with anxiety by my comrades in arms. My return to consciousness found them, as I have described, watching that event at my bedside.

Our voyage was soon completed, and we entered the port of — amid the salvos of the batteries and the merry peals of the various convent bells. The governor came off to our fleet, almost before we had dropped our anchors, and bestowed rewards on the spot on those of his troops who had peculiarly distinguished themselves. He came at once to my cot,

and would have carried me home to the government-house, but Mr. Neville, the uncle of the fair girl whom I had saved from the desperadoes, having attended his excellency on board, insisted that I should accept the hospitalities of his home.

"Well," said his excellency, with a meaning smile, "I must give him up, for, as you say, mine is but a bachelor establishment, and hired nurses, however good, do not equal those who are actuated by gratitude. But I must insist that my own physician shall attend him."

I was still too weak to take any part in this controversy, and although I made at first a feeble objection to trespassing on Mr. Neville's kindness, he only smiled in reply, and I found myself, in less than an hour, borne to his residence, without having an opportunity to expostulate.

What a relief it is, when suffering with illness, to be transported from a close, dirty cabin to a large room and tidy accommodations! How soothing to a sick man are those thousand little conveniences and delicacies which only the hand of woman can supply, and from which the sufferer on shipboard is debarred! The well-aired bed linen; the clean and tidy apartment; the flowers placed on the stand opposite the bed; the green jalousies left half open to admit the cooling breeze; the delicious rose-water sprinkled around the room, and giving it an aromatic fragrance; and the orange, or tamarind, or other delicacy ever ready within reach to cool the fevered mouth, and remind you of the ceaseless care which thus anticipates your every want. All these, and even more, attested the kindness of my host's family. Yet everything was done in so unobtrusive a manner that, for a long while, I was ignorant to whom I was indebted for this care. I saw no one but the nurse, the physician, and Mr. and Mrs. Neville. But I could not help fancying that there were others who sometimes visited my sick chamber, although as yet I had never been able to detect them, except by the fresh flowers which they left every morning as evidences of their presence. More than once, on suddenly awaking from sleep, I fancied I heard a light footstep retreating behind my bed, and once I distinguished the tone of a low sweet voice which sounded on my ear, tired as it was of the grating accents of the nurse, like music from Paradise. Often, too, I heard, through the half open blinds that concealed the entrance to a neighboring room, the sounds of a harp accompanied by a female voice; and, at such times, keeping my eyes closed lest I should be thought awake and the singer thus be induced to stop, I have listened until my soul seemed fairly "lapped into Elysium." The memory of that ample apartment, with its spotless curtains and counterpanes, and the wind blowing freshly through its open jalousies, is as vivid in my memory to-day as it was in the hour when I lay there, listening to what seemed the seraphic music of that unseen performer. I hear yet that voice, so soft and yet so silvery, now rising clear as the note of a lark, and now sinking into a melody as liquid as that of flowing water, yet ever, in all its variations, sweet, and full, and enrapturing.

Such a voice I used to dream of in childhood as belonging to the angels in heaven. Our dreams are not always wrong!

At length I was sufficiently recruited in strength to be able to sit up, and I shall ever remember the delicious emotions of the hour when I first took a seat by the casement and looked out into the garden, then fragrant with the dew of the early morning. I saw the blue sky smiling overhead, I heard the low plashing of a fountain in front of my window, I inhaled the delicate perfume wafted to me by the refreshing breeze, and as I sat there my soul ran over, as it were, with its exceeding gladness, and I almost joined my voice, from very ecstasy, with that of the birds who hopped from twig to twig, carolling their morning songs. As I sat thus looking out, I heard a light footstep on the gravel walk without, and directly the light, airy form of a young girl emerged from a secluded walk of the garden, full in my view. As she came opposite my window she looked up as if inadvertently, for, catching my eye, she blushed deeply and cast her gaze on the ground. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and advanced in the direction she had been pursuing. The first glance at the face had revealed to me the countenance of her I had been instrumental in rescuing from the pirates. My apartment, like all those on the island, was on the ground floor, and when Miss Neville appeared she was already within a few feet of me. I rose and bowed, and noticing that she held a bunch of newly gathered flowers in her hands, I said,

"It is your taste, then, Miss Neville, which has filled the vase in my room every morning with its flowers. You cannot know how thankful I am. Ah! would that all knew with what delight a sick person gazes on flowers!"

She blushed again, and extending the bouquet to me, said with something of gaiety,

"I little thought you would be up to-day, much less at so early an hour, or perhaps I might not have gathered your flowers. Since you can gaze on them from your window they will be less attractive to you when severed, like these, from their parent stem."

"No—never," I answered warmly, "indeed your undeserved kindness, and that of your uncle and aunt, I can never forget."

She looked at me in silence with her large, full eye a moment ere she replied, and I could see that they, grew humid as she gazed. Her voice, too, softened and sank almost to a whisper when at length she spoke.

"Undeserved kindness! And can we ever forget," she said, "what we owe to you?"

The words, as well as the gentle tone of reproof in which they were spoken, embarrassed me for a moment, and my eyes fell beneath her gaze. As if unwilling further to trust her emotions, she turned hastily away as she finished. When I looked up she was gone.

We met daily after this. The *ennui* of a convalescent made me look forward to the time she spent with me as if it constituted my whole day. Cer-

tainly the room seemed less cheerful after her departure. Often would I read while she sat sewing. At other times we indulged in conversation, and I found Miss Neville's information on general subjects so extensive as sometimes to put me to the blush. She had read not only the best authors of our own language, but also those of France, and her remarks proved that she had thought while she read. She was a passionate admirer of music, and herself a finished performer. For all that was beautiful in nature she had an eye and soul. There was a dash of gaiety in her disposition, although, perhaps, her general character was sedate, and late events had if anything increased its prominent trait. Her tendency to a gentle melancholy—if I may use the phrase—was perceptible in her choice of favorite songs. More than once, when listening to the simple ballads she delighted to sing, have I caught the tears rolling down my cheeks, so unconsciously had I been subdued by the pathos of her voice and song.

In a few days I was sufficiently convalescent to leave my room, and thenceforth I established myself in the one from which I had heard the mysterious music. This apartment proved to be a sort of boudoir appropriated to the use of Miss Neville, and it was her performance on the harp that I had heard during my sickness. Hers too had been the figure which I had seen once or twice flitting out of sight on my awaking from a fevered sleep.

It is a dangerous thing when two young persons, of different sexes, are thrown together in daily intercourse, especially when one, from his very situation, is forced to depend on the other for the amusement of hours that would otherwise hang heavily on him. The peril is increased when either party is bound to the other by any real or fancied ties of gratitude. But during the first delicious fortnight of convalescence I was unconscious of this danger, and without taking any thought of the future I gave myself wholly up to the enjoyment of the hour. For Miss Neville I soon came to entertain a warm sentiment of regard, yet my feelings for her were of a far different nature from those I entertained for Annette. I did not, however, stop to analyze them, for I saw, or thought I saw, that the pleasure I felt in Ellen's society was mutual, and I inquired no further. Alas! it never entered into my thoughts to ask whether, while I contented myself with friendship, she might not be yielding to a warmer sentiment. Had I been more vain perhaps this thought might have occurred to me. But I never imagined—blind fool that I was—that this constant intercourse betwixt us could endanger the peace of either. If I could, I would have coined my heart's blood sooner than have won the love which I could not return. Yet such was my destiny. My eyes were opened at length to the consequences of my indiscretion.

We had been conversing one day of the expected arrival of *THE ARROW*, and I had spoken enthusiastically of my profession, and, perhaps, expressed some restlessness at the inactive life I was leading, when I noticed that Ellen sighed, looked more closely

at her work, and remained silent for some time. At length she raised her eyes, however, and said,

"How can you explain the passion which a seaman entertains for his ship? One would think that your hearts indulged in no other sentiment than this engrossing one."

"You wrong us, indeed, Ellen," I said, "for no one has a warmer heart than the sailor. But we have shared so many dangers with our ship, and it has been to us so long almost our only world, that we learn to entertain a sort of passion for it, which, I confess, seems a miracle to others, but which to us is perfectly natural. I love the old *ARROW* with a sentiment approaching to monomania, and yet I have many and dear friends whom I love none the less for this passion."

I saw that her bosom heaved quicker than usual at these words, and she plied her needle with increased velocity. Had I looked more narrowly, I might have seen the color faintly coming and going in her cheek, and almost heard her heart beating in the audible silence. But I still was blind to the cause of this emotion. By some unaccountable impulse I was led to speak of a subject which I had always avoided, though not intentionally—my early intimacy with Annette, and her subsequent rescue from the brig. Secure, as I thought, of the sympathy of my listener, and carried away by my engrossing love for Annette, I dwelt on her story for some time, totally unconscious of the effect my words were producing on Ellen. My infatuation on that morning seems now incredible. As I became more earnest with my subject, I noticed still less the growing agitation of my listener, and it was not until I was in the midst of a sentence in which I paused for words to express the loveliness of Annette's character, that I saw that Ellen was in tears. She was bending low over her work so as to conceal her agitation from my eye, but as I hesitated in my glowing description, a bright tear-drop fell on her lap. The truth broke on me like a flash of lightning. I saw it all as clear as by a noontide sun, and I wondered at my former blindness. I was stung to the heart by what I had just been saying, for what agony it must have inflicted on my hearer! I felt my situation to be deeply embarrassing, and broke short off in my sentence. After a moment, however, feeling that silence was more oppressive than anything else, I made a desperate effort and said,

"Ellen!"

It was a single word, and one which I had addressed to her a hundred times before; but perhaps there was something in the tone in which I spoke it, that revealed what was passing in my mind, for, as she heard her name, the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and covering her face with her hands she rushed from the room. She felt that her secret was disclosed. She loved one whose heart was given to another.

That day I saw her no more. But her agony of mind could not have been greater than my own. There is no feeling more acute to a sensitive mind than the consciousness that we are beloved by one

whom we esteem, but whose affection it is impossible for us to requite. Oh! the bitter torture to reflect that by this inability to return another's love, we are inflicting on them the sharpest of all disappointments, and perhaps embittering their life. Point me out a being who is callous to such a feeling, and I will point you out a wretch who is unworthy of the name of man. He who can triumph in the petty vanity of being loved by one for whom he entertains no return of affection, is worse than a fop or a fool—he is a scoundrel of the worst stamp. He deserves that his home should be uncheered by a woman's smiles, that his dying hour should be a stranger to her tender care. God knows! to her we are indebted for all the richest blessings and holiest emotions of our life. While we remember that we drank in our life from a mother's breast—that we owed that life a thousand times afterwards to a mother's care—that the love of a sister or the deeper affection of a wife has cheered us through many a dark hour of despair, we can never join that flippant school which makes light of a woman's truth, or follow those impious revilers who would sneer at a woman's love. The green sod grows to-day over many a lovely, fragile being, who might still have been living but for the perfidy of our sex. There is no fiction in the oft-told story of a broken heart. It is, perhaps, a consumption that finally destroys the victim, but alas! the barb that infused the poison first into the frame was—a hopeless love. How many fair faces have paled, how many hearts have grown cold, how many seraphic forms have passed, like angel visitants, from the earth, and few have known the secret of the blight that so mysteriously and suddenly withered them away. Alas! there is scarcely a village churchyard in the land, in which some broken hearted one does not sleep all forgotten in her lonely bed. The grave is a melancholy home; but it has hope for the distressed: there, at least, the weary are at rest.

It is years since I have visited the grave of ELLEN, and I never think of her fate without tears coming into my eyes.

I said I saw her no more that day. When I descended to the breakfast table on the following morning, I looked around, and, not beholding her, was on the point of inquiring if she was ill; but, at the instant, the door opened and one of my old messmates appeared, announcing to me that *THE ARROW* was in the offing, where she awaited me—he having been despatched with a boat to bring me on board. As I had been expecting her arrival for several days, there was little preparation necessary before I was ready to set forth. My traps had been already despatched when I stood in the hall to take leave of the family. My thoughts, at this moment, recurred again to Ellen, and I was, a second time, on the point of asking for her, when she appeared. I noticed that she looked pale, and I thought seemed as if she had been weeping. Her aunt said,

"I knew Ellen had a violent headache, but when I found that you were going, Mr. Cavendish, thought she could come down for a last adieu."

I bowed, and taking Miss Neville's hand raised it to my lips. None there were acquainted with our secret but ourselves, yet I felt as if every eye was on me, and from the nervous trembling of Ellen's fingers, I knew that her agitation was greater than my own.

"God bless you, dear Miss Neville," I said, and, in spite of my efforts, my voice quivered, "and may your days be long and happy."

As I dropped her hand, I raised my eyes a moment to her face. That look of mute thankfulness, and yet of mournful sorrow, I never shall forget. I felt that she saw and appreciated my situation, and that even thus her love was made evident. If I had doubted, her words would have relieved me.

"Farewell!" she said, in a voice so low that no one heard it but myself. "I do not blame you. God be with you!"

The tears gushed to her eyes, and my own heart was full to overflowing. I hastily waved my hand—for I had already taken leave of the rest—sprang into the carriage, rode in silence to the quay, and throwing myself into the stern sheets of the barge, sat, wrapt in my own emotions and without speaking a word, until we reached the ship. That night I early sought my hammock; and there prayed long and earnestly for Ellen.

The memory of that long past time crowds on me to-night, and I feel it would be a relief to me to disburthen my full heart of its feelings. I will finish this melancholy story.

It was a short six months after my departure from Mr. Neville's hospitable mansion, when we came to anchor again in the port, with a couple of rich prizes, which we had taken a short time before, in the Gulf Stream. The first intelligence I heard, on landing, was that Miss Neville was said to be dying of a consumption. Need I say that a pang of keenest agony shot through my heart? A something whispered to me that I was the cause, at least partially, of all this. With a faltering tongue I inquired the particulars. They were soon told. I subsequently learned more, and shall conceal nothing.

From the day when I left —, the health of Ellen had begun gradually to droop. At first her friends noticed only that she was less gay than usual, and once or twice they alluded jestingly to me as the secret of her loss of spirits. But when the expression of agony, which at such times would flit across her face, was noticed, her friends ceased their allusions. Meanwhile her health began sensibly to be affected. She ate little. She slept in fitful dozes. No amusement could drive away the settled depression which seemed to brood upon her spirits. Her friends resorted to everything to divert her mind, but all was in vain. With a sad, sweet smile, she shook her head at their efforts, as if she felt that they could do nothing to reach her malady.

At length she caught a slight cold. She was of a northern constitution, and when this cold was followed by a permanent cough, her friends trembled lest it foreboded the presence of that disease, which annually sweeps off its thousands of the beautiful

and gay. Nor were they long in doubt. Their worst fears were realized. CONSUMPTION had fixed its iron clutch on her heart, and was already tugging at its life-strings. The worm was gnawing at the core of the flower, and the next rough blast would sweep it from the stalk. As day by day passed, she drew nearer to the grave. Her eye grew sunken, but an unnatural lustre gleamed from its depths—the hectic flush blazed on her cheek—and that dry hacking cough, which so tortures the consumptive, while it snaps chord after chord of life, hourly grew worse.

At an early period of Ellen's illness, Mrs. Neville, who had been to the orphan girl a second mother, divined the secret of her niece's malady. She did not, however, urge her confidence on her charge, but Ellen soon saw that her aunt knew all. There was a meaning in her studied avoidance of my name, which could not be mistaken. Ellen's heart was won by this delicacy, until, one day, she revealed everything. Mrs. Neville pressed her to her bosom at the close of the confession, and, though nothing was said, Ellen felt that the heart of her second mother bled for her.

As death drew nearer, Ellen's thoughts became gradually freed from this world. But she had still one earthly desire—she wished to see me before she died. Only to Mrs. Neville, however, was this desire confided, and even then without any expectation that it could be gratified. When, however, THE ARROW stopped so opportunely in —, her petitions became so urgent, that Mrs. Neville sent for me. With a sad heart I obeyed her summons.

"The dear girl," she said, when she met me in the ante-room, "would not be denied, and, indeed, I had not the heart to refuse her. Oh! Mr. Cavendish, you will find her sadly changed. These are fearful trials which God, in his good providence, has called us to undergo," and tears choked her further utterance. I was scarcely less affected.

It would be a fruitless task in me to attempt to describe my emotions on entering the chamber of the dying girl. I have no recollection of the furniture of the room, save that it was distinguished by the exquisite neatness and taste which always characterized Ellen. My eyes rested only on one object—the sufferer herself.

She was reclining on a couch, her head propped up with pillows, and her right hand lying listlessly on the snowy counterpane. How transparent that hand seemed, with the blue veins so distinctly seen through the skin that you could almost mark the pulsation of the blood beneath. But it was her countenance which most startled me. When I last saw her—save at that one parting interview—her mild blue orbs smiled with a sunniness that spoke the joy of a young and happy heart. Now the wild hectic of consumption blazed on her cheek, and her eyes had a brilliancy and lustre that were not of earth. Then, her rich golden tresses floated in wavy curls across her shoulders—now, that beautiful hair was gathered up under the close-fitting cap which she wore. Then her face was bright with the glow of

health—alas! now it was pale and attenuated. But in place of her faded loveliness had come a more glorious beauty; and the glad smile of old had given way to one of seraphic sweetness. When she extended her wan hand toward me, and spoke in that unrivalled voice which, though feeble, was like the symphony of an Æolian harp, it seemed, to my excited fancy, as if an angel from heaven had welcomed me to her side.

"This is a sad meeting," she said; for my emotions, at the sight of her changed aspect, would not permit me to speak—"but why grieve? It is all for the best. It might seem unmaidenly to some," she continued, with a partial hesitation, while, if possible, a brighter glow deepened on her cheek, "for me thus to send for you; but I trust we know each other's hearts, and this is no time to bow to the formalities of life. I feel that I am dying."

"Say not so, dear Ellen," I gasped, while my frame shook with agony at the ruin I had brought about—"oh! say not so. You will yet recover. God has many happy years in store for you."

"No, no," she said touchingly, "this world is not for me; I am but a poor bruised reed—it were better I were cast aside. But weep not, for oh! I meant not to upbraid you. No, never, even in my first agony, have I blamed *you*—and it was to tell you this that I prayed I might survive. Yes! dearest—for it cannot be wrong now to confess my love—I would not that you should suppose I condemned you even in thought. You saved my life—and I loved you before I knew it myself. You weep—I know you do not despise me—had we met under better auspices, the result might have been—" here her voice choked with emotion—"might have been different." I could only press her hand. "Oh! this is bliss," she murmured, after a pause. "But it was not so to be," she added, in a moment, with a saddened tone, which cut me to the heart. "I should love to see her of whom you speak—she is very beautiful, is she not? In heaven the angels are all beautiful." Her mind wandered. "I have heard their music

for days, and every day it is clearer and lovelier. Hear!" and with her finger raised, her eye fixed on the air, and a rapt smile on her radiant countenance, she remained a moment silent.

Tears fell from us like rain. But by and bye, her wandering senses returned; and a look of unutterable woe passed over her face. Oh! how my heart bled. I know not what I said; I only know that I strove to soothe the dying moments of that sweet saint, so suffering, yet so forgiving. A look of happiness once more lightened up her face, and, with a sweet smile, she talked of happiness and heaven. As we thus communed, our hearts were melted. Gradually her voice assumed a different tone, becoming sweeter and more liquid at every word, while her eyes shone no longer with that fitful lustre, but beamed on me the full effulgence of her soul once more.

"Raise me up," she said. I passed my arm around her, and gently lifted her up. Her head reposed on my shoulder, while her hand was still clasped in mine. She turned her blue eyes on me with a seraphic expression, such as only the sainted soul in its parting moment can embody, and whispered—

"Oh! to die thus is sweet! Henry, dear Henry—God bless you! In heaven there is no sorrow," and then, in incoherent sentences, she murmured of bright faces, and strange music, and glorious visions that were in the air. The dying musician said that he then knew more of God and nature than he ever knew before, and it may be, that, as the soul leaves the body, we are gifted with a power to see things of which no mortal here can tell. Who knows? In our dying hour we shall learn.

The grave of Ellen is now forgotten by all, save me. The grass has grown over it for long years. But often, in the still watches of the night, I think I hear a celestial voice whispering in my ear; and sometimes, in my dreams, I behold a face looking, as it were, from amid the stars: and that face, all glorious in light, is as the face of that sainted girl. I cannot believe that the dead return no more.

THE RETURN HOME.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends—

No more my footsteps roam—

Where it began my journey ends,

Amid the scenes of home.

No other clime has skies so blue,

Or streams so broad and clear,

And earth no hearts so warm and true,

As those that meet me here.

Since last, with spirits wild and free,

I pressed my native strand,

I've wandered many miles at sea,

And many miles on land;

I've seen all nations of the earth,

Of every hue and tongue,

Which taught me how to prize the worth

Of that from whence I sprung.

In distant countries when I heard

The music of my own,

Oh how my echoing heart was stirred!—

It bounded at the tone!

But when a brother's hand I grasp'd

Beneath a foreign sky,

With joy convulsively I gasp'd,

Like one about to die.

My native land, I come to you

With blessings and with prayer,

Where man is brave, and woman true,

And free as mountain air.

Long may our flag in triumph wave,

Against the world combined,

And friends a welcome, foes a grave,

On land and ocean find.

MISS THOMPSON.

A TALE OF A VILLAGE INN.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

It may be out of keeping with our subject to apply the homely epithet of a "fish out of water" to Mr. Bromwell Sutton in the rural village of G——, but as no periphrasis suggests itself which would express his position as well, we must fain eschew elegance for the occasion, and let it stand. It was a sultry afternoon, in the middle of summer, when he arrived at the Eagle Inn, and after changing his dress, stepped to the door to see what could be seen. He looked up the street, and down and across, and not a living thing was visible besides himself, except a few sheep dozing in the market-house, and two or three cows silently ruminating in the shade of the town hall, both of which edifices were near at hand. Then having decided that there was nothing in the architectural aspect of the straggling village worth a second look, he concentrated his scrutiny upon himself.

The result of his investigation stood thus:—that he was a very charming young man, was Mr. Bromwell Sutton. He had a slender, well formed figure, which was encased in a fresh suit of the finest texture and most unexceptionable make. His features were regular, and of that accommodating order which allows the spectator to assign them any character he may choose. His complexion was fair and clear, his teeth were very white and his eyes very blue. His hair was dark, daintily glossed and perfumed with oil, and of a length, which, on so warm a day, would have made a silver arrow or a gilded bodkin a judicious application; and he had two elongated tufts on his upper lip, and a round one on his chin corresponding to the space between them. He wore a Panama hat of the most extensive circumference, and carried a pair of white gloves, either to be drawn on his hands or slapped on his knees, whichever circumstances might require; and the corner of a hem-stitched handkerchief of transparent cambric stuck out of his pocket.

A handbill pasted on the sign-post next caught his eye, and, though it was a favorite saying with him that he "never read," to be understood of course, not that he never *had* read, but that he knew enough already; he so far conquered his disdain of literature as to step forward and ascertain its purport. This, set forth in the interesting typographical variety which veteran advertisers so well comprehend, of large and small Romans, and Italics leaning some to the right and some to the left, and some standing perpendicular, was as follows:

"Mr. Azariah Chowders, celebrated throughout

the Union for his eloquent, entertaining and instructive discourses on miscellaneous subjects, proposes delivering a lecture on the evening of the present instant, in the town hall of G——. The theme selected is, the Genius of the American People, one, which, from its intrinsic importance, requires no comment," &c. &c.

He was interrupted by the rattle of a distant vehicle, and looking up the street, saw a chaise approaching which contained a single "individual," as he mentally pronounced him. He drove a fine horse, and drew him up before the door of the inn. The chaise was a plain, common looking concern, full of travel-worn trunks and boxes, and its occupant was dressed in a light summer suit, rather neat, but entirely too coarse for gentility.

"It's only a Yankee pedlar," said Mr. Sutton to the landlord who was coming out, and entirely careless of being overheard by the stranger; and he walked up to his chamber, where he awakened a diminutive poodle, his travelling companion, from the siesta with which it was recruiting after its journey, and occupied himself in cracking his handkerchief at it, until an additional stir in the house indicated the approach of tea-time. He then came down, carrying Cupidon, for so was the animal appellated; and found in the bar-room a young gentleman, a law-student, to whom he had delivered a letter on his arrival, and who was a boarder in the house. The other stranger had, meanwhile, entered the room, and was cooling himself at an open window, with his short curling hair pushed back from a forehead remarkable in its whiteness and intellectual development, and crowning a face of strikingly handsome lineaments and prepossessing expression.

"How do you contrive to exist in this stupid place?" asked our dandy of his new acquaintance, whose name was Wallis; "they say there are some genteel people about,—have you any pretty girls among them to flirt with?"

"We have some pretty young ladies, but don't use them for that purpose exactly," replied Wallis; "we admire them, and wait on them and try to please them, and then, when we can afford it, we marry them, if they don't object."

"Have you seen anything of a lady vagabondizing in this region,—a Miss Valeria North?"

"Miss Valeria North, the fashionable heiress of B——? the niece of the celebrated Judge North? what should she be doing here?"

"Oh, I don't know,—it's beginning to be genteel for people to get tired of society, and to go hunting

up out-of-the-way places that one knows nothing about except from the maps; I heard in the railroad cars that she was making a tour along the river here, and was in hopes that I might fall in with her. What do you know of her?"

"I heard a great deal about her at Saratoga last summer, where I happened to stop for a few days. Every body was talking about her beauty, talents and accomplishments, and in particular about her plain and simple manners, so singular in an heiress and a belle. The young men, mostly, seemed to have been afraid of her; regarding her as a female Caligula who would have rejoiced in the power of decapitating all the silliness, stupidity and puppyism in the world with one stroke of her wit."

"Indeed!" said Sutton, with a weak laugh that proved him not to apprehend what he was laughing at; "I hope she'll soon come along; I'm prepared for a dead set at her. Girls of two or three hundred thousands are worth that trouble; it's a much pleasanter way to get pocket money than to be playing the dutiful son for it."

Wallis elevated his eyebrows, but made no other reply.

"That, I suppose, is one of your village beauties,—that one walking in the garden with the pink dress on and the black apron," resumed Sutton.

"No; she is a stranger boarding here,—a Miss Thompson."

"Miss Thompson!—it might as well be Miss Blank for all the idea that conveys. Who, or what is she?"

"She does not say;—there is the name in the register beside you,—*Mrs. Thompson and daughter*—so she entered it. She and her mother stopped here a week or two ago, on account of the lady's health."

"Thompsons!—they oughtn't to be found at out-of-the-way places; all the genteel Thompsons that I ever heard of go to springs and places of decided fashion; it is absolutely necessary, that they may not be confounded with the mere Thompsons,—the ten thousand of the name. But that is a pretty looking girl,—and rather ladyish."

"She is a lady—a well-bred, sensible girl, as ever I met with, and very highly educated."

They were interrupted by the bell for tea, and, on entering the eating-room, they found the young lady in the pink dress at the table, with an elderly, delicate looking woman (Mrs. Thompson, of course,) beside her. Mr. Sutton advanced to the place immediately opposite to her, and a nearer view suggested that she might be one of the genteel Thompsons after all. She was a spirited looking girl, rather under the middle height, with a clear and brilliant, though not very fair complexion; large black eyes, surmounted by wide and distinctly marked eyebrows, and a broad, smooth forehead; a nose, (that most difficult of features, if we may judge by the innumerable failures,) a nose beautifully straight in its outline and with the most delicately cut nostrils possible; and the most charmingly curved lips, and the whitest teeth in the world. Having made these

discoveries, Mr. Sutton decided that if her station should forbid his admiring her, he would not allow it to prevent her from admiring him. To afford her the benefit of this privilege, it was necessary that he should first attract her notice, for she had bestowed but a single glance at him on his entrance, as had her mother, the latter drawing up her eyelids as if she had been very near-sighted; and to affect this, he called, in a peremptory voice to the servant attending,

"Waiter, I wish you would give my dog something to eat."

"Your dog, sir?—where is it?" asked the colored man, looking around the room, and then giving a loud whistle to call the invisible animal forth.

"Here," replied Sutton, sharply; "or you may bring me a plate and I'll feed him myself;" and he pointed to the miniature specimen, lying like a little lump of floss-silk, on his foot.

"That! I-I-I—he! he! ha! ha!" exclaimed the waiter, attempting at first to restrain himself, and then bursting into a chuckling laugh; "is it—really—a dog, sir?—a live dog?"

Cupidon, as if outraged by the suspicion, hereupon sprang into the middle of the room, barking at the height of his feeble voice, and showing his tiny white teeth, while his wicked little eyes sparkled with anger. The cachinnations of the amused and astonished servant increased at every bark, and drew a laugh from Wallis, and a smile from each of the ladies. Sutton with difficulty silenced his favorite, and finding that the desired impression of his consequence had not been made, he proceeded to another essay. "Waiter," he slowly enunciated, with a look of disgust at the steel implement in his hand; "have you no silver forks?"

"Sir?" said the attendant with a puzzled expression.

"Any silver forks?" he repeated emphatically.

"No, sir; we don't keep the article."

"Then you should not put fish on the table; they ought properly to be inseparable," he returned, masterially, and rising from his seat, he approached the stranger of the chaise, who had quietly placed himself some distance below them, and asked, "Have you any such things as silver forks among your commodities?—I believe that persons in your vocation sometimes deal in articles of that description."

The stranger looked up in surprise, and, after scanning him from head to foot, a frown which was gathering on his face gave way to a look of humorous complacency—"I am sorry I can't accommodate you, sir," said he; "but I might probably suggest a substitute;—how would a tea-spoon do?"

He returned to his seat, rather dubious about the smiles he detected, and, as a third effort, addressed himself, somewhat in the following manner, to Wallis, whose interlocations were unnecessary. "How far did you say it was to the Sutton Mills?—only four miles, isn't it? I shall have to apply to you to show me the way. I have a curiosity to see them, as they are one of my father's favorite hobbies. I often

laugh at him for christening them with his own name. Calling a villa, a fashionable country seat, after one's self, is well enough, but mills or manufactories—it is rather out of taste. Is the fourth finished yet? I believe it is to be the finest of all; indeed, it seems to me a little injudicious in the old gentleman to have invested so much in a country property—there are at least half a dozen farms, are there not? but I suppose he was afraid to trust his funds to stocks, and he has already more real estate in the city than he can well attend to. However, if he had handed over the amount to me, I think I could have disposed of it with a much better grace. He did offer me a title to them, some time ago, but it was on condition that I should come here and manage them myself, but I begged to be excused, and it was only on agreement that I should have a hundred per cent. of the revenue this year, that I consented to undergo the trouble of visiting them, or the sacrifice, rather—there are so many delightful places to go to in the summer,” and so forth.

Having, from these indirect explanations, made a clear case that his society was entitled to a welcome from the best Thompson in the world, and to that with thanks, if his fair neighbor was only a crockery Thompson, he arose and returned to the front of the house. The village had, by this time, awakened from its nap, and the larger proportion of its inhabitants were bending their steps to the town hall. Numerous well appointed carriages were also coming in from the surrounding neighborhood, whose passengers were all bound to the same point. “Where are all these people going?” asked Sutton. “To the lecture announced in that handbill,” replied Wallis—and Miss Thompson presenting herself at the door, ready bonnetted, he walked with her in a neighborly sort of a way across the street. After a while the throng ceased, and from some impatient expressions of the loungers about the tavern, Sutton ascertained that the lecturer had not yet appeared.

“Why, that man I mistook for a Yankee pedlar must be he, I should judge,” said he to the landlord.

“Who?—where?” said a young man, who had not heard the last clause.

“That tall fellow, in the garden, there, dressed in the brown-holland pantaloons and Kentucky jean coat.”

“Indeed!—I thought he was to stop at the other house;” and he hastened down the street, while Sutton, finding that every body was going to the hall, strolled there also.

Meanwhile, the stranger in the coarse jeans was enjoying himself in a saunter through the quiet and pretty garden of the inn, which was so hedged and enclosed as to admit of no view of the street, when a consequential personage presented himself, and saluting him stiffly, introduced himself as “Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the G—— Hotel.”

“I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir,” said the young stranger, courteously.

“I have taken the liberty to call, sir, and inform you that the audience has been waiting for some

time. It is full fifteen minutes past the time announced in the handbills;” pulling one from his pocket—“I felt a reluctance to intrude, but, putting the best construction upon your conduct, in not informing me of your arrival, after I had been at the pains to prepare for you, I presumed it proceeded from a mistake; you are at the opposition establishment.”

“There certainly is a mistake,” interrupted the stranger.

“Very well, very well, sir, as an entire stranger you can be excused,” hastily proceeded Mr. Smith; “but there is no time to talk about it now—we can settle it after a while. Be good enough to hurry over; the people are getting impatient. You will have a large audience, sir; they were afraid they would be disappointed, which would have been a bad business, as we very seldom have lecturers from a distance. It was lucky that you happened to be found out by one of my boarders, for some of the gentlemen were talking about dispersing, and if that had occurred, we would all have been up in arms against you;—we are pretty fiery, some of us!”

“Then you would not be willing to wait another evening?”

“To wait! certainly not; I hope you have no such idea!—let me beg you to hurry, sir!”

“Well, but—”

“My dear sir!—let me insist—you have announced a very interesting subject—‘The Genius of the American People;’ the very thing for our audience—American through and through—very patriotic!”

“Very well, sir—I’ll try to do my best—let me change my dress a little, and I’ll attend you.”

To the surprise of the inmates of the Eagle, excepting, indeed, Mr. Sutton, who paid a mental tribute to his own sagacity—in a few minutes their fellow lodger entered and mounted the rostrum. A figure as graceful and commanding would have struck the fastidious assemblage of a fashionable city lecture-room. He showed some embarrassment after casting his eyes over the really large audience, but a round of applause gave him time to collect himself, and he commenced a modest preface, stating that he had not had time to arrange his ideas on the subject proposed, in such a form as he could have wished, yet as it was one that ought to be familiar to all good citizens, he hoped he should not entirely fail.

We regret that our space will not permit us to edify our readers with the critique on his performance which duly appeared in the village newspaper. Suffice it, that after an elaborate eulogium on his fine person, captivating voice, and expressive gestures; his sparkling wit, elevated imagination, and extensive reading, he was pronounced *ex cathedra*, “a patriot, a scholar and a gentleman.”

The next morning, when they met in the breakfast room, Miss Thompson and Wallis were fluent in commendation of the lecture. “I was most agreeably disappointed,” said the lady; “having been prepared for nothing more than the flippant inanities we usually hear from itinerant lecturers. This gen-

tleman is an orator—one that would draw crowds among the most intellectual communities in the country. The subject was so hackneyed, that to announce it appeared ridiculous; but he treated it like a statesman, and made it really imposing by evidences of original thought and profound information."

She was interrupted by the object of her remarks entering the room—and after he had taken his seat at the table, she turned and remarked to him, with respectful complaisance, "you had a large and very attentive auditory last night, sir."

The stranger bowed and returned, "I was surprised to find an assemblage so numerous and respectable, and had every reason to be flattered by their reception."

"I have no doubt you entertained them exceedingly," interposed Sutton; "you did very well, very well, indeed; for a plain country audience, nothing could have suited them better. I suppose you consider yourself as having made quite a speculation; at fifty cents a head the receipts must have been considerable."

Miss Thompson glanced at him with a look of irritation, which, however, changed to one of merriment at the comic stare of the itinerant, his only answer.

Just then there was a bustle in the entry, and the landlord was heard saying in a tone of expostulation—"The gentleman is at his breakfast, sir; have a little patience, and, no doubt, he will satisfy you afterwards. The other boarders are all at the table, and it would only cause a confusion."

"So much the better," returned a stentorian voice; "let me in, sir, or you shall be exposed for harboring a swindler;" and a formidable-looking person, large of size and exceeding fierce of countenance, entered. He was accompanied by Mr. Smith of the rival house, who designated the lecturer, and striding up to him, he exclaimed, in a strong Connecticut accent, "So, sir! you are the gentleman that entertained this community last evening with a lecture on the 'Genius of the American People;' you are Azariah Chowders, are you?"

"I sir?—by no means! I rejoice in quite a different appellation."

"No sir,—I myself am Azariah Chowders, and I hereby pronounce you an impudent imposter. I demand to know, sir, how you could dare to avail yourself of my name and well-earned reputation to deliver a spurious lecture and rob the pockets of a large audience?"

"From several reasons, sir. In the first place, to relieve the solicitude of that gentleman, Mr. Smith."

"That shall not serve you! your flagitious conduct,—"

"Pray hear me out, sir! secondly, as he assured me a number of persons would be disappointed if they should not hear a lecture—common philanthropy—"

"A benevolent youth, upon my word!" laughed Mr. Chowders in derision; "I'll not listen."

"Then for my third and last reason,—how could

I resist such a capital opportunity for showing off? A gentleman of your aspiring disposition should not be too severe upon the ambition of others. I had no fame of my own to procure me a welcome, and as there was no claimant for yours,—"

"Young man, you had better confess the truth at once! you could not resist the temptation of pocketing the dollars which you know would be collected on my credit. I shall have redress, sir—there are such things as indictments for swindling."

"My good sir! you certainly would not menace me with anything so terrific! remember how much labor I have taken off your hand,—the exertion of your brain and lungs, besides securing for you every cent of the admittance fees. Landlord, oblige me by bringing here the handkerchief which I requested you last night to deposit in your desk."

The host of the Eagle complied with alacrity, and the young stranger unrolling his handkerchief, displayed a collection of notes and silver, particularly inviting in these hard times. The sight of it mollified the assailant at once. "Here, sir," said the other, "you have the emoluments of the lecture just as they were placed in my hands by the gentleman beside you, Mr. Smith. My worthy host will be my voucher that I have not seen it since; and I think I may be equally confident that it has lost nothing by being in his possession. I beg pardon if I have incommoded you by presuming to supply your place; but I hope your friend, Mr. Smith, will do me the justice of attributing it in part to his mistake and solicitations."

"Willingly," said Mr. Smith; "and in explanation of my share of the business, it originated from a remark made by that gentleman," nodding towards Mr. Sutton.

Mr. Chowder, with some accession of graciousness, remarked that an accident to his carriage had caused the delay on his part, and he condescended to add, that it was well enough some one had been found to entertain the company in his stead.

"You are lenient, sir," said the offender, "and, in return, I give you my word that I shall never again attempt to win a laurel leaf in your name. The audience shall be undeceived, and all the opprobrium of my presuming to represent your oratorical abilities shall rest on myself. At present, I have no other security to offer than my name, which, however, I hope will prevent similar mistakes for the future," and he glanced at Sutton; "it is Norman Oakley, and my occupation is that of an artist,—a painter," and the visitors retired.

"Rather a ferocious gentleman, that Mr. Azariah Chowders," said Wallis who, with Miss Thompson had witnessed the scene, much to their amusement.

"Quite," returned the painter, resuming his natural manner; "though I had prepared myself for a much stronger demonstration of it;—perhaps, because I felt that I deserved it. He could not have been more surprised at finding himself counterfeited than I was on presenting myself in your lecture-room. I had expected to meet with some little literary society, or association for mutual improvement,

such as are common in your villages, and assented to the importunity of the committee-man without explaining the mistake, in expectation that I might have some diversion of my own from it. When I found an assemblage of the whole community, I felt inclined, through respect for them, to make an explanation and withdraw; but, on second thought, concluded that as I had gone so far, I might as well remain and do my best to afford them a little entertainment."

"Why, that brown-holland chap seemed to think he would elevate himself a peg by letting us know that he is a painter;—I should like to know how much more elegant it is to stroll about painting than peddling or lecturing," said Mr. Sutton to Wallis, when they had left the table; "but that Miss Thompson is an astonishingly handsome girl; what a complexion she has!—what eyes and what teeth!—what a sensation she would make in society—that is, if she had a fortune and somebody to show her off!"

"You had better offer her yours, and engage in the service yourself," said Wallis.

"Money for money,—'like loves like;' it is a generally received opinion among us that a good-looking fellow, fashionable and well connected, is an equivalent for a woman with fifty thousand dollars any day. If he has a fortune, she should be worth dollar for dollar besides. I don't know what this Miss Thompson is, so I believe I'll wait till Valeria North comes along."

"Valeria North! why, my dear fellow, she would annihilate you!" returned Wallis, and he thought to himself, "this is the most ridiculous jackanapes I have ever met with; if I must be bored with his acquaintance, I'll have a little fun with him;" and he added in a significant tone, "I thought there was some sort of magnetism by which you people of fashion found each other out. Is it possible you have not seen into Miss Thompson yet? Between ourselves she is as great an heiress as Miss North."

"You don't say so!—well, she looks as if she deserved to be. Come, Wallis, introduce me, and Miss North may go to the dickens."

"I am sorry I can't oblige you; but as I have merely talked to Miss Thompson, myself, as a fellow-boarder, I am not privileged to introduce a stranger."

"No matter, we men of the world can manage such things. They are in that room, aren't they? and by good luck Cupidon has sneaked in. I'll go after him."

"I beg pardon, ladies, if I intrude," said he bowing; "but my dog—"

"Not at all, sir, this is the common parlor of the house," returned Mrs. Thompson, quietly, and scarcely looking up from her work.

Thus happily possessed of the freedom of the room, Mr. Sutton turned over some books on a table, and at length remarked, when he had caught the eye of Miss Thompson, "These country villages are monstrously tiresome to persons accustomed to a city life."

"Are they?" said she, and looked again on her book.

"They say that Saratoga is unusually thronged this year," he resumed after a pause; "I had the pleasure of meeting with a young lady of your name there last summer;—indeed, I had quite a flirtation with her; perhaps she was a relation of yours—the daughter of old General Thompson of Virginia."

"Not in the least;" said the young lady.

"Judge Thompson, of one of the New England states, was there, at the same time, with his daughters. Very elegant girls all of them,—quite belles. They are of a different family,—perhaps of yours?"

"No sir, they are not;" returned Miss Thompson, impatiently giving her reticule a swing, which raised Cupidon off his feet, that important character having laid siege to the tassels.

"*Laissez aller*, Cupidon! a thorough-bred Parisian animal, Miss,—he does not understand a word of English. He was a keepsake from a particular friend of mine, Baron Mont Tonnère. You may have met with the baron; he was quite a lion among our *élite*? By the by, a Miss Thompson came very near being the baroness,—she was one of the Thomas Thompsons of New York."

No reply.

"One of the best families in the country,—the same as the B. B. Thompsons of Philadelphia, the Brown Thompsons of Charleston, and the Thoroughgood Thompsons of Boston."

"You seem quite *au fait* to the Thompsons;" said the elder lady, and turning to her daughter, they resumed a conversation, which he had interrupted, about the lecture and the lecturer, Miss Thompson expressing a wish to see some of his productions, and her confidence that a person of his evidently cultivated taste must possess merit as a painter. Mr. Sutton, as is common with vain people, drawing his conclusions from his own practice, presumed, of course, that all their fine talking was specially aimed at his favor, and when the younger lady, in return for his occasional interpositions, gave him a disdainful glance of her full black eyes, he admired her art in displaying their brilliancy.

The garden of the inn commanded one of the loveliest views among the finest river scenery in our country, an exquisite combination of glassy water, little green islets, hills of every variety of form, and mountains, rising one behind another till their outlines grew almost imperceptible in the distance. This, in the light of a magnificent sunset caught the eye of the young painter from a little summer-house in which he had been reading, and he hastened to his room for his portfolio. On his return he commenced sketching with such intentness that he did not perceive that Miss Thompson had taken possession of his former post, until she addressed him with the remark, "You have a most admirable subject for your pencil before you, sir."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" returned he, warmly; "I never have beheld anything in this order of scenery to surpass it, though, indeed, this glorious river pre-

sents, in its whole course, a panorama of views so varied and each so perfect, that it is difficult to decide upon any one as claiming the strongest admiration. I have been tracing it for several months, my store of sketches accumulating every day, and the larger number of them such as would require the hand of a master to do them justice. I sometimes almost despair, and feel inclined to abandon my art from the difficulties I find in attempting not to disgrace my subjects,—such as these for instance,—they may be familiar to you.”

He laid before her several sketches, and, observing, with evident pleasure, her expression of admiration he continued,—“This and this I have finished in oil, if it will afford you any amusement, I shall bring them down.”

She assented with thanks and the pictures were produced. She scanned them over and over again, as if not new to connoisseurship, and when she turned her eyes to the painter from his work, they sparkled with delight that brought a flush to his face. “There is a view which you cannot yet have found;” said she, “one but a few minutes walk from here. I would rather see it on canvass, if executed in the spirit of these, than any Claude I have ever heard of!—when you have seen it I am confident you will undertake it. Will you let me point it out to you?”

The painter cast upon her one of those quick, searching looks that belong to the profession, and was so struck with the intellectual beauty of her glowing and earnest face, that he forgot to reply.

“In this gorgeous sunset it must be magnificent beyond imagination,” she continued, catching up a bonnet beside her; “if we hurry we shall yet have time to see it. Will you go now?” He merely bowed, without any common-places about “the pleasure” or the “happiness,” and laying down his portfolio, he closed the door of the edifice to secure his property, and set off beside her.

“Well, what did you think of Miss Thompson?” asked Wallis of Mr Sutton the next morning.

“She has splendid black eyes, and how well she knows it too! but she is quite too shy,—I could n’t draw her out.”

“She was talking fast enough to Mr. Oakley, last evening,—I saw them walking together.”

“Did you?”, exclaimed Sutton, in surprise.

“Yes, and if you don’t take care, he’ll spoil your flirtation before you get it rightly underweigh. He is as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, and as gentlemanlike.”

Sutton glanced down at himself. “Oh, I don’t mind such things;” said he magnanimously; “indeed, I should rather give her credit for encouraging the young man. It is fashionable now to patronise such people. I intend to give him something to do myself, particularly as it will gratify the young lady. She expressed a wish yesterday to see some of his work, and I promised her to employ him on myself. Do you paint portraits, Mr. O-Oakton?—that I believe is the province of country artists;” he added to the painter who had presented himself.

“Sometimes I do,—when I find a face worth painting.”

“Of course, of course;—I have just been saying that I intend to get you to take mine. It may be of some service in getting you into business here. I hope you will not bore me by making me sit often. When can you begin?”

“Any time,—now if you choose,—it won’t require long to take you off. I have my portfolio at hand, and can do it at once. Take this seat.”

“My father,” pursued the dandy; “is noted as a patron of the fine arts. He, however, seldom employs young artists, as they don’t yield him the worth of his money. He says that after a painter gets up to a hundred dollars a head for portraits, or for a square yard of other things, he thinks he may trust him, as his productions may then be supposed to be good. He had the ceilings of his drawing-rooms frescoed by Monachisi, which was very expensive, and, besides, he has employed several other of the popular artists;” giving an enumeration which, in accuracy, scarcely fell short of that by the erudite hero of Fielding—“Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Cannibal Scratchi, and Hogarthi.”

“Please to shut your mouth, sir;” said the Painter.

“Now, don’t make a fright of me;” resumed Mr. Sutton; “try your best, and I may, very probably, give you another job. How would you like to paint Miss Thompson for me?—when she gets over her shyness I’ll propose it to her, if you succeed in this. She is a confounded pretty girl, don’t you think so?—quite as handsome as some of the portraits in the Book of Beauty.”—

“Keep your mouth shut, if you please.”

The picture proposed by Miss Thompson was commenced, and whether it was from the excellence of the subject, or the eloquence of her suggestions, the painter exerted upon it his best ability. Their mutual interest in it was a bond of acquaintance which strengthened as the work proceeded, and every day developed some new qualities in each, which could not have failed to endow their intercourse with attraction. He was a noble young man, altogether,—full of talent, generous feelings and high-toned principles; and of a buoyant, mirthful spirit and powers of adapting himself to circumstances so rarely found with lofty intellect and so delightful when they accompany it. His fair companion was not less richly endowed by nature and education, but it was only by those who could appreciate the stronger points of her character that she would have been equally admired. These perpetually exhibiting themselves in an ardent enjoyment of every thing beautiful in thought, sentiment or the external world, and in an intrepid scorn of any thing like vanity, selfishness or insincerity, gave her manners a cast that among the conventional world would have denounced her as “odd,” yet there was a grace in her energy, that, to those who understood her, made it an additional charm. In short, they might have had a multiplicity of excuses, if they had chosen to fall in love with each other, but of this there were

no indications. They walked together with perfect freedom, entirely careless or unconscious of remark; and they talked together, appearing pleased if they agreed in opinions, or if they differed, opposing each other with equal firmness and politeness. Their deportment was without coquetry on her part and without gallantry on his. All they knew of each other was that he was a painter and a very gifted one, and that she was a very fascinating Miss Thompson.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sutton's flirtation with, or rather at our heroine, for he had it all to himself, was in active progress. He made himself intolerable by the airs and graces he assumed, to recommend himself to her favor. He never tied his cravat, nor wrapped a *papillote* without a design upon her heart. He followed her about the garden, paying the most vapid compliments, or, intruding into the parlor, while she and her mother were reading, amused them with "easie sighs which men do breathe in love." She attempted at first to repel him with witty sarcasms, but that, as Wallis remarked, "was like Queen Christina shooting at a fly—his apprehension was so small it could scarcely be hit." She darted contempt at him from her bright black eyes, and curled her lip in the most unequivocal fashion, but that only made her look prettier, and he could see no deeper. She essayed a plain rebuff, but he thought it a capital joke. It never entered his head that Mr. Bromwell Sutton could be any thing but irresistible to a Miss Thompson. To get rid of him, she at last found entirely out of the question, and wearied of her efforts, she concluded to let him take his own course. This passiveness seemed to him so encouraging, that one day he was on the point of making a declaration and was only prevented by the dinner-bell.

Towards the artist he continued his patronizing condescension, with a not unfrequent interlude of actual incivility, which, to the surprise even of Miss Thompson, that gentleman passed over with unresisting composure. On the present occasion the latter variation predominated, and after they had left the table, Miss Thompson remarked "I wonder Mr. Oakley, at your patience in submitting to the impertinences of that popinjay!"

"You would not have me challenge him?" said the painter.

"That would be rather too heroic,—your position is as defenceless as my own. These "gentlemen's sons!"—if I were a man, there is no reproach I should dread, more than being called one of them!"

"Rather a sweeping condemnation," said the artist, smiling; "but I think I have prepared a revenge that will reach the specimen before us;" and having perceived the subject of their remarks approaching from the summer-house, he called to him, "Will you step here, for a moment, Mr. Sutton?"

"I can't—I haven't time;" said Sutton, hurrying on, and they both noticed in him marks of much perturbation.

"Your portrait is finished, and I wish you to see it;" persisted Oakley.

His portrait was too closely connected with him-

self, not to have influenced him under any circumstances, and, accordingly, he stopped while the painter left the room for it, calling, as he did so, "Mr. Wallis—landlord—gentlemen,—I wish to have your opinion of Mr. Sutton's portrait; oblige me by coming into the parlor."

They complied and the picture, which was of a miniature size, was placed in the proper light. Miss Thompson gave it a single glance, and burst into an apparently irrepressible laugh. Mrs. Thompson, regarding her with much surprise, drew up her eyes, and stooped forward to examine it, and then, though she gave her daughter and the artist a deprecating look, she also turned away to conceal a smile. Wallis turned first to the picture, then to Sutton, and then to Cupidon, and made no effort to restrain his mirth, in which he was joined by the party of spectators who had accompanied him. Every one perceived that it was a correct likeness of Sutton in features, while the expression was strikingly that of the little poodle. The dandy himself could not fail to recognize it, and looked around him, pale with wrath and mortification, bestowing the fiercest of his looks on Miss Thompson.

"You don't tell me what you think of my performance, Mr. Sutton," said Oakley, with much gravity.

"I'll not bear your insults, sir!" exclaimed Sutton at length; "I'll not tolerate your libellous insolence!—what do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?"

"Insults! I'll leave it to this company if I have not succeeded admirably! it reflects you as a mirror!"

"I'll not put up with it! I'll not pay you a cent; I'll leave it on your hands, and we'll see who'll have the best of the joke!"

"Do sir!" said the artist; "it will be then my property, and I can do what I please with it! I'll put it up in some exhibition labelled with your name!"

"Your station protects you sir!" he resumed; "if you were not beneath my vengeance, you should answer for this, but a gentleman can, with honor, only demand satisfaction of his equals,—therefore you are safe! Landlord," he added with an assumption of dignified composure; "make out my bill; I'll go instantly to the other house;—you must be taught that a gentleman cannot patronize an establishment where he is liable to be insulted by any scrub that frequents it!" and again looking daggers at Miss Thompson, who had not ceased laughing, he left the room.

In truth, had it not been for the almost insupportable ridicule that accompanied it, Mr. Sutton would have rejoiced in the excuse to leave the house, from a discovery that he had just made. After dinner, while in quest of Miss Thompson, who was at that time in conversation with Oakley, he had strolled into the summer house, and found a letter on the floor. It was without direction, and though closed, not sealed, and more through blindness than curiosity he opened it. To his dismay it commenced thus:

"My dear, dear Miss North—How can I give you any idea of the gratitude I feel for the last and greatest of your many kindnesses; you have made me so happy that I have not words to express myself, and

not only me, but my dear mother, who says that you have done her more good than could have been effected by a whole college of physicians, for her health, at the prospect of a pleasant home, and freedom from incessant mental labour, begins already to come back again. We have given up our school, and are preparing to act upon the arrangements you have made for us. I have received a delightfully kind letter from your uncle,—he begs me to consider him as *mine*; in which he says he will come for us very soon, and requests me to enclose any communication for you to him. He speaks flatteringly of the satisfaction our company will give him while you are on your travels beyond the Atlantic. He little knows how impossible it will be to supply *your* place!" etc. etc.

Sutton read no more. It was signed L. Thompson, and that was sufficient. He unconsciously thrust the letter into his pocket, and hurried to the house. How was he to back out?—it now struck him that less importance could be attached to his actions by others than himself, and he grew nervous at the thought of how he had committed himself:—that he had paid the most unequivocal attentions to—a schoolmistress! The artist's triumph indeed relieved him on that score, but a new sting was planted, and a more miserable dandy was, perhaps, not that day in existence, than Bromwell Sutton when he applied for lodgings at the G— Hotel.

"Our work is finished at last!" said the painter, a few days after this happy riddance, bringing down the piece, which had afforded them so much enjoyment, for the inspection of Miss Thompson. She was gathering up some books from the parlor tables with a thoughtful and pensive countenance.

"Then I must take a 'last lingering look' at it," returned she; "I may never see it nor its original again."

Oakley looked at her anxious and inquiringly, and she continued, "We leave here to-day; an unexpected letter reached us this morning, urging us to be ready at any hour."

"And what am I to do without you?" asked the artist, in a very natural and love-like way, and he followed the question with a short oration, unnecessary to repeat. But before he had finished it, a carriage stopped at the door, and in half a minute an elderly gentleman presented himself in the entry.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Miss Thompson, running forward to conceal her confusion, and the old gentleman, after kissing her heartily, said quickly, "Are you ready, my dear? Where's your mamma? I hope you have your trunks packed, as I have hardly a minute to allow you. I have urgent business awaiting me at home, and have only been able to fulfil my engagement to come for you, by travelling with all the speed possible. Quick—tell your mother, and put on your things."

To the disappointment of her suiter, she ran up stairs, while the old gentleman busied himself in seeing the trunks secured behind the carriage. But immediately, with her mother, she came down, fully equipped, and while the old lady was shaking hands with the uncle, she had an opportunity to give him a single look, which one was sufficient: "Good bye,

Mr. Wallis," said she holding out her hand in passing him, "we have been such good friends, that I feel very sorry to part with you."

"Where shall I find you?" asked Oakley, in a low voice. She slipped a card into his hand as he assisted her into the carriage, and was driven away. He looked at the card. "VALERIA NORTH, B—," he exclaimed; "Is it possible!"

"Yes—didn't you know that before?" said Wallis "and that old gentleman is the celebrated jurist Judge North. When Sutton finds it out, he'll be more fretted than he was at the portrait. She is a charming girl, isn't she? I recognized her the minute she arrived, having had a glimpse of her before she left the Springs last summer, but as she seemed to wish to be quiet, and to escape attention, it was not my business to blab. I'll go up to Smith's and have some fun with Sutton." He walked up street, and the artist commenced preparations for an immediate departure.

"Why Sutton," said Wallis, when he reached the room of that personage; "what possessed you to fly off, the other day, with such terrible frowns at the pretty girl you had been courting so long? It was outrageous, and what is the worst, you can't have a chance to make it up,—she left town to-day, for good."

"Did she?—a pleasant journey to her!" said Sutton, brightening up astonishingly.

"What!—she jilted you, did she?"

"She! I found her out in good time for that!—though if it had not been for a lucky accident, I might have got myself into a confounded scrape; it would have been a fine mess, if I had been deceived into proposing to a schoolmistress!"

"Schoolmistress!—what do you mean?"

"Why, look here—you were a pretty sap to suppose her an heiress, and to make me believe it!—read this—I found it by chance, and, somehow, it got into my pocket."

He handed the letter to Wallis, who, after looking over it, remarked, "I see nothing to the contrary in that. I suppose it came enclosed in an envelope from her uncle. Can it be possible that you presumed she had written instead of received it! ha! ha!"

The mystified dandy gave him a stare.

"And you never suspected that it was Miss North whose acquaintance you cut so cavalierly! It was, positively;—she gave her card to Mr. Oakley before she went away."

"I don't believe it!—why would she call herself Thompson?"

"She didn't call herself Thompson—that was inferred to be her name, as it was her mother's. I recollect very well of hearing at Saratoga that the old lady had had two husbands. The last was a Mr. Thompson. What an opportunity you have lost of making one of the greatest matches in the country!"

"It was all the fault of that rascally painter," said Sutton, in much vexation; "I had commenced declaring myself the very day he excited me by his

abominable caricature, and if it had not been for that I would have had an explanation."

"I would make him repent it, if I were you—I'd challenge him."

"But, you know that's out of the question—a gentleman degrades himself by challenging an inferior," and he walked up and down the room in great agitation.

"And then about that letter—does she know you found it?"

"No, no—I'm perfectly safe there—you won't tell, will you? After all, it is not yet too late to make it up. I can go after her to B——; she will, no doubt, take it as a compliment to be followed, and, you know, it will be in my favor that I was so devoted before I knew who she was, won't it? You might be of great service to me, my dear fellow," he added, thinking to prevent Wallis from informing on him by making him his ally; "you have been in my confidence and knew how much I was smitten with her. She is, perhaps, offended by my desertion, and if you would go along, as she has a particular regard for you, you might help to effect a reconciliation. If you'll go, I'll pay your expenses."

Wallis, who had no objection to take a trip and see the end of the comedy, on such easy terms, replied, "Anything to oblige you, if you can wait two or three weeks. I have particular business on hands now, but when I am through with it, I'll go with pleasure."

Sutton was obliged to submit to the delay, and in due time they arrived at B——. After arranging their dress, they sallied out to make inquiry about Miss North, when an acquaintance of Sutton encountered them, and stopped them for a talk. While they stood in the street, an elegantly dressed young man passed them, and looking back, in a familiar voice saluted Wallis. It was Oakley. "How do you do, Mr. Sutton—happy to see you," said he, turning towards them, and saluting Sutton with a very low bow. The dandy returned a nod, and the painter having ascertained their lodgings, proceeded on his way.

"What a remarkably fine looking fellow that is," said Sutton's acquaintance; "I should have been pleased if you had introduced me."

"Oh he is not such an acquaintance as one introduces—I have merely patronized him a little as a strolling painter."

"Norman Oakley!—are you not under a mis-

take? He is the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in New England—a very highly gifted young man—a finished orator—a fine amateur painter—in every respect an admirable and enviable fellow. By the by, it is said there is a recent engagement between him and our belle *par excellence*, Miss North. She has been travelling through different parts of the country, preparatory to making a tour in Europe, and, this summer, they met accidentally somewhere and fell in love, quite ignorant of anything relating to each other but mutual personal attractions—so the story goes. They are to be married shortly, so that the lady may have the pleasure of a legal protector for her Atlantic trip."

Sutton could bear no more, and, excusing himself, he hurried back to the hotel at such a rate that Wallis, finding it difficult to keep up with him, strolled off in another direction. When they met again the disappointed lover was prepared for a retreat homeward.

"Come, Sutton, that would be outrageous!" said Wallis; "you ought to have a settlement with Oakley, now that you find he is fully on a level with yourself!"

"I wouldn't dirty my fingers with him—I wouldn't let the mynx know that I thought her worth fighting about; for they would be sure to attribute it to that, instead of to the picture. I am off, forthwith. Do you go back to G——?"

"Yes, in a few days—but, the fact is, I met Oakley again, after you had left me, and got an invitation to the wedding. He said he would take me to see Miss North this evening if I wished it, but I declined, on the plea that I would be only in the way. But he said there was a charming little girl there, Miss Thompson—a relative of Valeria's stepfather, who would appropriate my company, if I pleased. From his remarking that she is to remain with the judge after the departure of his niece, I presumed her to be the writer of the letter in your possession. *Apropos* of that letter—he questioned me as to whether you had found it, and hinted that Miss North intended it for your hands, knowing the effect it would have on you, from your aversion to poverty, low caste, &c., that she even tore off the date to mislead you the more easily—hand it here till we see if that is true."

Sutton deigned no reply, and before Wallis was ready for his evening visit, he had travelled the first fifty miles of his journey homeward.

OLDEN DEITIES.

Open thy gate, oh, Past!—

A mighty train

Comes sweeping onward from its spectral clime,
August and king-like! Lo! from out the Main

One rears aloft a port and brows sublime,
Yet faded much with tearful wo and time;
And one with lightnings quivering in his hand,

And eye that speaks the thunder of command,

Walks steadfastly, and, seeming as in ire,

He lists attentively a harper, who,

Bending above the bright chords of a lyre,

Tells how neglect from certain era grew

In mortal breasts t'wards the Olympian Sire.

I hail ye Gods! Your reign, though haply brief,

Showed that poor man at least had *some* belief.

RUSSIAN REVENGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

A TRAGICAL occurrence, which, from its singular and romantic circumstances, would lead one to believe that the men of northern Russia are as susceptible of the tender passion, and as revengeful when disappointed, as those of more southern climes, recently caused a great sensation at Novogorod.

Instead of giving a cold recital of facts, we will place before the reader the depositions of those concerned; thus making him acquainted with the details of the crime, and also with the judicial forms of that country in criminal cases. There, all is decided from the depositions without pleading. These we are about to lay before you are remarkable for their simplicity and precision, having been taken by a man of uncommon ability, Mr. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District, Oustiaje. He is an old officer of dragoons, but having lost a limb in the battle of Smolensk, he entered into the civil service, and has since acquired a handsome fortune.

Report addressed to M. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik, of the District of Oustiaje, by Mikita Muranow, Mayor of the village of Trehmiria.

"On the 20th of April, 1839, Nadiejda Yakovlevna, daughter of Yakov Osipovitch, fisherman of Trehmiria, came to my house in tears: she was in such great distress that I could only learn from her, that an assassination had been committed at the village. I went with her to her father's, and there I found extended upon a bed, a man, pale and livid, nearly cold, but still breathing. Yakov and his wife were endeavoring to staunch the blood which flowed from his wounds. On the floor beside the bed were his garments soaked with water. The young girl could not attend to my questions, so great was her emotions; but Yakov told me that his daughter had gone out before daylight to withdraw the sweep-nets which at this season are placed along the isles and shores of the Volga. The fisherman himself was engaged in spreading nets by the light of a lantern, when he heard cries, and recognized the voice of his daughter. He ran along the shore, and thought he saw in the dim twilight, a large boat passing down the river with all the rapidity of the current. A moment afterwards his daughter's boat approached the shore, and in it was a man, whom she had taken from the water in a state of insensibility. After having carried him to his cabin, he recognized in him,

Ivan Semenov, cornet in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk, who, two years before, had been quartered in this village.—This is what I have learned from the fisherman.

"Ivan Semenov's wounds are so numerous and deep, that I can scarcely dare to hope he will be alive when you reach this place.—Please to bring a physician with you."

Report of Nicolas Peterowitch Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District of Oustiaje, to the chancery of the Governor of Novogorod.

"I arrived on the night of the 20th of April, at the village of Trehmiria, with the physician of the district, M. Frants Frantsovitch, Mayor; we found in the cabin of the fisherman, Yakov Osipovitch, M. Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, lately a cornet in the regiment of Archanguelk. He had received fifteen wounds, but the physician assured me they were not mortal, and that he would certainly recover. The wounded man told me that his assassins were Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja, quartermaster, and Pierre Alexicievitch Tsaryna, soldier in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk. At the time he was wounded, the Cornet Semenov was on his way to Rybinsk, in a boat which belonged to his father, and which was loaded with linen.

"I left the physician with the wounded man, and without losing a moment, hastened to Rybinsk. There, aided by the police, I sought out the assassins, one of whom, the quartermaster, Hortinja, was known to me. At the wharf I learned that a boat, laden with linen, and having two men on board, arrived that morning, the 21st of April; and that the cargo was shortly afterwards sold to an Armenian merchant of Astracan. I then proceeded to the residence of the buyer, Jerome Smilabeg, who confessed that he had bought the linen, which was worth 20,000 roubles, for 10,000—that he had this day paid 4,000 and was to pay the other 6,000 on the 1st of May at Astracan. I did not place much confidence in what he told me, for I knew this race of merchants were liars, and that they encouraged and protected crime when they expected to profit by it. Besides, I observed considerable embarrassment on his countenance. I then asked him where the linen was? He said he had despatched it to Astracan.

"Impossible!" observed I. "You bought it this morning, and the steamboat does not go until to-morrow."

"He said he had sent it on in the same boat, having bought it with the cargo."

"And what rowers did you employ?" asked I.

"He turned pale, and stammered, 'I employed the same who brought it here.'"

"At this reply, I seized him by the collar, threatening to conduct him to the police office, when, suddenly, the door of the room in which we were, opened, and a man rushed upon me, poignard in hand. I recognized Hortinja, and drew my sword to parry his blows. I also placed myself between him and the door, crying a 'murderer! an assassin!' Fortunately for me, the Armenian, instead of trying to aid Hortinja, hid himself under the bed. The men of the house soon came to my assistance, but it was some time before we could disarm and bind the assassin. In the struggle he wounded three men besides myself. I bear three marks of his steel upon my breast."

"After securing Hortinja, we drew the Armenian from under the bed, and he then confessed that the other accomplice was half a league from Rybinsk with the boat, waiting for his comrade. I immediately sent for some of the police, and Tsaryna was arrested without offering any resistance."

INQUIRY.

"In consequence of an order from the Imperial Attorney, I, Nicolas Petrovitch Polechko, Captain Ispravnik of the District Oustiaje, went on the 26th of the month to the village of Trehmiria, where I proceeded to the inquiry in the following order:

"The first person I examined was Ivan Prokovich Semenov, who declared himself to be 28 years of age, son of Prokop Karlovitch Semenov, a merchant of Kostroma, who possessed a factory in that neighborhood, where he manufactured much linen, which formed the principal part of his commerce."

"Semenov entered the military service in 1830, in the regiment of the Lancers of Archanguelek. He was appointed cornet of the said regiment in 1836. He commanded the second division of the third squadron, in which Hortinja was quarter-master, and Tsaryna a common soldier. In 1836, the division of Cornet Semenov was cantoned in the village of Trehmiria. In 1837, he handed in his resignation that he might return home to his father. On the 12th of November, 1838, Hortinja and Tsaryna came to Kostroma, to the house of Prokop Semenov. The former said he had left the army, the latter that he had obtained a six months' leave of absence. The Cornet Semenov welcomed them as old comrades. He engaged Hortinja in the service of his father, and gave Tsaryna a handsome present to enable him to pass the six months amongst his relations. Hortinja behaved so well that he gained the confidence of old Semenov, who sent him twice in the spring to Rybinsk with linen. After having sold the cargo and the boat, he brought back the money

with the greatest exactness. On the 15th of April, another cargo of linen was ready to go to Rybinsk, and this time young Semenov was to go with him to that city, and from there make a voyage to Astracan. On the evening before their departure Tsaryna arrived, and as he had been a sailor before he entered the army, he begged the Cornet Semenov to employ him instead of engaging another sailor, telling him that it was time he was on his way to rejoin his regiment, which he said was cantoned at Novogorod-la-Grande. Semenov consented, and set out next day in the boat with Hortinja, Tsaryna, a peasant sailor, and a servant. On the second day the sailor and servant were both taken so violently ill with the cholera, that they were obliged to leave the boat and remain behind at the village of Bahorka."

On the 19th, Semenov remarked that Hortinja and Tsaryna had secret conferences, and seemed to be concerting something. At night, after having in vain tried to sleep, he left the cabin and took a seat on the prow of the vessel. He had scarcely done so when he saw a light at some distance, and said to his companions, "My friends, we are near Trehmiria, and I bet that is old Yakov spreading his nets." The two men did not reply, and Semenov continued "By God, if the old fisherman's nets attracted fishes as well as the eyes of Nadiejda did the lancers of Archanguelek, he would be rich in a short time." Hardly had he spoken these words when he was struck in the back with a knife. He tried to turn round, but was knocked down by his assassins. He still struggled, but was wounded repeatedly. He called for assistance, and thought he heard a voice which replied. He was then thrown into the river. This was all he remembered, he could not tell how he got into the bark of Nadiejda. After the wounded man had given the above deposition, I put to him the following questions:

Q. "Have you inflicted military punishment on Hortinja and Tsaryna?"

R. "You know captain, it is impossible to get along in the army without making use of the baton; during the year of my command, Hortinja was beaten nine or ten times, and Tsaryna from forty to fifty, but I never ordered more than a hundred blows of the baton at once; so that the officers of the regiment laughed at my moderation, and called me scholar, and French officer."

Q. "Have you not excited the jealousy of some comrade?"

R. "Not that I am aware of."

Q. "Were you not acquainted with this Nadiejda who saved your life?"

R. "I knew her to be the most beautiful girl of Trehmiria, and of irreproachable virtue; my lancers told me this, Hortinja one of the first. I could not hope to have her for a mistress—and for a wife."

Q. "That is sufficient. Knew you not that Hortinja paid his court to her?"

R. "I did not; all the lancers found her beautiful and attractive;"

Q. "Do you suffer much from your wounds?"

R. "No, captain, I feel much better, and hope I

shall soon be well; the guilty man's hand struck feebly, therefore I hope he will not be punished severely."

Thus closed the examination of Semenov. I then proceeded to that of the quarter-master Hortinja.

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja was born in 1787 in the city of Smolensk—entered the army in 1806 in which he remained thirty-two years and a half—was quarter-master 15 years and four months. He has made eighteen campaigns, been engaged in forty-nine battles, and a hundred and thirty-seven combats—has received the cross of Saint George, and five medals. He left the service in the month of October 1838. His discharge and certificates give him a very high character.

Q. "What cause had you for disliking Cornet Semenov?"

R. "Not any. I always found him good and kind as a father. I have said so to my soldiers. We had no better officer."

Q. "And what then caused you to commit so abominable a crime?"

R. "O father! (a common expression of the Russian soldier) my crime is abominable, but harken, I will tell you every thing. I, an old man—having attained my fiftieth year, I loved for the first time—a child—this Nadiejda; I loved her as our fathers loved the glorious empress Catharine (here he made the sign of the cross.) I was quarter-master, and had saved something—she was a poor peasant slave, I wished to marry her, and offered to buy her of her master Count Strogonof—I was to pay him 500 roubles. Her father consented to it, but she refused me disdainfully, without my being able to comprehend why. In the mean time Tsaryna came to see me, and said, thou art sorrowful comrade, but thou should'st not be so. Nadiejda is the mistress of the cornet; she is almost always at the house where he lodges; this is well known—thou only appearest to doubt it. My heart died within me at these words—my head turned round, but I said nothing, for the Cornet Semenov was my officer. I began to watch Nadiejda closely, and I saw that she did often go to the house where he lodged. I thought not then of revenge. It was at this time that the cornet gave in his resignation, and returned to Kostroma. I then saw the tears of Nadiejda. I saw that grief undermined her health and tarnished the lustre of her cheek, but I loved her still. A year passed thus—I repeated my offer of marriage, she refused me again, and this time she told me she loved young Semenov, and swore she would never marry any one.

At this time Tsaryna became my friend and confidant; he represented the cornet as the seducer of this young girl, and I resolved to avenge her. I obtained my discharge—he, his leave of absence, and we went to Kostroma.

The kind reception the cornet gave us, joined to his confidence and frankness, disarmed me, and I determined to abandon my criminal project. Things were in this state, when young Semenov resolved to go to Astracan. Tsaryna requested that he might fill the place of the second sailor, and his request

was complied with. The evening before our departure he spoke to me of our old project—I was angry—he praised the beauty of Nadiejda—spoke to me of her misfortune—of my shame; I said nothing, but God only knows what infernal tortures my poor heart sustained; (here he paused a moment in great emotion) we set out; on the second day of our navigation, the first sailor and the servant were taken sick, but as truly as I pray God to save my soul and pardon my crime, I am ignorant of the cause of their malady. I advised the cornet to employ another sailor, but he thought it unnecessary, for the navigation was easy and the current rapid.

Tsaryna was constantly speaking to me of Nadiejda; when we came in sight of the village of Trehmiria I was moved, troubled, and when the cornet spoke of her I was no longer master of myself, I drew my knife and struck him."

Q. "Did you strike him once, or several times?"

R. "I do not know, I had lost my reason."

Q. "Did Tsaryna aid you to commit the crime?"

R. "I cannot tell, I only remember that he cried out. Some one is coming! a bark, a bark!"

Q. "And what did you do then?"

R. "I was furious, desperate, distracted. When the day dawned, I saw the shores, the river, but I saw neither the cornet, nor the village of Trehmiria. I wished to throw myself into the water, but had not sufficient energy, and suffered myself to be persuaded to live, and seek my safety in flight."

Q. "When you arrived at Rybinsk, how did you manage to sell your cargo so quickly?"

R. "I knew Jerome Smilabej, and to him I confided my crime. He consented to save us, provided we abandoned the cargo to him, and he promised to arrange every thing for us, and conduct us to a place of safety."

Q. "Why didst thou attack me?"

R. "I had promised the Armenian in case of unforeseen danger to defend his life as my own. The moment of danger had come, and I fulfilled my promise."

Q. "Thou sayest that Tsaryna urged thee to commit crime, and aided thee to execute it—that the Armenian protected criminals, and appropriated to himself wealth which did not belong to him?"

R. "I neither denounce nor accuse any one. I have spoken the truth. I seek not to deny my crime nor to cast the consequences upon others. I am a great criminal!"

EXAMINATION OF PIERRE ALEXIECIVITCH TSARYNA, SON OF A CITIZEN OF KOSTROMA.

He is thirty-two years of age; entered the military service in 1828 as a recruit in the lancers of Archan guelk. He denies any participation in the crime.

Q. "Yet you were the first to tell the quarter-master Hortinja that a great intimacy existed between the Cornet Semenov and the girl Nadiejda."

R. "I was joking when I said Semenov and Nadiejda were too intimate. The quarter-master was wicked as the devil; he pounded our very bones with the baton. I revenged myself by con-

tradicting his ridiculous passion for a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter."

Q. "Why did you rejoin Hortinja at Kostroma?"

R. "I met him there by chance."

Q. "And why did you choose to return at the time that Semenov was going to Rybinsk?"

R. "In order to save my money."

Q. "Why did you give to the servant of Semenov, and to the first sailor, a poison, which produced cholera and vomiting?"

R. "They were very fond of brandy—they were like a cask without bottom; to play them a trick I put snuff into the liquor: is it my fault they have such delicate stomachs?"

Q. "Why did you provoke Hortinja to assassinate the cornet?"

R. "I did not. The quarter-master is subject to visions, he dreams so many other things, that he may have dreamed that also."

Q. "Why, then, did you not defend him?"

R. "The cornet was in citizen's dress, the quarter-master in uniform, and I am a soldier."

Q. "What do you mean by that?"

R. "That the soldier must respect the uniform more than the citizen's dress."

Q. "Why did you throw the cornet into the water?"

R. "To save him from the fury of the quarter-master. I also saw a boat coming towards us."

Q. "Why did you apprise Hortinja of its coming?"

R. "From joy that I could save the cornet."

Q. "And why did you not denounce the crime of Hortinja when you arrived at Rybinsk?"

R. "Because I am a soldier, and he is a quarter-master."

All my questions, all my expedients, the bastinado included, drew no other confession from him. Confronted with Hortinja, he replied to his indignation by sneers; in the presence of soldiers who had heard his provocations he denied them: only at the sight of Nadiejda did he turn pale, grind his teeth, and reply nothing, absolutely nothing!

DEPOSITION OF NADIEJDA YAKOVLEVNA.

Nadiejda Yakovlevna is twenty-one years of age. She confessed frankly that she had loved, and still loved passionately the cornet Semenov, but assured me that no intimacy had existed between them, and that the cornet was even ignorant of the passion he had inspired. She said the soldier Tsaryna had paid his court to her, and not being able to obtain her love had sworn to her that he would revenge himself upon the one who had obtained it. At first his suspicions rested on Hortinja, and he said he would soon get rid of the old rascal. Some time after he came to her and said, "Hearken, Nadiejda! be mine, or I swear by St. Nicholas thou shalt witness the death of Semenov." She cared little for his threats, knowing him to be a coward. About this time the cornet left Trehmiria. Tsaryna renewed his declarations, but still without success. Before setting out for Kostroma, he said, "The old one will do what I have threatened; before I return I will be revenged, I

swear it by St. Nicholas." She had never heard Hortinja threaten the life of the cornet; he was sad and melancholy—he even wept, but he was a man incapable of committing a crime unless provoked to it.

This is her account of the night in which she saved the cornet:

"I had a presentiment which oppressed my heart; before I lay down I found a cat upon my bed. A bad sign! As soon as I fell asleep I had horrible dreams. I awoke and cried out, 'Wo to me!' My father then ordered me to go upon the Volga and draw away the nets; there I heard cries, and thought I recognised the voice of Semenov. It was more than a year since I had seen him, and I knew him in spite of the obscurity. I rowed towards his boat, and as I neared it, I heard the splash of a body thrown into the water. Fortunately, I was close by and succeeded in drawing him out of the river. It was Semenov."

The inquiry was completed by a few other declarations of less consequence.

The Armenian merchant tried to excuse himself, and said that he endeavored to save the two men in order that they might have time for repentance. In other things he confirmed what Hortinja had said.

The fisherman Yakov gave an account of the manner in which Tsaryna had threatened him, because he would not give him his daughter.

The inquiry terminated on the thirteenth of May, and the depositions were on the same day laid before the criminal tribunal of Novogorod by the captain Isprawnik.

On the twenty-ninth of May the tribunal pronounced the decree which condemns:

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja to perpetual banishment in Siberia, and ten years labor in the mines.

Jerome Smilabej, Armenian merchant, to one year and six days imprisonment, a fine of one thousand rubles, and the costs.

Pierre A. Tsaryna, being a soldier, was sent before the military tribunal.

On the fourth of June, the military tribunal of the first corps of the army, assembled at Novogorod, condemned Pierre A. Tsaryna to pass three times through the rods of a squadron, and afterwards to be transported to Siberia, where he must labor in the mines for the rest of his life.

These decrees have been submitted to the emperor, and confirmed by him with this change: Hortinja is perpetually banished, but will not be obliged to labor in the mines.

On the third of June, the decree was executed on Pierre A. Tsaryna, who was so severely beaten that there is little hope of his recovery; he has been taken to the hospital of Novogorod.

L'Abeille du Nord, a Russian journal of St. Petersburg, reached us at the same time with the letter of our correspondent. It gives an account of this affair, and also adds that the emperor has deigned to decorate the girl Nadiejda with a medal of gold on the ribbon of Saint Waldimir.

The Cornet Semenov married Nadiejda Yakovlevna as soon as the trial was concluded.

PERDITI.

PART SECOND.

BY WM. WALLACE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE," "MARCHES FOR THE DEAD," ETC., ETC.

AMERICAN BATTLE SHIP.

I.

Out on the sounding sea,
With a flag of stars and a row of steel,
'Mid the tempest scowl and the battle peal—
The great ship of the free!

Away from her moorings—away o'er the wave—
How proudly she bears the glad hearts of the brave!
In the sun-burst of morning, the darkness of night,
Like a goddess she strives with the gales:
Behold her alone in her glorious might,
With her banners of beauty and streamers of light,
Like a condor when out on his terrible flight,
Where the breath of the tempest prevails.
Hark, hark! 'tis her thunder! her flags are all out,
And the lightning 's the wreath she will wear;
Now it shines on her mast—now 'tis hurried about,
Mid the ring of the sword and the rapturous shout,
By the breath of the sulphury air.

Why thus is she wrapt in the black-curling smoke?
Why thus have her thunders tumultuously broke
O'er the halls of the dark-rolling wave?
Why thus have her star-crested flags been unfurl'd
Like the wings of some god from the sky to the world?
She battles abroad for the brave!

Proud hope of our land! we have given thy form
To the lord of the breeze and the god of the storm;
We have hung from the top of the high soaring mast
A broad sheet of stripes with the bird
Who cradles his wing in the home of the blast,
When the cloud-troops are angrily hurrying past,
And the voice of the thunder is heard:
We have wet thy scarred decks with the hallow'd blood
Of those who have battled for us on the flood,
And blessed thee with hearts, which the freemen alone
Can possess, when we saw thee sit firm on thy throne
Of the dark-rolling waters.

Go forth, gallant one!—

Go forth in thy glory and pomp o'er the main,
And burst with the might of thy sure-pointed gun
The palace, the cell and the tyrannous chain.
The breezes shall kiss thee: the stars shall illumine
Thy pathway when dangers are there,
And around thee the laurels of triumph shall bloom,
Like the plumage of angels abroad on the gloom
Of the battle's tempestuous air.
Aye! the great god of freedom who holds in his hand
This universe blazing around,
Who walks on the billows which hear his command,

And straight in deep quiet are found:
Aye! he who has yoked, in the ether afar,
The lightning-maned steeds of the storm to his car,
Shall guide thee all safe o'er the foam,
And at last, by the torch of his bright beacon-star,
Restore thee once more to thy home!

II.

But such! ah! such is not my theme—
Illumined by a grosser fire
Than that which some will truly deem
Befitting well the patriot's lyre.
And yet how could I pass thee by—
Thou of the fearless soul and eye?—
Thou who hast watched my boyhood's hours
Amid thy sacred rocks and rills,
Where liberty with glory towers
Unshaken on her thousand hills!

Genius of freedom! let me stand
With thee upon my native land;
Still let me hear thy thunder-voice
Bid every child of thine rejoice;
Still let me see on yonder mast
The banner of the heart unfurl'd—
The playmate of the ocean-blast,
The hope or terror of the world.
And when the minstrel's form is cold,
His brightest meed of praise shall be,
As o'er his grave yon starry fold
By wind and tempest is unroll'd,
"Freedom! thy minstrel sang of thee!"

'Tis dark around! yet darker still
Within that melancholy clime,
Where tireless, sleepless vulture-ill
Sits blackly brooding over crime;
The tempest has a deeper moan;
The night-wind has a wilder tone;
The thunder glares his troubled eye
Amid the hollows of the sky;
And sheeted lightnings swiftly stream
From yonder cloud's tremendous rack,
And then with swifter stride they seem
In pallid horror hurrying back.

Groans in the dark tide of the air:
Groans in the withered space around:
Groans in the tempest's sickly glare:
Groans struggling under ground!
And look! Lo! blacker clouds are swelling
Around the thunder's opened dwelling,

Which with a Vulcan-torch illumines
 This realm of everlasting glooms ;
 Set in the distance—see it stand
 Above that melancholy land—
 Wild, gloomy, solitary, grand !
 Heckla of spirits—placed afar,
 The lamp of ghastly heath and rill,
 As if like some malignant star
 'T would make them all more ghastly still.

ROSANI.

"Fit time!"—he cried with quivering brow,
 "Tale such as mine was uttered now ;
 When all the elements are stirred
 To hear a spirit's fearful word.
 Let lightnings flash—let thunders roll,
 What terrors have they for the soul
 That flees the golden eye of day,
 And hates its beams e'en more than they !
 I've revell'd in their light before
 In many a sea, on many a shore—
 On many a rock—on many a deck—
 Yes ! challenged them amid the wreck—
 When they and the remorseless sea
 Seem'd smiling on my agony.

Yet ! have I loved a milder glow
 Than yonder lurid fires bestow :
 There was a moment ! glorious time !
 When I, amid my native bow'rs,
 Unmoved by care—unsoiled by crime—
 Would watch the sunshine beam for hours ;
 It glowed of my own self a part,
 For all was sunshine in the heart,
 Which seemed an angel who had left,
 He knew not how, the stainless blue,
 And smiled, so long of light bereft,
 To find an angel wandering, too.

But when I saw the bannered storm—
 Like giant rousing from his sleep—
 Uplift o'er heaven his awful form,
 And from the thunder-chamber sweep
 To his dread bridal with the flame
 Before their altar of the cloud,
 While all his minstrel-tempests came
 Around the shrine, in terror bowed,—
 I've smiled with other smile than this,
 For then, I, leaping from the sod,
 Saw, in their rude but meaning bliss,
 The wondrous glory of a God :—
 Yes ! e'en when others quailed to see
 The red volcano light our clime,
 I've joyed, for in its ministry
 I only saw a torch sublime,
 Lighting with its tremendous glare
 The glorious pages of His book,
 Which me I might read if they would dare
 Upon those awful leaves to look.

Like thee I joyed alone to range
 Amid the beautiful and bright,
 A thing like them of love and light—
 Like thee my spirit had its change.
 The spell was wove ! It thundered out
 In many a wild and bitter curse—
 And thenceforth I was hurli'd about
 Hopeless amid the universe.

Long years ! oh ! how your shadows press
 My brow in very weariness :
 Here ! here ye stretch and ever gloom
 Like funeral-foliage of the tomb,
 Whose leaves—the favorites of pain
 Must ever life from sorrow gain.
 Long years ! long years ! I feel again
 Your star-eyed hopes around me glow
 Bright as the plumage of a train
 Of pilgrim-angels furled below.

We are together : Ila, see
 The light of heaven's own heraldry—
 And hark !—the evening breeze is here ;
 His silver lips no longer mute,—
 He breathes—a minstrel-worshipper—
 An avè from his leafy lute :
 Shall we not join him ? Dearest, press
 Thy lip to mine, while, as of old,
 We hear with love's sweet tenderness
 That glorious vesper music rolled.
 We are together in those bowers
 Glad as the rosy-footed hours
 And all as pure.—I see her now
 A creature less of earth than skies,
 With day's pure sunshine on her brow
 And heaven's own midnight in her eyes.
 And thus we trod the path of life,
 Without nor cloud, nor grief, nor strife—
 Like pensile stars whose golden light
 Meets on the sable bridge of night
 And glows with such a wedded beam
 In calm or stormy weather,
 That men when looking upwards deem
 They are but one, for thus they seem,
 So close they shine together.

Ha ! whence this change ? My Ila ! why
 That icy mien and tearful eye ?
 No more for me thou cullest the flow'r ;—
 No more with me thou seekest the bow'r ;—
 No more thy sweet lips press my own ;—
 No more thy warm hands link with mine,
 When Daylight, stooping from his throne,
 Has furl'd his wing by evening's shrine.

She answered not ! yet sorrow there
 Has held a bridal with despair,
 And pale her cheek as if with wo
 Which none but she must ever know.
 In vain I questioned—her reply
 A sad reproachfulness of eye,
 So firm yet tender in its look,
 It ever, sorrowing, seemed to say
 "Why torture me!"—I could not brook
 Such gaze, but gladly turned away,
 Leaving my Ila to her mood
 In our old castle's solitude.
 Days rolled away !—And who art thou
 With princely step and lofty brow ?
 What dost thou here within our halls,
 Sir knight ! unwelcome to these walls ?
 Days roll'd away !—I sought my sire ;
 He met me but with glance of ire,
 And freezing mystery of air,
 Which seemed to say—"Ila ?—beware !"
 And then he cried, "away ! away !
 Mad boy, she weds the knight to day !"
 I spoke not ; slowly round me came
 A wavering sheet of cloud and flame,

Which seem'd to scar my very brain :
 How long 'twas thus I cannot say,
 Nor when I woke to life again.
 They called me mad : I heard the chain
 Clanking around my limbs, and near
 The hum of voices meet my ear,
 And eyes amid the darkness shone
 So bright, so angry and so lone—
 Methought they were the eyes of those
 Whom men have named their demon-foes,
 Drawing a life from human woes.
 Yes ! I was mad, and in my strength
 I spurned the dungeon's hated ground,
 Hurl'd from my limbs the chain, at length,
 And thus my birth-right freedom found.
 I saw the glorious stars again—
 Once more I gazed upon the main
 Whose billows e'en in boyhood were
 My playmates, when their crested forms
 Rushed up like ministers of Fear
 Amid their temple of the storms.
 Once more I heard the Ocean's shock
 Against the castellated rock ;
 And saw, oh ! gallant, blessed sight !
 My barque along the heaving tide,
 Like lover resting through the night
 Upon the bosom of his bride.
 The sail's unfurl'd ! How free ! How brave !
 On ! on my vessel, o'er the wave !
 The night-winds kiss thee, as in joy
 To meet once more their ocean-boy.
 Oh ! I had loved thee, glorious sea,
 And oft thy waters laved my brow,
 But never have I gazed on thee
 With such a bounding heart as now.
 Roll on ! Roll on ! thy dark blue foam
 Shall henceforth be to me a home.
 For days I skimmed the ocean blue,
 And deeper still my gladness grew ;
 And oft my joy was uttered out
 To heaven in that delirious shout
 Which only he can swell whose life
 Is passed amid the ocean's strife.
 And others soon around me came ;
 And men soon shook before my name.
 What trophies glittered on our deck,
 How foemen sank with many a wreck,
 Let that old ocean's caverns tell,—
 In sooth our spirits loved them well—
 They lay beneath us like a spell.

A sail ! How looks she in the dark ?
 " Bravely ! She is a royal barque !"
 Give thanks ! Hurrah ! I ween the wave
 Before the morn shall be her grave !
 Out with the guns !—" Ho, sir ! she veers !—"
 Again ! again ! Hurrah ! she nears !"
 She came so nigh, that we could see
 The pilot's lonely ministry.
 Sudden as lightning from its lair
 Fire glowed around her deck ;—
 Ha ! ship, that rode so proudly there—
 Thou art a very wreck !
 Once more the frowning guns were out ;
 Their thunder told in shriek and shout !
 " The barque 's on fire !"—with one wild cry !
 That pierced the very wave and sky,
 Her crew leaped in the tide ;
 But as she heavily floated by—

Oh ! God what met my startled eye ?
 The chieftain and his bride !
 Yes, he and Ila shrined in flame
 Were wildly calling on my name :—
 At one mad bound I cleared my deck,
 And stood upon that burning wreck :
 Through flame and smoke I fearless flew !
 A moment—I have reached the two !
 I grasped him ! and the lurid wave
 Revenged me well—it was his grave.
 I bore her in my arms—the smoke
 And flame in vain around me broke,—
 I felt them curling o'er my brow,
 As fierce they swept from stern to prow ;—
 I struggled on !—one effort more—
 I leaped upon my vessel's side !
 Thank God ! the final strife was o'er,
 And I had won my ocean-bride !
 In one dread shock the crackling mast
 Came thundering down beneath the blast :—
 The flaming wreck slow drives away—
 Dim and more dim we marked the ray ;
 And now unloosing every sail—
 We feel our vessel, like a steed
 Gladdening to serve his rider's need,
 Dart out before the gale.

Slowly the thrill of feeling came
 Along my Ila's pallid frame ;
 I marked the rising crimson swell
 Upon the cheek I loved too well,
 And heard, how joyously ! the sigh
 Which told me that she could not die,
 At least not then :—she rose at last ;
 One piercing look around she cast,
 And shrieked !—her memory, ah ! too soon
 Had lighted up those scenes of old,
 When I, beneath far different moon
 Than that which brightly rose aboon,
 My love so passionately told.
 She spake not still ; but day by day
 I saw her calmly sink away
 Like some sweet flower or rainbow-form
 Whose life is withered by the storm.
 But when I saw her pallid lips
 Darkling beneath the death-eclipse,
 She waved me to her side and said—
 I cannot speak her words—the dead
 Would stir within their very tomb
 To hear such tale !—Enough ! she died,
 And I beheld in that sea-room
 A sister in my ocean-bride.
 Oh ! how I blessed the God above,
 That she went down unsoiled by love
 Whose reckless and unholy fire
 Springs from the heart of low desire.
 My sire had framed a cunning tale
 —To shroud his crime, and this the baal !
 He brought her to our castle's hall—
 Saying she was a homeless child,
 Whom he had found beneath the wall
 In all her orphan-freedom wild.
 Of that she told me, on the day
 She died, thus much I dared to say.

And Ila sleeps within the wave,
 And round her peaceful ocean-tomb
 The pale flowers of the coral-grave
 In all their quiet beauty bloom.
 Sleep on ! sleep on in that deep rest—

Thou of the stainless brow and breast,—
Oh! holy as the stars that shine
In all their seraph splendor set,
Like torches of a templed-shrine
In midnight's azure coronet.

She was avenged! That very hour
In which the tide received her form,
The deep-blue sky began to lour
Beneath the scowling of the storm;
And soon the thunder, vast and dark,
Shook his red arm above our barque,
Whose deck deserted—sails all rent
And loose around the shivered mast,
Like reeling clouds were blindly sent
Before the fury of the blast.

"The boats! the boats!"

They're riding well
Along that billow's crested swell.
"Save! save yourselves," I sternly cried,
Undaunted on the plunging deck,
"I go to seek my ocean-bride,
But comrades ye must leave the wreck!"
An instant—they were safe! and I
Alone stood challenging the sky
And rolling waves.

With fearless form
I dared the spirit of the storm:
His red lips answered me—the flame
Leaped burning through my blackened frame!—
And I was here.—

"No more! No more!"
He cried, "that agony was o'er:—
But this!"

He darkly gazed around,
Then quivering sank upon the ground;
And Lorro on his dread distress
Gazed sorrowing—mute and motionless.

The tempest with his train has fled,
And yet no moon hath lit her fire;
Nought lights the darkness, deep and dread,
Save that dim-burning Vulcan-pyre.

With its drear, wavering, ghastly light,
Still heavier than the heavy night:
Most terrible!

The task is done!

How gladly mounts the trembling soul,
Like light returning to its sun,
When Heaven's own streams of glory roll!
Joy, spirit! joy! I've broke the spell;
Land of the lost! dread land, farewell

Soul of that shadowy realm, where Time
Hath thrown his last-expiring wave,
When the Immortal glooms sublime
And terrible above the grave,—
Dread image o'er whose phantasm we
Have hung a shroud of mystery,
And then for countless ages shook
Before its dark, eternal look.
Bold scorner of the groan or tear—
Swaying between the star and storm—
Thou art a mighty thing of fear,
Yet glory crowns thy mystic form.
Vast, potent, melancholy, dim,
Past ruler of the cherubim,
And king-like in thy ruin still,
Thou livest despite of sleepless ill.
Oh! once all splendid in that time,

Ere thy great banners were unfurl'd
Like thunder flashes in the clime
From which the rebel hosts were hurl'd,
How art thou fallen—fallen now!—
The burning seal upon thy brow
Which towered in its own glory bright—
A mighty pyramid of light.

And battling still? Thine essence gleams
Like the dim flashing of a cloud;
Oh! how unlike its heavenly beams
Ere sin that angel-beauty bowed,
And changed thee to a giant curse
Breathed through the shuddering universe—
A deathless, hopeless agony—
An aching immortality.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

BY THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, M. D.

If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.—*Shelley.*

I MET her in the spring-time of my years,
When suns set golden in the azure west;
The sight of her dissolved my heart to tears—
It seemed she came from heaven to make me blest.

A golden harp was in her snow-white hand,
And when she touched the strings, so softly prest,
The music seemed as from some heavenly band,
As though she came from heaven to make me blest.

Her eyes were of that soft, celestial hue,
Which heaven puts on when Day is in the west;
Whose words were soft as drops of evening dew—
It seemed she came from heaven to make me blest.

Long had we parted—long had she been dead—
When late one night, when all had gone to rest,
Her spirit stood before me—near my bed—
She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

As some fond dove unto her own mate sings,
So sang she unto me, in my unrest—
Who lay beneath the shadow of her wings—
Of heaven, wherein she told me she was blest.

My spirit had been longing here for years
To know if that dear creature was at rest;
When, just as my poor heart lost all its tears,
She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

I then grew happy—for with mine own eyes
I had beheld that being whom my breast
Had pillowed here for years—fresh from the skies—
Who came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

I wept no more—from that sad day to this,
I have been longing for the same sweet rest,
When my fond soul shall dwell with her in bliss,
Who came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

MRS. WARE'S POEMS.*

averse, as we have declared ourselves, to any severe criticisms upon the productions of female poets, we are constrained, in the case before us, to speak with a plainness, savoring less of gallantry than truth. If only "*some* female errors" fell to the lot of MRS. KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE, we might, perhaps, "look in her face" and "forget them all;" but so many are the faults of which she is guilty, that she must have a face as beautiful as Raphael's Fornarina, to cause us to forget or forgive a tithe of the number. The lady, however, is neither beautiful nor juvenile; she goes so far in her preface as to confess that she cannot plead "*youthful* diffidence" for her indiscretion in writing and publishing a volume of verses. That she is not beautiful, we state on positive intelligence. On this score, therefore, her sins of metrical commission cannot be pardoned any more than because of her juvenility—an excuse which she so magnanimously disclaims.

On the second leaf of Mrs. Ware's book, which is not really as well as figuratively *blank*, we perceive, paraded in capital letters, the words "COPYRIGHT SECURED IN AMERICA." Now, if the copyright has in fact been secured in America; if it has been entered at the office of the District Clerk of New York or of any other State, as the law directs, it strikes us that the dollar, charged as a fee in such cases, has been absurdly and ridiculously thrown away. The proceeding was altogether supererogatory. Booksellers are not particularly partial to publishing collections of poetry at the best; but that any one of them should be so insane as to re-publish a farago like this, to enter into rivalry and competition for such a cause, is an hypothesis which never could have been engendered, except in the brain of a rhymster, dizzy with self-conceit. From the fact, however, of a copyright having been secured in America, we are well assured that the author is an American; even this was unnecessary, because Mrs. KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE has, in times past, written her name to so many patches of poetry, that it is not unfamiliar to pains-taking readers, at least on our side of the water. She first made herself known to the literary world here as the Editor of a monthly magazine, exquisitely christened "The Bower of Taste." That any work, with so Rosamatildaish a title, could have existed for a year was marvellous; still more marvellous was it, that it survived the merciless visitings of the Muse of Mrs. Ware. With the failure of this undertaking, her literary biography, brief as the posy of a ring, would

terminate, were it not for the fact that, during some four years past, she has resided in England, and manufactured, to order, occasional lyrics for the Liverpool Newspapers. By some fatuity, which she has provokingly left unexplained, in a preface written in the worst possible taste, she has been impelled to the perpetration of the volume before us. But, previous to exemplifications of its component properties, let us give the preface entire, by way of showing how very unlike ladies, and how very foolishly, feminine bards can behave on paper. If our readers of both sexes do not laugh at the following outbreak of egotism and vanity, they are less easily amused than we conjecture.

COURTEOUS READER,

I should like to write a PREFACE, if I could.—Such an ample field is afforded, for appealing to the sympathy and generosity of the "Liberal Public." Such emphatic words as "*youthful diffidence*," "*consciousness of errors*," "*request of friends*," "*leisure hours*," "*relief in solitude*,"—all these once attracted my delighted attention, and I resolved, if I ever should write a book, to present therewith a very sentimental Preface. But upon this subject my opinions are changed. Negatively speaking of my volume—"youthful diffidence" I cannot plead; "*consciousness of errors*," I might, which I own I have had time to correct. I do not publish at the "*request of friends*," for no friends, to my knowledge, were ever particularly anxious for such an event. Nor for the amusement of my "*leisure hours*," for, since my remembrance, I never had any. Nor as a "*relief in solitude*," for I am never alone. And permit me to add, not for gold, for my muse will never become a Cræsus. Lastly, not for Fame, for light is my regard for her vain breath.

A PREFACE is an article which I am by no means prepared to attempt, being apprehensive that my labors might terminate like those of a certain venerable individual, of spelling-book celebrity, who, in companionship with his son, and a long-eared fellow-traveller, by his anxiety to please everybody, found, to his mortification, that he could please nobody. Now, with the very moderate desire of pleasing somebody, I have determined to write no preface to my book, because I am not prepared to make a single fashionable apology for its publication. At the present era of book-making, all prefatory introductions seem to be disregarded as superfluous by the reading community, except to works of deep erudition, or on subjects which may require preliminary elucidations from the author. All others are merely glanced over like the "programme of an entertainment," or a "bill of the play," and obtain no further notice. Scarcely one reader out of ten has the least interest or curiosity to learn what motive induced the author to write the volume, which he has either bought or borrowed for his entertainment. He certainly has a right to expect it will contain some matter either to improve, inform, or amuse the mind. If disappointed, no apology, however gracefully made, will effect a change in his opinion; and the author may expect to receive the same compliment which a certain learned doctor (more famed for candor than politeness) once paid to his delinquent

* Power of the Passions and other Poems. By Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware. London: William Pickering, 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 148.

pupil, who made an elaborate apology for his errors, that he who was good at making "a handsome apology, was generally good for nothing else."

Thine respectfully,

K. A. W.

Since we have suffered our author to speak for herself, nobody can accuse us of unfairness, since that captious gentleman, Nobody, is not obliged to think as we do, but can, if he so pleases, pronounce Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware to be the most modest, unassuming, charming pilgrim, that ever journeyed to the fountain of Helicon, or toiled up the steep of Parnassus.

We have, in our time, been constrained by our vocation, to spell out a good many pieces of bombast; but we can safely say that, in our serious belief, no rhetorician was ever better furnished with an illustration for that not very rare quality of style, than in the effusion with which we begin to be overwhelmed on page one, under the imposing title "The Power of the Passions." We had thought of turning the whole into prose, but as we have not the space to spare, and the readers can easily do it for themselves, whenever we shall have occasion to cite a passage, we content ourselves with a cursory description, and no very acute analysis, since the philosophy is quite as incomprehensible as the lines are vapid, and the ideas commonplace. *Imprimis*, we are favored with the strikingly novel information that there was a time, a good while ago, when man stood in God's own image communing with angels in a bower,

"When first creation dawned upon his view."

This fair world, we are next agreeably astonished to learn, was given to man by high Omnipotence. At this interesting period, Creation owned her Lord, and all that moved confessed his reign, and the forest monarch bowed down before him, beside the young lamb; (bah!) moreover, birds hailed the rising day, and there were flowers and trees and fruits *cum multis aliis* of the sort.

Such was fair PARADISE! When WOMAN smiled,
All EDEM brightened with a richer glow!
Led by the hand of DEITY, she came
To dwell in kind companionship with man,
A sharer of his pleasures and his toils,
Which nature's genial bosom richly paid:
Love, joy, and harmony, and peace, were there—
God saw his glorious work, and it was good.

These lines are cited, because they are the only good ones in the poem, and because it occurs to us that we have seen something rather like them in the works of a respectable poet of the middle ages—one Milton. In the remainder of the effusion, Mrs. Ware is unquestionably original.

Brief hour of human purity and truth!
Malignant ENVY, in the bland disguise
Of friendship, stole, yea, twined his serpent folds
Around fair Wisdom's consecrated Tree.
"Eat, woman, eat—ye shall not surely die!"
Thus spake the tempter of mankind. *They ate—*
A sudden darkness gathered o'er the sky.
Wild raged the storm, earth's firm foundations shook,
While ocean trembled from her deepest cells;
Blue, livid lightnings flashed with lurid glare,
Wrreathing in flames the blackened arch of heaven;
While the loud thunder's deep, continuous roar
Proclaimed, in God's own voice, that Man was lost!

The four verses we have italicised are fiercely grand; more terrible than any we ever saw, except those by which they are succeeded. After the thunder-clap, lions roared, tigers yelled, hyenas cried, wolves howled, leviathans drifted ashore, birds of ill omen shrieked, and there was a dreadful rum-pus in general among beasts, such as are usually to be seen in a Zoological Garden. The Arch-Enemy chuckles over this sport, rives his chain, and stalks over the globe, taking the precaution, however, to veil his hideous form and smile demoniac, (why, we cannot well perceive,) and finally speaks. His observations are left to the ingenuity of the reader; but he had no sooner "concluded his remarks," than

"Wild spirits filled the air, the earth,
The sea."

These we suppose are the Passions, mentioned in the title. Taking them as they are introduced, they are the most outrageous set of ill-behaved monsters that ever were seen, and are as dissimilar to those polite entities, classified under the same names, and said by the Fourrierists to be easily subjected to the domination of reason and the affections, as can well be imagined. It must be noted, however, that Mrs. Ware is more original in the individuals she recommends to our attention as the Passions, than she is in her figures of speech.

First, MURDER came, his right hand red
With the pure blood of his young brother's heart,
For which his own, in every clime and age,
Hath deeply paid. "*Cursed art thou!*" said God,
And set his mark upon the murderer's brow.

We were not, until now, aware that *Murder* was a Passion, considering it rather as a deed, consequent upon some one of the Passions. Next in order comes Remorse, "whose step is followed by Despair." "Next comes Revenge." And what *Passion*, reader, do you imagine follows next? "'Tis WAR, insatiate WAR." Another new Passion. Afterwards "pale Jealousy is seen," in an awful taking because "the treasured ideal of his soul is false;" accordingly, he rushes *blindly* forth, meets his haughty foe, and, though he is blind, "their eyes have met," and

The fierce volcano's flame
Ne'er flashed more wildly than his furious glance!
No more. 'Tis done—the double deed of death.
The reeking steel, red from his rival's heart,
Is quivering now within her heaving breast.

Here is murder in the first degree once more. Now some people may call this strong writing; we call it fustian, run mad. Next come Riot and Folly and Theft and Love and Misery and Guilt, of which we do not recognise any one but Love as belonging to the Passions. Just here there occurs a passage, which is so clearly applicable to the "divine Fanny Ellsler," that, "in the opinion of this court," an action on the case for heavy damages will lie. Although the *dansuse* alluded to figures under no name whatsoever, and is merely described as "Another," we beg leave to put it to the immense jury, consisting of the subscribers to this Magazine, what other than the "splendiferous Madam," above named, can possibly be signified? Read the remarkable passage, and record your verdicts.

ANOTHER, too, in tinselled garb, is near,
 'Mid scenic splendor, like a thing of light—
 With limbs scarce veiled, and gestures wild and strange,
 She gaily bounds in the lascivious dance,
 Moving as if her element were air,
 And music was the echo of her step.
 Around her bold, unblushing brow are twined
 The deadly nightshade and the curling vine,
 Enwreathed with flowers luxuriant and fair,
 Yet poisonous as the Upas in their breath.
 Her sparkling eye, keen as the basilisk's,
 Who marks his prey, beams with a dashing light—
 False as the flame which hovers o'er the gulf
 Of dark oblivion—tempting to destroy.
 Mysterious power! men shudder while they gaze—
 Despise, yet own her fascinating spell.

As bursts the "deafening thunder of applause,"
 'Mid showers of votive wreaths, and *parfum vif*—
 Descending like bright Juno from her cloud,
 With glance erratic round th' enchanted ring—
 She smiles on all above, and all below,
 With regal condescension, and accepts
 The worthless homage offered at her shrine.

Let not the reader hastily conclude that he has yet ascended with Mrs. Katharine A. Ware to the cloud-capped summit of turgidity. In the concluding passages of her perfectly ferocious poem, she excels herself. A higher Alp of nonsense towers above the smaller Alps we have already passed. To change the metaphor, all the former passages are mere rattling musket shot, compared to this concentrated, thundering discharge of the artillery of bombast:—

Last in the train of human misery,
 UNCONSCIOUS MADNESS rushed. The storm that beat
 On his unsheltered head and naked breast,
 Was calm to that which wildly raged within:
 All the dark passions that deform the soul
 By turns usurped departed Reason's throne.

His rolling eye, red as the meteor's flash,
 In fierce defiance wildly glanced around;
 While his Herculean frame dilated rose,
 As if exulting in its giant strength!
 Uprooted trees were strewn across his path—
 The remnants of his sanguinary meal,
 Still warm with life, lay quivering at his feet;
 They caught his eye. Not Etna's wildest roar
 E'er came more deep than his demoniac laugh!
 As rolls the distant thunder on—it ceased.

And we cease; but not altogether. Cry not, oh reader, with king-killing Macbeth, "hold, enough!" till we shall have at least ferreted out some stanzas worth commendation, in the one hundred and forty "mortal pages," which drag their slow length after "The Power of the Passions"—which title, we beg leave to suggest, should be changed to the somewhat Hibernian one of "A Power of Passions," which would be more expressive of the number of new ones "making their first appearance on any stage."

All the gross errors of persons who deem themselves poets, but are not—who make verses, to which neither gods, men nor columns can yield applause—are displayed, not only in the effusion which we have too tenderly handled, but in most of the remaining rubbish of metre, which this mistaken lady has raked together and piled up for the diversion of the public in England. It is said of those, who make constant efforts to utter happy repartees and smart jokes, that it would be a wonder if they did not now and then stumble upon a clever hit. The remark may with truth be applied to the indefatigable con-coctor of rhymes. Desperate must be his condition,

if, at large intervals, good couplets did not slip from his pen. Poor as most of Mrs. Ware's poems are, stanzas are scattered through them which are really beautiful, and have the air of being in their present position by mistake. Occasionally, also, when the subject is dictated by feeling; when the thoughts well from the heart, and are like those which are entertained by the author in common with other people of sensibility; when she does not strive to be very fine, very grand and very fascinating, her lines run smoothly and gracefully along. Take as a favorable example of her versification one stanza, from a poem called "Diamond Island," which, as we are told, is a delightful little island, situated in Lake George, and well known to the Northern tourists for its picturesque beauty, and the brilliant crystals to be found on its shores:—

How sweet to stray along thy flowery shore,
 Where crystals sparkle in the sunny ray;
 While the red boatman plies his silvery oar
 To the wild measure of some rustic lay.

As a specimen of the sometimes able and sometimes slovenly mode in which Mrs. Ware poetizes, take the following couplets as an example. In describing what scenes are beheld by "The Genius of Græcia," she finely writes:—

"Views the broad Stadium, where the Gymnic art
 Nerved the young arm and energized the heart."

A little further on, our ears are tortured with—

"Where Scio's isle blushes with Christian gore,
 And hostile fiends still yell around the shore."

Well nigh tired of animadversion, let us employ the remainder of this article with selections that will be read with satisfaction, and which may strike some sympathetic and responsive chords. We need not bestow any higher praise upon the following pieces, chosen with care, as by far the best in the volume, (though we will venture to assert that the author considers them the poorest,) than to remark that we consider them worthy of the space they occupy in this magazine.

LOSS OF THE FIRST BORN.

"A grief that passeth show."

I saw a pale young mother, bending o'er
 Her first-born hope. Its soft blue eyes were closed—
 Not in the balmy dream of downy rest;
 In Death's embrace the shrouded babe reposed,
 It slept the dreamless sleep that wakes no more!
 A low sigh struggled in her heaving breast,
 But yet she wept not—hers was the deep grief
 The heart in its dark desolation feels;
 Which breathes not in impassioned accents wild,
 But slowly the warm pulse of life congeals:
 A grief, which from the world seeks no relief—
 A mother's sorrow o'er her first-born child!

She gazed upon it with a steadfast eye,
 Which seemed to say—Oh! would I were with thee.
 As if her every earthly hope were fled
 With that departed cherub. Even he—
 Her young heart's choice, who breathed a father's sigh—
 Of bitter anguish o'er the unconscious dead—
 Felt not, while weeping by its funeral bier,
 One pang so deep as hers, who shed no tear!

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

(A PAINTING.)

Bright glowed the sun on Nile's resplendent tide,
 Reflecting the rich landscape far and wide;
 The verdant hills, with lofty cedars crowned,
 Those heights sublime, where, in stern glory, frowned
 Egypt's proud battlements, stretched forth on high,
 Like a dark cloud athwart the summer sky!
 But softer shadows claimed a birth-place there;
 The pensile willow, and the lotus fair,
 And flowers of richest bloom, their perfume gave,
 To wreath the margin of the azure wave.

'T was to this calm and beautiful retreat,
 With wildly throbbing heart and trembling feet,
 The Hebrew Mother came. To her sad breast,
 Her youngest hope, a lovely boy, she prest,—
 He whom a tyrant's voice had doomed to die!
 With anguish-riven soul and tearful eye,
 She looked on his bright cheek and cherub smile,
 Then gently hushed him to repose; and while
 Within his fragile barque she laid him, gazed
 Her last upon the sleeping babe! then raised
 To the Almighty one a fervent prayer,
 Confiding her soul's treasure to his care:
 Then, as with firmer step she homeward trod,
 With faith renewed, she left him to his God!

BLOWING BUBBLES.

It was a lovely picture! A young boy,
 Of scarce five summers, on a terrace stood,
 Which overlooked a region of sweet flowers,
 As fresh and blooming as his own bright cheeks;
 While from a pipe, wiled from his ancient nurse
 With many a kiss, the rosy urchin blew
 Those air-created globes, which, as they soared
 Through the blue space, caught the gay tints of morn.
 Buoyant and bright as youthful hopes they seemed,
 And radiant as those visioned forms of bliss
 That hover in the dreams of innocence.

I watched the rapturous gaze of that young boy,
 And heard his joyous shout, as rising high
 Upon the breeze, those fragile orbs were borne.
 But when they sank, and vanished from his view,
 A cloud of sadness came o'er his fair brow.

This picture read a lesson to my heart.
 Oh—how like these, thought I, are half the hopes
 And pleasures of this life. No sooner do
 They smile upon our view—than they are gone!

NEW YEAR WISH.

TO ANNA MARIA, AGED FIVE YEARS.

Dear one, while bending o'er thy couch of rest,
 I've looked on thee as thou wert calmly sleeping,
 And wished—Oh! couldst thou ever be as blest
 As now—when haply all thy cause of weeping
 Is, for a truant bird, or faded rose;
 Though these light griefs call forth the ready tear,
 They cast no shadow o'er thy soft repose,
 No trace of care, or sorrow, lingers here.

With rosy cheek, upon the pillow prest,
 To me thou seemest a cherub, pure and fair,
 With thy sweet smile, and gently heaving breast,
 And the bright ringlets of thy clustering hair;
 What shall I wish thee, little one? Smile on
 Through childhood's morn—through life's gay spring—
 For oh—too soon will those bright hours be gone!
 In youth time flies upon a silken wing.

May thy young mind, beneath the bland control
 Of education, lasting worth acquire;
 May virtue stamp her signet on thy soul,
 Direct thy steps, and every thought inspire!
 Thy parents' earliest hope—be it their care
 To guide thee through youth's path of shade and flowers,
 And teach thee to avoid false pleasure's snare;
 Be thine—to smile upon their evening hours.

There are some graceful translations from the French; but, besides the above, we should find it difficult to quote an original poem, good as a whole. We have now and then some spirited lines, and frequently some weak ones; but the latter outnumber the former.

Strange as it may seem, the same hand wrote both of the following passages—the one, with the exception of its concluding verse, vigorous, free, correct—the other, puerile, silly, commonplace.

Sculpture! oh what a triumph o'er the grave
 Hath thy proud Art!—thy powerful hand can save
 From the destroyer's grasp the noble form,
 As if the spirit dwelt, still thrilling warm,
 In every line and feature of the face;
 The air majestic, and the simple grace
 Of flowing robes, which shade, but not conceal,
 All that the classic chisel would reveal.
 In thy supremacy thou stand'st sublime,
 Bidding defiance to the scythe of time!

The thought of thee is like the breath of morn,
 Which whispers gently through the blooming trees;
 Like music o'er the sparkling waters borne,
 When the blue waves heave in the summer breeze.

We have faithfully performed our unpleasant duty in the foregoing criticism. A high standard has been set up by us, and it must be defended. Censure is far less agreeable to us than commendation; but the last would be wholly valueless, when flowing from our pen, were we always to withhold the first. Poetry, to be acceptable, must have higher qualities than those which the mere habit and practice of writing confers. A man may play very well on the piano and not be a musician; he may sketch very well and not be a painter; he may model very well and have no just claim to be called a sculptor. The maker of graceful stanzas is not a poet; he is at best entitled only to be called a person of accomplishments. He is inexcusable when he brings himself prominently before the public and claims to be ranked among artists. Women, more than men, cultivate their powers of taste. We know many of the sex who not only sing and sketch, but write very nice verses. They would, however, shrink from publicity with a sensitive dread of ridicule. For the sake of a pure literature this apprehension should be kept alive by an occasional article, like the one which we have felt ourselves impelled to present on the effusions of Mrs. KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE.

B.

LOVE AND PIQUE;

OR, SCENES AT A WATERING PLACE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE VENTILATOR.

It was one of the most sultry days of an intensely hot summer, the thermometer stood at eighty-five in the shade, every thing was parched with fervent heat, and, as if to show their powers of endurance, half the world, leaving the quiet comfort of luxurious homes, were inhaling the close and unhealthful atmosphere of a crowded watering-place. Cecil Forrester had mingled with the throng, and, bidding adieu to his father's beautiful country-seat, where the murmur of a rushing stream mingled its cool refreshing sound with the whisper of the summer breeze, had obtained, for a certain consideration, the privilege of occupying an apartment, some eight feet by ten, in the great hotel which stretches its huge length along the sands at ——. But Cecil had other motives than simple obedience to the dictates of fashion. He was in love, deeply and earnestly in love, and the lady on whom he had bestowed his affections seemed to him one of those exquisite creatures, equally well fitted to be the gem of a ball-room or the ornament of domestic life. He had met her in the sequestered village of Norwood, whither he repaired every summer to visit a favorite sister, and where the lovely Miss Oriel had come to repair the ravages which a winter's dissipation had made in her fresh complexion. They had enjoyed a flirtation of the most delightful kind, because it had been purely sentimental, and such is, after all, the most agreeable variety of that very common species of amusement. Laura Oriel had laid aside all her usual gaiety of apparel, her dress was the very perfection of elegant simplicity; her raven hair was braided, without a single ringlet, around her well turned head, and, in short, nothing could be more attractive than the city belle so suddenly transformed into *la jolie paysanne* of a country village. Many a moonlit walk had Cecil Forrester enjoyed with her, many a beautiful fancy had been pictured out during their rambles in the summer woods, many a noble sentiment had been uttered beneath the deep shadow of the rocky cliff, many a delicate thought had been evolved amid the beauty and sublimity of nature. The time passed like a dream. The genial breezes of flowery June had been exchanged for the fervent

heats of July, and these had again been forgotten in the more oppressive sultriness of August before their happiness was disturbed by a single thought of the future. But Miss Oriel was then obliged to accompany her mother to ——. It was a most disagreeable necessity, for she did not love a crowd, and though her fortune and station in society compelled her to appear among the multitude, yet she was only happy in the seclusion of domestic life. But duty to her only parent was the ruling principle of her existence. Her mother's wishes had forced her into society during the past winter, and now the same irresistible power drew her to the turbulent scenes of a fashionable watering-place. Poor thing! she was certainly to be pitied, and so thought Cecil Forrester. He was upon the point of expressing his ardent admiration, and offering his heart and hand to her whose tender friendship had made him bankrupt in all that was worthy of her acceptance. But, somehow or other, no opportunity occurred for any such explanation. The lady rather avoided those delicious walks which, though favorable to the growth of affection, might afford chances for an unseasonable declaration. So Cecil was only able to inform her of his intention to meet her at ——, and contented himself, for the present, with offering her a splendid copy of Rogers' Poems, in which he had inscribed her name in the most delicate of Italian writing, and where she found, on further examination, the words "To her who will understand me," written over the pretty pastoral poem entitled "The Wish."

Mine be a cot beside a hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
A willow brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
To share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, amid the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point, with taper spire, to Heaven."

It was certainly a most appropriate and delicately

expressed choice for such a lover of natural beauty and quiet happiness as Miss Laura Oriel.

But to return to —. Mr. Forrester knew that Miss Oriel was expected to arrive there on a certain morning, and, as he had gone down several days previous, he was, of course, on the watch for her. Most impassioned admirers would have rushed out to welcome the object of their thoughts at the very first glimpse of her green veil. But Cecil was no vulgar lover, his taste was excessively refined, and for his own sake, no less than out of regard to the lady's feelings, he did not choose to behold her in travelling dishabille after a long and dusty ride. He therefore contented himself with watching from an upper window her descent from the stage coach, and then retired to his apartment until the preparatory dinner-bell should summon the *élite* to the saloon. As I have said before, the day was excessively warm, and all the ventilators (which had been mercifully placed over each door to prevent suffocation) stood wide open, as if the rooms, like their heated occupants, were gasping for breath. Cecil, who had a tolerably correct notion of comfort, had loosed his boot-straps, unbraced his stays, and flung himself upon the bed to indulge a pleasant reverie before he commenced his toilet, when he was suddenly recalled to the scenes of actual life by the sound of a well-known voice.

The apartments to which Miss Oriel and her mother had been conducted (the privilege of selection would be a most unheard-of innovation of the rights of hotel-keepers at such a season) happened to be immediately opposite to the one already occupied by Mr. Forrester. The ventilators of both were open, and, as he heard her voice, he felt a sweet satisfaction in the thought, that the soft southern breeze which was cooling his brow also fanned the ringlets of his beautiful mistress. But really there was no excuse for his listening to her conversation; it was most ungentlemanlike, but at the same time, I am sorry to say, most natural; and though heartily ashamed of him for so doing, I am obliged to confess that he paid the closest attention to every word of their discourse.

"How long do you want to stay here, Laura?" said the mother, in that wheezing sort of voice which belongs to fat, puffy old ladies when over-fatigued.

"That will depend upon circumstances," was the short and rather crusty reply.

"Do you know they charge twelve dollars a week, and every bath is an extra expense?"

"What of that? We must risk something in all speculations, and mine is a pretty safe venture."

"I wish we had left Ellen Grey at home."

"I don't agree with you; we owe her some return for staying nearly three months with her at Norwood, and I cannot bear to be under an obligation to such mighty good sort of people, for they never forget it."

"But her board will be expensive, and I do not see why it would not have been as well to invite her to our house in the winter."

"You don't seem to understand my plans, Mamma.

Ellen Grey is pretty, and modest, and sentimental, and all that; she is just the kind of person to be very attractive to gentlemen when seen in domestic life, but she is too timid to appear well in a place like this. She will scarcely dare to raise her eyes in such a crowd, and therefore there can be no rivalry between us. Besides, she has a great deal of taste, and her assistance at my toilet enables me to dispense with a dressing maid."

"I cannot see much force in your argument."

"Perhaps not; what would you say if I tell you I want her as a foil?"

"She is too pretty to serve such a purpose."

"You are greatly mistaken; any body would look well beside an ugly girl, but one must be exceedingly beautiful to bear a comparison with as pretty a creature as Ellen Grey. Her delicate complexion, which is continually suffused with blushes, her fair hair and blue eyes would appear lovelier any where else than they will beside me."

"Such beauty as yours requires no foil, Laura."

"I choose to employ one, notwithstanding; I have come here for the express purpose of attracting Fitzroy Beauchamp, and I mean to neglect nothing, however trifling, to compass my schemes."

"What will Cecil Forrester say?"

"If I succeed, he may say what he pleases. I mean to play off my present lover against the future one; and Cecil will be of use to me by exciting the jealousy of Beauchamp."

"I declare you are too bad, Laura."

"I only mean to study your interest and my own, Mamma. Cecil Forrester was a delightful companion in the country, his enthusiasm was so well adapted to the time and place, that it seemed to give charms to the dull and stupid village, which it could not otherwise have possessed. I certainly played my part to perfection, indeed, I almost began to fancy that there was really some feeling in my acting; at any rate he has the most implicit faith in my sensibility. How often I have laughed over the love-sick youth's rural wish! I think I see myself as

'Lucy at her spinning-wheel,
In russet gown and apron blue.'

"I wonder how you kept up the farce so long, Laura; even Ellen thinks you a most exemplary sentimentalist."

"Oh, it was a pleasant mode of getting rid of time; nothing sharpens one's wits like a flirtation with a real lover—I have learned twenty new stratagems from my '*country practice*.'"

"Are you sure Mr. Beauchamp is rich?"

"He drives blood-horses, sports a tiger in livery, lives at the Astor, drinks wine at \$8 a bottle, and, what is more, pays his bills."

"How did you learn this?"

"From very good authority; he is said to have \$200,000 in bank stocks besides a sugar plantation worth 12,000 per annum, and slaves enough to stock a colony; so you see he is a prize worth winning. As for Cecil Forrester, I am sorry he is here, but I must manage to turn him over to the unsophisticated little rustic for the present. I do not wish to give

him a downright dismissal, because if I should fail to secure the millionaire it would be as well to fall back upon Forrester's \$30,000. The game will be a difficult one, but the glory of success will be the greater."

"I hope you will reap some of the spoils of victory, Laura, for our legacy is rapidly diminishing, and when it is gone you know there will be no further chance."

"Never fear, Mamma; my stock in trade is very good—beauty, tact, and five thousand dollars form a very excellent capital, and I think I can afford to speculate rather largely."

"But more than half of the most essential part of your capital is already gone, and you have not as yet succeeded."

"You forget that I have gained a footing in society by its expenditure; leave every thing to me, and if I am not married before next season, then write me down a fool."

Cecil Forrester heard every word of this dialogue. At its commencement he had started to his feet, and if any one could have witnessed his gestures and contortions he would have been deemed a madman. His face flushed and paled, his eyes dilated with anger and flashed with contempt, his lip curled in bitter scorn, and narrowly escaped being bitten through as he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage; he clenched his hands, he tore off the turquoise ring which he had hitherto worn on his little finger as a *gage d'amitié* from the false beauty, and finally, after exhausting his angry emotions, he flung himself into a seat, with a calm and determined expression of countenance which augured ill for some of the schemes of Miss Laura Oriol.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Is there any thing more musical to the ear of the time-sick loungeur at a fashionable watering-place than the dinner bell? Talk of the melody of running streams, the sighing of summer winds, the carol of forest birds! they may be all very pleasant sounds in certain moods of the mind, but for a music which never fails to please, a sound which never falls wearily upon the senses, a voice which is never uttered to a listless ear, commend me to that dinner bell. The dullest face brightens into something like intelligence, the most confirmed valetudinarian forgets all elegant debility, the most intellectual remembers the pressing claims of the physical man, and the most refined of women venture to look somewhat interested in the vulgar duty of dining. The saloon was crowded with company all eager for the summons which was to transform them into eating animals.

"Pray why," said a gentleman who was somewhat famous for puns, conundrums and such little witticisms, preferring as it seemed to shoot the "rats and mice and such small deer" of literature, because he could draw a *long* rather than a *strong* bow;

"Pray," said he in that half suppressed voice which, like a theatrical aside, is sure to be distinctly heard in a crowd, "why is this saloon like the President's levee? do ye give it up? why it is filled with a crowd of *hungry expectants*! ha! ha! ha!"

The joke would have been excellent as an after dinner speech, but the audacity of uttering an idle jest while so many persons were keenly alive to one of the sufferings of frail humanity, was very properly punished. No body laughed, and, to his infinite regret, the great Mr. — saw that he had wasted his wit. The first stroke of the second bell brought all to their feet, as suddenly as if they had been subjected to the power of a galvanic battery. Cecil Forrester, attired with unusual care, all the lurking dandyism of his character fully but not offensively displayed, had been one of the first in the saloon, determined to give Miss Oriol a lesson in indifference. But she did not appear, and, as the band struck up a march, the usual signal for deploying into the dining-room, he took the hand of his neighbor, who happened to be a very pretty woman, and followed the somewhat rapid pace of the procession.

The important business of the dinner-table was half finished: the soup, the fish, even the joints had disappeared, and the voracity of the *élégants* had given place to fastidiousness as they amused themselves with a bit of *ris de veau glacé* or a *petit pôte de Périgord*, when a slight bustle at the door attracted universal attention. A dumpy, over-dressed old lady, leaning on the arm of a delicate, fair-haired girl, entered with that fussy manner so characteristic of an out-of-place feeling, while, immediately following her, with a complexion as cool and fresh as marble, if one could only imagine marble tinged with the rose-tint of youth and health—a complexion such as nothing but a morning bath can give—came the elegant Miss Oriol. There was the very perfection of art in her whole appearance. She had chosen for her entrance the moment when the fierce appetites of those who eat to kill time (and sometimes end by killing themselves) were sufficiently appeased to enable them to admire something else beside the reeking dishes. Among the heated and flushed beauties who sat around the table, with relaxed ringlets and moistened brows, she appeared like some fairy of the fountain, some water nymph fresh from her sub-marine grotto, diffusing about her a cool and refreshing atmosphere as she moved gracefully onward. Her dress was white transparent muslin, which displayed rather than veiled the fine form of her arms, while her neck and shoulders, actually dazzling in their snowy hue and polish, were only shadowed by a single jet-black ringlet, which seemed to have accidentally fallen from the clustering mass gathered at the back of her head. A pale, pearl-like japonica was her only ornament. As she slowly paced the length of the hall to a seat near the head of the table, reserved for her by a well-bribed waiter, a murmur of admiration ran through the apartment. All eyes were fixed upon her, and she knew better than to break the spell of her fascinations by condescending to the vulgar taste

for eating; (a brace of woodcock had been sent to her room only an hour previous.) Mrs. Oriel, who seemed determined to make amends for past delay by present haste, sent her platé to be filled and re-filled; but her daughter only trifled with some delicate French combination of odor and tastelessness, and finished the meal by a morsel of *Charlotte au russe* and Vanilla cream. A glass of iced *eau sacré* was her only beverage, and she was thus enabled to retain her cool fresh tint even in the heated atmosphere so redolent of spices, and gravies, and vinous distillations.

It was not until just before quitting the table that Miss Oriel allowed herself to see any one in the room. She raised her large soft eyes languidly and beheld, what she had for some time known, that her young friend Ellen was familiarly chatting with Cecil Forrester. A graceful bend of her fair neck and a most lovely smile marked her consciousness of his presence, while Cecil, with a polite but rather careless bow continued his conversation with Miss Grey, being incited to show her peculiar attention by his consciousness that she, as well as himself, was designed to be the tool of the selfish beauty. Miss Oriel was too well schooled to exhibit any surprise at his cool manner, and as her principal object was to attract the attention of Mr. Beauchamp, she gave herself no further thought about the matter at that time.

Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp, by a kind of "*gramerye*" which some ignorant people might call *impudence*, had early established himself at the head of the table, and assumed the manners of a host upon all occasions. He was in fact that most admired, and courted, and flattered of men—the Beau (*par excellence*) of a watering-place. Reader, if you have ever seen such a person in such circumstances you will be able to imagine his appearance, for he was only one of a rather numerous tribe of ephemera, who appear every summer and waste their little lives in some fashionable resort, whence they vanish with the first northeast wind, and if they do not die, at least evaporate in something like empty air. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp (he was very proud of his name, and was known to have refused to dance in the same cotillion with Miss Phebe Pipkin, until his refined taste was soothed by the intelligence that she was the heiress of half a million) was rather diminutive in size, with a remarkably trim figure, and very small feet. He had flaxen hair, elaborately curled, which no one would have suspected to be a wig; and he wore the softest and silkiest of whiskers, which nobody dreamed were an appendage of the self same wig, ingeniously contrived to clasp with springs beneath his chin. His cheek had that delicate peach bloom which rarely outlasts extreme youth, and, in this case, certainly owed much of its richness to a judicious touch of the hare's foot. His hands were very white and loaded with rings, the gifts, as he asserted, of various fair ladies; so that he might be said to have the history of his conquests at his fingers' ends. He wore a black dress coat lined with white silk, snow-white inexpressibles,

embroidered silk stockings, and pumps diminutive enough to have served for a lady's slippers. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp was what ladies call "a love of a man," and he was duly grateful for their partiality. To conceal the ravages of time (alas! he had already numbered half a century) and to decorate himself in the most pleasing manner he considered a compliment due to the fair sex, while the proper display of his wealth and luxury was a duty he owed to himself.

He had been wonderfully attracted by the grace and beauty of Miss Oriel. Absorbed in admiration of her easy and modest self-possession, he forgot to ask his former favorite, the pretty and *spirituelle* Mrs. Dale, to take wine with him, and the lady was quick-sighted enough to discover, and wise enough to smile at the discovery that henceforth her reign over the tilbury was at an end. She was quite right. Soon after dinner Mr. Beauchamp solicited from Cecil Forrester the honor of an introduction to Miss Oriel, and though Cecil would have been ready to fight a duel with a fellow who should thus have presumed after a three days' acquaintance, had the lady been one whom he really respected, yet he now cordially acquiesced in the wishes of both parties, and with a degree of magnanimity quite surprising to Laura, afforded her exactly the opportunity she had desired. About twenty minutes before sunset—the hour Mr. Beauchamp usually selected for his daily drive—Miss Oriel was handed into the elegant vehicle, and they drove off, leaving several gentlemen in ecstasies at her beauty as she playfully kissed her hand to her dear old fat Mamma, who had bustled out with "my sweet Laura's cashmere, lest the evening air should injure her delicate health." Her fears were quite unnecessary. Mr. Beauchamp never drove his horses more than three miles at a time, and had no fancy for hardening his white hands by curbing their impetuosity. He was seldom absent more than half an hour, as his ambition was fully gratified by being envied as he drove off, or dashed up to the door with the best horses before his carriage and the most admired woman at his side.

THE PIAZZA.

Two weeks passed away, during which time Miss Oriel had shown her skill in female tactics by managing to secure the attentions of Mr. Beauchamp, while she had transferred Cecil to Ellen Grey until she should be able to decide upon his future fate. One evening, Cecil, who had long known and admired Mrs. Dale, invited her to walk with him on the piazza, that they might witness the effect of moonlight upon the distant sea.

"I am indebted to Miss Grey's headach for this invitation," said Mrs. Dale, laughing, as she took his arm; "had she been in the saloon my eyes would never have been thus favored with a moonlight scene."

Forrester entered a disclaimer against the lady's

assertion, and a playful conversation ensued, when Mrs. Dale, suddenly changing the topic, said:

"Pray tell me, Mr. Forrester, if Mr. Beauchamp is so immensely rich?"

"I really cannot take it upon me to determine that delicate question, Madam," was the reply, "but, as a firm believer in the doctrine of *compensations*, I am bound to suppose he must be very wealthy."

"Not understanding your premises I cannot clearly comprehend your deductions," said Mrs. Dale playfully.

"Why, Providence always bestows something to compensate for great deficiencies, and as Mr. Beauchamp cannot boast either mental or physical gifts, I take it for granted that he must have money."

"Really, Mr. Forrester, I did not think you were so ill-natured. I am sure Mr. Beauchamp has the prettiest hands and feet in the world, and his ardent admiration of the ladies proves him to possess a good heart."

"To your last argument I can offer no opposition, Madam," was the gallant reply; "but as to his hands and feet, I can only say that it is not the first time that ladies have been driven to extremities in their search for his good qualities."

"Well, I suppose," responded Mrs. Dale, laughing heartily, "that I must allow your wit to atone for your severity, but how long is it since you turned satirist?"

"Ever since I made the discovery which all the experience of others cannot teach us—that 'all is not gold which glitters.' I have almost come to the conclusion that nature, like an over-careful housewife, hides her true gold and silver in least suspected places."

"In that case Dame Nature might be in the predicament of a queer old lady I once knew who hid her rich plate under the rafters in the garret, and when she wanted it upon occasion of a dinner-party, was obliged to borrow of a neighbor because she had forgotten where she had deposited her treasure."

"I believe if we want to find a really virtuous and true-hearted woman we must look elsewhere than among the beautiful," said Forrester bitterly.

"Fie! fie! if I had the slightest claim to beauty I should banish you from my presence for that ungallant speech."

"You ought rather to consider it a compliment, for there is not another woman here to whom I would have uttered it, or who would have understood me, perhaps, if I had."

"Ah! now you flatter my intellect at the expense of my person, and no woman ever relished such a compliment. But to return to your assertion; how can you venture to despise the allurements of beauty after feasting daily on such a banquet of loveliness as Miss Oriel offers to our eyes. I look at her, woman as I am, with delight, for I never saw so fresh, so pure, so marble-like a complexion."

"Your comparison is more correct than you imagine, Madam; her beauty is indeed like that of the marble statue, carved by a right cunning and skilful hand, but wanting the Promethean touch of soul."

"While Ellen Grey is the delicate alabaster vase, beautifully and finely wrought, and with all its exquisite loveliness brought out in rich relief by the lamp which lights it from within; is it not thus you would have continued the comparison?" said Mrs. Dale mischievously.

"Your illustration is a beautiful one, and perfectly true," was the reply; "Ellen Grey is full of gentle and womanly feeling."

"Perhaps you are prejudiced against Miss Oriel, Mr. Forrester; can it be possible that there is no soul shining in those soft dark eyes?"

"There is mental power enough, if that were all, but there is no soul—no heart; the lofty impulses of pure intellect, the tender affections of feminine nature never yet lighted up those eyes or suffused that marble brow with the blush of genuine feeling."

"Well, as you have known the lady longer than I have, it would be idle to dispute your assertions; indeed, I must confess, when I watch her sweet, unruffled look and manner, I am irresistibly reminded of the old Norse legend of the Snow-Woman—so dazzlingly beautiful, so fatally cold."

"Yet I have seen her under circumstances which would have given you a very different impression of her. Imagine that beautiful woman attired in the simplest manner, all fashionable airs laid aside, and apparently the very creature of romantic feeling; imagine such perfection of loveliness, with eyes of softness and voice all tenderness, apparently yielding up her whole soul to the sweet impressions of nature, amid the loveliest scenery that even our beautiful land can produce; imagine the effect of such beauty seen beneath the soft light of the summer moon, or gazed upon in the silent sanctuary of the forest glades, or mingling its fascinating influence with the lovely sights and sounds which charm the senses in the sunset dell, when the voice of the singing rivulet makes music on its way."

"Upon my word, Mr. Forrester, you are almost a poet; you must be in love."

"Perhaps I am, but Miss Oriel is not the object."

"How could you resist the fascinations you so enthusiastically describe?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I narrowly escaped the fate of the silly moth; I came very near singeing my wings in the blaze of her beauty, but I soon discovered that she possessed none but personal attractions. To be sure we had quite a sentimental flirtation, and I remember many very fine sentiments which she uttered, but I early found how thin and poor was the soil in which they had taken root. You know the most luxuriant growth of wild flowers is always to be found in a morass—or perhaps a more graphic illustration of my meaning might be found in the fact that the pestilential Maremma, whose atmosphere is so fatal to life, displays the richest and most gorgeous array of Flora's favorites. Laura Oriel might be loved for a week or two, but any man with common sense would soon see through her false character. For my own part, I confess that I amused myself with her very pleasantly during the early part of the summer. Indeed, I believe she

fancied I was really caught in her snares, and no doubt considers that 'Cecil Forrester's \$30,000 will do very well to fall back upon in case nothing better offer.'"

"Hark!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as a slight sound, like a half-suppressed exclamation, struck upon their ears, "I really believe some one has been listening to our conversation."

"When we first came out here," said Forrester coolly, "I saw a lady take her seat within the recess of yonder window; she dropped the drapery of the curtain behind her, so as not to be observed from within, and she has been sitting in the deep shadow flung by this heavy column. She has heard every word we said; at least she has heard all I said, because I purposely deferred my most severe remarks until we passed within ear-shot."

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean? you seem agitated; who was the lady?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Do you not imagine? It was Miss Oriel."

"Oh, Mr. Forrester, how could you do so? and to make me a party in such cruelty too?" exclaimed the lady, much vexed.

"Now that there are really no listeners, dear Madam, I will tell you the whole story, and you shall decide whether I am so very wrong; at all events I have had my revenge."

And Cecil Forrester related to his warm-hearted friend the story of his love and its sudden extinction, not omitting a single word of the dialogue which he had overheard between the mother and daughter.

When they re-entered the saloon Miss Oriel had disappeared, but if Cecil could have known the tumult of her feelings he would, perhaps, have regretted his own vindictiveness. All the little feeling which she possessed, all that she had of heart, was bestowed on Cecil Forrester. She did not know how much she had valued him until she compared him with the object of her present pursuit; and, interested, selfish and ambitious as she was, she half determined to turn from the allurements of wealth if she could win back Cecil to his allegiance. To be thus outwitted, made the plaything of his idle hours, foiled at her own weapons, was a bitter mortification, and this, coupled as it was with a sense of unrequited tenderness, aroused her almost to madness. The cold, proud beauty shed tears of vexation and regret. She almost hated Cecil, and yet she was conscious that the most bitter drop, in the cup which had thus been returned to her own lips, was the assurance that he had never loved her. His quotation of her own remark about his fortune convinced her that he had overheard her plans, and she was now stimulated by pride to urge their speedy fulfilment.

THE LAST SCENE.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Forrester," exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as, two days after the confidential disclosure of the piazza, he entered the

saloon; "Ah, I see by your look of innocent surprise, you are still in blissful ignorance."

"What has happened?" asked Cecil carelessly, "any thing which serves to break the monotony of a seaside existence must be a blessing."

"I do not know whether you will think it so," said the lady laughing, "Miss Oriel has eloped with Mr. Beauchamp."

"I am glad of it—from my very soul I rejoice at it," exclaimed Cecil Forrester, while a dark, vindictive smile gave a most disagreeable expression to his usually fine face.

"Why, how strangely you look at me," replied Mrs. Dale, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing—when did it all happen?"

"Did you not see her go out with him to ride last evening? Well, it seems Mr. Beauchamp's servant had been privately despatched to the city with their baggage, and instead of returning the lovers rode directly to the next town and were married."

"Why did they give themselves so much trouble? If Beauchamp had asked the old woman she would have dropped a curtsy and thanked him for the offer."

"There is the mystery of the whole affair; Mrs. Oriel pretends to be very indignant, but it is easy to see she is secretly pleased. Miss Oriel has written a letter to Miss Grey in which she entreats her to 'break the tidings tenderly to poor Mamma,' excuses herself on the plea of irresistible affection; talks of Mr. Beauchamp's ardor and her fear of maternal opposition, and finishes by requesting Ellen to 'allow his favorite Mrs. Dale to acquaint Mr. Forrester with her regret at having been the cause of disappointment and sorrow to him.'"

"What the devil does she mean by that?"

"Why to make Ellen jealous of me and distrustful of you, and thus disappoint both your love and revenge," said Mrs. Dale.

"She shall not attain her ends," exclaimed Forrester impetuously, "I will tell Ellen the whole story. I am glad she is actually married to Beauchamp, and I know the reason he did not want to ask her mother; he was afraid of inconvenient inquiries."

"What do you know about him?"

"Only this morning I met here a person who knows him well. His history is soon told. He was originally bred a tailor, but, having a soul above buttons, he cut the shop, and has since been hanging on the skirts of society in a manner very different from that intended by his honest old father. His bank stock and sugar plantation may exist in the regions of the moon, where all things which unaccountably disappear from earth are said to be collected, his negroes are still on the coast of Guinea, and he really lives by his wits. A run of luck at the gaming-table or a lucky bet on the race-course enables him every now and then to pay old debts, and live for a time like a gentleman until his funds are exhausted, when he again betakes himself to his vocation."

"Can this be possible?"

"There is no doubt of it; he is a mere adventurer,

and as Miss Oriel is something very similar, they are 'matched as well as paired.'"

Cecil Forrester afforded another proof of the truth of the poet's line,

"Full many a heart is caught in the rebound."

The following winter saw him the happy husband of Ellen Grey; while all trace of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp was lost to their view. About two years later, when business had compelled Mr. For-

rester to visit one of our southern cities, he strolled into the theatre to get rid of an idle evening, and as he gazed with listless curiosity on the gorgeous spectacle of Indian life which occupied the stage, he was suddenly struck with a familiar tone in the voice and a familiar expression in the countenance of the stately queen of the Zenana. He looked again, the resemblance seemed to grow upon him; he went round to the stage box, and in that near proximity to the actress all doubt vanished. He looked upon the still resplendent beauty of Laura Oriel.

SIGHTS FROM MY WINDOW—ALICE.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

I sit beside my window,
And see the crowds go by,
With joy on every countenance,
And hope in every eye,
And hear their blended voices,
In many a shout and song,
Borne by the spring's soft breezes
Through all the streets along.

And peering through a lattice
Of a humble cottage near,
I see a face of beauty,
Adown which glides a tear,—
A rose amid her tresses
Tells that she would be gay,
But a thought of some deep sorrow
Drives every smile away.

She whom I see there weeping,
Few save myself do know,—
A flower in blooming blighted
By blasts of keenest wo.
She has a soul so gentle,
That as a harp it seems,
Which the light airs wake to music
Like that we hear in dreams.

A common fate is that poor girl's,
Which many yet must share,—
In the crowd how little know they
What griefs its members bear!
One year ago a radiance
Like sunlight round her played,
Heart felt, eyes spoke of gladness,—
She was not then betrayed.

There was one of gentle manners,
Who e'er met her with a smile,
And a voice so full of kindness,
That she could not deem it guile,
And her trusting heart she gave him,—
She could give to him no more,—
Oh! daughter of the poor man,
Soon thy dream of bliss was o'er!

'T were vain to tell the story
Of fear, hope, and joyous passion;
She forgot her father's station,
He forsook the halls of fashion;
She loved him well—he knew it,—
'T was a pleasing interlude,
Fitting to enjoy more keenly
Scenes the poor might ne'er intrude.

Hark! the sound of music swelling!—
Now the crowd are rushing by,
Horses prancing, banners flying,
Shouts ascending to the sky!—
There's a sea of life beneath me,
And *his* form is there,—
For his fearful sin who spurns him?
On his brow what sign of care?

I see *her* now—she trembles—
There is phrensy in her eye;
Her blanched lip is quivering;
There is no good angel nigh;—
She falls,—the deep-toned bugle
Breaks on the quiet air;
Look to the calm blue heaven—
That sound—her soul—are there!

In the cavalcade she saw him,
In his plumes and armor drest,
And more closely to her bosom
His treasured gifts she prest;
Her eye met his—'t was finished—
Not a word by tongue was spoken;
A cold glance—a look of passion—
And her heart was broken!

How common are such histories,
In the cottage and the hall;
From prison bars how many eyes
Look on life's carnival!
The joys we seek are phantoms
That fade ere closed the hand
In the dark reached forth to grasp them,
But the brain receives their brand.

THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Concluded from page 245.)

THE duke saw his wife, and at first seemed willing to avoid her, but after moving forward a step or two, he turned back, took her hand in his with an energy that startled her, and pressing his lips to it, turned away and hurried on with the guard still surrounding him.

The duchess stood gazing after him, filled with strange apprehension. The force with which he had wrung her hand was still painful, and there was an expression in his face which made her heart sink with sad forebodings. What had befallen him? Where was his daughter—and why did he, who so seldom forgot the etiquette of his high station, take leave of her thus, when only going forth for a morning? As the gentle and yet proud lady stood pondering these things in her mind, the old counsellor, whom we have mentioned, returned slowly up the corridor, and approaching her with touching reverence, told her all. She thanked him, tried to smile as she extended her hand—but in the effort her strength gave way, and she fell pale and helpless on the stone floor. The old man lifted her in his arms, and carrying her to the Lady Jane Seymour's room, placed her on the bed, and bathed her temples with water, which he laved from a silver basin with his hand, till at last he went forth in despair to call assistance, for she lay upon the glowing counterpane pale and still, like a draped statue reposing in the purple gloom which filled the chamber; and for many long hours the lady who had always seemed so quiet, proud, and almost void of feeling, remained as one dead.

It was half an hour before Lady Jane was informed of her mother's condition. She was still in her father's closet, with her hand locked in that of Lord Dudley, and her large troubled eyes bent earnestly upon him, as he spoke to her in a voice so deep, so earnest and impassioned, that every tone thrilled through her heart with a power that made it tremble.

"Do not look at me thus. In the name of heaven, speak to me, Jane. I have not done this; it is no fault of mine. Do I not love you?—ay, and will forever! I will follow my father, beseech him, kneel to him if needs be, and put an end to this dreadful contest; but speak to me first—my own—my dearest—say that you will struggle for power to aid me that—nay, Jane, nay, do not shrink from me; one kiss—one look, to prove you love me as before, and I will go at once. All will terminate well—God bless you!"

As the young man finished his hurried speech, he lifted the young girl from his bosom, where she had fallen in utter abandonment to her tenderness and grief, pressed her forehead with his lips again and again—then folding her to his heart once more, he carried her to the chair her father had just occupied, and placing her within it, was about to leave the room. Lady Jane put back the long ringlets that had fallen over her face with both hands, and looked after him through the tears that almost blinded her. Then rising to her feet, she tottered toward him with outstretched arms, and when he turned for a last look, sprang forward and wound them almost convulsively round his neck. It was but the paroxysm of a moment, for scarcely did she feel his clasp together about her, when she drew gently back, checked the tears that gushed into her eyes afresh, and spoke breathlessly, as one whose very heart was ebbing with the words, as they came laden with pain to her lips—

"It is in vain, Dudley, all in vain. There have been words and deeds, this day, between your father and mine, which must separate us forever. Farewell!"

He would have expostulated, have soothed her with hopes which had no foundation in his own mind, for his thoughts were in confusion, and his heart seemed ready to break with contending feelings; but as he spoke, her slender fingers wreathed themselves convulsively around his hand, her face was uplifted to his for a moment, and she glided swiftly through the door and along the corridor to the chamber where her mother was lying, and left him standing bewildered and in pain, as if a guardian spirit had been frightened from its brooding place in his heart.

In an apartment belonging to that portion of the tower occupied by the sovereigns of England sat a pale, slender boy reading. The room was furnished in a style of magnificence, befitting one of high rank and of habits more elegant and studious than were usual to the court of Henry the Eighth during his reign. The books which it contained were richly bound, and some of them encrusted with jewels; all had clasps either of silver or of gold, and a portion were entirely filled with manuscript in the handwriting of the late King Henry.

Tall windows cut deep into the massive walls in one side of the room filled it with light. The massive stone sills were cushioned with velvet, and

upon the cushions, musical instruments of the most precious wood and inlaid with gold, had been flung down, as if their owner had become weary of one amusement only to seek another. The boy arose from his easy leathern chair, and moving toward the window, ran his fingers thoughtfully over the strings of a lute that lay on the cushion, gazing idly through the glass at a court below, as he was thus occupied. After a moment he sauntered back to the chair, took up the volume of manuscript which he had left open on a small and curiously carved table standing near the window, and sinking once more to his seat he began to read again, but the book seemed to fatigue him at last, so allowing it to sink, still open, to his lap, the youth gradually sank to a fit of abstracted musing, and sat with his head resting on his hand, and his large eyes fixed dreamily on the face of a great ebony clock which stood opposite the window, its burnished face glittering through a whole bower of carved wood, and its huge pendulum swaying to and fro with a dull, sleepy motion, well calculated to continue the state of languid thoughtfulness into which the youth had fallen.

As King Edward the Sixth—for the boy was no less a personage—sat musing, thus languid from ill health, and rendered somewhat more sad than usual from the manuscript and book which he had been reading, a page entered, and before he had time to speak, Lord Dudley, son of the reigning protector, followed him into the room. The young nobleman looked pale and much agitated, and Edward himself seemed a little startled by his abrupt entrance, for he was so little accustomed to being consulted on matters regarding the welfare of his kingdom, that any person thus nearly connected with the Lord Protector became an object of nervous dread to him; for such persons seldom interrupted his retirement except to counsel some change of residence, or dictate regarding his personal habits, which to a person naturally shy, and rendered sensitive by illness, was always a subject to be dreaded, but never opposed. It was therefore with something of dismay in his pale features, that Edward received his visitor.

Dudley advanced close to the king's chair, and sinking to one knee, pressed his lips reverently to the slender hand which the royal youth extended with habitual courtsey, though a languid and deprecatory smile, rather than one of welcome, stole over his lip.

"My lord," he said in a voice low and almost femininely sweet, "I am not well to day, but if your good father recommends that we remove to Windsor, let the household be prepared; he is the best judge, though in his strong health and great energy he does sometimes tax our weakness a thought too far with these sudden removals."

Edward motioned the young nobleman to arise as he spoke, and when he still retained a kneeling posture, looked in his face with something of astonishment.

"My liege," said Dudley in a respectful and low voice, "I did not come from my father. Alas, since he became Duke of Northumberland and Protector of this realm, there has been little of confidence

between us. I have come to you, my liege, on a subject dear as my own life, one which I dare not again intrude upon him, though every feeling of friendship and honor should make him listen to my prayer."

"Of what speak you?" said Edward apprehensively, while his large eyes wandered from the young nobleman's face to other objects in the room, as if he would gladly have avoided any subject of interest, "of whom speak you—and of what?"

"I would speak, my liege, of the duke, your highness' uncle, of his suffering wife and daughter, who now lie with him, prisoned within these very walls; I would claim that justice and clemency at your hands, which I have sought and knelt for in vain, at the feet of my own father."

The king sank back into his chair, and passed his pale hand across his forehead, as if the subject were not only a painful one but not entirely comprehended in its full import.

"We know," he said at length, "that our uncle has been found or thought guilty of many evil practices against the good people of our realm, and that our present able protector has seen it best to imprison him for a season; but we did not know that our noble aunt and sweet cousin Jane were the companions of his captivity. Pray, can you inform us, my good lord, how this all happened? Of what wrong has our sweet playmate and cousin been accused, that she too must be drawn from her home? His Grace of Northumberland forgets that the same blood which fills the veins of his king fills hers also; pray explain, my lord. We have no power to sift all the evil practices of our government, but even his grace, your father, must be careful how he deals with one of our mother's house."

The feeble youth became animated with a spirit which surprised Lord Dudley, as he uttered these words. A bright flush spread over his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with the excitement which sprang both from disease and a resentful feeling, perhaps the most violent that ever visited his gentle heart. Naturally kind and most affectionate in his nature, he had always clung with fondness to those members of his family connected with his mother, and, since her birth, the Lady Jane had been his especial favorite. It therefore aroused all the strong feelings of royal pride in his heart to hear that a creature so pure and delicate had been, through an abuse of power, made the inmate of a prison. Nor was he better reconciled to the fact when Dudley informed him that it was through her own affectionate desire to mitigate the confinement of her persecuted parent that she had abandoned all to follow him. The youthful monarch was touched by an act of devotion such as his own heart would have prompted, and he questioned Lord Dudley regarding the arbitrary power by which the fallen protector had been imprisoned, with a degree of energy, and an evident determination to know the exact position of affairs, which astonished as much as it pleased the anxious nobleman.

Lord Dudley's was a difficult and painful explanation. It was scarcely possible to place the proceed-

ings against the Duke of Somerset in a favorable light before the young king, without in some degree exposing the conduct of his own parent to condemnation. Still he had entered the presence of his sovereign with a firm resolve to explain all, and throw himself and his hopes on the generosity of a mere boy, and an invalid, who had ever been completely controlled by his guardians, those guardians the very men whom he was called upon to brave. It was with faint hopes, that Dudley undertook this last appeal, when all other efforts to assist his friends failed, and when he had done speaking, when he saw the feeble youth lying back in his chair, pale and exhausted from the emotions which his narrative had excited, he felt almost condemned, that any motive could have induced him to disturb the repose of a being so fragile and sensitive.

"My liege, my kind, gracious master," said the young man, starting to his feet as the overpowered monarch sank back to his chair, faint, pale, and with his golden lashes quivering upon his thin cheeks as they closed his eyes; "my gracious king, forgive me that I have thus intruded—that for any reason I have disturbed a repose which should be sacred to the whole nation; but the persecution of a being so fair—so good—one whom I have long looked upon as my future wife—who is now suffering and in prison!"

Dudley broke off abruptly, for all at once the hectic color rushed back into the king's face, and his languid blue eyes kindled with the brilliancy of a spirit, for the first time, thoroughly aroused.

"Were we indeed a king," he said, "a true, free king as our father was, and not the invalid child which men see in us, these things could not happen. No man would dare to enter the councils of a nation and cast their leaders into prison without the sanction, nay, command of his monarch. But, alas! there is not in the kingdom a being more completely held in thrall than ourself! Until now, we were scarcely made aware of the persecution which has been so ruthlessly urged against our uncle—but it shall not be! The new duke, thy father, must not thus abuse the authority with which the council, rather than ourself, has invested him!"

Edward arose, excited to some degree of strength by the indignation of his generous heart, and walked up and down the room once or twice, as if to tranquilize his spirit, then seating himself once more, he requested Lord Dudley to explain the cause and all the particulars of Somerset's arrest.

It was a difficult task which the young monarch imposed on his visitor; for Dudley loved his father, and it was impossible to enter into the desired explanation without, in some degree, implicating him; but a sense of justice, and that true love which brought him to Edward's presence, urged him to obedience, and while he so guarded each word as to cast as little blame as possible on his own parent, he pleaded the cause of his friends with a degree of enthusiasm that aroused all the love of justice and family affection, which were strong and predominating qualities in the heart of the youthful monarch.

Edward sat perfectly still, shading his eyes with

his small, thin hand, till Dudley had finished speaking; and even for several moments after, he remained motionless, and as if lost in thought. At last, he allowed the hand to drop from his eyes, and looked up.

"My lord," he said, in a firm, clear voice, "you have acted rightly and well in laying this subject before us. Our reign may be a brief one, but it shall be marked, at least, by one act of justice. Come hither again after nightfall. Meantime we will consider the subject and decide what can best be done."

Dudley bent his knee reverently, kissed the pale hand extended toward him, and left the presence. As his fine, healthy form disappeared through the door, and the vigorous footfall of youth and firm health sounded back from the corridor, Edward looked after him, smiled very sadly, and sinking down to his chair, exhausted with the scene, murmured:

"How well he is! how full of life and hope! and I—" He covered his face with both hands, and tears trickled through his fingers, till they fell like rain amid the sables that lined his robe. "And yet," he added at last, removing his hands and wiping away the tears, while a brighter expression stole over his face, "and yet I have the power to make him happy—and Jane, my sweet cousin. Let me act while I have yet strength!"

Edward arose once more, unlocked a miniature cabinet which stood upon the table, and taking out a small golden flask, drank off its contents. The potion seemed to compose and strengthen him; a color came to his lips, and his eyes had within them that strange, glittering fire which springs from artificial excitement. A small branch of twisted ebony, hung with a cluster of tiny bells, lay upon the table. The king took it up, and rang the bells till the apartment seemed haunted in every nook and corner with a gush of fairy music. As the sound died away, the door was opened, and a page presented himself, evidently much astonished at the energy with which his summons had been rung.

"Go to the lieutenant of the tower," said Edward, promptly, as the page advanced to receive his orders. "Tell him that the king desires his presence without delay."

The boy disappeared instantly; and when his companions in the ante-room crowded near to know why it was that a sound so full and bold had summoned him, in place of the faint, silvery tinkle which usually came from the king's apartment, he put on a look of profound mystery, and, after describing the change which had come upon his royal master, gave it as his decided opinion, that something very tremendous and extraordinary was about to happen, but what the event might be he was not at liberty to inform them. This much he would, perhaps, venture to say. The lieutenant of the tower would soon be ordered to present himself before the king, and after that something might transpire to surprise them all. With these profound sayings, the boy departed from the ante-room, putting on his plumed cap with an

important air, and placing a finger to his saucy red lips, in token of secrecy, as he looked back in passing through the door.

After an absence of half an hour, the page returned, following the lieutenant of the tower, for whom he ceremoniously held the door opening to King Edward's chamber. The lieutenant passed in to the royal apartment, while his young escort closed the door after him, dexterously managing to leave it unlatched, and sufficiently ajar to command, for himself, a view of all that was passing within, while he stood toying with his cap, and, as his companions supposed, retaining his station merely to be within hearing of the king's bell.

So little had Edward mingled in the affairs of his nation, that, for the first time in his life, he addressed an officer of his kingdom in the man who stood before him, who stood lost in astonishment at a summons so strange and unexpected.

Though a little restrained and shy in his manner, from almost constant illness and seclusion, there was a degree of quiet dignity about the young king's bearing as he extended his hand to raise the lieutenant from his kneeling posture, that well became his station and his royal nature.

"We have sent to command your presence, sir lieutenant, somewhat against our usual habit; having been informed, to-day, that our uncle, the Duke of Somerset, with the gentle ladies of his household, have been placed prisoners under your care. Our desire is, that they be discharged the tower, at once, and sent, with all due honor in our own royal barge, to the duke's palace on the Strand. You are commanded to see to this; retaining only, in pledge, the solemn word of our uncle, that he present himself before us, his king, in three days, to be confronted with his accusers, and to answer the charges brought against him."

Edward slightly waved his hand, when he finished speaking, as if he deemed farther conversation or ceremony unnecessary; and, after thus quietly expressing his wishes, desired to be alone.

The lieutenant was a shrewd man, who held his station under favor of Northumberland, and who had been taught, like most of his fellow subjects, to regard the king as a mere shadow in his own realm. He was taken by surprise—so completely deprived of all presence of mind, by a command totally unexpected, and most important in its nature, that for a moment he stood gazing hard upon the floor, completely at a loss how to act, or what to say. At last, he cast a furtive look on the young monarch, who stood tranquilly regarding him, but instantly turning his eyes away, again bowed almost to the ground, and said, in a soft, deprecating voice, that he would mention the king's desire to the Lord Protector forthwith, and that he would, doubtless, sign the order necessary for a release of the noble prisoner.

A fire, like that in the eye of an angry falcon, shot into the large, blue orbs which Edward fixed upon his officer. A streak of crimson flashed across his forehead; his slight figure was drawn proudly up, and, as his velvet robe, with its heavy facings of

sables, fell back and swept the floor, there was a majesty in his look which well became a son of Henry the Eighth. After regarding the confused lieutenant a second, with a glance, which made that personage more desirous to leave the room than he had even been to enter it, the young monarch turned away, saying, in the same calm and tranquil tone in which his first command had been given—

"The King of England will write his own orders—wait."

Seating himself by the table, Edward took up a pen, and though his fingers trembled with weakness upon the parchment, wrote and signed an order for his uncle's release, the first and last legal document that his own free will ever originated. After it was written, he took up a small agate cup, perforated in the side, and after shaking a quantity of gold dust over the damp ink, he folded the parchment and held it toward the still irresolute lieutenant. There was something in the manner with which all this was done; so quiet, so firm and full of dignity, that, in spite of himself, the officer was awed by a feeling of respect which could not be resisted. Bending his knee, he reverently took the parchment, pressed his lips to the hand which extended it, and left the presence, irresolute how to act, and yet deprived of sufficient courage to resist the command of his sovereign.

As the page ran forward to open a door which led from the ante-room to a corridor, through which the lieutenant was obliged to pass, he saw, at the farther extremity, the Duke of Northumberland, now Lord Protector, moving toward the king's apartments, followed by some half dozen retainers whom he left near the entrance, while he advanced to meet the lieutenant with a look of surprise and displeasure at seeing him there. The page observed that when the duke and his officer met, they conversed earnestly and with considerable animation together, but in low voices, and all the time looking suspiciously around to be certain that no person was within hearing. They were thus engaged for more than ten minutes, while the restless page stood, with the door in his hand, regarding them through a crevice thus conveniently created to gratify his curiosity.

"Now," said he, muttering to himself as he softly swung back the door a little to increase his opportunity of survey—"now, if I could but steal through without making these rusty hinges sound an alarm, it would be rare pastime to creep along the wall and hear what treason those lofty old fellows are plotting. It is no light matter, I'll warrant—see, how the tall old duke clutches his fingers and bends his dark forehead over his eyes till one can scarcely see them, beneath the hoary brows—see, his lips are pressing hard upon each other like a vice—now is his turn to speak—nay, if I were master lieutenant now, beshrew me! but I should get away from that beautiful old gentleman without waiting to say 'by your leave!' There he stands, looking the king a thousand times more than my young master yonder, and I doubt not berating that poor lieutenant, as if he were a hound. See, how slowly, and with what a

manner he lifts that right hand, holding the finger up, and shaking it before the poor lieutenant as if it were the blade of a dagger. Beshrew me! but I must learn more of this game—the corridor is half in shadow, and they can but kick me out, like a troublesome dog, if I am discovered—so be quiet, latch and hinge, if you can, for once.”

As the boy half muttered, half thought these words, he gently pushed back the door, and was about forcing himself through the opening, but a noise, created by the rusty hinges, was not the only means of betraying his attempt. A space large enough to admit his body also served to fling a line of light far into the dim corridor, which startled the two persons he was regarding more than a noise could have done. They both turned and looked keenly toward the door. The duke uttered a brief sentence and moved on, waving his hand imperatively to the lieutenant. He also went down the passage, and passing the group of attendants in a hurried manner, disappeared through a door at the opposite extremity, through which the duke had entered the corridor.

Meantime the page, finding himself in danger of detection, had escaped to his post near the king's chamber. When Northumberland approached, he arose from the bench on which he had flung himself, looked up from beneath the feathers of his cap, with a sleepy yawn, and moved forward to announce the Lord Protector, rubbing his eyes as he went, and laughing with silent mischief beneath the concealment of his drooping plumes. As the duke passed him at the door, he paused an instant and fixed a keen glance on his face, which the boy returned by taking off his cap, and bending his curly head almost to the ground, while, with the most frank and cheerful of all voices, he prayed for long life to the noble Lord Protector.

If Northumberland had any suspicion of the boy at first, it was half disarmed by that clear voice and the handsome face sparkling with intelligence lifted to his. There was something mischievous and yet affectionate and pleasing in it, which brought a smile to his own face as, with careless munificence, he flung a piece of gold into the boy's cap and entered the king's chamber.

The page was not so much elated by the gift but that he would have been at his old trick of listening once more; but after advancing a pace into the chamber, Northumberland turned back, looked at the urchin with a half smile, and closed the door himself.

A laugh from his companions, who witnessed his defeat from another end of the room, sent a flood of crimson over the boy's face, but shaking his curls with an air of good-natured bravado, he gave the golden coin a triumphant toss, which sent it flashing like a star up into the sunshine which poured through a neighboring window, and catching it in his hand again, sprang forward and joined the laugh merrily as the most gleeful among them. Instantly, the noisy troop were silenced by a sharp bell-tone from the king's chamber.

“Hush!” said the page, balancing the coin on his finger and eyeing it with a roguish look as he bent

his head to listen. “That was the crusty old duke! such fellows hate an honest laugh as King Harry did holy water! they would keep us cooped up here like a flock of pigeons without the privilege of a coo. Hark! again, I must keep quiet till the old one is away, and then we will try a game of chuck farthing in the corridor, if we can get this shiner changed into half crowns and farthings.” So, grasping his fingers over the gold, the page nodded to his companions, leaving them half terrified by the thoughts that their merriment had reached—not the king, he was too good and lenient to chide them for harmless mirth—but the stern duke, whom they all feared beyond measure. The page looked back upon them, as he entered the chamber, tried to smile and seem courageous, though he was half frightened out of his wits—and the next instant stood in the presence of his sovereign, with his bright, black eyes—half concealed by their long lashes—bent to the floor, and a brilliant red burning through the ringlets that fell over his cheek. He seemed the very picture of a living and healthy Cupid in disgrace.

“What noise was it that reached us but now from the ante-room?” said the Lord Protector, sternly, as the boy appeared before him. “Is it with this rudeness and riot you surround the chamber of our invalid king? Begone, sirrah! strip off the royal livery at once and return to your mother, if you have one.”

The boy lifted his face to that of the stern duke and his cheek dimpled even while it turned white with fear, a smile was so natural to it. But when the last cruel words were spoken, the long lashes drooped over his eyes again and grew heavy with moisture. He turned away from the face frowning upon him, and, kneeling at the king's feet, lifted his eyes—now full of tears—to those of his master and said,

“I have no mother.”

Edward's kind heart was deeply touched by the sadness with which this was said. He was but a youth himself, and forgetful of his dignity and of all but the sweet, pleading face lifted to his, he laid his thin hand upon the curls which fell back from it, and would have kissed the forehead, but an exclamation from Northumberland warned him of the impropriety. Still the page had seen the impulse and the generous tears which filled the mild eyes of his master. His young heart swelled with grateful affection, and, burying his head in Edward's robe, he sobbed aloud.

“Poor boy! he is an orphan like ourself. You will not send him hence, my lord duke,” said the young king, turning his face with an anxious and almost pleading look upon his guardian. “The offence was not heavy; and see how penitent he is.”

“The offence not heavy, my liege?” replied the duke harshly, “have I not given orders that no sound shall disturb your highness' repose, and notwithstanding this, am I not distracted almost in my first private audience by the riotous mirth of this urchin and his mates?”

“Nay, we have ourself somewhat to blame in this—having little cause for merriment in our own heart,

and pining here day after day—for, alas! kings have no companions—it has sometimes been a comfort to hear the merry laugh of these thoughtless boys—to know that cheerfulness is not shut out from our presence forever. That health and laughter—which is its music—is yet a thing of earth; though, alas! a blessing which we may witness, but never enjoy. Shut out the sunshine which smiles through these windows, the stars which at night time glimmer through that narrow line of glass, and which we have learned to read when pain has made our couch sleepless, till they have become as old friends; break yon lute, whose music is to this faint heart like the voice of a good child to its parent, and, above all, send away the cheerful voices which sometimes fill the next room, and you have wrested from the King of England the only fragment of his inheritance that was ever his.”

The page looked up as his master was speaking, the tears were checked in his eyes, and he knelt breathlessly, as one who listened to the voice of an angel. The proud Northumberland turned his eyes from the pale, spiritual face of his royal ward, and bent them on the floor. There was a look of patient suffering in those features which touched his better nature; something in the sad, broken-hearted feelings which filled that voice, which found a passage to his soul, even through the selfishness and ambition that encased it. Other thoughts, too, were busy in his mind. He had a point to carry with the young monarch—a difficult and doubtful one. His animosity against the page only arose from resentment, excited by his conversation with the lieutenant, and some faint suspicion that he had played the listener while that conversation was held. A moment's reflection convinced him that to have heard any part of his conference, from the distance at which he had caught a glimpse of the boy in the corridor, was impossible; so, resolving to make his concession the means of obtaining a much greater one from the king, Northumberland determined to seem won to mercy by sympathy and regard for his ward.

While these thoughts were passing through the mind of that crafty man, Edward remained in his chair, supporting his head with one hand, while the other still lay caressingly, and half buried amid the bright ringlets of the kneeling culprit, who gathered the royal robe between his small hands, and kissed the glowing velvet with grateful eagerness, while his bright face was again deluged with tears—such tears as can only know their birth in a warm, wayward, and affectionate nature.

“Forgive the pain my zeal in behalf of a health so precarious has occasioned,” said the duke, advancing graciously to the king, while his face relapsed into one of those bland smiles which sometimes beamed like magic over his proud features. “Heaven forbid that anything which is dear to your highness, however faulty, should be condemned by one whose first aim is to render his king happy! Let the boy go at once! Far be it from me to desire his chastisement. Go, sirrah,” he added, taking hold of the boy's arm and lifting him from his knees,

but still giving to the action and words a tone of good-natured encouragement, “go to the ante-room; here is another piece of gold to repay the fright we have given you.”

The page stood up; his cheeks flushed once more beneath the tears that stained them. He looked upon the proffered gold, and, with a motion of the head, betraying both pride and boyish petulance, seemed about to refuse it, but a glance from his master, and something in the duke's eye which awed him, checked the resentful impulse, and taking the gold, with half muttered thanks, he knelt once more at Edward's feet, kissed the hand which was kindly extended, and bursting into tears again, left the chamber.

The moment he reached the ante-room, our page flung himself on a bench, and burying his face in the tapestry that cushioned it, sobbed aloud. His companions gathered about him in dismay, anxious to learn the cause of his tears; but it was a long time before he would reply to their questions. At last he started up, dashed the two pieces of gold on the stone floor till they rang again, and told his friends to take them up—fling them into the court below—toss them for farthings—do anything with them—but protested that he would never touch them again. After this ebullition of boyish wrath, he gave a glowing description of the tyranny which had been practised upon him by the duke; of the goodness of his royal master; and of the great danger which had threatened them all. Whereupon, they jointly and severally entered into a contract never to laugh again during the whole course of their lives—a resolution they persisted in keeping for a full half hour, when our young hero set them all into convulsions by a most ludicrous imitation of the protector's manner as he took leave of the lieutenant. When this new burst of merriment died away, the group of youngsters stood for a while frightened by their own boldness, and expecting each moment to hear another summons to the royal chamber; but instead of the sound they feared, came another which overwhelmed them with surprise. It was the voice of their royal master, louder than any one had ever heard it before, and powerful with strong feeling. The duke's voice was also heard, sometimes stern and almost disrespectfully harsh, again soothing and persuasive, with something of that cajolery in its tone which one might expect from the hired nurse of a wayward child.

While these unusual sounds were continued in the king's apartment, the pages gradually drew nearer to the door, till they could command some broken sentences of what was passing within. At length the king's voice grew fainter and less distinct. Northumberland now and then uttered a brief sentence, and his heavy footsteps were plainly heard as he strode up and down the room. At last a sharp ringing of the bells sent the listeners to a distant part of the room, where they stood gazing in each other's faces, uncertain whether they ought to obey the summons or not. Their doubts were speedily relieved, for the door was flung open and the Duke

of Northumberland appeared, looking pale and much agitated. He beckoned with his hand, and the page that we have mentioned so often entered the chamber. He found the king lying back in his chair, faint and pale as death; his lips were perfectly bloodless, and though he seemed insensible, the silken vest worn beneath his robe was agitated by the quick and terrible beating of the heart it covered.

With instinctive affection, the page untied the silken fastenings of his master's dress, and exposing the delicate neck and chest, which heaved and throbbed as if the heart were forcing a passage through, he commenced chafing it with his hands, till the agitation became less painful and apparent.

At length, Edward unclosed his eyes and drawing his doublet together with a trembling hand, tried to sit up. Northumberland advanced and seemed about to address him, but he shrank back with a nervous shudder. After a moment, he got up again and would have spoken, but his lips only trembled; he had no strength to utter a word. Northumberland walked to a window, where he stood some time with his arms folded, gazing gloomily through the thick glass. Still the page knelt by his master, chafing his hands, and folding the robe over his feet with that kind assiduity which bespoke an affectionate nature.

At length Edward spoke, and the duke turned eagerly from the window, evidently relieved by this proof that his late attack would not be immediately fatal.

"My lord," said the king, faintly, "you see how impossible it is that this subject can be discussed farther. I beseech your grace, have my wishes obeyed, both regarding your son and all the parties concerned."

Again Northumberland's brow darkened, and he seemed about to expostulate, but Edward looked him gravely in the face and added,

"It *must* be so, my lord duke, or England will not brook the imprisonment of a protector who, with all his faults, knew how to respect the rights of his king."

The color forsook Northumberland's face, but still he frowned and looked unyielding. Edward arose feebly from his chair, and leaning upon the shoulder of his page, moved toward an inner bed-chamber. The duke saw by this movement that all hope of further conference was cut off, and feeling himself baffled and forced to act against his wishes by a mere youth, he once more forgot his usual crafty composure and the respect due to his sovereign.

"My liege," he said, almost imperatively, "this is requiring too much; I cannot grant it."

Edward turned so as to face the angry noble, and while still supported by the page, answered mildly, but with the same steady will as before,

"My Lord of Northumberland," he said, "either our uncle, the Duke of Somerset, returns to his palace to-morrow as we have directed, or on the next day he goes there Lord Protector of England."

With a slight wave of the hand, and with his features contracted with the pain which his effort

to speak occasioned, Edward turned away and passed into his bedchamber without waiting for a reply, which, in truth, Northumberland was unable to give, so completely was he astounded by what had already been said.

The page would have called other assistance when Edward reached his bedchamber, but the invalid prevented him, and after having the points of his dress untied, lay down upon the bed, faint and exhausted. The boy moved about him with that soft, gentle tread so grateful in the chamber of an invalid. He smoothed the pillows, drew the counterpane of embossed velvet over the recumbent monarch, and, taking some scented woods from a closet, flung them into a brasier that stood in the fire-place, and nursed the flame beneath till the chamber was filled with a soft, drowsy atmosphere, grateful to the sense, and almost certain to produce tranquil sleep. Then he would steal once more to the bed, pull back the voluminous curtains, and bend over the pale form resting there till his dimpled cheek, so damask and healthy, almost touched that of the monarch, and the wreath of his bright curls fell amid the damp masses of hair which swept over the pillow, in a contrast that was lovely and yet painful to behold. When satisfied that his master was asleep, the boy stole softly from the chamber, as had always been his habit, to await the time of his waking in the next room. He started with surprise on seeing it still occupied by the Duke of Northumberland, who stood before the window gazing sternly into the court below, and evidently lost in a train of most unpleasant thoughts. When the boy entered he started impatiently, and, clearing the frown from his face with an effort, crossed the room.

"Tell your master," he said, addressing the page, "tell your master that his wishes shall be obeyed—say that all shall be in readiness by eight this evening;" and with these words Northumberland left the royal apartments.

Either the protector's voice aroused Edward, or he had not slept, for scarcely was the door closed when his voice summoned the page to his bedside. When the duke's message was repeated to him, a smile of satisfaction settled on his face, and he sank into a tranquil slumber. After awhile those usually quiet apartments were full of bustle and preparation. Attendants passed in and out; pages were seen running to and fro with mysterious faces. More than one laden wherry untied its contents at the tower stairs, and everything bespoke the approach of some uncommon event.

One little month had scarcely passed when the Duke of Somerset, bereft of wealth and station, sat in a gloomy prison room of the tower, expecting each moment to be dragged forth to trial, and, perhaps, an ignominious death. It was a large room, but so dimly lighted that persons sitting together looked sallow and careworn in the dusky atmosphere that filled it. The very sunbeams forced themselves sluggishly through the high window, as if rusted by the masses of old iron which blocked their passage,

and were lost, long before they reached the floor, in a web of ragged and dusty cobwebs, which covered the ceiling like mouldering tapestry, moth-eaten and turning to dust where it hung. There, on the gloomy floor of this desolate place, sat the prisoner, striving to read by the unhealthy light, which was only sufficient to make the effort a painful one. He lifted his eyes to the grating with an impatient exclamation, and, flinging his book on the floor, began pacing up and down the stone flags. Instantly a figure started forward from an inner room and lifted the book; while the sweet, pale face of Lady Jane Seymour was raised for a moment to that of her suffering parent, as he moved rapidly up and down the room. She laid the book once more upon the flags, and exerted all her frail strength to move the chair her father had occupied to a station nearer the window. This done, she again lifted the ponderous volume with her two fair hands, smoothed out the dark letter page which had been doubled in the fall, and bearing it to the duke, besought him to sit down, while she read aloud to him.

Somerset paused a moment in his walk, impelled by the persuasive but sad tones of his child; but confinement had made him irritable; so, extricating his disordered cloak from the slight grasp which she had fixed upon it, he pushed the book from him with a violence which sent it crashing to the floor again, and resumed his restless occupation. The book had fallen upon the flags, with its broad leaves downward, and crushed beneath the heavy binding, that, with the ringing of the heavy clasps, as they struck the stones, brought another person into the room, but so changed, so thin, and broken-hearted in appearance, that few persons who had seen the dignified, proud, and lovely Duchess of Somerset, in her high estate, could have recognised her as she stood within the sickly atmosphere of her husband's dungeon.

The gentle lady moved across the room, her rich, but now soiled, vestments sweeping the dusty floor as she passed; while her daughter was patiently occupied in smoothing the pages which had been injured in their fall, and in brushing away the dust which they had gathered, she approached her husband, placed a hand upon his arm, and looked with a sad smile into his face.

"The apartment within is less gloomy than this," she said; "come and sit with us; you, who never failed to share the sunshine of life with us, should not thus brood alone, now that sorrow has befallen us. Come!"

Somerset turned abruptly from his noble wife, and to conceal the emotions her sweet, patient manner had awakened, rather than from continued moodiness of spirit, he still paced up and down the darkest part of his dungeon, with all the appearance of continued irritation, for he was ashamed of the tears which, in spite of himself, sprang to his eyes on witnessing his gentle and yet proud wife so fallen and so patient in her ruin.

The duchess was rendered quick-sighted by affection, and, speaking in a low voice to her daughter,

the two left the fallen man to the liberty of grief. The room which they entered was scarcely superior to the other, but more light was admitted to it; and where is the spot so dark, or so full of discomfort, that a loving and intelligent woman cannot give some domestic charm to it? When the unfortunate lady and her still more unfortunate child left their palace home, and besought permission to share the confinement of a husband and a father, they had been permitted to bring a few objects of comfort to cheer the desolation which surrounded him. Several leathern chairs, and a stool or two, cushioned and embroidered by the fair beings who selected them for that reason, stood within the room. Lady Jane had swept and garnished the stone floor with her own delicate hands, all unused as they had been to such menial service. A rude table was there, a few favorite books lay upon it, and a lute, the companion of many a happy, childhood hour, was now taken up by that gentle girl, that its sweet tones might soothe the moody spirit of the proud man, who seemed scarcely conscious of her effort to tranquillize him.

Lady Jane knew that it but mocks a broken spirit to see anything it loves over-cheerful; so her strain, though not gloomy, was touching, and a sad one, so sad that her father, as he walked in the adjoining room, forgot the selfishness of his sorrow and wept like a child, that two creatures so gently nurtured should thus inhabit a prison, and, for his sake, exert their broken spirits to render it cheerful. After a while he entered the apartment where they were, and going up to the duchess he bent down and kissed her, while his right hand rested on the head of the young girl sitting at her feet. Lady Jane lifted her grateful eyes to his face and smiled. When her father kissed her forehead also fondly, and with the affection of former times, a swarm of kindly feelings sprang to her heart; her light fingers touched the lute again, and a gush of music, not gay, and yet scarcely sad, filled the dungeon room. It was a home song, such as they had loved in better days, and it awoke many pleasant memories; so, amid all their sorrows, these three persecuted beings sat together in domestic companionship, almost happy. If chains were upon them, their love of each other twisted a few golden links amid the iron which no human power could wrest away.

The memories which the song awakened gradually led the conversation to brighter themes, and for awhile the inmates of that dungeon almost forgot their present condition. They talked of former days, and, as they talked, an expression amounting almost to a smile rose to the face of the father. The sunshine, too, seemed to partake of their joy, streaming in more gaily through the narrow window, and playing, like a wilful but merry child, fitfully across the floor; while a bird—a wanderer from green fields far away—pausing a moment outside the casement, poured forth such a gush of music that it thrilled the inmost hearts of the listeners with joy. Could the duke have seen them then how would he have envied them.

But, as the day wore on, their thoughts once more were brought back to the full consciousness of their present situation, and again a shadow came over the souls of the members of that little family, typical of the sunshine which but just before had been shining so merrily through the casement, but which now had vanished, leaving the dungeon room dark and forbidding.

The gloom of coming night at last gathered thickly in the dungeon, rendering it still more cold, desolate and prison-like. The duke still retained his sombre mood and gazed gloomily on the stone flags at his feet, while his patient wife sat by his side, her hand resting in his, and her sweet, low voice now and then whispering words of endearment, such as her proud and modest nature had considered too bold at any time save when the beloved one was in affliction, or in any place except that miserable dungeon room. Hers was the love of a true and delicate nature. And, like the flame of a lamp which, scarcely seen amid the glare of sunshine, grows brighter and more vivid when surrounded by darkness, it seemed the only faithful or bright possession left to the fallen man. Nay, there was yet another, scarcely less wretched than himself, or less clinging and affectionate than the woman who would have comforted him. That gentle girl, still tireless in her wish to please, crouched at his feet, and the soft notes of her lute stole up tremblingly and thrilled amid the darkness which shrouded them all. She felt that her father's thoughts were far from her, that the melody which sprang from her weary fingers was all unheeded, and yet she played on, glad that in the darkness she could weep without being seen. So, as her hand wandered over the strings, tears streamed down her pale cheeks, unchecked, and fell upon it till the fingers were damp as if they had been laved in a fountain. Sometimes a sob would escape with the tears, but then came a gush of wilder music and the voice of her sorrow was concealed by it.

The wife still wound her fingers lovingly in the prisoner's hand, grieved that no answering clasp was given back, and yet chiding herself for selfishness that she could expect to be thought of at such a time. The daughter wept on, and still coined her tears into music. But the husband and father had become almost unconscious of these efforts; he was like a caged lion indignant with his keepers, and with his heart full of the forest where he had once prowled a king. At last there was a sound of feet mustering at the prison door. It was about the hour when their evening meal might be expected. The little group looked listlessly up when the bolts were withdrawn, and the glare of a torch fell bright and crimson through the door. Somerset started to his feet, while the duchess withdrew her hand, and resuming her usual air of gentle dignity moved back a pace, where she stood pale and composed, ready to receive the lieutenant who, for the first time, entered their dungeon in person.

"My lord duke," said the lieutenant, addressing his prisoner with some embarrassment, but throwing in his voice and manner that respectful homage

which the fallen protector had scarcely hoped to witness again; "my lord duke, I am sorry to intrude on your privacy, or to interrupt the music with which this gentle lady soothes your prison hours, but I have orders for your removal to another room."

"To another room!" exclaimed the duchess, while her cheek blanched whiter and her voice was changed with apprehension, "and we, his daughter Lady Jane and myself, surely, surely, we go also!"

"Not yet, noble lady; the protector has ordered it otherwise; but I beseech you take it not to heart, the separation will be a brief one," said the lieutenant, bending before the terrified duchess as he spoke. "Nay, sweet lady, do not weep," he continued, turning to Lady Jane, who had dropped her lute to the floor, and stood directly in the light, with her hands clasped firmly together and her tearful face exposed; "it pains me to witness such sorrow for a cause so groundless. It is but a change of apartments! A short time and you will doubtless receive the Lord Protector's sanction to cheer the noble duke's apartments once more; meantime, my orders are imperative! My lord duke, I trust that you will not be displeased with the change. Permit me to lead the way!"

"I will be ready to attend you in a moment," replied the duke, "but first grant me a moment's privacy. As my return is uncertain, I would take leave of the duchess and my child without so many witnessess!"

The lieutenant bowed, and withdrawing from the dungeon, closed the door. Then all the strong affections of his nature rushed back upon the wretched duke, for he believed that they were separating him from his family forever. He tried to speak, but could not; a rush of feelings, that had weighed down his heart to apathy before, choked his utterance; a silent embrace and the clinging arms of his wife were forced from his neck; another embrace, a blessing on his child, and before they could cry out or strive to detain him, the door swung to with a sharp crash, the light disappeared, and those suffering and helpless creatures were left alone.

"Mother!" That word arose amid the darkness faint and broken with tears.

"My child, we are alone!" replied a second voice, made strong by the agony of parting.

"No, not alone, mother, God is with us!" And, as she spoke, that noble girl stretched forth her hands and groped the way to her mother in the darkness. As she passed the lute, which still remained on the floor, her garments brushed the strings and a tone of music stole through the room—a pleasant tone—and it seemed that an angel had answered to those trustful words.

The duchess, who had sunk down in agony of heart, began to weep when she heard the sound, and so, in that dark and lonesome prison room, those two helpless beings clung together and comforted each other.

An hour went by, and once more a sound of heavy feet was heard outside their dungeon. The bolts shook back and a flood of light revealed the duchess sitting

in the chair left vacant by her husband. Kneeling upon the floor, and half lying in her mother's lap, was the Lady Jane; her face had been buried in the vestments of her parent, and she had been praying, but, as the door opened, her head was thrown back and a joyful expression filled the soft brown eyes turned eagerly upon the entrance. It was crowded with people, and an exclamation of pleasant surprise burst from the duchess and her daughter when two females entered the dungeon, each with a heavy bundle under her arm. In the foremost Lady Jane recognised her old nurse, and the other had long been chief tiring-woman to the duchess. Never were human beings so welcome, never two beings "so happy without knowing why," as these old warm-hearted women.

"There," said the nurse, holding the Lady Jane in her arms, and kissing her fondly between the words; "there, I say, you with the crusty face, roll in the coffer—that will do!" she added, as one of the men brought in a good sized coffer, which the duchess recognised as her own.

"Now," continued the old woman, still with her arms around her astonished foster-child, "place that mirror on the table; softly, man, softly, you are not wielding your iron bolts now, and that silver frame is easily bruised if you knock the fillagree work about after that fashion!—there, set it down, for a bungler as you are; place the lamp in front; be careful, knave, you are treading on my lady's lute—pick it up!" The man pushed the lute aside with his foot, and set the lamp down without regard to the old woman's order.

"So, you cannot pick up the lute which a noble lady has fingered, forsooth! Wait a few days, and we shall see you creeping on your knees for the honor, instead of standing there with a look as stubborn as your own iron bars. Go, bring in the case of essence bottles, if that does not prove too heavy a task, and then take yourself off, for a clumsy cur; a pretty serving-man you would make, I trow!"

The man, on whom the old woman's eloquence was exercised, seemed very willing to obey her last command. He brought in the case which she had desired, and, placing it on the table, left the dungeon and was about to lock the door, but just as he was closing it a clear cheerful voice was heard in conversation with him. After a moment's delay, the half-closed door was swung open again to admit a handsome boy in the king's livery, who carried a casket under his arm.

"That was well thought of, my pretty page," said the nurse, approaching to take the casket, "but who has found courage to break the new protector's seal? If it was you, boy, I only hope that handsome head may be firm on your shoulders six weeks hence. I would as soon have touched a red-hot coal as the bit of wax sticking to the smallest cabinet in the palace, and I saw all my lady's jewels counted and locked up weeks ago."

As she spoke, the old nurse allowed the Lady Jane to escape from her embrace, while she advanced to the page, and would have taken the casket

from under his arm, but he stepped aside, with a roguish toss of the head, and dropping on his knee before the young lady, placed the casket in her hand. Bewildered, and as one in a dream, she gazed first upon the casket, then, wonderingly, on the handsome boy at her feet.

"What means this?" she said at last, looking doubtfully toward the duchess, who sat gazing upon the scene with equal wonder. "Our crest is upon the lid, but underneath are the royal arms of England."

The duchess arose, and, taking the casket from her daughter's hand, touched a spring. The lid flew open, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the ladies saw, not their own jewels, but a magnificent suite of diamonds which had once belonged to Jane Seymour, the Queen of Henry the Eighth; a young creature who had perished in giving birth to the present king—fortunate, perhaps, in being taken from her earthly state before she had learned how terrible a thing it was to "outlive her husband's liking."

"What means this—whence came the jewels?" exclaimed both ladies at once, turning their eyes from the gems that flashed and glowed in the lamplight, to the boy who had risen from his knees, and, with his plumed cap, was brushing away the dust which his vestments had caught from the floor.

"They were entrusted to me by my royal master, the king," replied the boy, who paused in his occupation and gazed upon the casket, as he spoke, fascinated by the rich hues that played and quivered about it. "I was bade to deliver them to the Lady Jane Seymour—to say that the king desired that she would mingle them with the adornments of her fair person before she placed herself under the escort of the lieutenant, who will be here anon to bring farther orders from the Lord Protector."

Before the astonished ladies could question him farther, he had obeyed some signal given him from the door, and left the dungeon.

It was in vain the noble duchess questioned the nurse and the tiring-woman. They were too much elated to gratify the anxiety of their mistress, even if they had not been as much mystified as herself. All they could say was, that a messenger had been sent from the Duke of Northumberland with orders to convey them to the tower; that they were commanded to take from the wardrobe, in the palace, every thing necessary for the toilet of their ladies. Though scarcely half an hour was allowed them for a choice, they had filled a coffer, and, with a few things hastily collected, were hurried into a barge and so to the dungeon of their mistress, scarcely realizing how it had all been brought about.

This unsatisfactory information only served to increase the excitement already produced in the minds of the prisoners; while their attendants were busily searching for keys, and smoothing the rich vestments that had been somewhat roughly crowded into the coffer, they looked on as people in a dream. The glare of lights which filled every gloomy angle of their dungeon; the velvet robes flung in glossy robes over the armed chair; the jewels, twinkling and

flashing like a cluster of stars, on the table—all seemed like enchantment, and they looked on with a strange emotion of hope mingled with foreboding and almost with affright. Still there was something in all that had transpired, calculated to encourage more than to depress. So after a few brief words of consultation, the mother and daughter sat down and permitted the two women to adorn their persons without farther question. The duchess was speedily arrayed. In spite of her fears, a ray of hope had been awakened, and her face, before so pale and care-worn, became almost happy in its expression, save that a color, far more vivid than was natural to her cheek, betrayed the anxious fears that struggled against the more hopeful feeling that had sprung to life in her heart. She stood by as they wreathed the diamond tiara amid the tresses of her daughter's hair, and, with her own fair hand, put back two or three of the brown curls where they fell over the young cheek, which gradually became warm and damask from the influence of anticipations which she could not entirely control, and yet which she trembled to encourage. How beautiful she looked in her robe of glowing velvet, with the tiara which had once adorned a queen, shedding its starry brightness amid her hair and over that pure forehead. Her neck, always beautiful, now gleamed out with more pearly whiteness beneath the string of brilliants that shed a rich light upon it; and, as the old nurse busied herself with the point lace which draped her rounded arms, she looked up to her mother, and a sweet, natural smile came faintly over her face. The mother did not smile, but a brighter expression lighted up her eyes, and the two looked almost happy making their strange toilet in a dungeon. The nurse had taken that little hand, which trembled in her clasp with conflicting emotions, and after pressing her lips upon the rosy palm, was drawing on the snowy glove with its embroidery of seed pearls, when there was a sound at the door, as of some person knocking against it with his knuckles, and, after a moment, the lieutenant of the tower once more presented himself. When the duchess advanced eagerly toward him, demanding a reason for all that had transpired, he answered with the calm politeness which usually marked his demeanor, that the Lord Protector had given orders that they should be removed to another room.

"But, tell me," said the lady, almost beside herself with anxiety, "tell me, is it to the duke—is it to my husband you conduct us?"

A smile stole up to the lieutenant's face. It might be one of irony aroused by the keen anxiety which she displayed: it might be a sign of admiration for the two beings that could look so lovely amid the gloom of a dungeon; but they could not read its meaning, and he would give no other reply to their question.

The Lady Jane began to tremble, but she placed her arm within that of the duchess, and was supported from the dungeon. Her heart died within her bosom as she found herself in a long, damp passage, surrounded by strange faces, and going, she could

scarcely dream where. She looked in her mother's face; it had become very pale again, and the arm on which she leaned shook beneath the weight of hers. All at once, she felt that the train of her dress had been lifted from the floor. She looked round, and there was that handsome little page grasping the folds of velvet in his small hand, while his bright face was lifted smilingly to hers. He seemed to comprehend and pity the anxiety betrayed by the troubled expression of her face, for drawing close to her side, he whispered—

"Have no fear, sweet lady, there is nothing of harm to dread."

"Sirrah, fall back to your place," said the lieutenant, looking sternly over his shoulder.

The boy shrank back, but not till his words had brought comfort to the heart of Lady Jane, and were whispered in the ear of her mother.

On they went, through dark passages and gloomy chambers;—the flambeau carried by their guard, crimsoning the walls as they passed on, and their shadows changing, and seeming to dance in fantastic groups around them as the lights were tossed upwards and flared in the chill currents of air that drew down the corridors. At last, they entered a large room, lighted up and surrounded by a range of cushioned benches, from which some half dozen pages arose with great show of respect as the party entered. The lieutenant and his officers remained standing at the entrance to the room, while two of the pages ran forward to an opposite door, which they held open as if the ladies were expected to pass through. The duchess turned her eyes on the lieutenant, uncertain how to act; he bent his head, and drawing respectfully back, answered her appeal in a low voice.

"Lady," he said, "my charge ends here; pass on to the next room, where the king awaits you."

The duchess started as she heard this, and grasping the hand which rested on her arm, whispered—

"Courage, my child, all will be well!"

Though taken by surprise, the noble lady had been so long accustomed to courts that, in crossing the ante-chamber, she resumed the quiet and dignified manner which anxiety had previously disturbed, but the quick feelings of youth could not be so readily controlled, and when the duchess presented herself in King Edward's apartments, the young creature leaning on her arm was pale as death beneath all the warm glow of her jewels, and trembled visibly with suppressed agitation. The duchess cast a quick glance over the room. Her husband was there, not in his prison garments but robed as became his station, and by his side stood the Duke of Northumberland—though her heart leaped at the sight, she remained to all appearance composed and ready to sustain the dignity of her noble house before the man who had been its bitter enemy. Lady Jane also looked up, and recognised her father with a thrill of joy such as she had seldom known before, but instantly the happy glow died from her face, and almost gasping for breath she clung to the duchess for support. She had seen another face, that made

her heart tremble as she gazed—a face which had haunted her soul with a memory which would not be shaken off, but which in darkness and in sorrow had clung there as “the scent of roses hangs forever around the vase which once preserved them.” It was the face of Lord Dudley—the son of her father’s enemy. The man whom she had loved with all the truth and fervency of a pure and most affectionate heart, but from whom she was separated forever. Was it strange that her cheek and lips grew white or that those heavy lashes drooped sorrowfully beneath the look with which he regarded her? a look which made her heart turn faint with the memories which crowded upon it. She could not meet that glance again. Her father, the highborn and persecuted, was there, and yet that one look had made her almost forgetful of his wrongs.

Before these thoughts could fairly pass through her mind, and while the duchess hesitated at the door that she might have time to gain something of composure, the duke of Northumberland arose from his seat with that air of graceful and proud courtesy which no man could adopt with so much ease, and crossing the room, gave his hand to the duchess, inquired kindly after her health, and requested permission to lead her before the king, who sat in his large easy chair looking almost healthful, and made quite happy in the newly aroused power of conferring happiness upon others. Edward stood up to receive the duchess, and when she would have knelt, he took her hand in his and pressed it affectionately to his lips.

“His Grace of Northumberland will bear witness for us,” he said, “how ignorant we have been of all that you have suffered, and how deeply the knowledge grieved us when it did come. For our sake let all be forgotten; if any power is left to our feeble state, these persecutions shall not happen again.”

The lady, thus kindly addressed, made a grateful reply, which was somewhat restrained by the presence of Northumberland. He must have heard all that was passing, though his face wore the same bland and tranquil smile with which he had first approached her.

After pressing his lips once more to the fair hand in his, Edward turned to the Lady Jane, a smile broke over his pale face, and those large eyes, usually so regretful and sad in their expression, now sparkled with pleasant feelings.

“And our sweet cousin,” he said, looking down upon her lovely face as she sank to his knees, “methinks the prison fare has added to a beauty which was bright enough before. Nay, fair one, if you must do us homage, another hand must raise you.”

As he spoke, Edward had extended his hand as if to raise the young girl from his feet, but instead of this he laid it among the rich tresses of her hair, where it rested pale and caressingly lighted up by his own princely gift of jewels, and sinking to his seat again he bent forward and addressed the wondering girl in a low and earnest voice, smiling as he spoke, and faintly blushing as he saw that his words made the warm color deepen and glow in the cheek that had a moment before looked so cold and pale.

“Nay, do not rise yet,” he said, checking the modest impulse which prompted the bewildered girl to seek the shelter of her mother’s side, and as he spoke, Edward lifted his eyes from the drooping lashes that began to quiver upon the now red, now pallid cheeks, and looked expressively toward Lord Dudley, still keeping his hand upon the young creature’s head. He felt her start and tremble beneath his touch as Lord Dudley came eagerly forward, and though she did not look up, he knew by the trembling of her red lip and the rosy flood that deluged her face and neck, that the music of that familiar footstep had reached her heart.

Dudley returned the young monarch’s smile, as his hand was removed from its beautiful resting place, with a look of gratitude, and bending down he whispered a few words to the Lady Jane as he raised her from the king’s feet. She cast one timid glance on his face; it was eloquent with happiness, so eloquent that her eyes sought the floor again.

The king looked toward the ante-room and gave a signal with his hand. It was obeyed by our favorite page, who glided across the room and softly opened a door leading to the royal oratory. There, within the gleam of a silver sconce which flooded the little room as with a stream of moonlight, stood the king’s chaplain, in his sacerdotal robes, and with a book open in his hand. Upon the marble step at his feet lay two cushions of purple velvet fringed and starred with silver. Lord Dudley led his trembling charge forward, and they knelt down upon these cushions, while King Edward and all within the outer room stood up. A moment, and the deep solemn tones of the chaplain, as he read the marriage ceremony, filled the two apartments. The sweet face of Lady Jane was uplifted, and the pure light fell upon it, as she made her response in a voice rendered low by intense feeling—another response, louder and more firmly uttered—a benediction—and then Lord Dudley led his bride from the oratory.

“Your blessing, my father,” murmured the half happy, half terrified young creature, as she knelt with her lord at Somerset’s feet.

The Duke of Somerset bent down, kissed the beautiful forehead so bewitchingly uplifted, and gave the blessing which made his child happy. The duchess smiled, and wept amid her smiles.

“Ah, Jane,” she murmured, fondly putting back the ringlets her own hand had arranged, “ah, Jane, we little thought this evening would end so happily.”

The king stood by, and turned away to conceal the pleasant tears which filled his eyes.

“One thing more,” he said, “and our slumber will be sweet to-night;” as he spoke, the royal youth advanced to “The two Dukes,” where they stood side by side, and linking their hands together, placed his own upon them.

“Be friends,” he said, “the kingdom has need of you both.”

Edward felt their hands beneath his clasped together, and was satisfied. He was young, full of generous impulses, and believed that two ambitious men toiling for the same object *could* be friends.

THE ABSENT WIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

At twilight's soft and gentle hour

When shadows o'er the dull earth creep,
And nature feels the soothing power
Of coming night and balmy sleep—
When the tired lab'rer hastens home
His wife and little ones to kiss,
And the young beauty anxiously
Awaits love's hour of dream-like bliss—
When nest-ward hie both bird and bee,
My fondest thought is still for thee!

Again at midnight's solemn hour,

When eyes are closed and lips are still,
And Silence, like a spirit's form,
Rests sweetly on each vale and hill,
When Love and Grief sit side by side
Around some sinking sufferer's bed,
Or Crime in shadow seeks to hide
A form to every virtue dead,—
E'en then in dreams thy form I see,
Or waking fondly turn to thee!

At rosy morn, when like a gleam

From some far brighter sphere than ours,
The sunlight with its golden sheen
Awakes the world and tints the flowers—
When birds their tuneful numbers raise
And chant a welcome to the dawn,
When Nature lifts her voice in praise,
And day, creation-like, is born—
Then, when are hymns from land and sea,
I bow to Heaven and think of thee!

My lonely room—my quiet hours,

No hand to press—no voice to cheer,
No form to meet in Pleasure's bowers,
No song to melt the soul to tears—
No welcome home with looks of joy,
No gentle song to tell of love,
No day-dreams of our cherished boy,
No child-like eyes to point above—
No hand to soothe the ruffled brow,
Alas! how much I miss thee now!

Pity the wretch, who, doomed to roam

From day to day this lower sphere,
Unloved by any—loving none,
Still wasting on from year to year,
As lonely as some twinkling orb
That trembles in the distant sky,
A watcher mid the hosts of night
With none to share its company—
Unloved while living, and when dead,
With none a heart-wrung tear to shed!

Alas! how cold and desolate

The path of such a one must be,
How dim his hopes—how sad his fate,
How cheerless his lone destiny!
No eye to mark each changing look,
No lip his fever'd brain to press;
No gentle one in whisper low,
With kindly words his ear to bless,—
To point his thoughts from earth to sky,
And paint some bright Futurity!

Why do we live? Affections—ties

That well and form within the breast,
That intertwine our sympathies
With hopes and joys that make us blest—
These point the panting spirit up
To milder realms beyond the skies,
And whisper to the trembling soul
New bliss awaits in paradise!
Oh! what were life with love away,
Where earth its bound—its limit clay!

Then soon return, fond one, return,

Thy greeting shall be kind and true,
Love's lamp again shall brightly burn,
And life its purest joys renew!
Oh! absence, like the clouds that throw
Thick shadows o'er the summer sky,
But, passing, leave a brighter glow,
A deeper, purer blue on high:
So now I wait the passing gloom,
That light again may gladden home!

SONG.

Oh! sing unto my soul, my love,

That all-entrancing lay,
Such as the seraphim above
Are singing far away—
It comes as some familiar strain
Once heard in heaven, now heard again.

For sure—as olden sages tell—

We are not all of earth:
The soul, by some mysterious spell,

Has glimpses of its birth;

And memories of things divine
Thrill o'er me at that voice of thine.

They come as half-forgotten dreams

From that eternal land,
The sounds of its celestial streams,
The shores of silver sand,
The angel faces in the air—
Oh! sing, and waft my spirit there!

A. A. I.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Zanoni, a Novel. By the Author of "Pelham," "Rienzi,"
&c. Two Volumes. Harper & Brothers.

A FEW years ago, in the first volume of "The Monthly Chronicle," a tale, or rather the fragment of one, appeared, professedly from the pen of Bulwer. But the story defied critical as well as common sense to understand it. It opened abruptly and closed abruptly. It had, properly speaking, neither beginning nor end. It was incomprehensible. By general consent, "Zicci" was regarded as a freak of the author—its only merit was the novelty of having no merit at all. After being the jest of the reviewers for years, this story has been completed, and now lies before us, under the altered name of "Zanoni."

The idea of the novel is borrowed from the dreams of the old Rosicrucians, and of the predecessors of that sect as far back as the Chaldeans. These visionaries imagined that man, by a rigid practice of virtue and the sublimation of every earthly feeling, could attain to a perfect comprehension of the most hidden secrets of nature—could hold communion with, and exercise control over, the unseen powers of the air—and could even preserve human life to an indefinite extent, by acquiring the means by which it might be perpetually renovated. The story opens at Naples, towards the close of the last century. The hero is a noble Chaldean, who, having attained to the knowledge of this last secret of his sect while yet in the prime of youthful manhood, wears now the same aspect as when he gazed on the stars from his home in Assyria, before the temple had been built on Mount Zion—before the Greeks had fought at Marathon—before the builders of the pyramids had died. To an imaginative mind, such a character possesses peculiar charms. He comes before us with all the solemnity of the past, making vivid to us the great deeds of buried ages. He has seen the army of Alexander on the Indus. He was in Egypt when Antony's fleet set sail for Actium. He remembers when Demosthenes thundered for the crown, when Cæsar fell in the Senate House, when Rome was sacked by Attila. For three thousand years he has gazed on mankind with a face as unchanging as that of the weird Sphinx of the desert. For ninety generations, he has survived war, and pestilence, and the slow decay of the system,—a being mysterious in his subtle power, wonderful in his awful and majestic beauty. This exemption from death he has won by the subjugation of every feeling and passion to the mastery of a PURE INTELLECT. But still retaining his youth, he retains the capacity to love; and though, for such a lapse of ages, he has withstood temptation, he is destined at last to yield to it. He meets with and loves a beautiful Italian girl. He thus endangers his earthly immortality; for the moment he yields to earthly passion, however pure, his intellect becomes clouded, and he loses the prophetic faculty as well as others of his high attributes. Conscious of this, and knowing that he will bring peril and sorrow around the path of Viola by linking her fate with his, he struggles long against his passion, and even after yielding to it, endeavors to avert from her head the dangers which, as consequences of his conduct, thicken around her. In this Titanic conflict betwixt the intellect

and the heart—in the alternation of the aspirations of the one and the agonizing throes of the other, lies the burden—as the old writers would call it—of the novel.

The idea, as thus stated, is simply grand. It has a unity that overpowers us. Had the author contented himself with merely developing this idea, omitting every thing which had no necessary bearing on the *dénouement*, he would have produced an almost faultless story. But he has, in a great measure, failed in carrying out his conception. He has weakened the effect by diverging from the *burden* of the story. As the novel has been circulated in various cheap forms throughout the country, we shall take it for granted that our readers have perused the book. This will save us the necessity of recapitulating the plot as the basis of our remarks.

The plot is grossly defective in several important particulars. Many even of the leading incidents have no bearing on the *dénouement*. The compact betwixt Zanoni and the EVIL EYE, at Venice, is of this character. The author's original intention was to make the condition exacted from the husband play a prominent part at the crisis; but he subsequently changed his mind, and brought about the *dénouement* by other means, forgetting, however, to rewrite this scene, so as to adapt it to the altered aspect of the story. The EVIL EYE, when he comes to assert his rights, is cavalierly dismissed, in a very inartistical manner. It would have contributed far more to the unity of effect of which we have spoken, if the author had pursued his original design, and made the condition exacted from Zanoni, the sacrifice of his own life, when, at any future period, he should wish again to preserve the life of Viola. By following out this plan, Bulwer would have been saved the necessity of introducing the sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution; and the crisis would have been brought about in a far more natural manner than it is at present. The introduction of Robespierre and his associates is forced; it renders involved an otherwise simple and effective plot. We are astonished that an adept in Art, such as Bulwer professes to be, should have committed a blunder for which, if he had been a schoolboy, he should have been soundly whipped. If he intended to enlist and keep up the interest of his readers in his two chief characters, why has he distracted the attention by the introduction of The Reign of Terror, that most real of tragedies, whose horrors exceed anything that romance can imagine, whose thrilling story stops the pulsation of the heart for anything less terrible? The mind should have been left undistracted to contemplate the stern, Doric self-sacrifice of Zanoni! The author should not have sacrificed the unity of effect for the dying struggles of Robespierre, or any other human butcher in the blood-bespattered shambles of Paris. We can see what misled Bulwer. Not satisfied with the grandeur of his original conception of the *dénouement*, he sought to increase the interest by the clap-trap effect of rapidly shifting the perilous incidents in which all the chief actors are involved. This is a trick he has learned behind the foot-lights, and not in the study of the great old masters.

There are numerous minor errors in the plot. Glyndon's *liaison* with Floretta does not advance the story, and the

only part she plays in evolving the crisis, is the betrayal of Viola at Paris. If the plot had been handled properly, there would have been no necessity for her agency here. But the desire to paint mere sensual love, in this character, induced Bulwer to patch her into the tale. He has been persuaded, from the same reason, to introduce other unimportant characters we might name. In short, his motley array of personages reminds us of Burke's graphic picture of Chatham's last piebald ministry, where he compares it to a piece of mosaic, "here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white," and humorously depicts the consternation of men, who had been all their lives libelling each other, on finding themselves "pigging together in the same truckle-bed." In like manner the robber figures in the scene. So do Mervale and that worthy shrew his wife. These are all gross faults; for the necessity of preserving that oneness and entirety of effect, of which we have spoken so much, exists in peculiar force in a highly imaginative work like this. The introduction of supernal agents is, at all times, a dangerous experiment; and, when they are introduced, the illusion is to be kept up at every sacrifice. This can scarcely be done where the reader listens on one page to the converse of immortal powers, and on the next to the wrangling of a cross, sleepy wife with a drunken husband—when we are hurried from the lofty aspirations of Menjour and Zanoni, to the silly love toying betwixt Glyndon and Floretta. This brings us to another error in the author—an error which lies at the very bottom of all his errors.

The subject is unfit for prose. It properly belongs to the drama. The true province of the imagination is poetry, and although this divine faculty may stoop to prose, it can never truly shine but in the celestial garments of the muse. We do not deny the impossibility of treating an ideal theme in prose—we only assert the superior advantages which poetry affords for the same object. Transitions may be tolerated in the drama which should be anathematized in prose. But, above all, poetry would favor the preservation of the illusion to which we have already referred. The *tone* of a story such as Zanoni is, could be better preserved in poetry. The idea of the tale is inexpressibly grand, and might have been worked out with terrible effect. The struggle in Zanoni's mind betwixt his love for Viola and his longing for an earthly immortality would have produced, if evolved by a master hand, a tragedy equal to Manfred, Faust, we had almost said Prometheus.

But we have said enough under this head. Let us look at the characters.

Of Zanoni we have already spoken. His character belongs to a lofty region of the ideal. The conception of Pisani, also, is highly imaginative. He comes in, at the opening of the tale, with the same effect with which a fine overture precedes an opera. He prepares the mind, by his unearthly music, for the mysteries that are to follow. His barbian, his solitary life, his dreams of wild figures and wilder music in the air, entitle him to a high rank in the ideal. What a grand thought is that which represents him at the theatre, mechanically performing his part, while all the time his soul is thinking of his beloved opera, so that often, unconsciously to himself, he bursts out into its weird and startling music!

Viola, the impersonation of the purest love, unalloyed by any sensual feeling—Glyndon, the weak, vacillating, yet aspiring man—and Menjour, the embodiment of mere intellect, apart from any influence of the heart, good or bad, are well drawn characters—of *their kind*. Their fault is that they have no individuality. All Bulwer's personages partake of this error. There is not, in his numerous novels, a single personage whom we can look back on as on a real

individual. Falstaff and Nicol Jarvie are so life-like that it seems as if we had drunk canary with the one, at the Boar's Head, and "had a crack" with the other, on the causeway of Glasgow. Bulwer's characters have none of this personal identity—they are only embodiments of certain passions or peculiarities. His actors are like the knights of Spencer, mere stalking horses for particular vices or virtues—or, like a wigmaker's block, the representative in turn of the heads of all his customers. Every personage in Zanoni, without, as we remember, a *single* exception, is thus ticketed for a particular vice or virtue, like passengers in a railroad car. Now, we do not object to the introduction of these personages if they are necessary to the plot; but, for heaven's sake, Mr. Bulwer, give us something more than mere automatons! Don't ask us in to a second Mrs. Jarley's wax-works!

We have spoken, in terms of high praise, of the character of Zanoni. We have, however, said that the theme was more adapted for poetry than prose. Having chosen prose, the author has erred in calling his book a *NOVEL*. Let us be understood. Feeble as is the province of prose to do justice to so ideal a character as Zanoni, we do not base our present objection to the book on that ground. It is one of the inalienable rights of man to show his ignorance, to make a blunder, or in any other way to play the fool. This is not the question now. The work before us purports to be a novel, and nothing but a novel. It might have been named a romance, a mystery, or the Lord knows what! But it is put forth as a novel, under the *imprimatur* of the writer of "ART IN FICTION," of the man who sets up to be the high priest of the synagogue! Is it such?

A novel, in the true acceptance of the name, is a picture of real life. The plot may be involved, but it must not transcend probability. The agencies introduced must belong to real life. Such were Gil Blas and Tom Jones, confessedly the two best novels extant. Whether the title was properly applied, in the inception, is not the question. Usage and common sense have affixed a definite meaning to the word. When authors cease to paint real life they cease to write novels. The tales may be very good of their kind, but they are no more novels than a sirloin is a mutton chop, or than Bulwer is the artist he pretends to be. Judged by this standard, Zanoni is not a novel. There are pictures of real life in it; but to paint society, *as it is*, was only collateral to the chief aim of the work.

We say nothing of the moral of the story; for all that is truly noble in Bulwer's imaginary doctrines of the Rosicrucians is stolen from the pure precepts of our holy religion.

The English of the author is neither better nor worse than in his former novels. His language was always inflated, often bombastic. He personifies as desperately as ever. His allegories are as plentiful as Sancho Panza's proverbs, or as an old maid's ailings. The same straining after effect, the same attempts at fine writing which were such glaring defects in his former novels, are here perceptible. Through every line, the author looks out, eager, like Snug the joiner, to tell you he is there.

There are many fine thoughts, nevertheless, in these volumes; and, on the whole, the book is a valuable addition to our imaginative literature.

If we have dwelt longer on the faults than on the merits of "Zanoni," it is because the latter are more apparent to the popular eye. We have dealt out, however, even-handed justice to the book, since the province of a critic is not that of the state advocate, who argues only on one side, but rather that of the judge who sums up the case, and of the jury who are sworn "a true verdict to give according to the evidence." With this remark, we leave "Zanoni" to its fate.

The Poets and Poetry of America, with an Historical Introduction. By Rufus Willmot Griswold. One vol. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

This is the best collection of the American Poets that has yet been made, whether we consider its completeness, its size, or the judgment displayed in its selections. The volume is issued in a style commensurate with its literary worth. The paper, type and printing are unexceptionable. Messrs Carey & Hart have, in "The Poets and Poetry of America," published the finest volume of the season.

The editor begins his selections of American Poets with Frenau, prefacing them, however, with an historical introduction evincing considerable research. In this introduction he shows that, prior to the revolution, the pretenders to the muse in the colonies scarcely rose to the level of versifiers. From Frenau downwards, the chain is kept up to the youngest poet of the day. About eighty-eight authors are embraced in the body of the work. To the selections from each author is prefixed a short but clear biography. The editor has not always been guided, in making his selections, by the relative merit of the various authors, but, in cases where the writers have published editions of their poems, he has been less copious in his extracts, than when the poet has left his works to take care of themselves. Thus we have the whole of Dana's "Buccanier," of Whittier's "Mogg Magone," of Sprague's "Curiosity," and of Drake's "Culprit Fay." Most of C. Fenno Hoffman's songs are also included in the collection. But Pierpoint's "Airs of Palestine," are excluded, as are the longer and best poems of Willis. At the end of the volume is an appendix, in which about fifty writers, whom the editor has not thought worthy of a place in the body of his book, figure under the name of "Various Authors." Such is the plan of the work. A word, in detail, on its merits.

We have said that this volume is superior to any former collection of the American Poets, whether we regard its size, its completeness, or the taste displayed in the selections. This is our general opinion of the book. We do not, however, *always* coincide with the judgment of the editor. There are several writers in the Appendix who have as good claims to appear in the body of the work, as others who figure largely in the latter more honorable station. There are many mere versifiers included in the selection who should have been excluded, or else others who have been left out should have been admitted. Perhaps the author, without being aware of it himself, has unduly favored the writers of New England. Instances of all these faults will be noticed by the reader, and we need not further allude to them.

The editor has scarcely done justice to some of our younger poets, either in his estimate of their genius, or in his selections from their poems. A glaring instance of this is the case of LOWELL, a young poet, to whom others than ourselves have assigned a genius of the highest rank. We would have been better pleased to have seen a more liberal notice of his poems. We know that, with the exception of "Rosaline," better selections might have been made from his works. A few years hence, Mr. Griswold himself will be amazed that he assigned no more space to LOWELL than to McLellan, Tuckerman, and others of "Οι Πολλοί." Holmes is another instance of the injustice done an author by the editor's selections. The author of "Old Ironsides" has written better poems than that, all about the old man, of whom

"My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow."

And again,

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!"

Little more can be said in the way of criticism, unless we should follow up these remarks by further examples in detail. For this we have no inclination, since, after all, the book, as a whole, is one of high merit; and, from the very nature of the work, it is impossible for an editor to produce a faultless volume. A thorough analysis of the book might induce many, whose minds are not comprehensive, to think it a bad, instead of what it really is, a good work.

The Two Admirals, a Tale, by the Author of "The Pilot," "Red Rover," &c., &c. Two Vols. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

MR. COOPER, in the book before us, has re-asserted his right to the rank of the first living American novelist. The "Two Admirals" is not inferior to the best of his works. The scenes are described with that graphic force for which our author is distinguished above all writers of sea-tales. The two combats betwixt Sir Gervaise Oakes and the French fleet are told with unusual power. But there is nothing like character in the tale, and the plot is shamefully commonplace. Mr. Cooper seems to be aware of his want of ability to write a story, or paint a character, and he therefore wisely expends his whole strength on particular incidents and scenes. In his line he is without a rival here or in Europe.

The Poetical Works of John Sterling. First American Edition. One vol. Herman Hooker: Philadelphia.

Every man of taste will rejoice at this collected edition of the poems of Sterling, the "Archæus" of Blackwood. To Rufus W. Griswold, the editor, and Herman Hooker, the publisher, the American public is indebted for this edition of the works of one of the most pure, delicate, fanciful, and idiomatic, of the poets of the present day.

Essays for Summer Hours. By Charles Lanman. Second Edition. Boston: Hilliard, Grey & Co. London: Wiley & Putnam.

These essays are distinguished by grace, sweetness, and graphic force of language. The author is a devout lover of nature in all her moods, but especially in her more quiet aspects. He has produced a book which will be no discredit to him.

Tecumseh, or the West thirty years since. A Poem. By Geo. H. Colton. Wiley & Putnam: New York & London. Moore & Wiley: Philadelphia.

This book is an elegant specimen of American typography. Of the merits of the poem we shall not speak until July, when we trust to have leisure and space for the task.

GRAHAM'S
LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE,

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, J. FENIMORE COOPER, RICHARD H. DANA, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, THEODORE S. FAY, J. H. MANCUR,
MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY, MRS. SEBA SMITH, MRS. "MARY CLAVERS," MRS. E. F. ELLET,
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, ETC.,
PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, EDITORS.

VOLUME XXI.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM, NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET.

.....
1842.



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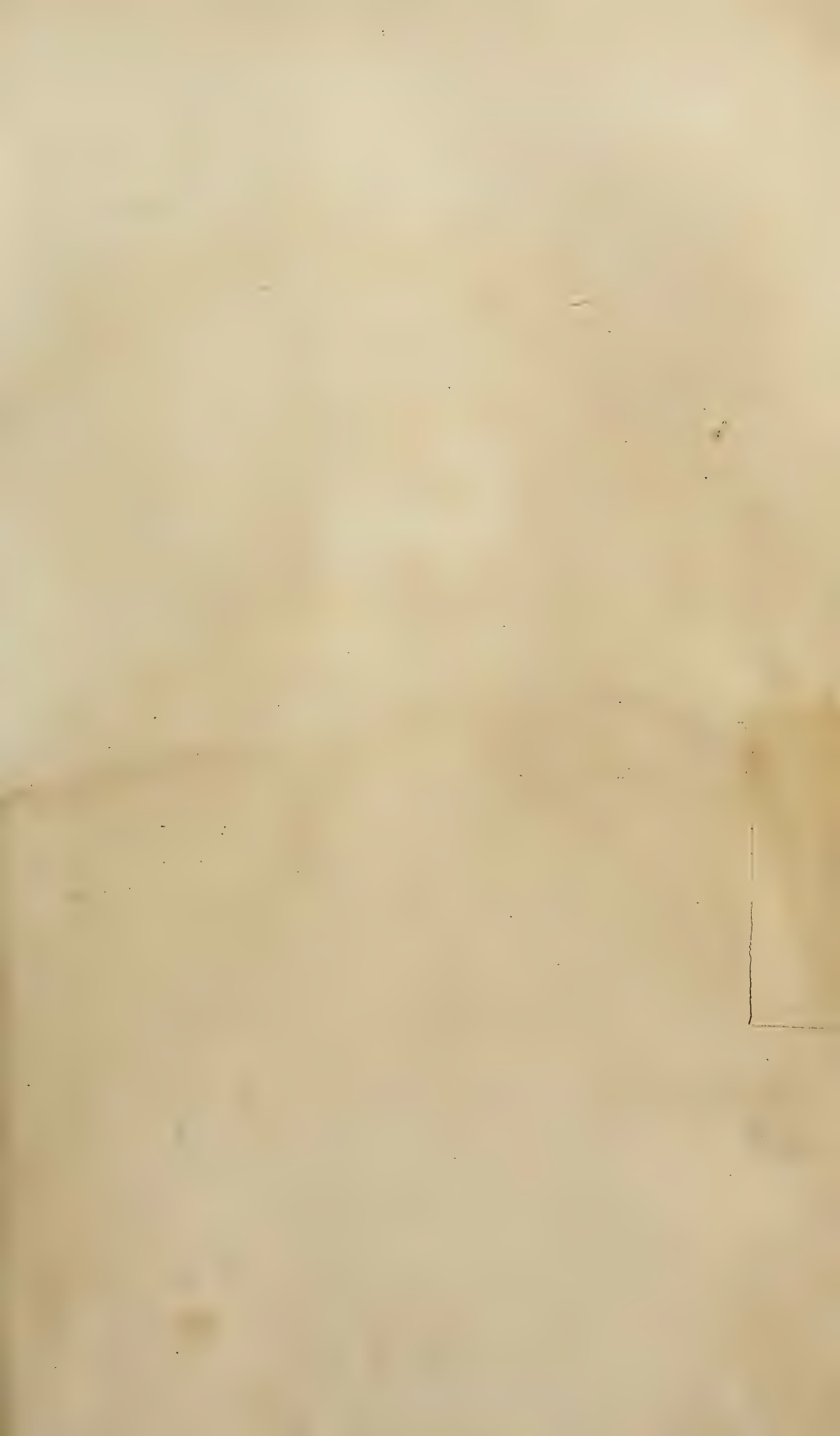
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LINE AND MEZZOTINT.

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The Mother and Child.



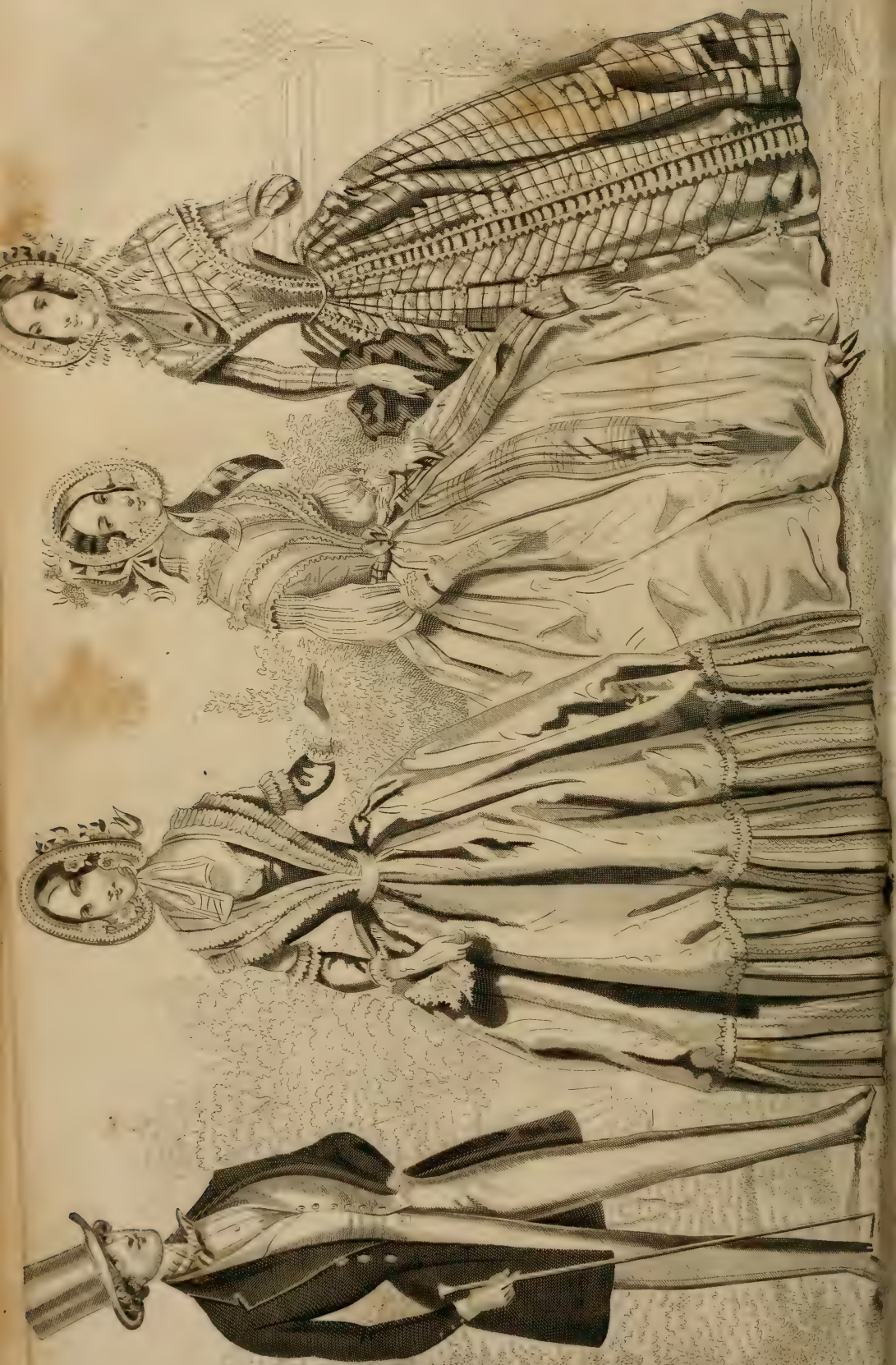
PRINTED BY LUTY ALLEN

DESIGNED BY J. S. SAUNDERS

Morning Prayer

By the Rev. J. S. SAUNDERS

Journal 1844 p. 1



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1842.

No. 1.

THE POLISH MOTHER.

It was a gorgeous bridal. The old hall of the palace was lit up with a thousand lights, and crowded with all the wealth, beauty and rank of Poland. The apartment blazed with the jewels of its occupants. Princes with their proud dames, high officers of state, nobles whose domains vied in extent with kingdoms, and lordly beauties beneath whose gaze all bent in adoration, had gathered at that magnificent festival to do honor to the bridal of the fair daughter of their host. And loveliest among the lovely was the bride. Tall and majestic in every movement, with a queenly brow, and a face such as might have been that of the mother of the gods, she moved through the splendid apartment the theme of every admiring tongue. Nor less remarkable was her husband. Warsaw beheld no noble tread her palaces more lordly in his bearing than the Count Restchifky. The fire of a hundred warrior ancestors burned in his eye. The fame of his high lineage, of his extended possessions, of his feats in arms, followed his footsteps wherever he went. In manly beauty the court of Poland had no rival to the count, in majestic loveliness the realm furnished no equal to his bride. And now, as they stood together in that proud old hall, surrounded by all that was noble and beautiful in the land, the peerless beauty of the countess and the princely bearing of her husband shone pre-eminent.

Never had Warsaw seen such a festival. All that the most boundless wealth and all that a taste the most fastidious could do to add to the splendor of the occasion had been done, and the guests, one and all, bore testimony to the success of the princely entertainer. The air was laden with incense, flowers bloomed around, unseen music filled the hall with harmony, and statues and carvings of rare device met the eye at every turn. If Aladdin had been there he would not have asked that his enchanted palace should excel in magnificence the one before him. No visionary, in his wildest dream, could imagine aught more beautiful. And through this unrivalled hall the count and his bride moved, conscious that all

this splendor was evoked for their honor, feeling that not a heart in all the vast assembly but envied their exalted lot. At every step congratulations met them until they turned away sick with adulation. What wonder that the rose grew still deeper on the cheek of the bride, that her eyes flashed with brighter brilliancy, or that her step became more queenly? Could aught mortal wholly resist the intoxication of that hour?

Years had elapsed. That fair young bride had become a mother; but time had passed over her without destroying one lineament of her majestic beauty. But the scene had changed from that through which she moved on her bridal night. There were no longer around her wealth and splendor and beauty, the flattery of the proud, the envy of the fair. She sat alone—alone with her two children, one a lovely girl of sixteen, and the other a smiling boy whose birth three years before had thrilled her husband's heart with ecstasy, filled a province with rejoicings. But now that husband was away from her side, that province lay smoking around her. Her own proud home, where since her marriage she had spent the happiest hours of her life, had been sacked and given to the flames, and she now sat leaning against a shattered parapet, with her face buried in her hands, and the bitter tear of a mother's anguish rolling down her cheeks. At her feet, leaning on her for succor, and clasping her hand, sat her daughter; while her boy, too young as yet to be conscious of the misery around him, smiled as he played with the jewelled cross depending from his mother's neck. A broken sword, a dismounted cannon, the shattered staff of a lance, at the feet of the group, betokened that the vassals of the count had not yielded up her house to rapine without a deadly struggle; and indeed, of the hundreds of hearts which beat there, but the day before, only those of the mother and her two children had escaped captivity or death. Part of the palace was yet in flames, while, on the plain beyond, a village threw its lurid conflagration across the sky.

Desolation and despair sat enthroned around. Who that had seen that mother on her bridal night, could have foretold that her after life would reveal a scene like this?

The Polish war for independence had broken out. Among the foremost of the patriotic band which perilled all for their country, was the Count Restchifky. His sword had been unsheathed at the outbreak of the conflict, his fortune had been poured the first into the coffers of the state. From his own estates he had raised and equipped as gallant a band as ever followed lord to the tented field. And for a short space the war seemed to prosper. But then came the reverse. From every quarter the haughty Catharine poured her countless legions, headed by the fierce Suwarrow, into Poland, and smoking fields and slaughtered armies soon told that the day of hope for that ill-fated land was over. Yet a few noble spirits, among whom the count was foremost, still held out for their country, fighting every foot of ground, and though retreating before the overwhelming forces of the foe, compelling him to purchase every rood of land he gained by the lives of hundreds of his venal followers. It was at this period, and while the count was far from his home, that his palace had been attacked, and given to the flames. Afar from succor, unconscious whether or not her husband yet lived, and trembling for the lives of her offspring amid the desolation which surrounded them, what wonder that even the proud heart of the countess gave way, and that she wept in utter agony over her ruined country and her dismantled home!

"Oh! mother," said the daughter, "if we only knew where father was, or if he yet lived, we might still be happy. Wealth is nothing to us, for will we not still love each other? Dry your tears, dear mother, for something tells me that father lives and will yet rejoin us."

At these words of comfort, more soothing because coming from a quarter so unexpected, the mother looked up, and, drawing her daughter to her bosom, kissed her, saying,

"You are right, my child. We will hope for the best. And if your father has indeed fallen, and we are alone in the world, I will remember that I have you to comfort me, and strive—to—be happy," and, in despite of her effort to be calm, the tears gushed into her eyes at the bare thought of the possible loss of her husband.

"But see, mother," suddenly exclaimed the daughter, "see the cloud of dust across the plain—can it betoken the return of the foe?" and she drew close to her mother's side.

The mother gazed with eager eyes across the plain, and her cheek paled as she thought she distinguished the banner of Russia borne in the advance.

"It is, it is as I feared," said the daughter, "they come to carry us into captivity. Oh! let us hide from their sight—there are secret recesses in the ruins yet where we might defy scrutiny."

"No," said the mother, all the spirit of her race rising in her at this crisis, "no, my daughter, it would not become us, like base-born churls, thus to

fly from a foe. The wife and children of Count Restchifky will meet his enemies on his own hearth-stone, all dismantled though it be."

With these words she clasped her babe closer to her bosom, and sat down again behind the parapet to await, as the daughter of a hundred princes should await, the approach of her murderers; and although perhaps her cheek was a hue paler, the lofty glance of her eye quailed not. Her daughter sank to her feet and buried her face in her mother's robe. But after a few minutes she regained courage, and looked timidly out across the plain. At the first glance she started and said eagerly,

"But see, mother, can they really be enemies? They wave their banners as if to us—they increase their speed—surely, surely that gallant horseman in the advance is my own dear father."

A moment the mother gazed eagerly on the approaching horseman, but a moment only. The eye of the wife saw that her husband was indeed there, and, with a glad cry, she clasped her children in her arms and burst into a flood of joyful tears. She was still weeping when the count, dismounting from his charger, rushed forward and clasped her in his arms.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated, "you at least are left to me. I had feared to find you no more. May the lightning of heaven blast the ravens who could thus desolate the home of a woman."

"My husband, oh! my husband!" was all that the wife could say.

"Father, dear father, you are safe—oh! we shall yet be happy," said the daughter as she clung to her restored parent.

The father kissed and re-kissed them all, and for once his stern nature was moved to tears, but they were tears of joy.

His story was soon told. Finding that all hope of saving his country was over, and eager to learn the fate of those he had left at home, he had cut his way through the enemy with a few gallant followers. As he drew near the vicinity of his palace, he had heard strange rumors of the sacking of his home, and on every side his own eyes beheld the ravages of the foe. Torn with a thousand fears respecting the fate of those he loved better than life, he had pressed madly on, and when the blackened and smoking walls of his palace had risen before him in the distance he had almost given way to despair. But, at length, his eager eye caught sight of a group amid the ruins, and his heart told him that those he loved remained yet to cheer his ruined fortunes.

No pen can do justice to the feelings of gratitude which throbbed in the bosom of that father as he pressed his wife and children successively to his heart. His plans were soon laid. He had, by remittances to England on the outbreak of the war, provided his family against want, and thither they now bent their steps. Over his ruined country he shed many a tear, but, at such times, the smiles of his wife and children were ever ready to cheer his despondency; and as he gazed on his lovely family he felt that there was much yet in this world to bid him be happy.

"THOU HAST LOVED."

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Dearest, in thine eye's deep light
Is a look to tears allied—
Sorrow struggling with delight,
Each the other seeks to hide ;
Thou, the freighted ark of life
Lonely floating on the sea,
With thy being's treasure rife—
Thou hast wearied thus to be.

Thou hast sent thy dove from thee—
Forth hast launched thy dove of peace,
And the branch, though green it be,
Can it bid thy doubtings cease ?
Though it speak of hope the while,
Verdant spots and sunny bowers,
Can it bring thee back the smile
That beguiled thy vacant hours ?

Take thy dove and fold its wing—
Fold its ruffled wing to rest ;
Deluge airs around it ring :
Let it nestle on thy breast.
Dearest, all thy care is vain—
Mark its trembling, weary wings ;
But it comes to thee again,
And an olive branch it brings.

Take it, bind it unto thee,
Though the leaves are dim with tears ;
Such thy woman lot must be—
Love and sorrow, hopes and fears.
Bind the branch of promise ever
To thy heart, with fear oppressed,
Let the leaves of hope, oh ! never,
Withered, leave their place of rest.

VIOLA.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

This simple chain of sunny hair,
Thus braided by thy gentle hand,
Anear my heart I ever wear,
Since thou art gone to shadow-land.

Whene'er upon the little gift
Of thy sweet love my eye is cast,
Will welcome memory come and lift
The curtains of the silent Past !

Ah ! my fond heart, as well it may,
Feels then, in all its depth anew,
That which, when thou wast called away,
Ennobled and immortal grew !

Lost one ! to thee I'll constant prove,
Long as I walk this mortal strand,
So may I claim thy perfect love
When we shall meet in shadow-land.

MORNING PRAYER.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

He is not here !
We meet around the altar yet once more,
Where we our prayers have blent so oft before,
And drop a tear
Upon the holy book from which he read
Who sleeps, at length, in peace, among the silent dead.

Yet from on high
He looketh on us—widow, daughter, son—
Pointing the course by which he glory won.
He still is nigh,
On angel's wings, to comfort us and guide,—
Unseen, but not unfelt, forever by our side.

Father in heaven !
Who hast called home the leader of our band,
And the bright glories of the better land
Unto him given,
O, be with us, and keep us in the way
That leads, through this dark night, to an unending day !

Strengthen our hearts
To bear, with fortitude, the ills of time ;
Preserve them ever from the winter's rime ;
So let our parts
Be acted, that again the prayer and song
We may together blend, and through all time prolong !

THE FANCY-FAIR.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"With her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him." SHAKESPEARE.

"Good morning, Saybrooke," said a gentleman named Creswell, meeting a friend; "I have just ascertained to whom Collins is married—a lady of your city—Laura Sands."

"Amazing!" exclaimed Saybrooke, striking down his cane with such energy that the other started; "why, she is six feet high!"

"Not quite," returned Creswell, laughing; "and, though somewhat large, she is one of the most queenly looking women—"

"Pshaw! Victoria has put that word out of fashion, or at least changed its signification."

"I beg pardon—I had forgotten your horror of large women, or, rather, I did not regard it, supposing it was your affection—everybody has at least one."

"Affection! take care, or I'll raise my stick at you!"

"Well, it is unaccountable that a man of your inches should have such notions. Now, for a little fellow, like myself, it would be bad taste to be following women who might look as if they could flog him, but with your six feet two, and abundant proportions, the case is different. On the contrary, I can't imagine anything more comical than a little wife hanging on your arm; she would look like a reticule—not straining a pun."

"In saying I detest large women, I make no committal by preferring very small ones; but, seriously, I would no more expect to find a woman's soul in all its sweetness, delicacy and purity hidden in a coarse, capacious body, than I could think of loving a woman for the recommendation—'*Sæva femina, ingenio vir.*'"

"There it is with you men of fortune! You become so finical from having all sorts of attractions paraded before you, that you stand still waiting for perfection, till at last, in despair, you tie up your eyes, and, like a child at blind man's buff, spring forward and secure the first against whom you stumble. Now, we poor, hard-working dogs—but I'll get out of heart if I talk about my own grievances. I have a lady selected for you, beautiful, accomplished, with a thousand excellencies, and of station in society and all that, just to suit, but this last freak has chilled my good intentions. So good bye, till I get into a better humor!"

In the evening the two gentlemen met again, as Saybrooke was coming out of an exchange office, in the act of securing his pocket book.

"Have you been filling or emptying that article, which?" asked Creswell.

"The more agreeable alternative," replied his friend.

"Then you are the very fellow I wished to see. I have an appointment for you to-night—to take you to a ladies' fair."

"The mischief! when you know that fancy-fairs are my aversion; and not from caprice but from real principle. I don't know anything more disgusting than to see a room full of Misses, taking advantage of some either really or nominally worthy purpose, to exhibit themselves to the public, and to gratify a petty and an indelicate vanity, by flirting over their pincushions and doll-babies with any fellow who can afford an admittance shilling for the honor."

"Come, come, that's really too severe, but just now I have not time to take the other side of the question. This, however, is no ordinary occasion. It is an impromptu affair, undertaken by a number of charming, whole-hearted girls, to raise a fund in aid of the sufferers by a recent public disaster, and more taste, enthusiasm, and liberality, I have never seen exhibited. If you wish to see the *élite* of our beauty and fashion, under the most favorable circumstances, you had better avail yourself of my invitation."

"If that is the case, I have no scruples. I intended to appropriate a part of this very supply to a charity so unquestionable, and it may as well pass through the medium you have selected as any other. So I'm, at your service."

At the appointed time they reached the — Saloon, in which the fair was held, and Creswell, who from previous visits was posted as to all concerning it, led his friend, for a cursory inspection, around the room. Its arrangements were novel and tasteful, its decorations of the most rich and appropriate character, and the fair projectors were fulfilling their duties with a dignity, grace, and decorum that surprised as well as gratified the fastidious stranger.

"Now, if you are satisfied," said Creswell, "I'll give myself the trouble to advise you in the disposal of that spare cash of yours—come to this table," and bowing to its fair attendant, he took up a large and

magnificently bound quarto volume, and turned over its pages; "I have heard you express a fondness, Saybrooke," he continued, "for what you call the only ladies' science—Botany; did you ever see any thing to equal this?" It was a collection of dried flowers, of such as best preserve their color, pressed with great niceness and skill, and pasted on the smooth, white pages so carefully, some singly and some in groups, that it required close examination to distinguish them from delicate water-color drawings. Beneath them were written, in an exquisite hand, clear, full, and accurate technical descriptions, and on intermediate pages quotations appropriate to their symbolical characters, or fanciful and elegant passages, evidently original.

"This must have been the work of a lady, judging from its ingenuity and beauty," said Saybrooke.

"It was done by Miss Martha Grainger, was it not?" asked Creswell, turning to the title page, which was a graceful vignette, executed, even to the lettering, in leaves and flowers, but it contained no name.

"Of course," returned the pretty vender; "no other of us could have had the taste, patience, and knowledge for such a work, to say nothing of the talent the literary illustrations display. I really think it was a piece of heroism in her to give up a possession so beautiful, and one that must have cost her a world of labor and care."

"If it is not already sold, I shall be happy to become its purchaser," said Saybrooke; and paying for his acquisition with much satisfaction, they walked on. The next thing that struck their notice was a large vase encrusted with shells, and filled with fragrant and splendid flowers. It was white, and transparent as alabaster, and of an antique form, as rare as beautiful. Saybrooke examined it carefully. "How superior," said he, "to the unshapely, crockery-looking ware commonly seen as shell-work—nothing could be more perfectly elegant and classical than it is."

"Is it of your workmanship, Miss Ellen?" asked Creswell.

"I am sorry to say, very far from it. It is a donation from Martha Grainger; she had just finished it for herself, but, with her usual generous benevolence, gave it up in hope that it might be turned to the benefit of the unfortunate. The flowers, which you seem to admire so much, Mr. Creswell, are also of her culture. Her windows, you know, were the rivals of the green-houses, but she robbed them all to fill it. Suppose you take it for your office? There is no one who will value it more."

"Ah, if I could afford to have all I value! but I would not desecrate anything so pure and sweet, by stowing it away among the rough book-cases, and dust, and cobwebs of a poor lawyer's office. Now, my friend here could give it a place not unworthy. If it were placed within your curtains, Saybrooke, I'd engage that you would have more bright eyes peeping through your windows than you ever had before."

"The temptation is too strong to be resisted," an-

swered Saybrooke, smiling, and he placed his card in a handle of the vase, as its purchaser. "I am glad to find that the botanical lady has a real love of flowers," he continued, as he walked away with a China rose, which he had selected, in his hand; "it is not always the case; a proficiency in the science argues a clear and discriminating mind; the other seems to belong to a naturally refined taste."

"Pray, Mr. Creswell, can't you find us a purchaser for this?" asked a lady, pointing to a glass case, which contained a set of elaborately carved ivory chess-men.

"An exquisite set," said Saybrooke, "they look like fairy work."

"I think this is not the first time I have seen them, madam; can you remind me where they came from?" said Creswell.

"They were added to our stock by Miss Grainger, an effort of self-denial that I fear I never could have attained. They were sent to her as a present by an uncle in India, but she is so conscientious that she offered them for our undertaking, saying that she could not be satisfied to keep them for mere amusement, when a set for ten dollars would answer as well. Of course we cannot expect to get their real value, as, very properly, there are few persons who would offer a couple of hundred dollars for a thing of the kind, but we are in hopes that some one willing to aid the cause will take them at a price which, at least, will not be unworthy of the generosity of the donor."

"As it is not very likely, from present appearances," said Saybrooke, "that the artists of the Celestial Empire will have the courage and leisure to execute toys so singularly elaborate and ingenious for some time to come, I may as well avail myself of the opportunity, and take possession of these. Will this be sufficient for them, madam?"

"Thank you, sir, for your liberality,—it is more than we expected," said the lady, looking after the stranger with much curiosity.

"That Miss Grainger must be a remarkable person to be possessed of so much talent and industry, and so much open-handed generosity. But what have you there?" Creswell was looking at a pair of small paintings which ornamented one of the stalls, and Saybrooke continued, after joining him, "these are really beautiful little things, and from their apparent reference to the late calamity, they must have been furnished expressly for this occasion. They are evidently by the same hand, yet it must have been difficult for one person to do them in so short a time. There is much feeling, as well as originality, in the designs, and not less spirit than grace in their execution. May I ask, Miss, from whom these were obtained?"

"They are from the pencil of a lady, sir,—the accomplished Miss Grainger."

"Miss Grainger again!" said Saybrooke smiling; "they are marked for sale, I believe?"

"They are, sir, though we would prefer letting them remain here till the sale is over."

"Certainly; but you will let me secure them in

time?" and having completed the purchase, he followed Creswell; "there now," said he, "I think I have done my part, so I shall tie up my purse-strings; but pray who is this Miss Grainger?"

"What do you imagine her to be?"

"An active, bustling, fussy old maid, such a person who is always to be found in the like enterprises; but in addition she must have an enlarged mind, which, having freed her from the selfishness peculiar to her relative position, still furnishes her with resources to devote to general benevolence."

"You never were more mistaken in your life,—but what do you think of that oriental *kiosk* which the ladies have fitted up as the post-office?"

"I was just going to remark that it is particularly tasteful and beautiful."

"The plan is another of the labors of Miss Grainger,—but we must ask for letters to finish our business."

"Certainly, but where is your fair *virtuoso*? you must point her out to me."

"Very well, come along, and I'll introduce you, but of one thing I must apprise you beforehand,—with all her admirable qualities she is, unfortunately, quite—a large woman—the largest, I should think, in the room."

"That is unfortunate," said Saybrooke, looking disturbed; "but as I wish merely to have my curiosity gratified, and to pay a tribute of respect to an intellectual and a useful woman, I shall put up with that."

Creswell paused to speak with an acquaintance, and Saybrooke walked forward. Suddenly a lady swept by, almost jostling him, and of a size that overshadowed all around her. She was beffounced and befurred, had a tall feather waving above her hat, a decided shade on her upper lip, and a step like a grenadier.

"See here, Creswell, you need n't mind taking me to see Miss Grainger,—I do n't want to be introduced to her," said Saybrooke.

"You have changed your mind very suddenly," returned Creswell.

"You told me she was the largest woman in the room, and by accident I have just met her. I recognized her, of course, and my curiosity is amply gratified."

Creswell followed his eye, and burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter. "Oh, very well," said he, if you are satisfied, so am I. But here is the post-office. Anything here, ladies, for Stanley Saybrooke, Esq.?—just excuse me, while you are waiting for your letter."

The postmistress was one of the youngest of the association, and whilst she was searching, with much archness and significancy, among the letters, the eyes of Saybrooke fell upon a lady farther back in the alcove, from whom a single look acted like magic on him. The features were of a form and symmetry the most faultlessly classical, and were radiant with an expression of sweetness and intelligence. Her eyes were large and of a soft blue, her complexion was of the purest white and red, and her

hair, of a rich brown, fell in a single large curl, smooth and glossy, down either side of her face. She wore a small black velvet bonnet, which contrasted strikingly with the pearlyness of her skin, and which, excepting in a little bordering of blond around the face, was entirely without ornament. Vexatiously, as our hero thought it, there was nothing of her figure to be seen; she sat wrapped in a large shawl, on an ottoman behind a table, and appeared quite unconscious of attracting attention, or, at least, indifferent to it.

"Here is a letter, sir," said the officious little postmistress, with a mischievous smile, but Saybrooke stood unheeding; "there is nothing else, sir," she added, and recollecting himself, he walked reluctantly away. The letter was a little poetical bagatelle, to which he paid no attention, and reconnoitering the *kiosk*, he placed himself where, by keeping among the folds of a curtain, he might retain a view of the face which had so much fascinated him. Though, at his distance, he could not overhear a word, he watched her quiet, yet neither cold nor languid manner, to the many who approached and addressed her. "What a lovely—lovely creature she is!" thought he, "if I had not so long dropped my school-boy notions of love at first-sight, I really would believe myself captivated!—how calm she is!—how unembarrassed and dignified, and yet how gracious!"

Creswell returned, but Saybrooke, ashamed to ask a single question lest it might betray him, pleaded fatigue, and declined walking further, and his friend, who had been watching him, to his secret amusement, left him to the indulgence of his observations.

By this time the story of his liberality, exaggerated, of course, had made its way over the room, and many were the efforts of the fair promenaders to catch the attention of a stranger so fashionable in appearance, so handsome, and reportedly so rich; but if he noticed the attractions of any, it was only to remark how inferior they were to those he was so intently contemplating. At length, to his extreme delight, he observed that she had picked up the rose which he had dropped on the table in his first bewilderment. "What a dolt I have been," said he to himself; "after coming here to lay out money in charity, to take and retain an equivalent for it!" and to ease his conscience, he decided to get rid of the vase. So calling a servant who was attending on the tables, he directed him where to find it, and to present it to the designated lady in the post-office, with the compliments of a gentleman. He watched as the commission was executed. There was no flutter in the manner of the fair incognito, no wonder nor exultation. She merely asked the man a question or two, and dismissed him without a message. Her bearing suited him to a charm. It was that of a sultana receiving tribute.

"What a hand—what an incomparable hand!" was his next thought. One of his very few coxcombries was a passion for beautiful hands, and it had his full gratification in the one which lay beside his vase, with whose whiteness it did not suffer in

comparison. It was not small, but was exquisitely shaped, full, smooth and tapering, with not an irregular protuberance to detract from its graceful outlines. It set his fancy at a new picture. He imagined himself at his little mosaic chess-table—which was so small that any two at it were in very sociable proximity—and that snowy hand at the other side. Then he looked at her forehead, which was large and nobly developed—he was something of a phrenologist—and he decided that she had a genius for chess, consequently, that his recent purchase of chess-men might thus be suitably transferred. Accordingly, he hurried off to send it, but after he had done so, he found, on returning, his place occupied by a crowd.

The room had filled, and disappointed and abstracted he wandered about for an hour before he found an opportunity to speak to Creswell. The latter at length approached him, saying,

"I have a message for you from a lady."

"What lady?" asked Saybrooke, eagerly, hoping it was *the* lady—the only one he cared about at the moment.

"The one to whom you sent your vase and chess-men; she says that if you don't take them back she will offer them for sale anew."

"I hope she did not think me impertinent in sending them?" said Saybrooke, looking alarmed, "how did she discover that it was I?"

"It was easy to ascertain by whom they were purchased, and she judged accordingly."

"Then you know her?"

"Certainly."

"Pray introduce me, won't you?—immediately, if you please, my dear Creswell."

"I would rather not. You won't like her—for a very *material* reason."

"I will—positively—I do like her—I'm half in love already."

"With her face, you mean—that's a pretty scrape for a man of twenty-six to get into! however, I may have an opportunity after a while, so be patient. There's a fine figure," he continued, looking through a glass he had picked up from a table, and then handing it to Saybrooke—there in that recess—the lady with her back towards us."

"Very fine, but the glass contracts too much; at full size I dare say the proportions would scarcely appear so perfect. Who is she?"

"A particular favorite of mine, the owner of this shawl, which I am carrying to her. Come along, and you shall have a nearer view."

The lady was at the farther end of the saloon, and with some difficulty they threaded their way towards her. She was talking, and still had her back towards them. "A fine figure, indeed," said Saybrooke, as they advanced, "but, she seems—isn't she rather large?—why, upon my word—Creswell—she must be full five feet nine, if not ten!" and, putting his arm through his friend's, he was drawing him in another direction.

"Stop! do n't jerk me off my feet, my dear fellow!" said Creswell; "I must go on to deliver the shawl;

allow me, Miss Grainger," he continued, "to present my friend, Mr. Saybrooke—" and as the lady turned round to curtsy, Saybrooke recognized the brilliant face of the post-office.

Never was there a more instantaneous revolution. "I'll call you out for this night's work!" whispered Saybrooke, while the lady was replying to the parting compliments of her former companions. Creswell pretended to look very much surprised, and after a little while, when he made a move to proceed, Saybrooke gave him a deprecatory shake of the head, at which they parted for the night.

The next morning Creswell called at the lodgings of his friend. "I am glad," said he, "that you were not disappointed in Miss Grainger."

"Disappointed!—she is the most fascinating woman I ever met with—full of sweetness, feeling, and intellect! I do not remember to have enjoyed a conversation more in my life than the one we had as I escorted her home last night."

"Why, Saybrooke! you certainly did not do that? she is unquestionably large enough to take care of herself!"

"You are an impudent dog, Creswell," returned Saybrooke, laughing.

"But, seriously, Saybrooke, it is a great pity that Miss Grainger is so large; to a man of your sentiments, who never could see a woman over the medium height without thinking of an ogress, it must very much neutralize the effect of her unrivalled face, her winning manners, and her delightfully *spirituelle* conversation."

"If you'll oblige me by remaining civilly quiet, for a few minutes, I'll tell you how I argued that point. I stated to myself that the larger women I had seen were as small ones examined through a magnifying glass, every defect being thus rendered more apparent. Now, I continued, here is a woman of the magnified size, without a single defect, and she is of course entitled to a magnified portion of admiration."

"Very good."

"And then I recollected that I was not the first who had come to such a conclusion. That Juno would not have looked the queen of Olympus had she been other than a large woman—that had the rib of Menelaus been but a small bone of contention, Troy might have been standing to this day."

"Pshaw!" said Creswell.

"And that a man must have a very contracted imagination to fancy a little Venus De Medicis, a little Cleopatra or a little Mary Stuart."

About six months after this, a gentleman and lady passing, bowed to Creswell through his office window while an acquaintance was sitting with him.

"A magnificent looking couple—who are they?" said the latter.

"The new bride and groom, Stanley Saybrooke, and Martha Grainger, that was. By the by, I made that match."

"Indeed! how did you accomplish it?"

"Just by persuading the lady to sit still for a few hours. He had a most absurd aversion to large

women, and as I knew that Martha, who, in fact, is a sort of cousin of mine, would suit him exactly in other respects, I laid a plan to get him in love with her before he found out her size, so I took him to a fancy-fair, where he saw a great number of her productions, and heard a great deal of her character, and then I contrived to give him a sight of her beautiful face, having, as I said, apprised her that she would oblige me very much by keeping her seat

until I gave her notice. That finished the business. He stared till he was conquered, and then the three or four extra inches became very small matters indeed."

"But now, since they are married, won't the defects shoot up again?"

"Not at all. I never saw a fellow so proud of a wife. He says that a small casket could not contain so lofty an intellect and so noble a heart!"

LE FAINEANT.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF "GREYSLAER," "THE VIGIL OF FAITH," ETC.

"Now arouse thee, Sir Knight, from thine indolent ease,
Fling boldly thy banner abroad in the breeze,
Strike home for thy lady—strive hard for the prize,
And thy guerdon shall beam from her love-lighted eyes!"

"I shrink not the trial," that bluff knight replied—
"But I battle—not I—for an unwilling bride;
Where the boldest may venture to do and to dare,
My pennon shall flutter—my bugle peal there!"

"I quail not at aught in the struggle of life,
I'm not all unproved even now in the strife,
But the wreath that I win, all unaided—alone,
Round a faltering brow it shall never be thrown!"

"Now fie on thy manhood, to deem it a sin
That she loveth the glory thy falchion might win,

Let them doubt of thy prowess and fortune no more,
Up! Sir Knight, for thy lady—and do thy devoir!"

"She hath shrunk from my side, she hath failed in her trust,
Not relied on my blade, but remembered its rust;
It shall brighten once more in the field of its fame,
But it is not for her I would now win a name."

The knight rode away, and the lady she sigh'd,
When he featly as ever his steed would bestride,
While the mould from the banner he shook to the wind
Seemed to fall on the breast he left aching behind.

But the rust on his glaive and the rust in his heart
Had corroded too long and too deep to depart,
And the brand only brightened in honor once more,
When the heart ceased to beat on the fray-trampled shore.

THE DYING MINSTREL TO HIS MUSE.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

FAREWELL, gentle Muse! fare thee well, and for ever!
No more in the greenwood with thee must I stray:
Thy flowers which I cherished have bloomed but to wither,
Like youth's vernal wreath, they all faded away:
Yet sweet was the morn, timid Muse, when I sought thee,
In the green ruined tower by the wild Scottish rill;
A heart framed for joy like the wine-cup I brought thee,
With Fancy's rich draught thou the chalice didst fill.

O soft was thy dawning, thou mental Aurora,
It shed on my morning-dream heaven's young ray,
With the seraph-wing'd bird through the cloudlets of glory
My soul soared exulting through life's early day;
Then love's vernal flush filled my bosom with gladness,
And she whom I loved shared its passion with thee;
She left me to pine in the chill shade of sadness,
Then crossed I in anguish the wide-spreading sea.
Paris, France.

But thou wert more faithful, for rocked on the ocean
'T was thou who mad'st lovely the dreams of my rest;
My spirit went forth on the wings of emotion
To sport with the bird o'er the blue waters' breast.
Now in my pent bosom life's last pulses tremble
Like sear fluttering leaves on yon wind-beaten tree,
With spring-loving birds on its boughs that assemble
My soul to the Land of the Spirit shall flee.

Then come, O my wild lyre, my sole earthly treasure,
'Neath Death's downy pinions come slumber in peace;
Leave the world to the rosy-crown'd vot'ries of Pleasure,
Its garlands must wither—its Bacchanals cease!
Dear Enchantress, farewell! but that friend of my bosom
Revisit once more, o'er the waves' deafening swell,
Inspire him that one fleeting flowret may blossom
To the memory of him who hath loved him so well!

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," THE "REEFER OF '76," ETC.

THE PRIVATEER.

I REMAINED but a short time in THE ARROW after we sailed finally from the port of —; for happening to fall in with and capture a rakish little schooner, Captain Smyth resolved to arm and send her forth to cruise against the enemy on her own account. A long Tom was accordingly mounted on a pivot amidships, a complement of men placed in her, and the command given to our second lieutenant, with myself for subordinate. Thus equipped, we parted company from our consort, who bore away for the north, while we were to cruise in the Windward Passage.

For several days we met with no adventure. The weather was intensely sultry. He who has never witnessed a noontide calm on a tropical sea can have no idea of the stifling heat of such a situation. The sea is like molten brass; no breath of air is stirring; the atmosphere is dry and parched in the mouth, and the heavens hang over all their canopy of lurid fire, in the very centre of which burns with intense fierceness the meridian sun. The decks, the cabin, and the tops are alike stifling. The awnings may indeed afford a partial shelter from the vertical rays of the sun, but no breeze can be wooed down the eager windsail; while, wherever a stray beam steals to the deck through an opening in the canvass, the turpentine oozes out and boils in the heat, and the planks become as intolerable to the tread as if a furnace was beneath them.

It was on one of the hottest days of the season, and about a fortnight after we parted from THE ARROW, that we lay thus becalmed. The hour was high noon. I stood panting for breath by the weather railing, dressed in a thin jacket and without a cravat, feverishly looking out across the ocean to discern, if possible, a mist or cloud or other evidence of an approaching breeze. My watch was in vain. There was no ripple on the deep, but a long monotonous undulation heaved the surface of the water, which glittered far and near like a mirror in which the sun is reflected vertically, paining and almost blinding the gaze. The schooner lay motionless on the ocean, the shadow of her boom shivering in the wave, as the swell undulated along. Silence reigned on the decks. To a spectator at a distance, who could have beheld our motionless shadow in the water, we would have seemed an enchanted ship, hanging midway betwixt the sea and sky.

Noon passed, and the afternoon drew heavily along, yet still no breeze arose to gladden our listless spirits.

Two bells struck and then three, but the same monotony continued. Wearied out at length I was about turning from the weather quarter to go below, when I fancied I saw a sail far down on the horizon. I paused and looked intently in the direction where the welcome sight had been visible. For a moment the glare of the sun and the water prevented me from distinguishing with any accuracy whether what I saw was really a sail or not, but at length my doubts were removed by the cry of the look-out on the fore-castle, and before half an hour it became evident that the vessel to windward was a square-rigged craft, but of what size or character it was impossible to determine.

"They must have had a puff of wind up yonder," remarked the second lieutenant to me, "or else they could not have come within sight so rapidly."

"But the breeze has left them ere this," I said, "for they have not moved for the last quarter of an hour."

"We shall probably know nothing more of them until nightfall, for the wind will scarcely make before sunset, even if it does then. He has the weather gauge. Until I know something more of him I would rather change positions."

"He is some fat merchantman," I replied, "we will lighten his plethoric pocket before morning."

During the afternoon the calm continued, our craft and the stray sail occupying their relative positions. Meantime, innumerable were the conjectures which we hazarded as to the character of our neighbor; and again and again were our glasses put in requisition to see if any thing could be discovered to decide our conflicting opinions. But the royals of a ship, when nothing else of her is visible, give scarcely any clue as to her character; and accordingly hour after hour passed away, and we were still altogether ignorant respecting the flag and strength of our neighbor. Toward sunset, however, signs of a coming breeze began to appear on the seaboard, and when the luminary wheeled his disc down the western line of the horizon, the sea to windward was perceptibly ruffled by the wind.

"Ah! there it comes at last—" said the second lieutenant, "and, by my halidome, the stranger is standing for us. Now, if he will only keep in his present mind until we can get within range of him, I am no officer of the United Colonies if I do not give him some some hot work. By St. George, the men

have had so little to do of late, and they long so eagerly to whet their palates, that I would venture to attack almost twice our force—eh! Cavendish! You have had such a dare-devil brush with the bucaniers lately that I suppose you think no common enemy is worth a thought."

"Not altogether," said I, "but I think we shall have our wish gratified. Yonder chap is certainly twice our size, and he carries his topsails as jauntily as a man-of-war."

"Faith! and you're right, Harry," said my old messmate, as he shut the glass with a jerk, after having, in consequence of my last remark, taken a long look at the strange sail, "that's no sleepy merchantman to windward. But we'll swagger up to him, nevertheless; one does n't like to run away from the first ship he meets."

I could not help smiling when I thought of the excuses with which the lieutenant was endeavoring to justify to himself his contemplated attack on a craft that was not only more than twice our size, but apparently an armed cruiser, for I knew the case would have been the same if this had been the hundredth, instead of the first vessel he had met after assuming a separate command, as no man in the corvette had been more notorious for the recklessness with which he invited danger. Perhaps this was the fault of his character. I really believe that he would, if dared to it, have run into Portsmouth itself, and fired the British fleet at anchor. In our former days, when we had been fellow officers on board *THE ARROW*, we had often differed on this trait in his character, and perhaps now he felt called on, from a consciousness of my opinion, to make some excuse to me for his disregard of prudence in approaching the stranger; for, as soon as the breeze had made, he had close-hauled the schooner, and, during the conversation I have recorded, we were dashing rapidly up towards the approaching ship.

As we drew nearer to the stranger, my worst suspicions became realized. Her courses loomed up large and ominous, and directly her hammock nettings appeared, and then her ports opened to our view, six on a side; while, almost instantaneously with our discovery of her force, a roll of bunting shot up to her gaff, and, unrolling, disclosed the cross of St. George. There was now no escape. The enemy had the weather gauge, and was almost within closing distance. However prudent a more wary approach might have been hitherto, there was no longer any reason for the exercise of caution. It would be impossible for us now to avoid a combat, or get to windward by any manœuvre; and to have attempted to escape by going off before the wind would have been madness, since of all points of sailing that was the worst for our little craft. Gloomy, therefore, as the prospect appeared for us, there was no hesitation, but each man, as the drum called us to quarters, hurried to his post with as much alacrity as if we were about to engage an inferior force, instead of one so overwhelmingly our superior.

The moon had by this time risen and was calmly sailing on, far up in the blue ether, silvering the deep

with her gentle radiance, and showering a flood of sparkles on every billowy crest that rolled up and shivered in her light. Everywhere objects were discernible with as much distinctness as under the noon-day sun. The breeze sang through our rigging with a joyous sound, singularly pleasing after the silence and monotony of the day; and the waves that parted beneath our cutwater rolled glittering astern along our sides, while ever and anon some billow, larger than its fellows, broke over the bow, sending its foam crackling back to the foremast. Around the deck our men were gathered, each one beside his allotted gun, silently awaiting the moment of attack. The cutlasses had been served out; the boarding pikes and muskets were placed convenient for use; the balls had already been brought on deck; and we only waited for some demonstration on the part of the foe to open our magazine and commence the combat in earnest. At length, when we were rapidly closing with him, the enemy yawed, and directly a shot whistled high over us.

"Too lofty by far, old jackanapes," said the captain of our long Tom, "we'll pepper you after a different fashion when it comes to our turn to serve out the iron potatoes. Ah! the skipper's tired of being silent," he continued, as Mr. Vinton ordered the old veteran to discharge his favorite piece, "we'll soon see who can play at chuck-farthing the best, my hearty. Bowse away, boys, with that rammer—now we have her in a line—a little lower, just a trifle more—that's it—there she goes;" and as he applied the match, the flame streamed from the mouth of the gun, a sharp, quick report followed, and the smoke, clinging a moment around the piece in a white mass, broke into fragments and eddied away to leeward on the gale; while the old veteran, stepping hastily aside, placed his hand over his eyes, and gazed after the shot, with an expression of intense curiosity stamped on every feature of his face. Directly an exulting smile broke over his countenance, as the fore-top-sail of the ship fell—the ball having hit the yard.

"By the holy and thrue cross," said a mercurial Irishman of the old veteran's crew, "but he has it there—hurrah! Give it to him nately again—it's the early thrush that catches the early worm."

"Home with the ball there, my hearties," sung out the elated veteran, "she is yawing to let drive at us—there it comes. Give her as good as she sends."

The enemy was still, however, at too great a distance to render her fire dangerous, and after a third shot had been exchanged betwixt us—for the stranger appeared to have, like ourselves, but a single long gun of any weight—this distant and uncertain firing ceased, and both craft drew steadily towards each other, determined to fight the combat, as a gallant combat should be fought, yard arm to yard arm.

The wind had now freshened considerably, and we made our way through the water at the rate of six knots an hour. This soon brought us on the bows of the foe. Our guns, meanwhile, had been hastily shifted from the starboard to the larboard side, so that our whole armament could be brought to bear at

once on the ship. As we drew up towards the enemy a profound silence reigned on our deck—each man, as he stood at his gun, watching her with curious interest. We could see that her decks were well filled with defenders, and that marksmen had been posted in the tops to pick off our crew. But no eye quailed, no nerve flinched, as we looked on this formidable array. We felt that there was nothing left for us but to fight, since flight was alike dishonorable and impossible.

At length we were within pistol shot of the foe, and drawing close on to his bows. The critical moment had come. That indefinable feeling which even a brave man will feel when about engaging in a mortal combat, shot through our frames as we saw that our bowsprit was overlapping that of the enemy, and knew that in another minute some of us would perhaps be in another world. But there was little time for such reflections now. The two vessels, each going on a different tack, rapidly shot by each other, and, in less time than I have taken to describe it, we lay broadside to broadside, with our bows on the stern of the foe, and our taffarel opposite his foremast. Until now not a word had been spoken on board either ship; but the moment the command to fire was passed from gun to gun, a sheet of flame instantaneously rolled along our sides, making our light craft quiver in every timber. The rending of timbers, the crash of spars, and the shrieks of the wounded, heard over even the roar of battle, told us that the iron missiles had sped home, bearing destruction with them. A momentary pause ensued, as if the crew of the enemy had been thrown into a temporary disorder—but the delay was only that of a second or two—and then came in return the broadside of the foe. But this momentary disorder had injured the aim of the Englishman, and most of his balls passed overhead, doing considerable injury however to the rigging. Our men had lain flat on the deck after our discharge, since our low bulwarks afforded scarcely any protection against the fire of the enemy, and when, therefore, his broadside came hurtling upon us, the number of our wounded was far less than under other circumstances would have been possible.

"Thank God! the first broadside is over," I involuntarily exclaimed, "and we have the best of it."

"Huzza! we'll whip him yet, my hearties," shouted the captain of our long Tom; "give it to him with a will now—pepper his supper well for him. Old Marblehead, after all, against the world!"

With the word our men sprang up from the decks, and waving their arms on high, gave vent to an enthusiastic shout ere they commenced re-loading their guns. The enemy replied with a cheer, but it was less hearty than that of our own men. Little time, however, was lost on either side in these bravados; for all were alike conscious that victory hung, as yet, trembling in the scales.

"Out with her—aye! there she has it," shouted a grim veteran in my division, "down with the rascally Britisher."

"Huzza for St. George," came hoarsely back in

reply, as the roar of the gun died on the air, and, at the words, a ball whizzed over my shoulders, and striking a poor fellow behind me on the neck, cut the head off at the shoulders, and while it bore the skull with it in its flight, left the headless trunk spouting its blood, as if from the jet of an engine, over the decks. I turned away sickened from the sight. The mess-mates of the murdered man saw the horrid sight, but they said nothing, although the terrible energy with which they jerked out the gun, told the fierceness of their revengeful feelings. Well did their ball do its mission; for as the smoke eddied momentarily away from the decks of the enemy, I saw the missile dismount the gun which had fired the last deadly shot, scattering the fragments wildly about, while the appalling shrieks which followed the accident told that more than one of the foe had suffered by that fatal ball.

"We've revenged poor Jack, my lads," said the captain of the gun,—“away with her again. A few more such shots and the day's our own."

The combat was now at its height. Each man of our crew worked as if conscious that victory hung on his own arm, nor did the enemy appear to be less determined to win the day. The guns on either side were plied with fearful rapidity and precision. Our craft was beginning to be dreadfully cut up, we had received a shot in the foremast that threatened momentarily to bring it down, and at every discharge of the enemy's guns one or more of our little crew fell wounded at his post. But if we suffered so severely it was evident that we had our revenge on the foe. Already his mizzen-mast had gone by the board, and two of his guns were dismounted. I fancied once or twice that his fire slackened, but the dense canopy of smoke that shrouded his decks and hung on the face of the water prevented me from observing, with any certainty, the full extent of the damage we had done to the enemy.

For some minutes longer the conflict continued with unabated vigor on the part of our crew; but at the end of that period, the fire of the Englishman sensibly slackened. I could scarcely believe that our success had been so decisive, but, in a few minutes longer, the guns of the enemy were altogether silenced, and directly afterwards a voice hailed from him, saying that he had surrendered. The announcement was met by a loud cheer from our brave tars, and, as the two vessels had now fallen a considerable distance apart, the second lieutenant determined to send a boat on board and take possession. Accordingly, with a crew of about a dozen men, I pushed off from the sides of our battered craft.

As we drew out of the smoke of the battle we began to see the real extent of the damage we had done. The ship of the enemy lay an almost perfect wreck on the water, her foremast and mizzen mast having both fallen over her side; while her hull was pierced in a continuous line, just above water mark, with our balls. Here and there her bulwarks had been driven in, and her whole appearance betokened the accuracy of our aim. I turned to look at the schooner. She was scarcely in a better condition,

for the foremast had by this time given way, and her whole larboard side was riddled with the enemy's shot. A dark red stream was pouring out from her scuppers, just abaft the mainmast. Alas! I well knew how terrible had been the slaughter in that particular spot. I turned my eyes from the melancholy spectacle, and looked upwards to the calm moon sailing in the clear azure sky far overhead. The placid countenance of the planet seemed to speak a reproof on the angry passions of man. A moment afterward we reached the captured ship.

As I stepped on deck I noticed that not one solitary individual was to be seen; but in the shattered gun-carriage, and the dark stains of blood on the deck, I beheld the evidences of the late combat. The whole crew had apparently retreated below. At this instant, however, a head appeared above the hatchway and instantly vanished. I was not long in doubt as to the meaning of this strange conduct, for, almost immediately a score of armed men rushed up the hatchway, and advancing toward us demanded our surrender. I saw at once the dishonorable stratagem. Stung to madness by the perfidy of the enemy, I sprang back a few steps to my men, and rallying them around me, bid the foe come on. They rushed instantly upon us, and in a moment we were engaged in as desperate a *mêlée* as ever I had seen.

"Stand fast, my brave lads," I cried, "give not an inch to the cowardly and perfidious villains."

"Cut him down, and sweep them from the decks," cried the leader of the men, stung to the quick by the taunt of cowardice. "St. George against the rebels."

A brawny desperado at the words made a blow at me with his cutlass, but hastily warding it off I snatched a pistol from my belt, and fired at my antagonist, who fell dead to the deck. The next instant the combat became general. Man to man, and foot to foot, we fought, desperately contesting every inch of deck, each party being conscious that the struggle was one of life or death. The clashing of cutlasses, the crack of fire-arms, the oaths, the shouts, the bravado, the shrieks of the wounded, and the dull heavy fall of the dead on the deck, were the only sounds of which we were conscious during that terrible *mêlée*, and these came to our ears not in their usual distinctness, but mingled into one fearful and indescribable uproar. For myself, I scarcely heard the tumult. My whole being was occupied in defending myself against a Herculean ruffian who seemed to have singled me out from my crew, and whom it required all my skill at my weapon to keep at bay. I saw nothing but the ferocious eye of my adversary; I heard only the quick rattle of our blades. I have said once before that my proficiency at my weapon had passed into a proverb with my messmates, and had I not been such a master of my art, I should, on the present occasion, have fallen a victim to my antagonist. As it was, I received a sharp wound in the arm, and was so hotly pressed by my vigorous foe that I was forced to give way. But this temporary triumph proved the destruction of my antagonist. Flushed with success, he forgot his wari-

ness, and made a lunge at me which left him unprotected. I moved quickly aside, and, seizing my advantage, had buried my steel in his heart before his own sword had lost the impetus given to it by his arm. As I drew out the reeking blade, I became aware, for the first time, of the wild tumult of sounds around me. A hasty glance assured me that we barely maintained our ground, while several of my brave fellows lay on the deck wounded or dying; but before I could see whether the ranks of the foe had been equally thinned, and while yet scarcely an instant had passed since the fall of my antagonist, a loud, clear huzza, swelling over the din of the conflict, rose at my side, and, turning quickly around, I saw to my joy that the shout proceeded from a dozen of our tars who had reached us at that moment in a boat from the schooner. In an instant they were on deck.

"Down with the traitors—no quarter—hew them to the deck," shouted our indignant messmates as they dashed on the assailants. But the enemy did not wait to try the issue of the combat. Seized with a sudden panic, they fled in all directions, a few jumping overboard, but most of them tumbling headlong down the hatchways.

We were now masters of the deck. As I instantly guessed, the report of the fire-arms had been heard on board the schooner, when, suspecting foul play, a boat had instantly pushed off to our rescue.

"A narrow escape, by Jove!" said my messmate who had come to my aid, "these traitorous cowards had well nigh overpowered you, and if they could have cut your little party off they would, I suppose, have made another attempt on the schooner—God confound the rascals!"

"Your arrival was most opportune," said I, "a few minutes later and it would have been of no avail." And then, as I ran my eye over our comparatively gigantic foe, I could not restrain the remark, "It is a wonder to me how we conquered."

"Faith, and you may well say that," laughingly rejoined my messmate; "it will be something to talk of hereafter. But the schooner has n't come off," he added, glancing at our craft, "without the marks of this fellow's teeth. But I had forgot to ask who or what the rascal is."

The prize proved to be a privateer. She had received so many shot in her hull, and was already leaking so fast, that we concluded to remove the prisoners and blow her up. Her crew were accordingly ordered one by one on deck, handcuffed, and transferred to the schooner. Then I laid a train, lighted it and put off from the prize. Before I reached our craft—which by this time had been removed to some distance—the ship blew up.

We rigged a jury mast, and by its aid reached Charleston, where we refitted. Our capture gave us no little reputation, and while we remained in port we were lionized to our hearts' content.

Eager, however, to continue the career so gloriously begun, we staid at Charleston no longer than was absolutely necessary to repair our damages. In less than a fortnight we left the harbor, and made sail again for the south.

THE BRIDAL.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

THE scene was one of mirth, and joy, and loveliness, and beauty. Two spacious parlors had been thrown open in one of the largest houses in Arch street. Lights had glittered in the various chambers since early sundown—carriages by dozens had driven up to the door, each freighted with friends or relatives, so that the world without found little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that some extraordinary scene of festivity was in progress within the walls of that spacious mansion.

It was about nine o'clock when we entered. The two large parlors, brilliantly illuminated by gas, and glittering with a rich collection of young and beautiful females, each dressed in the most tasteful or gorgeous manner, presented a scene truly magnificent. For a moment the eye seemed to quail before the general flash, while the mind also grew dizzy; but these feelings lasted but for the instant, as friends were to be met on all sides, and we soon found ourselves mingling in the giddy and trifling conversation that too many of our fair countrywomen seem to delight in on such occasions. Still, as the first flash passed by, we paused to contemplate the scene in a calmer and more meditative spirit.

The party was a "Bridal" one, and the bride was the daughter of one of our most respectable merchants, a worthy, good-hearted man, who had devoted himself to his business, and paid no attention whatever to the frivolities of fashionable life. The bride seemed *very* young—not more than sixteen or seventeen. She could not be regarded as beautiful in the general appreciation of the word, and yet she had one of the sweetest faces that we ever saw. She had soft blue eyes, brown hair which fell over her shoulders in ringlets, a pretty and expressive mouth, with teeth that appeared to us faultless. Her complexion was clear, but her face looked rather pale, although at times it became flushed and ruddy as the rose. Her dress was of the richest white satin, and the ornaments of her hair and neck and wrists consisted almost exclusively of pearls. Her frame was slight and full of symmetry, and her voice was remarkable for the gentleness and amiability of its tone. We gazed upon her calmly for many minutes, and the thought passed through our mind—"So young, so fair, so delicate, so happy, and yet so willing to enter upon the severe responsibilities of the wife and the mother." "Who," we inquired of ourselves, "may read that young creature's destiny?

Doubtless she loves the object of her choice with a woman's virgin and devoted love—doubtless she believes that the next sixteen years of her life will prove radiant with happiness, even more so than the girlish and sunny period which has but just gone by—and doubtless the youth who has won that gentle heart believes that he possesses the necessary requisites of mind and disposition to render her happy. And yet how often has the bright cup of joy been dashed from the lips of woman when about to quaff it! How often does man prove recreant and false! How often is he won from his home and his young wife, whose heart gives away slowly, but fatally and steadily, under the influence of such indifference and neglect!" But we paused and dismissed these gloomy reflections. The nuptial ceremony was pronounced—for a moment all was breathless silence—and then the busy hum broke forth as audibly as ever. The wedding was a brilliant one in all respects. It was followed up by party after party, so that nearly a month rolled away before the giddy round was over. The only one who did not appear to mingle fully in the general feeling, was the mother of the bride. She loved her daughter so tenderly that it seemed impossible for her to consign her to other hands. She was one of those women who devote themselves wholly to their children, and who have no world without them. On the night of the wedding, a tear would occasionally roll down her cheek as she gazed upon her chaste child, and as a tide of maternal recollections melted all her soul!

* * * * *

The world rolled on. We frequently saw the young bride in the streets, and her cousin, who was our immediate neighbor, spoke of her prospects as cheering and happy. But one evening, just after sundown, and less than a year since we had seen each other at the wedding, he called, and with rather a grave aspect invited us to accompany him for a few minutes to the house of his aunt—the same house that had glittered with so much light, and re-echoed with so much laughter on the night of the Bridal. We proceeded along calmly, for although somewhat struck by the sedate aspect of our friend, it did not excite much surprise. On arriving at the house, the first objects that attracted attention were the closed and craped windows, and the awful silence that seemed to "breathe and sadden all

around." Our friend still refrained from speaking, but led on to the *Chamber of Death!* Our worst apprehensions were realized. The fair young creature, who less than a year before had stood before us radiant with loveliness and hope, was now still, pale, and cold in the icy embrace of death. Her last agonies were dreadful, but the sweet, soft smile, that told of a gentle heart, still lingered on her features. Her infant survived,—but the sudden decease

of that cherished one shed a gloom over that home and its happy household, which is not yet totally dispelled. The windows of the dwelling are still bowed, and the afflicted mother, although a sincere Christian, and anxious to yield in a Christian spirit to the decrees of Divine Providence, frequently finds herself melting in tears, and her whole soul convulsed with grief at the memory of her dear *Clara*.

And such are human hopes and expectations!

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

PART I.

SERENE in the moonlight the pure flowers lay;
All was still save the plash of the fountain's soft play;
And white as its foam gleamed the walls of the palace;
But within were hot lips quaffing fire from the chalice;
For Herod, the Tetrarch, was feasting that night
The lords of Machærus, and brave was the sight!
Yet mournful the contrast, without and within,
Here were purity, peace,—*there* were riot and sin!
The vast and magnificent banquetting room
Was of marble, Egyptian, in form and in gloom;
And around, wild and dark as a demon's dread thought,
Strange shapes, full of terror, yet beauty, were wrought.
Th' ineffable sorrow, that dwells in the face
Of the Sphinx, wore a soft and mysterious grace,
Dim, even amid the full flood of light poured
From a thousand high clustering lamps on the board;
Those lamps,—each a serpent of jewels and gold,—
That seemed to hiss forth the fierce flame as it rolled.
Back flashed to that ray the rich vessels that lay
Profuse on the tables in brilliant array;
And clear thro' the crystal the glowing wine gleamed,
And dazzling the robes of the revellers seemed,
While Herod, the eagle-eyed, ruled o'er the scene,
A lion in spirit, a monarch in mien.

The goblet was foaming, the revel rose high.
There were pride and fierce joy in the haughty king's eye,
For his chiefs and his captains bowed low at his word,
And the feast was right royal that burden'd the board.

Lo! light as a star thro' a gathered cloud stealing,
What spirit glanced in 'mid the guard at the door?
Their stern bands divide, a fair figure revealing;
She bounds, in her beauty, the dim threshold o'er.

Her dark eyes are lovely with tenderest truth;
The bloom on her cheek is the blossom of youth;
And the smile, that steals thro' it, is rich with the ray
Of a heart full of love and of innocent play.

Soft fall her fair tresses her light form around;
Soft fall her fair tresses, nor braided nor bound;
And her white robe is loose, and her dimpled arms bare;
For she is but a child, without trouble or care;

Now round the glad vision wild music is heard,—
Is she gifted with winglets of fairy or bird;
For, lo! as if borne on the waves of that sound,
With white arms upwreathing, she floats from the ground.

Still glistens the goblet,—'t is heed'd no more!
And the jest and the song of the banquet are o'er;
For the revellers, spell-bound by beauty and grace,
Have forgotten all earth, save that form and that face.

It is done!—for one moment, mute, motionless, fair,
The phantom of light pauses playfully there;
The next, blushing richly, once more it takes wing,
And she kneels at the footstool of Herod the King.

Her young head is drooping, her eyes are bent low,
Her hands meekly crossed on her bosom of snow,
And, veiling her figure, her shining hair flows,
While Herod, flushed high with the revel, arose.

Outspoke the rash monarch,—“Now, maiden, impart,
Ere thou leave us, the loftiest hope of thy heart!
By the God of my fathers! what e'er it may be,—
To the half of my kingdom,—'t is granted to thee!”

The girl, half-bewildered, uplifted her eyes,
Dilated with timid delight and surprise,
And a swift, glowing smile, o'er her happy face stole,
As if some sunny wish had just woke in her soul.

Will she tell it? Ah, no! She has caught the wild gleam
Of a soldier's dark eye, and she starts from her dream;
Falters forth her sweet gratitude,—veils her fair frame,—
And glides from the presence, all glowing with shame.

PART II.

Of costly cedar, rarely carved, the royal chambers ceiling,
The columned walls, of marble rich, its brightest hues revealing;

Around the room a starry smile the lamp of crystal shed;
But warmest lay its lustre on a noble lady's head;
Her dark hair, bound with burning gems, whose fitful lighting glow,
Is tame beside the wild, black eyes that proudly flash below:

The Jewish rose and olive blend their beauty in her face;
She bears her in her high estate with an imperial grace;
All gorgeous glows with orient gold the broidery of her vest;
With precious stones its purple fold is clasped upon her breast;

She gazes from her lattice forth. What sees the lady there?
 A strange, wild beauty crowns the scene,—but she has other care!
 Far off fair Moab's emerald slopes, and Jordan's lovely vale;
 And nearer,—heights where fleetest foot of wild gazelle would fail;
 While crowning every verdant ridge, like drifts of moonlit snow,
 Rich palaces and temples rise, around, above, below,
 Gleaming thro' groves of terebinth, of palm, and sycamore,
 Where the swift torrents dashing free, their mountain music pour;
 And arched o'er all, the Eastern heaven lights up with glory rare
 The landscape's wild magnificence;—but she has other care!
 Why flings she thus, with gesture fierce, her silent lute aside?
 Some deep emotion chafes her soul with more than wonted pride;
 But, hark! a sound has reached her heart, inaudible elsewhere,
 And hushed, to melting tenderness, the storm of passion there!
 The far-off fall of fairy feet, that fly in eager glee,
 A voice, that warbles wildly sweet, some Jewish melody!
 She comes! her own Salomé comes! her pure and blooming child!
 She comes, and anger yields to love, and sorrow is beguiled:
 Her singing bird! low nestling now upon the parent breast,
 She murmurs of the monarch's vow with girlish laugh and jest:—

“Now choose me a gift and well!
 There are so many joys I covet!
 Shall I ask for a young gazelle?
 'T would be more than the world to me;
 Fleet and wild as the wind,
 Oh! how I would cherish and love it!
 With flowers its neck I'd bind,
 And joy in its graceful glee.”

“Shall I ask for a gem of light,
 To braid in my flowing ringlets?
 Like a star thro' the veil of night,
 Would glisten its glorious hue;
 Or a radiant bird, to close
 Its beautiful, waving winglets
 On my bosom in soft repose,
 And share my love with you!”

She paused,—bewildered, terror-struck; for, in her mother's soul,
 Roused by the promise of the king, beyond her weak control,
 The exulting tempest of Revenge and Pride raged wild and high,
 And sent its storm-cloud to her brow, its lightning to her eye!
 Her haughty lip was quivering with anger and disdain,
 Her beauteous, jewelled hands were clenched, as if from sudden pain.

“Forgive,” Salomé faltering cried, “Forgive my childish glee!
 'T was selfish, vain,—oh! look not thus! but let me ask for thee!”

Then smiled,—it was a deadly smile,—that lady on her child,
 And “Swear thou 'lt do my bidding, now!” she cried, in accents wild:
 “Ah! when, from earliest childhood's hour, did I thine anger dare!
 Yet, since an oath thy wish must seal,—by Judah's hopes, I swear!”
 Herodias stooped,—one whisper brief!—was it a serpent's hiss,
 That thus the maiden starts and shrinks beneath the woman's kiss?
 A moment's pause of doubt and dread!—then wild the victim knelt,—
 “Take, take *my* worthless life instead! Oh! if thou e'er hast felt
 A mother's love,—thou canst not doom—no, no! 't was but a jest!
 Speak!—speak! and let me fly once more, confiding, to thy breast!”
 A hollow and sepulchral tone was hers who made reply:
 “The oath! the oath!—remember, girl! 'tis registered on high!”
 Salomé rose,—mute, moveless stood as marble, save in breath,
 Half senseless in her cold despair, her young cheek blanched like death!
 But an hour since, so joyous, fond, without a grief or care,
 Now struck with wo unspeakable,—how dread a change was there!
 “It shall be done!” was that the voice that rang so gaily sweet,
 When, innocent and blest she came, but now, with flying feet?
 “It shall be done!” she turns to go, but, ere she gains the door,
 One look of wordless, deep reproach she backward casts,—no more!
 But late she sprang the threshold o'er, a light and blooming child,
 Now, reckless, in her grief she goes a woman stern and wild.

PART III.

With pallid cheek, dishevelled hair, and wildly gleaming eyes,
 Once more before the banquetters, a fearful phantom flies!
 Once more at Herod's feet it falls, and cold with nameless dread
 The wondering monarch bends to hear. A voice, as from the dead,
 From those pale lips, shrieks madly forth,—“Thy promise, king, I claim,
 And if the grant be foulest guilt,—not mine,—not mine the blame!
 Quick, quick recall that reckless vow, or strike thy dagger here,
 Ere yet this voice demand a gift that chills my soul with fear!
 Heaven's curse upon the fatal grace that idly charmed thine eyes!
 Oh! better had I ne'er been born than be the sacrifice!
 The word I speak will blanch thy cheek, if human heart be thine,
 It was a fiend in human form that murmured it to mine.
 To die for *me*! a thoughtless child! for *me* must blood be shed!
 Bend low,—lest angels hear me ask!—oh! God!—the Baptist's head!”

THE LIGHTNING OF THE WATERS.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

THERE are few phenomena observable on the ocean, more striking than the phosphorescence of the water, when seen in high perfection. It has forcibly attracted the attention of poets and philosophers in all ages, and many and curious have been the speculations of those who have endeavored to explain the brilliant apparition. In later times, however, the progress of natural science has dissipated the mystery to a considerable extent, destroying a portion of its romantic interest, without, thereby, diminishing its exquisite beauty.

We are well informed, at present, that all the brilliant pyrotechny of Neptune is the effect of animal secretion, not differing essentially in cause from that which ornaments our groves and meadows, when the glow-worms of Europe, the fire-flies of North America, or the fulgours of the Indies are lighting their fairy love-lanterns beneath the cool, green leaves, or filling the air with their mimic meteors.

To those who are not familiar with microscopic researches, it may seem almost impossible that animal life can be multiplied to such excess in the transparent waters, where not a mote is visible by daylight, as to give rise to the broad and bright illumination of the sea, so frequently observed within the lower latitudes; and many, for this reason, have attributed these night-fires of the deep to the impurity and occasional fermentation of the ocean,—a cause which they esteem more nearly commensurate with the magnificence of the result. Such theorists regard this phosphorescence as similar to that so constantly produced by putrifying fish and decaying wood.

These ideas, as I have stated, are no longer tenable, and the real origin of the phenomenon is better understood. But even now, the few who have witnessed it in full extent, variety, and grandeur—a privilege rarely enjoyed, except by those who have made long voyages, and have become familiar with many seas—are lost in wonder; and, unless professionally devoted to the study of natural history, they find it difficult to credit the assertion, that all these vast displays are mere results of living action.

It may prove interesting, then, to those who are fond of such investigations, to offer some remarks on the multitudinous character of those tribes of simple and transparent beings, which swarm about the sur-

face of the ocean, and may be found continually changing in race and habits, with almost every degree of latitude we traverse.

If you will take the trouble, on some suitable occasion during the month of November or December, to descend into a *fashionable oyster cellar*, and ask admission to the pile of freshly opened shells stowed in the usual receptacle, which is in some dark vault or closet about the premises, you may chance to witness, on a diminutive scale, the far-famed phosphorescence of the sea, without enduring the heavy *immigration tax* levied, with unrelenting severity, by the old trident-bearer upon all novices, except, perhaps, a few fortunate favorites.

Take up the shovel that leans against the wall, order the light removed and the door closed, and then proceed to disturb the shells. If they have been taken from the water, where it is purely salt,—and still more certainly if gathered from the beds of blue marine mud that are the favorite resort of the finest oysters—the moment you throw a shovelful upon the top of the pile, the whole mass, jarred by the blow, will become spangled with hundreds of brilliant stars—not in this case pale and silvery, but of the richest golden-green or blue. None of these stars may equal in size the head of the finest pin; but so intense is the light emitted by them, that a single, and scarcely visible point will sometimes illuminate an inch of the surrounding surface, even casting shadows from the little spears of sea-grass growing in its neighborhood.

Choose one of the most conspicuous of these diminutive tapers, and, without removing it from the shell, carry it towards the gas-lamp. As you approach, the brilliancy of the star declines; and when the full flood of light is thrown upon the shell, it nearly, or entirely disappears. If you press your finger rudely upon the spot, you will again perceive the luminous matter diffused, like a fluid, over the surrounding surface, and shining, for an instant, more brightly than ever, even under the immediate glare of the gas. Then all is over. You have crushed one of the glow-worms of the deep—an animal, once probably as vain of his golden flame as you are of your brilliant endowments—perhaps some sentinel there stationed to alarm his sleeping brethren of the approach of danger—perhaps an animalcular Hero trimming her solitary lamp to guide her chosen

one, through more than Leander's dangers, along the briny path to her rocky bower, beset by all the microscopic monsters of the corallines! At all events, despise it as you may, this little being was possessed of life, susceptible of happiness, and endowed with power to outshine, with inborn lustre, the richest gem in Europe's proudest diadem!

The sea is filled in many regions, and at various seasons, with incalculable multitudes of living creatures, in structure much resembling this little parasite, but often vastly more imposing in dimensions. The smallest tribes that are able to call attention to their individual existence generally wander, like erratic stars, beneath the waves. They may be seen by thousands shooting past the vessel, on evenings when the moon is absent or obscured, suddenly lighting their torches when the motion of the bow produces a few curling swells and breakers on either hand, and whirling from eddy to eddy, as they sweep along the side and are lost in the wake. From time to time the vessel, in her progress, disturbs some large being of similar powers, who instantly ejects a trail of luminous fluid which, twining, and waving about among contending currents, assumes the semblance of a silver snake. But the most surprising of all proofs of the infinity of life is furnished by those inconceivably numerous bands of shining animalcules, too small for human vision, which in their aggregate effect perform, perhaps, the grandest part in beautifying the night scene on the ocean.

The crest of every wave emits a pale and milky light and every ripple that, urged onward too rapidly before the breeze, expires in spreading its little patch of foam upon the water, increases the mysterious brightness. On a starless evening the novice may find it very difficult to account for the distinctness with which even the distant billows may be traced by their whitened summits, while every other object is thrown into the deepest shade. The gentle radiation from within the foam deceives the eye:—it seems a mere reflection from the surface; and he turns again and again towards the heavens, with the constantly renewed impression, that the moon has found some transient opening in the cloudy canopy through which descends a thin pencil of rays to be glinted back from the edges of the waves.

Though certain portions of the ocean, generally, present but slender proofs of phosphorescence,—such being peculiarly the case within the gloomy limits of the Gulf Stream, for reasons not to be appropriately mentioned here—yet no observing person can have passed a week upon the ocean, or rowed his skiff by night on any of our principal harbors, without becoming familiar with most of the appearances to which allusion has been made. A mere voyage to Europe frequently presents much grander examples; but he who would enjoy the view of the phenomenon in its fullest glory, must “cross earth's central line” “and brave the stormy spirit of the Cape.”

Let me transport you for a few moments into the midst of the Indian Ocean! The sultry sun of February has been basking all day upon the heated

waters from a brassy sky without a cloud—the vapors of the upper regions resembling a thin veil of dust, fiery and glowing, as if recently ejected from the mouth of some vast furnace! But the tyrant has gone to his repose, and we enjoy some respite from his scorching influence. It is not cool, but the temperature is tolerable, *and this is much!* Leave the observation of the barometer to the captain! You cannot prevent a hurricane, should it be impending. Then trust such cares to those in whom is vested the responsibility, and come on deck with me.

There is no moon—but the “sentinel stars” are all at their post. Observe those broad flashes reflected upward from beneath the bows, and playing brightly upon the jib! At every plunge of the vessel, as she sinks into the trough of the sea, you might read a volume fluently by that mild radiance; and beautiful indeed is the view from the fore stay-sail nettings, looking down upon the curling wreaths on either side of the cut-water, and the long lines of foam thrown off by the swell as the vessel gracefully breasts the coming wave, all glowing like molten silver intermingled with a thousand diamonds!

But I will not lead you thitherward—a noble sight awaits us in our wake. Step to the stern and lean with me over the taffrail. What a glorious vision! For miles abaft, our course presents one long and wide canal of living light—the clear, blue ocean, transparent as air, filling it to repletion; while the darker waters around appear like some dense medium through which superior spirits have constructed this magic path-way for us and us alone, so nicely are its breadth and depth adjusted to the form of our gallant bark. Has not the galaxy been torn from heaven, and whelmed beneath the waves to form that burning road? No! no! Though thousands of bright orbs are set in that nether firmament to strengthen the delusion, yet it cannot be. Night's stormy cincture never gleamed like this, nor bore such dazzling gems. There it still glimmers with its myriad sparks, athwart the dark blue vault, paled by the radiance of its sea-born rival, while huge globes of fire roll from beneath the keel, and blaze along the silvery track like showers of wandering meteors, but all too gentle in their aspect to be deemed of evil-augury.

Those stars are literally *living stars*,—that ocean galaxy is formed of living beings only,—and even those meteors, invisible by day, except when they approach unusually near to the surface, are active in pursuit of prey. Observe one closely, and you perceive its motions. Formed like a great umbrella of transparent jelly, with fibres, yards in length, trailing from its margin, and the handle carved into a beautiful group of leaves, it flaps its way regularly through the water with a stately march, and wo to the unfortunate creature that becomes involved in the meshes of its stinging tendrils.

This is no exaggerated picture, for such are the beautiful phenomena occasionally witnessed in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. The animals upon whose agency they are dependent, generally become invis-

ble by daylight in consequence of their transparency; but there are certain tribes among them whose peculiar structure renders them conspicuous: and of these one of the most remarkable is known to naturalists by the title of Salpa.

There are many species of the salpæ, but they bear a closer likeness to each other than do most of these simple tribes of being. In form they all resemble diminutive purses, composed of highly transparent jelly, with wide mouths like the ordinary clasp—and strengthened by a net-work of ribbons interwoven with the general texture of the purse. These are designed to supply the place of muscles. The salpæ move through the water by contracting the net-work, so as to render the cavity smaller and expel the water from it with some force; then, relaxing the fibres, they allow their natural elasticity to expand them to their original form; thus drawing in a fresh supply of fluid with which to renew the effort. In this manner they are driven onward, always retreating from the principal orifice of the sac. But I will not detain you with a detailed description of their singular organization. It is enough for our present purpose to state that near the bottom of the purse, within the thickness of its walls, there is a golden spot, as if a solitary coin was there deposited. This spot alone enables us to see the animal distinctly when floating in the water.

When young, these little creatures adhere together in strings or cords arranged like the leaflets of a pinated leaf, in consecutive pairs, to the number of twenty or more. At that period, the most common species in the South Atlantic rarely exceed one half an inch in length, and the yellow spot hardly equals in size an ordinary grain of sand; yet, in certain regions of the ocean these salpæ swarm in such inconceivable multitudes that the sea assumes the appearance of a sandy shoal for miles in length and breadth. To the depth of many fathoms their delicate bodies are closely huddled together, until the constant repetition of the diminutive colored spots renders the water perfectly opaque, and so increases its consistence that the lighter ripple of the surface breaks upon the edge of the animated bank, while the heavier billows roll on smoothly, with the regular and more majestic motion of the ground swell. In passing through such tracts the speed of the vessel is sometimes sensibly checked by the increased resistance of the medium in which she moves; and when a bucket full of brine is lifted from the sea, it may contain a larger portion of living matter than of the fluid in which it floats.

There can be no reasonable doubt that most of those false shoals which disfigure the older charts—their existence proved upon authorities of known veracity and denied by others no less credible—have really been laid down by navigators who have met with beds of salpæ, and were ignorant of their true nature.

I have never seen these animals emitting light, but it is well known that many phosphorescent animalcules shine only in certain stages of the weather or at certain seasons of the year: and as several distin-

guished travellers have spoken of their luminous properties, it is at least probable that they or their congeners act an important part in dramas similar to that which has been just described. At all events, their history clearly shows the vastness of the scale of animal existence in the superficial waters of the ocean. But for the little yellow spot within their bodies, they would be totally invisible at the distance of a few feet in their native fluid, and could not interfere appreciably with the progress of the rays of light.

If further proof were necessary to show the incalculable increase of many oceanic tribes, it might be found in the history of living beings much more familiar to the mariner. Most persons have met with notices of the Portuguese man-of-war, called, by naturalists *physalia*, a living air sac of jelly provided with a sail, armed with a multitude of dependant bottle shaped stomachs, all capable of seizing prey, and colored more beautifully than the rainbow. This splendid creature pursues its way over the waves with all the skill of an accomplished pilot, and furnishes, when caught, one of the most astonishing examples of the adaptation of animal structure to the peculiar wants, and theatre of action of living beings, one of the most striking evidences of Omniscient Wisdom which nature offers to the moralist. The *physalia* rarely sails in squadrons, but wanders solitary and self-dependent over the tropical seas, a terror even to man, by the power which it possesses of stinging and inflicting pain upon whatever comes in contact with its long, trailing cables.

But there is another little sailor called the *velella*; unprovided with offensive weapons, though formed in most respects upon a model somewhat similar to that of the *physalia*, unguarded as the peaceful trader against the piratical attacks of a thousand enemies, its very race would soon become extinct, were it not for its unlimited increase.

Provided with a flat, transparent, oval scale of cartilage, for the support of a gelatinous body, it floats by specific levity, alone, for it has no air vessel—and employs its hundreds of stomachs for ballast. Another scale arising at right angles with the first and covered with thin membrane, supplies it with a sail. This unprotected creature serves as food for many predatory tribes, and of these, the most voracious is the barnacle. The flesh devoured, the scales still float for many days, mere wrecks of these gay vessels.

The *velellæ* are usually found in fleets, and to convey some idea of their numbers, I may state that on one occasion, when sailing before the western winds, beyond the southern latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, our ship encountered a group of globular masses of a pale yellow color swimming upon the surface and surrounded by fringes of an unknown substance. Each mass resembled the eggs of some great sea-bird, reposing on a nest of buoyant feathers. Taking them with a dip net, from the chains, we found the yellow masses to be globular cryptogamous plants, to every one of which adhered a group of barnacles, far larger than the largest I had ever

seen before.* Many of these last were so intent upon demolishing their prey, that, even in leaving their native element, to fall into the hands of tyrants more dangerous than themselves, it was not always relinquished. Grasping in their horny arms the unfortunate *velellæ*, they continued grinding the soft jelly from the tougher cartilage, with an avidity and determination that reminded me strongly of the scene in Byron's *Siege of Corinth*, where Alp, the renegade,

"Saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold, o'er the dead, their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!"

This drew our attention to the source from which such plentiful supplies of food were obtained, and on examination, the ocean was found literally covered with the scales of the murdered *velellæ*, faintly distinguishable by their glistening in the sun-shine, and interspersed with a few living specimens waiting their turn in the general massacre. We scooped them up by thousands; and for three long days the ship swept onward "dead before the wind" with the steady and scarcely paralleled speed of more than ten knots an hour, thus accomplishing a change of more than seven hundred miles in longitude, before the last remnant of this unhappy fleet was passed.

Though it is not pretended that these little sea-boats possess the phosphorescent quality, their numbers and the wide extent of their flotilla will suffice to render far less wonderful the vastness of those beautiful results of animal secretion which have furnished the subject of this sketch.

But there are other similar and more remarkable phenomena attendant on these brilliant night scenes, that can only be explained, either by supposing that myriads of these aquatic beings are endowed with a community of instinct, or, that the changes of the weather influenced them in such a way as to awaken all their luminous powers upon the instant, without the intervention of any mechanical disturbing cause, in the mere frolic mood of nature.

Those who have visited the Chinese islands, or either of several other well known regions in the Pacific, have been occasionally surprised, on a calm moon-light night, when scarce a swell, and not a ripple is perceptible, to see the ocean suddenly converted into one wide pool of milk! As described by a few observers who have been so fortunate as to witness this rare and strange appearance, the color is so equally diffused over the whole field of view, that all resemblance to the ordinary hue is lost, and yet no wandering stars,—no scattered torches can be seen—not even beneath the bows—so feeble is the intensity of the light emitted, that several have denied the agency of phosphorescence in producing this remarkable effect, and were convinced there was a real change in the nature of the fluid; but others, less enamored of the supernatural, have clearly proved that even this phenomenon is due to the activity of an infinity of animalcules.

The very rarity of such occurrences distinctly shows that the microscopic beings which produce it do not emit their light at all times, and there must exist some cause for this wide-spread and consentaneous action. To community of instinct it can hardly be attributed.

We may understand the fact, wonderful as it may be, that an army of emmets should cross a public road or open space, from field to field, or from forest to forest, fashioning themselves, as they are sometimes known to do, into the form of a snake, by crawling over each other's backs, by dozens, from the tail to the head of the figure; thus shortening it at one extremity, while they lengthen it at the other, and cause it to advance slowly towards their desired retreat! We may understand this evidence of untaught wisdom, for we see its purpose and its usefulness. Such means enable these defenceless beings to elude the vigilance of their feathery enemies, whose beaks, but for the terror of the mimic reptile, would soon annihilate the weak community.

We may even comprehend that more magnificent display of providential guidance witnessed in the habits of the coral animals, where nations of separate beings, outnumbering a thousand times the living population of the earth and air, enjoy one common life, and build up islands, for the use of man, on models definitely fixed. For here, also, there is *purpose*, and were it not that every individual of the host performs his proper duty—constructing, *here* a buttress, *there* an alcove,—the dash of the billows and the fury of the storm would soon disintegrate the growing structure. The reef that lies athwart the mariner's path, and strews itself with wrecks, would never rise above the surface, to gather the seeds of vegetation, attract the cool, fresh moisture from the air, and lay foundations for the future happiness and wealth of man.

But how shall we explain an instinct by which myriads of creatures, totally distinct and unconnected, are induced, without apparent end or object, to act in concert over leagues of sea, as it would seem merely to fright the passing voyager! It may be that the action of these animalcules, by which the milky glimmering is occasioned, is involuntary. It may be the result of atmospheric or electric influence upon the living frame, to serve some hidden purpose in their unknown economy; for many things, even in our own organic history, surpass our powers of comprehension; we know neither their nature nor their use. But analogy would lead us to infer the exercise of *will* in all the various phenomena of phosphorescence, however impenetrable the purpose of its exercise may be. Like the insect songs of a summer night, or the love-light of the glow-worm and the fire-fly, they probably control or guide the motions of the individual or of whole communities.

This idea receives some countenance from the history of a more remarkable example of this submarine meteor, witnessed in the southern summer of 1823-4, near the island of Tristan d'Acunha, under circumstances never to be forgotten—and with one short notice of its character I will leave the

* The *Anatifa Vitrea*.

reader to his reflections upon these wonders of the deep.

The night was dark and damp—the western breeze too light to steady the vessel, and she rolled heavily over the wide swell of the South Atlantic, making it difficult for a landsman to maintain his footing on the deck. A fog-bank, which hung around the northern horizon at sunset, now came sweeping slowly down upon us in the twilight. The captain ordered the light sails furled in expectation of a squall, and we stood leaning together over the bulwarks, watching the mist, which approached more and more rapidly, till it resembled, in the increasing darkness, an immense and toppling wall extending from the water to the clouds, and seemed threatening to crush us beneath it. There was something peculiarly awful in its impenetrable obscurity; and even the crew

relinquished their several occupations to gaze on the unusual aspect of the fog. It reached us;—but just at this moment, a flash, like a broad sheet of summer lightning, spread itself over the ocean as far as the eye could reach, but deep below the waves. Five or six times, at intervals, of a few seconds, the flash was repeated, and then the vessel was enveloped in the mist. The breeze immediately quickened; the sailors sprang to their stations, and, for a few minutes, the bustle of preparation for a change of wind attracted the exclusive attention of every one. In this short interval, the narrow belt of vapor had passed off to leeward, and left us bounding merrily along at the rate of ten knots an hour, with a spanking norther full upon our beam, over waves sparkling and dancing in the clear, bright moonlight. But, *the lightning of the waters was gone!*

CALLORE.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

THOU art ever fair to me—

Fairer than the Autumn moon,

Or a fountain, in its glee,

Singing through the woods of June—

Fairer than a streamlet bright

Flowing on in shimmered light,

Darkling under grassy sedge

Fringing all the river's edge,

Rippling by the breezes fann'd,

Sliding over silver sand,

Through the meadow gayly ranging

With an aspect ever changing,

Yet with quiet depths below,

And an even, constant flow—

Pensive, musical and slow—

Ever such thou art to me,

Laughing, blue-eyed CALLORE!

Oh! the stars have sybil tones!

Singing by their golden thrones,

Singing as they watching stand

In their weird and silent land!

But thy voice is sweeter far

Than the music of the star!

Melting on the air at even,

With a mystic sound

Flowing, flowing all around,

'Till the soul is raised to heaven

Oh! at moments such as these

I could kneel on bended knees,

Ever kneel and hear thee sing,

Silent, rapt and worshipping.

As a bark upon the tide

Moving on to symphony,

With its dipping oars beside

Keeping time melodiously,

So thou movest on thy way,

Ever graceful, ever gay.

Or, perchance, in sportive band,

With thy sisters hand in hand,

Swinging all in mystic round—

Thou wilt dance with gentle sound,

A sound as that of fairy feet,

Soft, harmonious and sweet,

As woodland waterfalls at night

Tinkling in the still starlight.

How thine eyes with tears o'erflow

At the troubled tale of wo—

In those eyes I love to look,

They to me are as a book.

There I read without disguise,

And a joy beyond control,

All that in thine inner soul

As upon an altar lies—

Gazing thus, I feel as when

Buried from the haunts of men,

In some quiet shady nook,

Looking downwards in the brook—

I have heard the forest breeze

Wake mysterious melodies,

Bringing sounds of childish play

From the solitudes away,

Singing as a gleesome boy,

Ravishing the soul with joy,

Lifting it on pinions free—

Silver-tongued CALLORE!

Ever, ever thou art meek,

With a mirthful soberness;

None have ever heard thee speak

Of thy passing loveliness—

Thou dost joy to be away

From the garish light of day;

Brooding o'er each holy feeling

Soft across thy bosom stealing;

With thine eyelids downward bent,

Musing in a meek content,

Like a saint upon a shrine

Wrapt in dreams of bliss divine!

Surely, thou art not of earth—

With the angels is thy birth—

Thou hast come awhile, to be

My guide to heaven, CALLORE!

THE SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY H. W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC. ETC.

PART I.

IN one of those sweet glens, half pastoral half sylvan, which may be found in hundreds channelling the steep sides of the moorland hills, and sending down the tribute of their pure limestone springs to the broad rapid rivers which fertilize no less than they adorn the lovely vales of Western Yorkshire, there may be seen to this day the ruins of an old dwelling-house, situate on a spot so picturesque, so wild, and yet so soft in its romantic features, that they would well repay the traveller for a brief halt, who, but too often, hurries onward in search of more remote yet certainly not greater beauties. The gorge, within the mouth of which the venerable pile is seated, opens into the broader valley from the north-eastern side, enjoying the full light and warmth of the southern sunshine; and, although very narrow at its origin, where its small crystal rivulet springs up from the lonely well-head, fringed by a few low shrubs of birch and alder, expands here, at its mouth, into a pretty amphitheatre or basin of a few acres circuit. A wild and feathery coppice of oak, and birch, and hazel, with here and there a mountain ash, showing its bright red berries through the rich foliage, clothes all the lower part of the surrounding slopes; while, far above, the seamed and shattered faces of the gray, slaty limestone rise up like artificial walls, their summits crowned with the fair purple heather, and every nook and cranny in their sides crowded with odorous wild flowers. Within the circuit of these natural limits, sheltering it from every wind of heaven, except the gentle south, the turf lies smooth and even as if it were a cultured lawn; while a few rare exotic shrubs, now all run out of shape, and bare, and straggling, indicate even yet the time when it was a fair shrubbery, tended by gentle hands, and visited by young and lovely beings, now cold in their untimely sepulchres. The streamlet, which comes gushing down the glen with its clear, copious flow, boiling and murmuring about the large gray boulders which every where obstruct its channels, making a thousand mimic cataracts, and wakening ever a wild, mirthful music, sweeps here quite close to the foot of the eastern cliff, the feathery branches of the oakwood dipping their foliage in its eddies, and then, just as it issues forth into the open champaine, wheels round in a half circle, completely forming the little amphitheatre above, except at one point

hard beneath the opposite hill face, where a small winding horse track, engrossing the whole space between the streamlet and the limestone rock, gives access to the lone demesne. A small green hillock, sloping down gently to the southward, fills the embracing arms of the bright brook, around the northern base of which is scattered a little grove of the most magnificent and noblest sycamores that I have ever seen; but on the other side, which yet retains its pristine character of a smooth open lawn, there are no obstacles to the view over the wide valley, except three old gnarled thorn bushes, uncommon from their size and the dense luxuriance of their matted greenery. It was upon the summit of this little knoll that the old homestead stood, whose massive ruins of red freestone, all overgrown with briers, and tall rank grass and dock leaves, deface the spot which they adorned of old; and, when it was erect in all its fair proportions, the scene which it overlooked, and its own natural attractions, rendered it one of the loveliest residences in all the north of England—the wide, rich, gentle valley, all meadow land or pasture, without one brown ploughed field to mar its velvet green; the tall, thick hawthorn hedges, with their long lines of hedgerow timber, oak, ash and elm, waving above the smooth enclosures; the broad, clear, tranquil river flashing out like a silver mirror through the green foliage; the scattered farm-houses, each nestled as it were among its sheltering orchards; the village spire shooting up from the clump of giant elms which overshadow the old grave-yard; the steep, long slope on the other side of the vale, or strath, as it would be called in Scotland, all mapped out to the eye, with its green fences and wide hanging woods; and, far beyond, the rounded summits of the huge moorland hills, ridge above ridge, purple, and grand, and massive, but less and less distinct as they recede from the eye, and melt away at last into the far blue distance—such was the picture which its windows overlooked of old, and which still laughs as gaily in the sunshine around its mouldering walls and lonely hearth-stone.

But if it is fair now, and lovely, what was it as it showed in the good old days of King Charles, before the iron hand of civil war had pressed so heavily on England? The grove of sycamores stood there, as they stand now, in the prime and luxuriance of their sylvan manhood; for they are waxing now aged and somewhat gray and stag-horned; and the thorn bushes sheltered, as they do now, whole choirs of

thrushes and blackbirds, but all the turf beneath the scattered trees and on the sunny slope was shorn, and rolled, and watered, that it was smooth and even, and far softer than the most costly carpet that ever wooed the step of Persian beauty. The Hall was a square building, not very large, of the old Elizabethan style, with two irregular additions, wings, as they might be called, of the same architecture, though of a later period, and its deep-embayed oriel windows, with their fantastic mullions of carved freestone, its tall quaint chimneys, and its low porch, with overhanging canopy and clustered columns, rendered it an object singularly picturesque and striking. The little green within the gorge of the upper glen, which is so wildly beautiful in its present situation, left as it is to the unaided hand of nature, was then a perfect paradise; for an exquisite taste had superintended its conversion into a sort of untrained garden; an eye well used to note effects had marked its natural capabilities, and, adding artificial beauties, had never trench upon the character of the spot by anything incongruous or startling. Rare plants, rich flowering shrubs, and scented herbs were indeed scattered with a lavish hand about its precincts, but were so scattered that they seemed the genuine productions of the soil; the Spanish cistus had been taught to carpet the wild crags in conjunction with the native thyme and heather; the arbutus and laurestinus had been brought from afar to vie with the mountain ash and holly; the clematis and the sweet scented vine blended their tendrils with the rich English honeysuckle and the luxuriant ivy; rare lotuses might be seen floating with their azure colored cups and broad green leaves upon the glassy basins, into which the mountain streamlet had been taught to expand, among the white wild water lilies and the bright yellow clusters of the marsh marigold; roses of every hue and scent, from the dark crimson of Damascus to the pale blush of soft Provence, grew side by side with the wild wood-brier and the eglantine, and many a rustic seat, of mossy stone or roots and unbarked branches, invited the loitering visitor in every shadowy angle.

There was no spot in all the north of England whereon the winter frowned so lightly as on those sheltered precincts—there was no spot whereon spring smiled so early, and with so bright an aspect—wherein the summer so long lingered, pouring her gorgeous flowers, rich with her spicy breath, into the very lap of autumn. It was, indeed, a sweet spot, and as happy as it was sweet and beautiful, before the curse of civil war was poured upon the groaning land, with its dread train of foul and fiendish ministers; and yet it was not war, nor any of its direct consequences, that turned that happy home into a ruin and a desolation. It was not war—except the struggles of the human heart—the conflict of the fierce and turbulent passions—the strife of principles, of motives, of desires, within the secret soul, may be called war, as, indeed, they might, and that with no figurative tongue, for they are surely the hottest, the most devastating, the most fatal of all that bear that ominous and cruel appellation.

Such was the aspect then of Ingleborough Hall, at the period when it was perhaps the most beautiful; and when, as is but too often the case, its beauties were on the very point of being brought to a close forever. The family which owned the manor, for the possessions attached to the old homestead were large, and the authority attached to them extended over a large part of Upper Wharfedale, was one of those old English races which, though not noble in the literal sense of the word, are yet so ancient, and so indissolubly connected with the soil, that they may justly be comprised among the aristocracy of the land. The name was Saxon, and it was generally believed—and probably with truth—that the date of the name, and of its connection with that estate, was at the least coeval with the conquest. To what circumstances it was owing that the Hawkwoods, for such was the time-honored appellation of the race, had retained possession of their fair demesne when all the land was allotted out to feudal barons and fat priests, can never now be ascertained; nor does it indeed signify; yet that it was to some honorable cause, some service rendered, or some high exploit, may be fairly presumed from the fact that the mitred potentate of Bolton Abbey, who levied his tythes far and near throughout those fertile valleys, had no claims on the fruits of Ingleborough. During the ages that had passed since the advent of the Norman William, the Hawkwoods had never lacked male representatives to sustain the dignity of their race; and gallantly had they sustained it; for in full many a lay and legend, aye! and in grave, cold history itself, the name of Hawkwood might be found side by side with the more sonorous appellations of the Norman feudatories, the Ardens, and Maulevers, and Vavasours, which fill the chronicles of border warfare. At the period of which we write, however, the family had no male scion—the last male heir, Ralph Hawkwood, had died some years before, full of years and of domestic honors—a zealous sportsman, a loyal subject, a kind landlord, a good friend—his lot had fallen in quiet times and pleasant places, and he lived happily, and died in the arms of his family, at peace with all men. His wife, a calm and placid dame, who had, in her young days, been the beauty of the shire, survived him, and spent her whole time, as she devoted her whole mind and spirit, in educating the two daughters, joint heiresses of the old manor-houses, who were left by their father's death, two bright-eyed fair-haired prattlers, dependent for protection on the strong love but frail support of their widowed mother.

Years passed away, and with their flight the two fair children were matured into two sweet and lovely women; yet the same fleeting suns which brought to them complete and perfect youth were fraught to others with decay, and all the carking cares, and querulous ailments of old age. The mother, who had watched with keen solicitude over their budding infancy, over the promise of their lovely childhood, lived indeed, but lived not to see or understand the full accomplishment of that bright promise. Even before the elder girl had reached the dawn of womanhood, palsy had shaken the enfeebled limbs, and its

accustomed follower—mental debility—had, in no small degree, impaired the intellect of her surviving parent; but long before her sister had reached her own maturity, the limbs were helplessly immovable, the mind was wholly clouded and estranged. It was not now the wandering and uncertain darkness that flits across the veiled horizon of the mind alternately with vivid gleams, flashes of memory and intellect, brighter perhaps than ever visited the spirit until its partial aberrations had jarred its vital principle—it was that deep and utter torpor, blanker than sleep and duller, for no dreams seem to mingle with its day-long lethargy—that absolute paralysis of all the faculties of soul and body, which is so beautifully painted by the great Roman satirist, as the

“omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Homina servorum, nec vultum agnoscat amicit
Cum quo præteritâ cenavit nocti, nec illos
Quos genuit, quos eduxit”—

that still, sad, patient, silent suffering, which sits from day to day in the one usual chair, unconscious of itself and almost so of all around it; easily pleased by trifles, which it forgets as soon, deriving its sole real and tangible enjoyment from the doze in the summer sunshine, or by the sparkling hearth of winter. Such was the mother now; so utterly, so hopelessly dependent on the cares and gratitude of those bright beings whose infancy she had nursed so devotedly—and well was that devotedness now compensated; for day and night, winter and summer, did those sweet girls by turn watch over the frail, querulous sexagenarian—never both leaving her at once, one sleeping while the other watched, attentive ever to her importunate and ceaseless cravings, patient and mild to meet her angry and uncalled for lamentations.

You would have thought that a seclusion so entire, from all society of their equals, must have prevented their acquiring those usual accomplishments, those necessary arts, which every English gentlewoman is presumed to possess as things of course—that they must have grown up mere ignorant, unpolished country lasses, without a taste or aspiration beyond the small routine of their dull daily duties—that long confinement must have broken the higher and more spiritual parts of their fine natural minds—that they must have become mere moping household drudges—and so to think would be so very natural, that it is by no means easy to conceive how it was brought to pass, that the very opposite of this should have been the result. The very opposite it was, however—for as there were not in the whole West Riding two girls more beautiful than Annabel and Marian Hawkw-ood, so were there surely none so highly educated, so happy in themselves, so eminently calculated to render others happy. Accomplished as musicians both, though Annabel especially excelled in instrumental music, while her young sister was unrivalled in voice and execution as a songstress; both skilled in painting; and if not poetesses in so much as to be stringers of words and rhymes, certainly such, and that too of no mean order, in the wider and far higher acceptance of the word; for their whole souls were

attuned to the very highest key of spiritual sensibility—romantic, not in the weak and ordinary meaning of the term, but as admirers of all things high, and pure, and noble—worshippers of the beautiful, whether it were embodied in the wild scenery of their native glens, in the rock, the stream, the forest, the sunshine that clothed all of them in a rich garb of glory, or the dread storm that veiled them all in gloom and terror—or in the master-pieces of the schools of painting and of sculpture—or in the pages of the great, the glorious of all ages—or in the deeds of men, perils encountered hardly, sufferings constantly endured, sorrows assuaged by charitable generosity. Such were they in the strain and tenor of their minds; gentle, moreover, as the gentlest of created things; humble to their inferiors, but with a proud, and self-respecting, and considerate humility; open, and free, and frank toward their equals; but proud, although not wanting in loyalty and proper reverence for the great, and almost haughty of demeanor to their superiors, when they encountered any such, which was, indeed, of rare and singular occurrence. It was a strange thing, indeed, that these lone girls should have possessed such characters, so strongly marked, so powerful and striking; should have acquired accomplishments, so many and so various in their nature. It will appear, perhaps, even stranger to merely superficial thinkers, that the formation of those powerful characters had been, for the most part, brought about by the very circumstances which would at first have appeared most unpropitious—their solitary habits namely, and their seclusion, almost absolute seclusion, from the gay world of fashion and of folly. The large and opulent county, in which their patrimony lay, was indeed then, as now, studded with the estates, the manors, and the parks of the richest and the noblest of England's aristocracy, yet the deep glens and lofty moorlands among which Ingleborough Hall was situate, are even to this day a lonely and sequestered region; no great post-road winds through their devious passes; and, although in the close vicinity of large and populous towns, they are, even in the nineteenth century, but little visited, and are occupied by a population singularly primitive and pastoral in all its thoughts and feelings. Much more then in those days, when carriages were seen but rarely beyond the streets of the metropolis, when roads were wild and rugged, and intercourse between the nearest places, unless of more than ordinary magnitude, difficult and uncertain, was that wild district to be deemed secluded. So much so, indeed, was this the case, at the time of which I write, that there were not within a circle of some twenty miles two families of equal rank, or filling the same station in society, with the Hawkwoods. This, had the family been in such circumstances of domestic health and happiness as would have permitted the girls to mingle in the gaieties of the neighborhood, would have been a serious and severe misfortune; as they must, from continual intercourse with their inferiors, have contracted, in a greater or less degree, a grossness both of mind and manners; and would, most probably, have fallen into that most destructive habit—destruc-

tive to the mind, I mean, and to all chance of progress or advancement—the love of queening it in low society. It was, therefore, under their circumstances, including the loss of one parent and the entire bereavement of the other, fortunate in no small degree that they were compelled to seek their pleasures and their occupations, no less than their duties, within the sphere of the domestic circle.

The mother, who was now so feeble and so helpless, though never a person of much intellectual energy, or indeed of much force of any kind, was yet in the highest sense of the word a lady; she had seen in her youth something of the great world, apart from the rural glens which witnessed her decline; had mingled with the gay and noble even at the court of England, and, being possessed of more than ordinary beauty, had been a favorite and in some degree a belle. From her, then, had her daughters naturally and unconsciously imbibed that easy, graceful finish which, more than all beside, is the true stamp of gentle birth and bearing. Long before children can be brought to comprehend general principles or rules of convention, they can and do acquire habits, by that strange tact of imitation and observance which certainly commences at a stage so early of their young, frail existences, that we cannot, by any effort, mark its first dawning—habits which, thus acquired, can hardly be effaced at all—which will endure unaltered and invariable when tastes, and practices, and modes of thought and action, contracted long, long afterward, have faded quite away and been forgotten. Thus was it, then, with these young creatures; while they were yet mere girls, with all the pure, right impulses of childhood bursting out fresh and fair, they had been trained up in the midst of high, and honorable, and correct associations—naught low, or mean, or little; naught selfish, or dishonest, or corrupt had ever come near to them—in the sight of virtue and in the practice of politeness they had shot up into maturity; and their maturity, of consequence, was virtuous and polished. In after years, devoted as they were to that sick mother, they had no chance of unlearning anything; and thus, from day to day, they went on gaining fresh graces, as it were, by deduction from their foregone teachings, and from the purity of their young natures—for purity and nature, when united, must of necessity be graceful—until the proudest courts of Europe could have shown nothing, even in their most difficult circles, that could surpass, even it could vie with, the easy, artless frankness, the soft and finished courtesy, the unabashed yet modest grace of those two mountain maidens.

At the period when my sad tale commences—for it is no less sad than true—the sisters had just reached the young yet perfect bloom of mature womanhood, the elder, Annabel, having attained her twentieth summer, her sister Marian being exactly one year younger; and certainly two sweeter or more lovely girls could not be pictured or imagined—not in the brightest moments of the painter's or the poet's inspiration. They were both tall and beautifully formed—both had sweet low-toned voices—that ex-

cellent thing in woman!—but here all personal resemblance ended; for Annabel, the elder, had a complexion pure and transparent as the snow of the untrodden glacier before the sun has kissed it into roseate blushes, and quite as colorless; her features were of the finest classic outline; the smooth, fair brow, the perfect Grecian nose, the short curve of the upper lip, the exquisite arch of the small mouth, the chiselled lines of the soft rounded chin, might have served for a model to a sculptor, whereby to mould a mountain nymph or Naiad; her rich luxuriant hair was of a light and sunny brown, her eyes of a clear, lustrous blue, with a soft, languid, and half melancholy tenderness for their more usual expression, which united well with the calm, placid air which was almost habitual to her beautiful features. To this no contrast more complete could have been offered than by the widely different style of Marian's loveliness. Though younger than her sister, her figure was more full and rounded—so much so, that it reached the very point where symmetry is combined with voluptuousness—yet was there nothing in the least degree voluptuous in the expression of her bright artless face. Her forehead, higher than Annabel's, and broader, was as smooth and as white as polished marble; her brows were well-defined and black as ebony, as were the long, long lashes that fringed her laughing eyes—eyes of the brightest, lightest azure that ever glanced with merriment, or melted into love—her nose was small and delicate, but turned a little upwards, so as to add, however, rather than detract from the *tout ensemble* of her arch, roguish beauty—her mouth was not very small, but exquisitely formed, with lips redder than anything in nature, to which lips can be well compared, and filled with teeth, regular, white and beautifully even—fair as her sister's, and, like hers, showing every where the tiny veins of azure meandering below the milky skin, Marian's complexion was yet as bright as morning—faint rosy tints and red, warm blushes succeeding one another, or vanishing away and leaving the cheek pearly white, as one emotion followed and effaced another in her pure, innocent mind. Her hair, profuse in its luxuriant flow, was of a deep dark brown, that might have been almost called black, but for a thousand glancing golden lights and warm rich shadows that varied its smooth surface with the varying sunshine, and was worn in a thick, massive plait low down in the neck behind, while on either side the brow it was trained off and taught to cluster in front of either tiny ear in an abundant maze of interwoven curls, close and mysteriously enlaced as are the tendrils of the wild vine, which, fluttering on each warm and blushing cheek, fell down the swan-like neck in heavy natural ringlets. But to describe her features is to give no idea, in the least, of Marian's real beauty—there was a radiant, dazzling lustre that leaped out of her every feature, lightning from her quick, speaking eyes, and playing in the dimples of her bewitching smile, that so intoxicated the beholder that he would dwell upon her face entranced, and know that it was lovely, and feel that it was far more lovely, far more enthralling

than any he had ever looked upon before; yet, when without the sphere of that enchantment, he should be all unable to say wherein consisted its unmatched attraction.

Between the natural disposition and temperaments of the two sisters there was perhaps even a wider difference than between the characteristics of their personal beauty; for Annabel was calm, and mild, and singularly placid, not in her manners only, but in the whole tenor of her thoughts, and words, and actions; there was a sort of gentle melancholy, that was not altogether melancholy either, pervading her every tone of voice, her every change of feature. She was not exactly grave, nor pensive, nor subdued, for she could smile very joyously at times, could act upon emergencies with readiness, and quickness, and decision, and was at all times prompt in the expression of her confirmed sentiments; but there was a very remarkable tranquillity in her mode of doing every thing she did, betokening fully the presence of a decided principle directing her at every step, so that she was but rarely agitated, even by accidents of the most sudden and alarming character, and never actuated by any rapid impulse. The very opposite of this was Marian Hawkwood; for, although quite as upright and pure minded as her sister, and, what is more, of a temper quite as amiable and sweet, yet was her mood as changeful as an April day; although it was more used to mirth and joyous laughter than to frowns or tears either, yet had she tears as ready at any tale of sorrow as are the fountains of the spring shower in the cloud, and eloquent frowns and eyes that lightened their quick indignation at any outrage, or oppression, or high-handed violence; her cheek would crimson with the tell-tale blood, her flesh would seem to thrill upon her bones, her voice would choke, and her eyes swim with sympathetic drops whenever she read, or spoke, or heard of any noble deed, whether of gallant daring, or of heroic self-denial. Her tongue was prompt always, as the sword of the knight errant, to shelter the defenceless, to shield the innocent, to right the wronged, and sometimes to avenge the absent. Artless herself, and innocent in every thought and feeling, she set no guard on either; but as she felt and thought so she spoke out and acted, fearless even as she was unconscious of any wrong, defying misconception, and half inclined to doubt the possibility of evil in the minds of others, so foreign did it seem, and so impossible to her own natural and, as it were, instinctive sense of right.

Yet although such in all respects as I have striven to depict them, the one all quick and flashing impulse; the other all reflective and considerate principle, it was most wonderful how seldom there was any clashing of opinion and diversity of judgment as to what was to be done, what left undone, between the lovely sisters. Marian would, it is true, often jump at once to conclusions, and act as rapidly upon them, at which the more reflective Annabel would arrive only after some consideration—but it did not occur more often that the one had reason to repent of her precipitation than the other of her over caution—

neither, indeed, had much cause for remorse of this kind at all, for all the impulses of the one, all the thoughts and principles of the other, were alike pure and kindly. With words, however, it was not quite so; for it must be admitted that Marian oftentimes said things, how unfrequently soever she did aught, which she would willingly have recalled afterwards; not, indeed, that she ever said anything unkind or wrong in itself, and rarely anything that could give pain to another, unless that pain were richly merited indeed—but that she gradually came to learn, long before she learned to restrain her impulses, that it may be very often unwise to speak what in itself is wise—and very often, if not wrong, yet certainly imprudent and of evil consequences to give loud utterance even to right opinions.

Such were the persons, such the dispositions of the fair heiresses of Ingleborough, at the time when they had attained the ages I have specified, and certainly, although their sphere of usefulness would have appeared at first sight circumscribed, and the range of their enjoyments very narrow, there rarely have been seen two happier or more useful beings than Annabel and Marian Hawkwood, in this wide world of sin and sorrow.

The care of their bereaved and hapless parent occupied, it is true, the greater portion of their time, yet they found many leisure hours to devote to visiting the poor, aiding the wants of the needy, consoling the sorrows of those who mourned, and sympathizing with the pleasures of the happy among their humble neighbors. To them this might be truly termed a work of love and pleasure, for it is questionable whether from any other source the lovely girls derived a higher or more satisfactory enjoyment, than from their tours of charity among their village pensioners. Next in the scale of happiness stood, doubtless, the society of the old vicar of that pastoral parish, a man who had been their father's friend and counsellor in those young days of college friendship, when the fresh heart is uppermost in all, and selfishness a dormant passion; a man old enough almost to have been their grandsire, but with a heart as young and cheery as a boy's—an intellect accomplished in the deepest lore of the schools, both classical and scientific, and skilled thoroughly in all the niceties and graces of French, and Spanish, and Italian literature. A man who had known courts, and camps too, for a short space in his youth; who had seen much, and suffered much, and yet enjoyed not a little, in his acquaintance with the world; and who, from sights, and sufferings, and enjoyments, had learned that if there is much evil, there is yet more of good even in *this* world—had learned, while rigid to his own, to be most lenient to his neighbor's failings—had learned that charity should be the fruit of wisdom!—and had learned all this only to practise it in all his daily walks, to inculcate it in all his weekly lessons. This aged man, and his scarce less aged wife, living scarcely a stone's throw from the Hall, had grown almost to think themselves a portion of the family; and surely no blood kindred could have created stronger ties of kindness than had the

familiarity of long acquaintance, the confidence of old hereditary love. Lower yet in the round of their enjoyments, but still a constant source of blameless satisfaction, were their books, their music, their drawings, the management of their household, the cultivation of their lovely garden, the ministering to the wants of their loved birds and flowers. Thus, all sequestered and secluded from the world, placed in the midst of onerous duties and solitudes almost innumerable, though they had never danced at a ball, nor blushed at the praises of their own beauty flowing from eloquent lips, nor listened to a lover's suit, queens might have envied the felicity, the calm, pure, peaceful happiness of Annabel and Marian.

They were, indeed, *too* happy! I do not mean too happy to be virtuous, too happy to be mindful of, and grateful to, the Giver of all joy—but, as the common phrase runs, too happy for their happiness to be enduring. That is a strange belief—a wondrous superstition!—and yet it has been common to all ages. The Greeks, those wild poetic dreamers, imagined that their vain gods, made up of mortal attributes, *envied* the bliss of men, fearing that wretched earthlings should vie in happiness with the possessors of Olympus. They sang in their dark mystic choruses,

“That perfect bliss of men not childless dies,
But, ended, leaves a progeny behind
Of woes, that spring from fairest fortune blind—”

and, though their other doctrines of that insuperable destiny, that absolute necessity, to resist which is needless labor; and of ancestral guilt, still reproducing guilt through countless generations, would seem to militate against it, there was no more established faith, and no more prevalent opinion, than that unwonted fortunes were necessarily followed by most unusual woe—hence, perhaps, the stern self-mortification of the middle ages—hence, certainly, the vulgar terror, prevalent more or less among all classes, and in every time and country, that children are too beautiful, too prematurely wise, too good, to be long-lived—that happiness is too great to be lasting—that mornings are too fine to augur stormless days! And we—aye! we ourselves—we of a better and purer dispensation—we half believe all this, and more than half tremble at it, although in truth there is no cause for fear in the belief—since, if there be aught of truth in the mysterious creed, which facts do in a certain sense seem to bear out, we can but think, we cannot but perceive, that this is but a varied form of care and mercy vouchsafed by the Great All-perfect, towards his frail creatures—that this is but a merciful provision to hinder us from laying up for ourselves “treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal”—a provision to restrain us from forgetting, in the small temporary bliss of the present, the boundless and incomparable beatitude of the future—to warn us against bartering, like Esau, our birthright for a mess of pottage.

But I am not now called to follow out this train of thought, suggested by the change in the fortunes of those to whom I am performing the part of historian

—by the change I say in their fortunes—a change arising, too, from the very circumstances, as is so frequently the case, which seemed to promise the most fairly for their improvement and their permanence—oh, how blind guides are we—even the most far-sighted of us all—how weak and senseless judges, even the most sagacious—how false and erring prophets, even the wisest and the best!—

But I must not anticipate, nor overrun my scent, meriting, like a babbling hound, the harsh thong of the huntsman critic. It was, as I have said already, somewhere in the summer wherefrom Annabel reckoned her twentieth, and Marian her nineteenth year—very late in the last month of summer, an hour or two before the sunset of as beautiful an evening as ever smiled upon the face of the green earth; the sky was nearly cloudless, though a thin gauze-like haze had floated up from the horizon, and so far veiled the orb of the great sun, that the eye could gaze undazzled on his glories; and the whole air was full of a rich golden light which flooded all the level meadows with its lustre,—except where they were checkered by the long cool blue shadows, projected from the massive clumps of noble forest trees, which singly or in groups diversified the lovely vale—and gilded the tall slender steeple of the old village church, and glanced in living fire from the broad oriel windows of the Hall. Such was the evening, and so beautiful the prospect, with every sound and sight in perfect harmony—the sharp squeak of the rapid swifts wheeling their airy circles around the distant spire, the full and liquid melodies of thrush and blackbird from out the thorn bushes upon the lawn, the lowing of the cows returning from their pasture to pay the evening tribute, the very cawing of the homeward rooks blended by distance into a continuous and soothing murmur, the rippling music of the stream, the low sigh of the west wind in the foliage of the sycamores, the far shout of the children happy at their release from school, the carol of a solitary milkmaid, combining to make up music as sweet as can be heard or dreamed of. That lovely picture was surveyed, and that delicious melody was listened to by eyes and ears well fitted to appreciate their loveliness—for at an open casement of a neat parlor in the Hall, with furniture all covered with those elegant appliances of female industry—well-filled drawings, and books, and instruments of music, and work baskets, and frames for embroidery—which show so pleasantly that the apartment is one, not of show, but of calm home enjoyment, sat Annabel, alone—for the presence of the frail paralytic being, who dozed in her arm-chair at the farther end of the room, cannot be held to constitute society. Marian, for the first time in her life, was absent from her home on a visit, which had already endured nearly six weeks, to the only near relative of the family who was yet living—a younger sister of her mother—who had married many years ago a clergyman, whose piety and talents had raised him to a stall in the cathedral church of York, where he resided with his wife—a childless couple. This worthy pair had passed a portion of the summer at the Hall, and, when returning to the

metropolis of the county, had prevailed on their younger niece, not altogether without difficulty, to go with them for a few weeks, and see a little of society on a scale something more extended than that which her native vales could offer. It was the first time in their lives that the sisters ever had been parted for more than a few days, and now the hours were beginning to appear very long to Annabel, as weeks were running into months, and the gorgeous suns of summer were fast preparing to give place to the cold dews and frosty winds of autumn. The evening meal was over, and a solitary thing was that meal now, which used to be the most delightful of the day, and hastily did the lonely sister hurry it over, thinking all the while what might be Marian's occupation at the moment, and whether she too was engaged in thoughts concerning her far friends and the fair home of her childhood. It was then in a mood half melancholy, and half listless, that Annabel was gazing from her window down the broad valley to the eastward, marvelling at the beauty of the scenery, though she had noted every changing hue that flitted over the far purple hills a thousand times before; and listening to every sweet familiar sound, and yet at the same time pondering, as if she were quite unconscious of all that met her senses, about things which, she fancied, might be happening at York, when on a sudden her attention was aroused by a dense cloud of dust rising beyond the river, upon the line of the highroad, and sweeping up the valley with a progress so unusually rapid as indicated that the objects, which it veiled from view, must be in more than commonly quick motion. For a few moments she watched this little marvel narrowly, but without any apprehension or even any solicitude, until, as it drew nearer, she could perceive at times bright flashes as if of polished metal gleaming out through the murky wreaths, and feathers waving in the air. The year was that in which the hapless Charles, all hopes of reconciliation with the parliament being decidedly frustrated, displayed the banner of civil war, and drew the sword against his subjects. The rumors of the coming strife had circulated, like the dread subterranean rumblings which harbinger the earthquake, through all the country far and near, sad omens of approaching evil; and more distinctly were they bruited throughout Yorkshire, in consequence of the attempt which had been made by the royal party to secure Hull with all its magazines and shipping—frustrated by the energy and spirit of the Hothams—so that, as soon as she perceived that the dust was, beyond all doubt, stirred up by a small party of well appointed horse, Annabel entertained no doubts as to the meaning, but many serious apprehensions as to the cause, of the present visitation. The road by which the cavaliers were proceeding, though well made and passable at all times, was no considerable thoroughfare; no large or important towns lay on its route, nay, no large villages were situated on its margins; it was a devious, winding way, leading to many a homely farm-house, many a small sequestered hamlet, and affording to the good rustics a means of carrying their wheat, and eggs, and butter,

or driving their fat cattle and black-faced moorland sheep to market, but it was not the direct line between any two points or places worthy of even a passing notice. It is true, that some twelve or fifteen miles down the valley, there was a house or two tenanted by gentry—one that might, by a liberal courtesy, have been designated as a castle—but above Ingleborough Hall, to the northwestward, there was no manor-house or dwelling of the aristocracy at all, until the road left the *ghylls*, as those wild glens are designated, and joined the line of the great northern turnpike. It was extremely singular then, to say the least, that a gay troop of riders should appear suddenly in that wild spot, so far from anything that would be likely to attract them; and Annabel sat some time longer by the window, wondering, and at the same time fearing, although, in truth, she scarce knew what, until, at about a mile's distance, she saw them halt, and, after a few moments' conversation with a farming man on the wayside, as if to inquire their route, turn suddenly down a narrow by-road leading to the high narrow bridge of many arches which crossed the noble river, and gave the only access to the secluded site of Ingleborough. When she saw this, however, her perturbation became very great; for she well knew that there lay nothing in that direction, except one little market-town, far distant, and a few scattered farm-houses on the verge of the moors, so that there could be little doubt that Ingleborough was indeed their destination. The very moment that she arrived at this conclusion, Annabel called a serving-man and bade him run quick to the vicarage, and pray good Doctor Summers to come up to her instantly, as she was in great strait, and fain would speak with him; and, at the same time, with an energy of character that hardly could have been expected from one so young and delicate, ordered the men of the household, including in those days the fowler and the falconer, and half a dozen sturdy grooms, and many a supernumerary more, whom we in these degenerate times have long discarded as incumbrances, to have their arms in readiness—for every manor-house then had its regular armory—and to prepare the great bell of the Hall to summon all the tenants, on the instant such proceeding might be needful.

In a few moments the good gray-haired vicar came, almost breathless from the haste with which he had crossed the little space between the vicarage and the manor; and a little while after his wife followed him, anxious to learn, as soon as possible, what could have so disturbed the quiet tenor of a mind so regulated by high principles, and garrisoned by holy thoughts, as Annabel's. Their humble dwelling, though scarce a stone's throw from the Hall, was screened by a projecting knoll, feathered with dense and shadowy coppice, which hid from it entirely the road by which the horsemen were advancing; so that the worthy couple had not perceived or suspected anything to justify the fears of Annabel, until they were both standing in her presence—then, while the worthy doctor was proffering his poor assistance, and his good wife inquiring eagerly what was amiss,

the sight of that gay company of cavaliers, with feathers waving and scarfs fluttering in the wind, and gold embroideries glancing to the sun, as, having left the dusty road, they wheeled through the green meadows, flashed suddenly upon them.

"Who can they be? What possibly can bring them hither?" exclaimed Annabel, pointing with evident trepidation towards the rapidly approaching horsemen; "I fear, oh, I greatly fear some heavy ill is coming—but I have ordered all the men to take their arms, and the great bell will bring us twenty of the tenants in half as many minutes. What can it be, good doctor?"

"In truth I know not, Annabel," replied the good man, smiling cheerfully as he spoke; "in truth I know not, nor can at all conjecture; but be quite sure of this, dear girl, that they will do, to us at least, no evil—they are King Charles' men beyond doubt, churchmen and cavaliers, all of them—any one can see that; and though I know not that we have much to fear from either party, from them at least we have no earthly cause for apprehension. I will go forth, however, to meet them, and to learn their errand—meantime, fear nothing."

"Oh! you mistake me," she answered at once; "oh! you mistake me very much, for I did not, even for a moment, fear personally anything; it was for my poor mother I was first alarmed, and all our good, kind neighbors, and, indeed, all the country around, that shows so beautiful and happy this fair evening—oh! but this civil war is a dread thing, and dread, I fear, will be the reckoning of those who wake it!"

"Who wake it *without cause*, my daughter! A dreadful thing it is at all times, but it may be a necessary, aye! and a holy thing—when freedom or religion are at stake—but we will speak of this again; for see, they have already reached the farther gate, and I must speak with them before they enter here, let them be who they may," and with the words, pressing her hand with fatherly affection, "Farewell," he said, "be of good cheer, I purpose to return forthwith," then left the room, and hurrying down the steps of the porch, walked far more rapidly than seemed to suit his advanced years and sedentary habits across the park to meet the gallant company.

A gallant company, indeed, it was, and such as was but rarely seen in that wild region, being the train of a young gentleman of some eight or nine and twenty years, splendidly mounted, and dressed in the magnificent fashion of those days, in a half military costume, for his buff coat was lined throughout with rich white satin, and fringed and looped with silver, a falling collar of rich Flanders lace flowing down over his steel gorget, and a broad scarf of blue silk supporting his long silver-hilted rapier—by his side rode another person, not certainly a menial servant, and yet clearly not a gentleman of birth and lineage; and after these a dozen or more of armed attendants, all wearing the blue scarf and black feathers of the royalists, all nobly mounted and accoutred, like regular troopers, with sword and dagger, pistols and muskets, although they wore no breastplates, nor any sort of defensive armor. A

brace of jet-black greyhounds, without a speck of white upon their sleek and glistening hides, ran bounding merrily beside their master's stirrup, and a magnificent goshawk sat hooded on his wrist, with silver bells and richly decorated jesses. So much had the ladies observed, even before the old man reached the party; but when he did so, pausing for a moment to address the leader, that gentleman at once leaped down from his horse, giving the rein to a servant, and accompanied him, engaged apparently in eager conversation, toward the entrance of the Hall. This went far on the instant to restore confidence to Annabel; but when they came so near that their faces could be seen distinctly from the windows, and she could mark a well-pleased smile upon the venerable features of her friend, she was completely reassured. A single glance, moreover, at the face of the stranger showed her that the most timid maiden need hardly feel a moment's apprehension, even if he were her country's or her faction's foe; for it was not merely handsome, striking, and distinguished, but such as indicates, or is supposed to indicate, the presence of a kindly disposition and good heart. Annabel had not much time, indeed, for making observations at that moment, for it was scarce a minute before they had ascended the short flight of steps, which led to the stone porch, and entered the door of the vestibule—a moment longer, and they came into the parlor, the worthy vicar leading the young man by the hand, as if he were a friend of ten years' standing.

"Annabel," he exclaimed, in a joyous voice, as he crossed the threshold of the room, "this is the young Lord Vaux, son of your honored father's warmest and oldest friend; and in years long gone by, but unforgotten, my kindest patron. He has come hither, bearing letters from *his* father—knowing not until now that you, my child, were so long since bereaved—letters of commendation, praying the hospitality of Ingleborough, and the best influence of the name of Hawkwood, to levy men to serve King Charles in the approaching war. I have already told him—"

"How glad, how welcome, doubtless, would have been his coming," answered Annabel, advancing easily to meet the youthful nobleman, although a deep blush covered all her pale features as she performed her unaccustomed duty, "had my dear father been alive, or my poor mother"—casting a rapid glance towards the invalid—"been in health to greet him. As it is," she continued, "the Lord Vaux, I doubt not, in the least, will pardon any imperfections in our hospitality, believing that if in aught we err, it will be error, not of friendliness or of feeling, but of experience only, seeing I am but a young mistress of a household. You, my kind friend, and Mistress Summers, will doubtless tarry with us while my Lord Vaux gives us the favor of his presence."

"Loath should I be, indeed, dear lady, thus to intrude upon your sorrows, could I at all avoid it," replied the cavalier; "and charming as it must needs be to enjoy the hospitalities tendered by such an one as you, I do assure you, were I myself concerned alone, I would remount my horse at once,

and ride away, rather than force myself upon your courtesy. But, when I tell you that my father's strong opinion holds it a matter of importance—importance almost vital to the king, and to the cause of Church and State in England—that I should levy some force here of cavaliers, where there be so few heads of noble houses living, to act in union with Sir Philip Musgrave, in the north, and with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, I both trust and believe that you will overlook the trouble and intrusion, in fair consideration of the motives which impel me.”

“Pray—” said she, smiling gaily—“pray, my Lord Vaux, let us leave, now, apology and compliment—most unaffectedly and truly I am glad to receive you,* both as the son of my father's valued friend, and as a faithful servant of our most gracious king—we will do our best, too, to entertain you; and Doctor Summers will aid you with his counsel and experience in furthering your military levies. How left you the good earl, your father? I have heard mine speak of him many times, and ever in the highest terms of praise, when I was but a little girl—and my poor mother much more recently, before this sad calamity affected her so fearfully.”

Her answer, as it was intended, had the effect at once of putting an end to all formality, and setting the young nobleman completely at his ease; the conversation took a general tone, and was maintained on all sides with sufficient spirit, until, when Annabel retired for a little space to conduct her mother to her chamber, De Vaux found himself wondering how a mere country girl, who had lived a life so secluded and domestic, should have acquired graces both of mind and manner, such as he never had discovered in court ladies; while she was struck even in a greater degree by the frank, unaffected bearing, the gay wit, and sparkling anecdote, blended with many a touch of deeper feeling, which characterized the youthful nobleman. After a little while she reappeared, and with her was announced the evening meal, the pleasant sociable old-fashioned supper, and as he sat beside her, while she presided, full of calm modest self-possession, at the head of her hospitable board, with no one to encourage her, or lend her countenance, except the good old vicar and his homely helpmate, he could not but draw fresh comparisons, all in her favor too, betwixt the quiet graceful confidence of the ingenuous girl before him, and the *minauderies* and metreticulous airs of the court dames, who had been hitherto the objects of his passing admiration. Cheerfully, then, and pleasantly the evening passed away; and when upon her little couch, hard by the invalid's sick bed, Annabel thought over the events of the past day, she felt concerning young De Vaux, rather as if he had been an old familiar friend, with whom she had renewed an intercourse long interrupted, than as of a mere acquaintance whom that day first had introduced, and whom the next night might possibly remove forever. Something there was, when they met next, at breakfast on the following morning, of blushing bashfulness in Annabel which he had not observed, nor she before experienced; but it passed rapidly away, and left her

self-possessed and tranquil—while surely in the sparkling eye, the eager haste with which he broke away from his conversation with Dr. Summers, as she entered, in his hand half extended, and then half awkwardly, half timidly, withdrawn, there was much indication of excited feeling, widely at variance with the stiff and even formal mannerism inculcated and practised in the court of the unhappy Charles. It needs not now, however, to dwell on passing conversations, to narrate every trifling incident—the morning meal once finished, De Vaux mounted his horse, and rode forth in accordance with the directions of the loyal clergyman, to visit such among the neighboring farmers as were most likely to be able to assist him in the levying a horse regiment. A few hours passed, and he returned full of high spirits and hot confidence—he had met everywhere assurances of good will to the royal cause, had succeeded in enlisting some ten or more of stout and hardy youths, and had no doubt of finally accomplishing the object, which he had in view, to the full height of his aspirations. After dinner, which in those primitive days was served at noon, he was engaged for a time in making up despatches for his father, which having been sent off by a messenger of his own trusty servants to the castle in Northumberland, he went out and joined his lovely hostess in the sheltered garden, which I have described above; and there they lingered until the sun was sinking in the west behind the huge and purple headed hills, which covered the horizon in that direction—the evening circle and the social meal succeeded, and when they parted for the night, if Annabel and young De Vaux could not be said to be enamored, as indeed they could not yet, they had at least made so much progress to that end, that each esteemed the other the most agreeable and charming person it had been hitherto their fortune to encounter; and, although this was decidedly the farthest point to which the thoughts of Annabel extended, when he had laid down on his bed, with the sweet rays of the harvest moon flooding his room with quiet lustre, and the voice of the murmuring rivulet and the low flutter of the west wind in the giant sycamores blending themselves into a soft and soothing melody, the young lord found himself considering how gracefully that fair pale girl would fill the place, which had been long left vacant by his mother, in the grand Hall of Gilsland Castle. Another, and another day succeeded—a week slipped away—a second and third followed it, and still the ranks of the royal regiment, though they were filling rapidly, had many vacancies, and arms had yet to be provided, and standards, and musicians—passengers went and came continually between the castle and the manor; and all was bustle and confusion in the lone glens of Wharfedale. Meantime a change was wrought in Annabel's demeanor, that all who saw remarked—there was a brighter glow than ever had been seen before in her transparent cheeks; her eyes sparkled almost as brilliantly as Marian's; her lips were frequently arrayed in bright and beaming smiles; her step was light and springy as a young fawn's upon the

mountain—Annabel was in love, and had discovered that it was so—Annabel was beloved, and knew it—the young lord's declaration and the old earl's consent had come together, and the sweet maiden's heart was given, and her hand promised, almost before the asking. Joy! joy! was there not joy in Ingleborough? The good old vicar's tranquil air of satisfaction, the loud and eloquent mirth of his kind-hearted housewife—the merry gay congratulations of wild Marian, who wrote from York, half crazy with excitement and delight—the evident and lovely happiness of the young promised bride—what pen of man may even aspire to describe them. All was decided—all arranged—the marriage was, so far at least, to be held private, that no festivities nor public merriment should bruit it to the world, until the civil strife should be decided, and the king's power established; which all men fancied at that day it would by a single battle—and which, had Rupert wheeled upon the flank of Essex at Edge-Hill, instead of chasing the discomfited and flying horse of the Roundheads miles from the field of battle, would probably have been the case. The old earl had sent the wedding gifts to his son's chosen bride, had promised to be present at the nuptials, the day of which was fixed already; but it had been decided, that when De Vaux should be forced to join the royal armies, his young wife should continue to reside at Ingleborough, with her bereaved mother and fond sister, until the wished-for peace should unite England once again in bonds of general amity, and the bridegroom find honorable leisure to lead his wife in state to his paternal mansions. Days sped away! how fast they seemed to fly to those young happy lovers! How was the very hour of their first interview noted, and marked with the white in the deep tablets of their minds—how did they, shyly half, half fondly, recount each to the other the first impressions of their growing fondness—how did they bless the cause that brought them thus together—*Proh! cæca mens mortalium!*—oh! the short-sighted scope of mortal vision!—alas! for one—for both!

The wedding day was fixed, and now was fast approaching; and hourly was Marian with the good uncle and his dame expected at the Hall, and wished for, and discoursed of by the lovers—"and oh!" would Annabel say, half sportively and half in earnest—"well was it for my happiness, De Vaux, that *she* was absent when you first came hither, for had you seen her first, her far superior beauty, her bright wild radiant face, her rare arch *naïveté*, her flashing wit, and beautiful enthusiasm, would—*must* have captivated you all at once—and what had then become of your poor Annabel?"

And then would the young lord vow—and vow in all sincerity and truth as he believed, that had he met her first in the most glorious courts of Europe, with all the gorgeous beauties of the world to rival her, she would alone have been the choice of his soul—his soul first touched by her of women!—And then he would ask in lowered tones, and with a sly simplicity of manner, whether if *he* had loved another, she could have still loved him; to which with all the

frank and fearless purity, which was so beautiful a trait in Annabel—"Oh! yes—" she would reply, and gaze with calm reliance, as she did so, into her lover's eyes—"oh yes, dear Ernest—and then how miserably wretched must I have been, through my whole life thereafter. Oh! yes, I loved you—though then I knew it not, nor indeed thought at all about it until you spoke to me—I loved you dearly—tenderly!—and I believe it would have almost killed me, to look upon you afterward as the wife of another."

The wedding day was but a fortnight distant, and strange to say, it was the very day two months gone, which had seen their meeting. Wains had arrived from Gilsland, loaded with arms and uniforms, standards and ammunition—two of the brothers of De Vaux, young gallant cavaliers, had come partly to officer the men, partly to do fit honor to their brother's nuptials. The day, although the season had now advanced far into brown October, was sunny, mild and beautiful; the regiment had that day, for the first time, mustered in arms in Ingleborough park, and a gay show they made with glittering casques and corsets, fresh from the armorer's anvil, and fluttering scarfs and dancing plumes, and bright emblazoned banners.

The sun was in the act of setting—De Vaux and Annabel were watching his decline from the same window in the Hall, whence she had first discovered his unexpected coming; when, as on that all eventful evening, a little dust was seen arising on the high road beyond the river, and in a moment a small mounted party, among which might be readily descried the fluttering of female garments!

"It is my sister—" exclaimed Annabel, jumping up on the instant, and clasping her hands eagerly—"it is my dear, dear sister—come, Ernest, come; let us go meet dear Marian." No time was lost; but arm in arm they sallied forth, the lovers; and met the little train just this side the park gates.

Marian sprang from her horse, light as a spirit of the air, and rushed into her sister's arms and clung there with a long and lingering embrace, and as she raised her head a bright tear glittered on either silky eyelash. De Vaux advanced to greet her, but as he did so, earnestly perusing the lineaments of his fair sister, he was most obviously embarrassed, his manner was confused and even agitated, his words faltered—and *she* whose face had been, a second before, beaming with the bright crimson of excitement, whose eye had looked round eagerly and gladly to mark the chosen of her sister—*she* turned as pale as ashes—brow, cheeks, and lips—pale, almost livid!—and her eye fell abashed, and did not rise again till he had finished speaking. None noticed it, but Annabel; for all the party were engaged in gay congratulations, and, they recovering themselves immediately, nothing more passed that could create surmise—but she did *note* it, and her heart sank for a moment; and all that evening she was unusually grave and silent; and had not her usual demeanor been so exceedingly calm and subdued, her strange dejection must have been seen and wondered at by her assembled kinsfolk.

A DIRGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

POET! lonely is thy bed,
And the turf is overhead—
Cold earth is thy cover;
But thy heart hath found release,
And it slumbers full of peace
'Neath the rustle of green trees
And the warm hum of the bees,
'Mid the drowsy clover;
Through thy chamber, still as death,
A smooth gurgle wandereth,
As the blue stream murmureth
To the blue sky over.

Three paces from the silver strand,
Gently in the fine, white sand,
With a lily in thy hand,
Pale as snow, they laid thee;
In no coarse earth wast thou hid,
And no gloomy coffin-lid
Darkly overweighed thee.
Silently as snow-flakes drift,
The smooth sand did sift and sift
O'er the bed they made thee;
All sweet birds did come and sing
At thy sunny burying—
Choristers unbidden,
And, beloved of sun and dew.
Meek forget-me-nots upgrew
Where thine eyes so large and blue
'Neath the turf were hidden.

Where thy stainless clay doth lie,
Blue and open is the sky,
And the white clouds wander by,
Dreams of summer silently
Darkening the river;
Thou hearest the clear water run,
And the ripples every one,
Scattering the golden sun,
Through thy silence quiver;
Vines trail down upon the stream,
Into its smooth and glassy dream
A green stillness spreading,
And the shiner, perch and bream
Through the shadowed waters gleam
'Gainst the current heading.

White as snow, thy winding sheet
Shelters thee from head to feet,
Save thy pale face only;
Thy face is turned toward the skies,
The lids lie meekly o'er thine eyes,
And the low-voiced pine-tree sighs
O'er thy bed so lonely.
All thy life thou lov'dst its shade:
Underneath it thou art laid,

In an endless shelter;
Thou hearest it forever sigh
As the wind's vague longings die
In its branches dim and high—
Thou hear'st the waters gliding by
Slumberously welter.

Thou wast full of love and truth,
Of forgiveness and ruth—
Thy great heart with hope and youth
Tided to o'erflowing.
Thou didst dwell in mysteries,
And there lingered on thine eyes
Shadows of serener skies,
Awfully wild memories,
That were like foreknowing;
Through the earth thou would'st have gone,
Lighted from within alone,
Seeds from flowers in Heaven grown
With a free hand sowing.

Thou didst remember well and long
Some fragments of thine angel-song,
And strive, through want and wo and wrong
To win the world unto it;
Thy sin it was to see and hear
Beyond To-day's dim hemisphere—
Beyond all mists of hope and fear,
Into a life more true and clear,
And dearly thou didst rue it;
Light of the new world thou hadst won,
O'erflooded by a purer sun—
Slowly Fate's ship came drifting on,
And through the dark, save thou, not one
Caught of the land a token.
Thou stood'st upon the farthest prow,
Something within thy soul said "Now!"
And leaping forth with eager brow,
Thou fell'st on shore heart-broken.

Long time thy brethren stood in fear;
Only the breakers far and near,
White with their anger, they could hear;
The sounds of land, which thy quick ear
Caught long ago, they heard not.
And, when at last they reached the strand,
They found thee lying on the sand
With some wild flowers in thy hand,
But thy cold bosom stirred not;
They listened, but they heard no sound
Save from the glad life all around
A low, contented murmur.
The long grass flowed adown the hill,
A hum rose from a hidden rill,
But thy glad heart, that knew no ill
But too much love, lay dead and still—

The only thing that sent a chill
Into the heart of summer.

Thou didst not seek the poet's wreath
But too soon didst win it ;
Without 'twas green, but underneath
Were scorn and loneliness and death,
Gnawing the brain with burning teeth,
And making mock within it.
Thou, who wast full of nobleness,
Whose very life-blood 'twas to bless,
Whose soul's one law was giving,
Must bandy words with wickedness,
Haggle with hunger and distress,
To win that death which worldliness
Calls bitterly a living.

"Thou sow'st no gold, and shalt not reap!"
Muttered earth, turning in her sleep ;
"Come home to the Eternal Deep!"
Murmured a voice, and a wide sweep
Of wings through thy soul's hush did creep,
As of thy doom o'erflying ;
It seem'd that thy strong heart would leap
Out of thy breast, and thou didst weep,
But not with fear of dying ;
Men could not fathom thy deep fears,
They could not understand thy tears,
The hoarded agony of years
Of bitter self-denying.
So once, when high above the spheres
Thy spirit sought its starry peers,
It came not back to face the jeers
Of brothers who denied it ;
Star-crowned, thou dost possess the deeps
Of God, and thy white body sleeps
Where the lone pine forever keeps
Patient watch beside it.

Poet ! underneath the turf,
Soft thou sleepest, free from morrow,

Thou hast struggled through the surf
Of wild thoughts and want and sorrow.
Now, beneath the moaning pine,
Full of rest, thy body lieth,
While far up in clear sunshine,
Underneath a sky divine,
Her loosed wings thy spirit trieth ;
Oft she strove to spread them here,
But they were too white and clear
For our dingy atmosphere.

Thy body findeth ample room
In its still and grassy tomb
By the silent river ;
But thy spirit found the earth
Narrow for the mighty birth
Which it dreamed of ever ;
Thou wast guilty of a rhyme
Learned in a benigner clime,
And of that more grievous crime,
An ideal too sublime
For the low-hung sky of Time.

The calm spot where thy body lies
Gladdens thy soul in Paradise,
It is so still and holy ;
Thy body sleeps serenely there,
And well for it thy soul may care,
It was so beautiful and fair,
Lily white so wholly.

From so pure and sweet a frame
Thy spirit parted as it came,
Gentle as a maiden ;
Now it lieth full of rest—
Sods are lighter on its breast
Than the great, prophetic guest
Wherewith it was laden.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

BY T. HOLLEY CHIVERS, M. D.

Before mine eyes had seen the light of day,
Or that my soul had come from Heaven's great King—
A harmless, tiny, helpless little thing—
You loved me!—While my tender being lay
In the soft rose-leaves of your heart at rest,
Like some lone bird within its downy nest,
Beneath the concave of its mother's wing,

Unborn—your soul came in my heart to dwell,
Like perfume in the flower, each part to bring,
As warmth unto the young bird in its shell,
And built me up to what I was to be,
A semblance of thyself. Thus, being cast
In thy heart's mould, I grew up like to thee,
And lost in thee my first friend with my last!

BOSTON RAMBLINGS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS there is no place in America where the people continued to cling so long, and so fondly, to the relics and traditions of the olden time, as in Boston—their first era being that of the early settlers, their second that of the revolution. At the commencement of my acquaintance with Boston and Bostonians, I was particularly struck with the prevalence of this feeling, having found so little of it in my native city, Philadelphia. Yet I was sorry to hear from my eastern friends, that comparatively it was fast subsiding, and that a fancy for modern improvements (blended with the powerful incentive of pecuniary interest) was rapidly superseding that veneration so long cherished for the places and things connected with the history of their “ancient and honorable town,” and the founders of their country’s freedom. On my second visit to Boston I missed much that on my first I had found still undesecrated. On my third, but few vestiges remained of the poetry, the romance, and the quaintness that, with regard to external objects, had so interested and amused me in the year 1832. I looked in vain for the “old familiar faces” of certain antiquated and, perhaps, unsightly structures that I had delighted to contemplate as the time-honored habitations of men with undying names. They were gone, and new and more profitable buildings erected on their site. In many of these instances “I could have better spared a better house.”

Fortunately the charter of the city specifies that Faneuil Hall is never to be sold, nor can the ground on which it stands be appropriated to any other purpose. Except that the market-place in the lower story is now occupied by shops, the whole edifice still remains nearly as it was when the walls of its chief apartment resounded with the acclamations of the people who discussed, at their town meetings, those principles that led to their self-emancipation from the sway of Britain. Acclamations elicited by the bold and overpowering eloquence of James Otis, the enthusiastic outbursts of the impetuous spirit of Warren, the pure and self-sacrificing patriotism of Quincy, and the calm but energetic plain sense of Samuel Adams, backed by the generous liberality of that wealthy and noble-minded merchant whose name, as president of the first Congress, leads on the glorious array of signatures appended to the Declaration of Independence. Did no one think of pre-

serving the pen with which those names were written?—the sacred quill

“That wing’d the arrow, sure as fate,
Which ascertain’d the rights of man.”

The full-length portrait of Peter Faneuil stands at the upper end of the hall, looking like its guardian spirit. It is a fine copy of a small original that was painted in his lifetime. In regarding the likeness of a person of note (provided always that the painter is a good artist) you can generally judge of its verisimilitude, by its representing the features of the mind in conjunction with those of the face. If a well painted portrait has no particular expression, you may safely conclude that the sitter had no particular character. When, at the first glance of a picture, you are struck with the conviction that the original *must* have looked exactly so, it is because you at once perceive his mind in his face. Who that has ever seen it, while it hung so long in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, does not recollect Berron’s admirable and life-like portrait of Buonaparte in the first year of the consulate. Every beholder was struck with an irresistible conviction of its perfect and unimpeachable fidelity of character. There, in his gold embroidered blue coat, his tri-colored sash, and his buff-leather gauntlets, was the pale, thin, almost cadaverous young soldier, just returned from the unwholesome regions of the Nile; with his dark, uncared-for hair shading his thoughtful brow, and his deep-set, intense eyes, that looked as if they could search into the soul of every man they saw. So self-evident was the truth of this picture, that it was unnecessary to be aware of its exact accordance with all the descriptions given at that time of the republican general, who had just made himself the chief magistrate of the French people, and was called only Buonaparte. A few years afterward, when “the hero had sunk into the king,” and was termed Napoleon, and when, in becoming more handsome, his face lost much of its original expression, this picture was equally valuable, as showing how he had looked in the early part of his wondrous career.

Another picture which we feel at once to be a most faithful representation, is Greuze’s portrait of Franklin. It was painted by that excellent artist when the venerable printer, philosopher, author, statesman (what shall we call him) was living in Paris. The dress is a coat and waistcoat of dark reddish silk, trimmed with brown fur. The head is very

bald at the top, and he wears his gray locks plain and unpowdered. He has that noble expanse of forehead which is almost always found in persons of extraordinary intellect. His eye is indicative of strong sense and benevolence, enlivened with a keen relish for humor. His whole countenance exhibits that union of genius and common sense, shrewdness and kindness, which formed his character. My father had once in his possession (but lost it by lending) a fine French engraving taken from this very portrait, and printed in colors. He had known Dr. Franklin intimately, and he considered it the most admirable likeness he had ever seen—in fact the very man.

To return to Mr. Faneuil—his portrait also is highly characteristic. No one can look at this picture of a tall, dignified gentleman, in a suit of crimson velvet and gold, a long lace cravat, and a powdered wig, according to the patrician costume of his time, and can view his fine open countenance, without believing the whole to be a correct portraiture of the opulent and public spirited merchant who, while he was yet living, gave its first market-place, with a hall for the accommodation of public meetings, to the town that had afforded an asylum to his Huguenot ancestor. The remains of Peter Faneuil, who died suddenly in 1743, are interred amid the green shades of the Granary Burying Ground, so called from the town granary having been in its immediate vicinity. This cemetery is close to the Tremont Hotel, and in view of another "ancient place of graves," belonging to the King's Chapel, which was founded in 1688, and, in early times, numbered among its congregation the largest portion of the Boston aristocracy; and many of their descendants still worship there. It is built of light brown stone, and is frequently called the Stone Chapel.

The length, thickness, and luxuriance of the grass, (which appears to require perpetual mowing,) and the closeness of the burial mounds, which seem almost piled upon each other, make it somewhat difficult to explore the monumental memorials of the old Boston families, whose first progenitors are slumbering beneath. A large number of these tombs are sculptured with armorial bearings, as an evidence that their mouldering occupants belonged, in their fatherland, to "gentle blood." Of the tomb-stones dated after the revolution, I saw few that bore any indications of "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power." The founder of Boston, John Winthrop, is interred in the northwest corner of this cemetery, with his daughter, Grace Sears, (from whom the present Sears family is descended,) and his son, Waitstill Winthrop. The mansion of Governor Winthrop was a large two-story frame house, surrounded by a garden, and shaded with aboriginal trees that had been left standing for the purpose. Its location was near the old South Church, just below School street. Its site is now covered with stores; the block of buildings being termed South Row. I have seen an old portrait of this chief of the Boston colonists. It represents him as a tall, thin, dark-complexioned man, with an oval face, regular features, and a very serious countenance. He is habited in "a sad co-

lored suit," with a white lawn ruff round his neck, and a black cap on his head. In this burial ground Cooper has placed the vault of the Lechmere family, at the entrance of which the mother of Job Pray was found dead; and from the gallery of the stone chapel the half maniac father of Lionel Lincoln interrupted the marriage of his son with Cecil Dynevor, as they stood at the altar. Though reason may reject the interesting associations that emanate from fiction, feeling and fancy always unconsciously adopt them. It is this which conducts so many travellers to the shores of Loch Katrine, and sends them in a boat to the island of Ellen Douglas, though well aware that the damsel of the lake never in reality existed. I knew a gentleman who traversed the wilds of Connaught to visit the sea-beaten castle of Inismore, because it had been the fancied abode of Glorvina, the Wild Irish Girl, another charming creation of genius. And few will wonder at his doing so, who are familiar with the work that caused the flood-tide of Miss Owenson's fortune, and who have, of course, read and re-read that beautiful letter in which Horatio describes his first acquaintance with the castle and its inmates.

I was yet a stranger in Boston, when a few days after my arrival I accompanied a lady and gentleman who were residents in that city, (and excellent *ciceroni*) on an exploring walk into what is called the North End. This is a very old part of the town, extending northerly from Court street to Lynn street, and bounded on its eastern side by the waters of the harbor, and on the west by those of the estuary denominated Charles River. Its extreme point is immediately opposite to Bunker Hill. As it did not modernize as fast as the other sections of Boston, and as its old buildings were longer in getting demolished or furnished up, the *habitans* of the North End lay under the imputation of being an old fashioned people, sadly deficient in the organ of go-a-headness, and pitifully submitting to creep on all fours, while the rest of the community were making unto themselves wings. There was even a scandalous story circulated of one of their pastors, (a good old gentleman, whose nasal elocution had not improved by age,) uttering in his prayer the words, "Have mercy upon us miserable offenders," in a manner that sounded very much like, "Have mercy upon us miserable North-enders."

To give me an idea of the habitations of the early Bostonians, I was purposely taken through some of the oldest and crookedest streets; several of which had pavements so narrow that we had to break rank and to proceed Indian file; for when we attempted to walk abreast and the wall was politely ceded to me, the other lady took the curb-stone, and the gentleman the gutter. Be it known, however, that a Boston gutter is merely a minor ravine, edged with wild flowers; and not a reservoir of liquid mud or a conduit for dirty water; all the conduits in that city being subterraneous, and entirely out of sight.

We saw very old houses, some of time-discolored brick, and some of wood in many instances unpainted, and therefore nearly black; in a few, the second

story projected far over the first. Many of the ancient frame habitations were very large, and must have been built by people "that were well to do in the world." In some, the clap-boards were ornamentally scalloped; and in many, the window frames instead of being inserted in the wall, were put on outside, and looked as if ready to burst forth upon us. There were primitive porches with seats in them, sheltered by moss-grown pent-houses, some of which would have furnished a tolerable crop of that roof-loving plant the house-leek. There were wooden balconies, with close heavy balustrades, of the pattern that looks like a range of innumerable narrow jugs. In some houses, the balconies were gone, but the door-windows belonging to them, were still there all the same; and as they now opened upon nothing, they looked most dangerous, especially for children or somnambulists to walk out at. There were street-doors cut horizontally in half, with steps descending inside instead of ascending outside. Many of the houses that stood alone had no front entrance, but ingress and egress were obtained through a small unpretending door in the side. This seemed to be a good plan, when the front was facing the chill blasts of the northeast. It is very disagreeable to have your street door blown open by the violence of the wind.

In an early stage of "our winding way," we came to the junction of Union and Marshall streets, and there I saw a large square block of dark brown stone, on one side of which was painted in white letters the words "Boston Stone." Supposing it to be one of the landmarks of the city, and something memorable, I seated myself for a few moments upon it. I was told by one of my companions, that this stone had been an object of great controversy among certain antiquaries of the city. In newspapers a century old there were advertisements of shopkeepers and mechanics, who, in giving their locations, made assurance doubly sure, by stating that they lived near the Boston Stone. Houses were announced for sale or hire in the neighborhood of the Boston Stone. Street-fights and dreadful accidents happened not far from the Boston Stone. What then was the Boston Stone? How came it there, and for what purpose? There was no mention of it in history. Patriotic picturesque people thought it was the foundation-stone of a flag staff or a beacon-mast; and it is certain that the top or upper surface of the block exhibited a slight circular cavity, evidently made on purpose for something: though practical people contended that the hollow was not deep enough to hold any thing. I cherished for two or three months the persuasion that the Boston Stone was either a remarkable relic connected with great events, or else that it had been placed there when the peninsula was first laid out for a town, as a mark to designate where some place left off, and another place began; or perhaps to denote the very centre of the settlement. But "the shadows, clouds and darkness" that rested upon all my conjectures, were very prosaically dispelled just before my departure from Boston, by a most unexciting account obtained

through the medium of a grandson of "the oldest inhabitant" of that neighborhood. The real solution of the mystery was so very natural, that none but very commonplace people would believe it. It simply implied that a certain apothecary of the olden time being in want of a very large mortar, and unable to obtain one ready made, procured this block of stone and set his boys to hallowing it out for the purpose. They made a beginning, but soon found that the stone was too hard and the labor too great; and having taken a spite at the obdurate block, they shoved it out of doors and left it on the pavement in front of the shop. From hence no one took the trouble to remove it, and finding that the neighbors began to date from its vicinity, the apothecary's boys made it more *distinguished* by inscribing it with the title of the Boston Stone—How a plain tale will put us down.

Shortly after quitting the Boston Stone, we came to a house at the corner of Union and Hanover streets, which was shown to me as the one in which Dr. Franklin was born. It is of two stories, and built partly of brick and partly of wood. The lower part was now occupied by a little shop, with a blue ball as a sign. Adjoining it in Hanover street was a dark low grocery store into which you descended by a step. It looked exactly as if it had been the soap and candle shop of Josiah Franklin. It was easy to imagine poor Ben. serving customers behind the old counter; cutting candle-wicks into lengths; and snatching, at intervals, a few minutes to read a little in hidden books when nobody saw him. An aged and excellent woman, who had passed her life in this part of the town, told me at a subsequent period, that she well remembered, when a little girl, seeing the old corner house (the dwelling part of the establishment,) pulled down, and the present one erected in its stead. The original corner house had always been regarded as one of the habitations of the Franklin family, and the adjoining old one-story shop (now the grocery) as theirs. It seems to me highly probable that the elder Franklin *did* live in Milk street (as is generally believed) at the time his son Benjamin was born, and that the infant *was* wrapped in a blanket and carried over the way to the old South Church to be christened. His baptism is noted in the register of the church, and the date is the same as that of his birth. This speedy performance of the rite of baptism was in accordance with the custom of the times. The Milk street house was a small two-story frame building, and was accidentally burnt in 1810. On the spot has since been erected a three-story furniture warehouse. It is but a few steps from the corner of Washington street, opposite to the Old South. There was an old printing office just back of it; and it is said that Josiah Franklin relinquished the Milk street house to his son James the printer, and removed with his wife and the younger children to Hanover street, and there carried on the soap and candle business, in the dark low one-story shop that is still there: living in the adjoining house at the corner. That the parents of Franklin were residents of the North End at the time of their death there can be no doubt, as they were interred in the North Burying

Ground on Copp's Hill. Many years ago their remains were exhumed, and transferred to the Grannary burial place in Tremont street, at the expense of several gentlemen of Boston. A neat monument of granite has been erected upon the mound that covers their ashes; and in the front of the little obelisk is inserted a slab of slate, a part of the original grave stone on Copp's Hill. This humble medallion bears the names of Josiah Franklin and Abiah his wife, with the date of their deaths. I regarded this monument with much interest, as reflecting back upon his lowly but respectable parents a portion of the honor so universally accorded to the great man their son.

Having diverged from Hanover street to the North Square, we soon found ourselves in front of two very old and remarkable houses; one of which had been the residence of Governor Hutchinson, and the other of William Clarke, a wealthy merchant of the early part of the last century. Both were large old-fashioned buildings, their sides and chimneys overgrown with the scarlet-flowering creeper-vine. Above the front-door of the Hutchinson House, was the wooden balcony from which "Stingy Tommy," as he was disrespectfully called by the populace, sometimes addressed the restive and stiffnecked people whom it was his hard lot to govern; and by whom he was so much disliked, that whether he did well or ill they were resolved not to be pleased. Perhaps the primary cause of his unpopularity may be traced to his parsimonious habits, or at least to the stories circulated of them. No man that is noted for a mean and avaricious disposition ever was or ever can be liked, either in private life or in a public capacity. However he may attempt to disguise it by an occasional act of liberality, the sordid spirit that is in him will be always creeping out, and exciting disgust and contempt. Yet (as is often the case with such persons) Governor Hutchinson spent much upon show and finery. At the time his house was sacked by the mob (when he narrowly escaped with his life) from this balcony were thrown the splendid brocade gowns and petticoats of his wife, with her laced caps, and numerous ornamental articles of dress and furniture. A bonfire was made of them in the street before the door.

The gentleman who piloted us on this walk through the North End was acquainted with the occupants of the Clarke House, (much the most curious of the two,) therefore we stopped in, and were courteously shown its principal apartments. It was built by Mr. Clarke, in the time of Queen Anne, and was after him occupied by Sir Henry Frankland, and called, for awhile, the Frankland House. It had a large, wide entrance hall, with a parlor on each side. All the ceilings were much too low for the taste of the present times; and a low ceiling always causes a room to look smaller than it really is. The walls of the left hand parlor had been covered with rich tapestry, over which a modern wall-paper was now pasted. A small portion of the papering being peeled off, we saw part of the tapestry beneath. But the other parlor had been evidently the room of state. The floor required no carpet, for it was *parqueté* all

over with small square pieces of American wood, comprising, as we were told, fifty different sorts or specimens; the light-colored pieces forming the ground-work, and the dark ones the figure or pattern. At the first glance it resembled an oil-cloth, or rather (to adopt a very homely comparison) it was not unlike the block-work bed quilts that our grandmothers took such pains in making. On this floor there was a border all round: and in the centre the marquetry represented a large swan with a crown on its head, and a chain round its breast. This was the cognizance of the Clarke family. Those conversant with heraldry know that there is always a reason, either historical, traditional, or allegorical, for the introduction of certain strange symbols into a coat of arms. We were told that this tessellated floor had cost fifteen hundred dollars. The walls of the room were divided into compartments, edged with rich gilded mouldings; each containing an oil painting, tolerably good, but very vividly colored. The subjects were beyond our comprehension. We did not know whether they were what the drawing-masters call figure-pieces, or whether they were landscapes with figures in them.

In the room over this parlor the chimney-piece was of marble, decorated with a rich and admirably executed carving of flowers, fruit, and Indian corn, beautifully arranged, and descending down the sides as far as the hearth. Above the mantle-piece was a very *mediocre* picture, in a narrow gilt frame, inserted in the wall. This painting represented a boy and girl, evidently brother and sister. The boy is presenting something that is either a peach or an apple to the girl, who is dressed in a ruffled night-gown and sitting on the side of a couch. The young gentleman is standing upright, habited in a rich suit of blue and gold, ornamented at the wrist with deep cuffs of white lace. On his legs are white silk stockings, ascending above his knees, and buskins laced with gold cord. Neither of the children are looking towards each other, but both are staring out of the picture, and fixing their very large eyes on the spectator.

We were told that Cooper had visited this house previous to commencing Lionel Lincoln. Changing its location to Tremont street, he has described it as the mansion of Mrs. Lechmere.

Few of our American cities have retained their old family domiciles as long as the town of Boston, and they attest the opulence of many of its early inhabitants. However, they are fast disappearing; the large portions of ground that they occupy, surrounded with their gardens and lofty trees, having become too valuable to escape being converted to more profitable purposes. When I first knew Boston, the spacious domain of Gardiner Green extended along Pemberton Hill, far back of Somerset street, including garden, shrubbery, and pasture ground, from whence I was sometimes disturbed at night by the tinkling of a cow-bell, which seemed to me strange in the very heart of a large city. Near it, on Tremont street, stood, with its pilasters and tall windows, the mansion of Jonathan Philips, looking like the

residence of an old English nobleman. It had a smooth green lawn in front, and an elevated terrace, which was ascended by a lofty flight of stone steps, bordered with vases of exotics; and among its fine shade trees was the beautiful mountain ash, with its clusters of light scarlet berries. It was built, and originally occupied, by Mr. Faneuil, uncle to the gentleman who bestowed the town-hall on Boston.

Next to the house of Governor Philips stood the residence of the talented and unfortunate Sir Harry Vane, who had come over with the early settlers, and afterwards been appointed governor of the province of Massachusetts. He returned to England during the protectorate of Cromwell; and after the restoration, was committed to the Tower for the republican principles he persisted in advocating. Charles the Second had him tried on a charge of high treason, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill—behaving on the scaffold with the utmost composure and dignity. He attempted to address the people, but the drums and trumpets were sounded to drown his voice. This house of Sir Harry Vane was near two centuries old. It was a large brick building, with a

garden at the side. The antique back casements still retained the small diamond-shaped panes set in lead; but, when I saw the house, its front windows looked as if they had been modernized about a century ago.

On my last visit to Boston, about two years since, I found that all the above-mentioned old mansions had been demolished, and their places filled with rows of modern structures suited to the utilitarian spirit of the times. The old Coolidge house, in Bowdoin Square, was still standing in 1840. It also is a large brick building, the bricks much darkened and discolored with time and damp. The house is almost hidden by enormous old trees, which cast their impervious branches so close to the windows that I wondered how its inhabitants could possibly see to do anything, unless they burned lamps or candles all day long. The dense gloominess of shade that environed this mansion, reminded me of the commencement of one of Moore's earliest poems.

"The darkness that hung upon Willemberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with grief and dismay,
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

A U T U M N .

BY ALBERT PIKE.

It is the evening of a pleasant day

In these old woods. The sun profusely flings
His flood of light through every narrow way
That winds around the trees. His spirit clings,
In orange mist, around the snowy wings
Of many a patient cloud, that now, since noon,
Over the western mountains idly swings,
Waiting when night shall come—alas! too soon!
To veil the timid blushes of the virgin moon.

The trees with crimson robes are garmented:
Clad with frail brilliants by the Autumn frost,
For the young leaves, that Spring with beauty fed,
Their greenness and luxuriance have lost,
Gaining new beauty at too dear a cost:
Unnatural beauty, that precedes decay.
Too soon, upon the harsh winds wildly toss'd,
Leaving the naked trees ghost-like and gray,
These leaf-flocks, like vain hopes, will vanish all away.

How does your sad, yet calm and cheerful guise,
Ye melancholy Autumn solitudes,
With my own feelings softly harmonize!
For though I love the hoar and solemn woods,
In all their manifold and changing moods—
In gloom and sunshine, storm and quietness,
By day, or when the dim night on them broods;
Their lightsome glades, their darker mysteries—
Yet the sad heart loves a still, calm scene like this.

Soon will the year like this sweet day have fled,
With swift feet speeding noiselessly and fast,
As a ghost speeds, to join its kindred dead,
In the dark realms of that mysterious vast,
The shadow-peopled and eternal past.
Life's current deathward flows—a rapid stream,
With clouds and shadows often overcast,
Yet lighted often by a sunny beam
Of happiness, like sweet thoughts in a gloomy dream.

Like the brown leaves, our lov'd ones drop away,
One after one, into the dark abyss
Of Sleep and Death. The frosts of Trouble lay
Their withering touch upon our happiness,
Even as the hoar frosts of the Autumn kiss
The green lip from the unoffending leaves;
And Love and Hope and Youth's warm cheerfulness
Flit from the heart—Age lonely sits and grieves,
Or sadly smiles, while Youth fondly his day-dream weaves.

Day draweth to its close—night cometh on—
Death standeth dimly on Life's western verge,
Casting his shadow o'er the startled sun—
A deeper gloom, that seemeth to emerge
From gloomy night—and bending forth, to urge
His eyeless steeds, fleet as the tempest's blast:
And hear we not eternity's dim surge
Thundering anear? At the dread sound aghast,
Time hurries headlong, pale with frantic terror, past

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

IN the days of my early childhood, the little village of —, separated by green hills and broad fields from the busy city, formed one of the pleasantest summer resorts of the wealthy inhabitants of New York. Many a stately villa was reared upon the banks of the Hudson, many a neat country-house sheltered itself within the winding lanes which traversed the village, for its vicinity to the great mart offered irresistible temptations to those whose hands were chained to the galley of commerce, while their hearts were still wedded to nature. One of the fairest pictures in the "chambers of mine imagery" is that of a large old-fashioned mansion, seated in the midst of a garden "too trim for nature, and too rude for art," where a long avenue of cherry trees threw a pleasant shade across the lawn, while a rude swing, suspended between two of these sturdy old denizens of the soil, afforded a cool and delightful lounge to the studious and imaginative child. My earliest days were passed in that pleasant home, and my earliest lessons of wisdom learned in the school of that pretty village; therefore it is that my thoughts love to linger around those scenes, and therefore it is that I have fancied others might find something of interest in *one* of my reminiscences.

My shortest road to school led through a narrow green lane, rarely traversed by the gay vehicles which dashed along the main avenues of the village, and I was delighted to find such a quiet and shady path, where the turf was always so soft, and the air so fragrant with the breath of flowers. But I was soon induced to take a wide circuit rather than pass the solitary cottage which stood within that secluded lane. It was a low one-story building, with a broad projecting roof, throwing the narrow windows far into shade; and, as if to add to its sombre appearance, some former occupant had painted the house a dull lead color, which, by the frequent washings of the rain, and powderings of waytide dust, had assumed the grayish tint that gave to the cottage its distinctive appellation. Every village has its haunted house, and an evil name had early fallen on the "gray cottage." Behind it, and so near that three paces from the little porch would lead a person to its very brink, was a deep and rocky ravine, forming a basin for the waters of a rapid brook, which, after flowing in sunshine and music through half the village, fell with sullen plash into the gloom of this wild dell. Some dark and half forgotten tale of

guilt had added the horrors of superstition to the natural melancholy of the place, and few of the humbler inhabitants of the neighborhood would have been willing to stand after sunset on the brink of the Robbers' Glen. It was said that the house, in former times, had been the abode of wicked and desperate men. The earth of the cellar beneath it was heaved up with hillocks like graves, and supernatural sounds had been heard to issue from these mysterious mounds. For many years it had stood untenanted, and the boys of the village often amused themselves by pelting it, at a cautious distance, with stones.

But a "haunted house" had great attractions for the mind of one who revelled in fancies of the wild and wonderful. I was exceedingly anxious to behold the interior of the lonely cottage, which had now become invested with so much dignity in my eyes, and finding a few companions of like spirit, we determined to visit it. We accordingly fixed upon a certain Saturday afternoon, and determined to find some means of ingress into the barred and bolted cottage. A gay and light-hearted troop were we, as we scrambled over rail fences, gathered our aprons full of wild flowers, or chased the bright butterflies which mocked our glad pursuit. But as we entered the lane our merry shouts of laughter ceased, each looked earnestly in the face of the other, as if, for the first time, sensible of the mysterious importance of our undertaking, and, but for shame, several would have retraced their steps. I believe not one of us was insensible to the gloom which seemed suddenly to fall upon us, and as we looked towards the cottage, standing in the deep shadow of a spreading elm, while all else within the lane was glistening in the slant beams of the declining sun, we almost feared to approach the darkened spot. Cautiously advancing, however, and peeping through the rusted keyhole, we found our curiosity entirely baffled by the total darkness of the interior. It was proposed that we should climb the fence and attempt an entrance from the rear of the building, where we should be less likely to be interrupted or discovered by wayfarers, and after a brief consultation, held in hurried whispers, we resolved upon the daring feat. Silently treading the margin of the Robbers' Glen, we reached the back porch of the little cottage, and beheld one of the window shutters open. We looked into the apartment but saw nothing save the naked walls of the dilapidated room, and as one of our party

turned the latch of the door, to our great astonishment, it yielded to the touch and allowed us free entrance. Half frightened at our own success, we stood huddled together in the narrow passage, hesitating to advance, when suddenly a tall woman, clad in the deepest black, and displaying a countenance as white and (as it seemed to our excited fancies) as ghastly and rigid as a sheeted corpse, stood in the midst of us. How we ever got out of the house I cannot tell. I remember our desperate speed, the wild and headlong haste with which we threw ourselves over the low fence, and the total exhaustion we felt when once fairly escaped from that frightful place. As we lay on the grass, to rest before returning home, each one told her own story of that terrible apparition. None had heard a footstep when that fearful woman came among us; none had seen her approach, and though the sound of our own buzzing voices, and the fixed attention with which we were just then regarding the door of the apartment, which we wished yet dreaded to enter, might easily account for both these circumstances, yet we all came to the conclusion that we had seen a ghost, or, at the least, a witch.

On the following Sunday we were scarcely less alarmed, for, just as the services were commencing, the same tall figure, arrayed in deep mourning and veiled to her very feet, slowly proceeded up the aisle and took her seat on the step of the altar. My blood ran cold as I looked upon her, and when I afterwards heard that she had recently become the occupant of the gray cottage, my dread of her supernatural powers gave place to a belief that she was in some way or other mysteriously connected with the guilty deeds of which that cottage had been the scene. I did not trouble myself to remember that the events which had flung such horror around the Robbers' Glen must have occurred at least half a century previous, and therefore could have little to do with a woman yet in the prime of life. The curiosity which her presence excited was not confined to the children of the village. Her tall stature, her sombre garb, her veiled face, and her singular choice of a place of abode excited the conjectures of many an older and wiser head. But whatever interest her appearance had awakened, it was not destined to be satisfied. Those who, led by curiosity or real kindness, sought to visit her, were repulsed from the threshold; no one was allowed to enter her house; all prying inquiries were silenced, either by stern reserve or bitter vituperations; even the village pastor was refused admittance to her solitude; and, after months and even years, as little was known of her as on the day she first appeared. She lived entirely alone; once in each week she was seen walking towards the city, and on Sunday she was regularly to be found at the foot of the pulpit—but beyond this nothing was to be discovered. Few, very few, had ever distinctly seen the face whose paleness gleamed out from the folds of her thick veil, and, after some time, the people found other objects of interest, while the children carefully avoided all approach to the haunted cottage, and could scarcely repress a shudder of horror as

they heard the low rustle of her dusky garments on each returning Sunday.

Years passed on; circumstances occurred to remove me from the village, and the various changes which the heart experiences between the period of joyous childhood and earnest womanhood, had almost effaced from my mind all recollection of the "black witch," when I was unexpectedly and rather strangely made acquainted with her true history. It was a tale of ordinary trials and sorrows, such as might have befallen many others, and yet there are peculiarities in the sufferings of every individual as strongly marked as are the traits of character. There was no supernatural interest in her story, but it invested her in my mind with the dignity of unmerited sorrow, and it enables me to open for your perusal, gentle reader, another of the many strange written pages of human nature.

For more than twelve years Madeline Graham had been an only child, the darling of her invalid mother, and the pride of her doting father, when the birth of a brother opened a new channel for the affections of all the family. During the earliest period of his infancy the child seemed feebly struggling for existence, but he gradually acquired strength to resist the frequent attacks of disease, and though he gave no promise of robust health, his constitution seemed sufficiently invigorated to warrant a hope of prolonged life. The most unwearied exertions, however, were necessary, and his guidance over the very threshold of being was a task of more difficulty than the lifelong care of a hardy and healthy child. Yet the anxiety which his precarious state awakened, and the constant attention which he required, seemed to endear him the more closely to the little family. He became their idol, the object of their incessant solicitude, and comfort, happiness, even life itself was sacrificed to his welfare. Ere he had attained his third year, Mrs. Graham, who had long been in declining health, sank beneath the fatigue and anxiety she had endured, while, with her dying breath, she enjoined upon Madeline the most devoted attention to her darling boy. Madeline scarcely needed such admonition, for, from his very birth, her brother had been the object of her passionate love; but such a charge, given at such a solemn moment, sank deep into the heart of the young and sensitive girl. Falling on her knees beside her mother, she uttered a solemn vow that no earthly affection and no other duty should ever induce her to place her brother's interests secondary to her own. A smile of grateful tenderness lit up the face of the dying woman, and her last glance thanked Madeline for the self-sacrifice to which she had thus unconsciously pledged herself.

From that hour the young Alfred became his sister's especial charge. Young as she was, her father knew that he could trust her latent strength of character, and when she took her brother, even as a child, to her bosom, he felt assured that his boy would never need a mother's care.

Madeline Graham was no common character. Though she had scarcely counted her fifteenth

summer, she had grown up tall and stately, with a face almost severe in its fixed and classical beauty, while her manners, calm almost to coldness, were scarcely such as are usually found connected with youthful feeling and girlish simplicity. Educated solely by her parents, Madeline had acquired some of the characteristic traits of both. To her mother's morbid sensibility and enthusiasm she united her father's reserve and fixedness of purpose. She possessed strong passions, but an innate power of repressing them seemed born with them. Her love for truth was unbounded; even the common courtesies of society seemed to her but as so many fetters on the limbs of the goddess of her idolatry, and, therefore, even in her girlhood, her manners had become characterized by a sincerity almost amounting to *brusquerie*. Her talents were of the highest order, and her habits of reflection, which were singularly developed in one so young, enabled her to reap a rich harvest of knowledge from her father's careful culture. She was one to be admired, and praised, and wondered at, but she was scarcely calculated to awaken affection. The spontaneous gush of feeling, the guileless frankness of a heart that knows no evil and dreads no danger, the warm sympathy of a youthful nature, the sweet susceptibility which, though dangerous to its possessor, is yet so winning a trait of girlish character—all these attributes, which seem to belong to the spring-time of life, even as the buds and blossoms are inseparably connected with the renewed youth of the visible creation, were wanting to Madeline.

But it was from the religious opinions of her parents that the deepest tint of coloring was imparted to the mind of Madeline. Mrs. Graham, a lineal descendant of one of the sternest and most intolerant of the puritans, had early united herself to one of the strictest of strict sects, and had been accustomed to practise a system of self-denial as rigid, if not quite as visible, as the penances of cloistered austerity. The impulses of innocent gaiety, the promptings of harmless vanity, the wanderings of youthful fancy were regarded by her only as evidences of a sinful nature, which ought to awaken remorse as keen as that which visits the penitent bosom of deep-dyed guilt. In the enthusiasm of her early zeal she seemed lifted above the weaknesses of humanity, and even the gray-headed members of the Christian community looked upon her as a chosen servant of the truth. But her excitement had been too great; the hour of reaction came, and it was when lukewarmness and weariness had taken full possession of her feelings for a season, that she first met with her future husband. Ever in extremes, an earthly passion now absorbed the heart which had consumed its energies in zeal without knowledge, and she married Mr. Graham without allowing herself to look upon the broad line of separation which lay between them. Had she ever made religion a question she would have learned the fact; for if good taste forbade him to obtrude his opinions upon others, yet love of truth prevented him from seeking to conceal them. Mr. Graham was a skeptic. The great truths of revealed

religion were to him but as fables to amuse the multitude; and while in the works of creation he recognised the hand of a Deity, he read not in the hearts of men the necessity of a Redeemer. Mrs. Graham was horror-stricken when she discovered that her husband was not a Christian, and in proportion as the ardor of youthful passion faded into the tender light of conjugal affection, the terrible abyss which yawned between them became more painfully visible to her sight. The attempt to change his opinions again awakened her slumbering zeal, and with all the penitence of one who was conscious of having fallen from a state of elevated piety, she endeavored to make amends for her temporary alienation by renewed devotion. But her system of ascetic severity was little calculated to make religion attractive to her husband. The "beauty of holiness" was hidden beneath the sackcloth and ashes with which her mistaken judgment endued it, and Mr. Graham learned to look upon her piety as the *one defect*, rather than the *crowning grace*, in his wife's character. Her sincere affection, and a desire to preserve domestic harmony, at length compelled her to give up all attempts to change her husband's opinions, and she was therefore doomed to cherish a secret sorrow which wasted her very life away. The ascetic devotion which seemed so unlovely to the husband, produced a very different effect upon the imagination of Madeline. Accustomed to regard her mother as the best of human beings, she early learned to reverence and imitate her fervent zeal. Her reserve of character induced her to conceal her impressions even from the mother who labored to deepen them, and no one suspected the severe self-discipline which, even in childhood, she practised in imitation of her parent's example. Her father, who, while despising Christianity, yet paid it the involuntary homage of considering it a very proper safeguard for women and children, did not attempt to interfere in her religious education. He contented himself with cultivating the field of mind, and left her mother to sow her moral nature with the tares of prejudice along with the seed of true piety.

Madeline had scarcely attained her twentieth year when a sudden and violent illness deprived her of her father, and left her the sole guardian of her young brother. Upon looking into Mr. Graham's affairs, it was found that his profession had only procured for him a comfortable subsistence, and, as his income died with him, the orphans were almost peniless. The small house which they had long occupied, together with its furniture and a library of some value, were all that remained. To convert these into money was Madeline's first care, and her next step was to invest the amount thus obtained in the name of her brother, as a fund for his education and future subsistence. For herself she seemed to have no anxieties, and with a degree of disinterestedness, as rare as it was praiseworthy, she determined to derive her own maintenance from the labor of her hands. With characteristic energy she made all her arrangements without consulting any one, or asking the advice of her father's best friends. The bold

self-reliance which formed her most striking and least amiable trait was now fully developed, and she felt no need of other aid than that of her own strong mind. She had a deep design to work out in future—a darling scheme to mature—a hope, which in her stern nature assumed the form of a determination to compass, and all sacrifices seemed light which could aid her to a successful issue. Need I add, that her brother was the object of all her future aspirations.

Alfred Graham had already given evidence of precocious genius which seemed fully to justify Madeline's ambition. Nature in his case had displayed her usual compensating kindness, and since she had bestowed on him a dwarfed and diminutive form, a delicate and fragile body, made amends by giving him a countenance of almost feminine beauty, and a mind filled with the most exquisite perceptions. He was born a poet. His fervid feelings, his nervous temperament, his delicate sense of beauty in the moral and physical world—even the very fragility of constitution which shut him out from the rude conflicts of real life, and confined him within the limits of the fairyland of reverie—all seemed to point out his future vocation. Too young to frame in numbers the fancies of his childish hours, he yet breathed into his sister's ear the eloquent words of pure and passionless enthusiasm, and Madeline's heart thrilled with high hopes of his future glory. But she did not suffer nature to direct his course. Long ere the child had seriously commenced the work of education, she had destined him to become an apostle of Christianity to the benighted world of paganism. Imaginative, high minded, stern, and self-sacrificing, Madeline was just such a woman as in the olden time might have embroidered the cross upon the mantle of her best beloved one, and sent him forth to fight the battles of the holy church. But the missionary of modern days has a far more difficult and therefore far nobler office to perform. Amid belted knights and men-at-arms to do battle with myriads of the Paynim foe is a lighter task than that which falls upon him, who goes forth alone and single handed to face the more insidious foes of ignorance and sin amid the blinded and perverse heathen. Yet such was the high and holy duty to which Madeline destined her brother, while her own ambition was limited to the hope of being the companion of his toils and his labors. She looked forward to the time when they should go forth hand in hand into the howling wilderness of superstition, with the gospel as a light to their feet and a lamp to their path, while they scattered the blessings of truth among the benighted idolaters of distant lands.

As Alfred advanced in life he learned the full extent of his sister's sacrifices for his welfare. He saw her relinquishing all the intellectual pleasures she had once enjoyed, and devoting herself day and night to the humble labors of the needle. He noticed her attention to his most trifling wishes, and he did not fail to observe that while his dress was of the neatest and finest texture, and his food of the delicate kind which best suited the capricious appetite of an invalid, Madeline practised the strictest economy in

all that affected only her own individual comfort. Yet Alfred did not love Madeline with the entire affection which could alone repay her devotedness. There was too much awe, too much fear blended with his feelings towards her. Her strong mind and stern integrity seemed ever ready to rebuke the vacillating temper and morbid sensibility of the youth. Superior to temptations which had no power over herself, she had little charity for the failings of another; and the boyish errors, often but the earliest trial of principles which the world will hereafter put to a far more severe test—were regarded by her as heavy sins. Educated in the seclusion of home, she could not imagine the dangers which beset a boy from his first entrance into the miniature world of a large school. Instead of rewarding with her approbation the first struggles of principle with passion in the youthful heart, she seemed only shocked and mortified that any conflict should have been necessary, and was more keenly sensible to the weakness which had required defence, than to the strength which had offered resistance. Such mistaken views of character soon checked the flow of confidence between them. Alfred could not open his whole heart to one who was incapable of comprehending all his feelings, and though he never needed a mother's care, he early learned the want of a mother's sympathy.

Madeline had seen sufficient proofs of Alfred's facile temper and instability of purpose to dread his introduction into scenes of greater temptation, and, vainly fancying that he would be safer any where than in the busy city, she preferred that he should enter a distant college. At the age of seventeen he was removed from his sister's influence to enter upon his new course of studies, and although at first truly unhappy at this separation from his only relative, it was not long before the absence of her keen eye and stern rebuke became a positive relief to him. Hitherto his life had passed amid the sombre shades of domestic life, and with all Madeline's noble traits of character, she lacked the tact, so truly feminine, which enables a woman to throw sunshine around the humblest home. The cheerful song, the pleasant jest, the merry voice, the bright smile, the buoyant step—all the lighter graces without which a woman's character, however elevated and noble, is but as a Corinthian column without its capital, or as a rose without its perfume—were wanting to the unbending nature of Madeline. The world was to her a scene of probation and preparation, and to waste a thought upon enlivening its grave duties seemed to her as idle as planting flowers around a sepulchre. When therefore Alfred found himself amid a throng of young men from every part of the country—some ambitious of renown, some fond of study for its own sake, some utterly careless of present duties, some slothful and indifferent to honor, but all equally alive to pleasurable excitement and equally eager in the pursuit of amusement, he felt as if he had suddenly been transported to a world of which he had never dreamed. His susceptible temper rendered him an easy prey to

the lures of gay society. Intellectual enjoyments mingled their pure odors with the fumes of the wine cup, and the refinements of elegant taste served to veil the native deformity of vice, until, long before he had learned the danger of his position, he was bound in the strong toils of sensual indulgence. Full of intellect, and wonderfully acute in his perceptions, he soon became distinguished for his genius, and the heart of his sister was often gladdened by tidings of his success. But she knew not that he was drinking from more turbid waters than those which flow from the fountain of wisdom—she dreamed not that the offering which she hoped to bring pure and unpolluted to the altar of Heaven was already blemished and unworthy to be presented.

Alfred Graham was not designed by nature to be a votary of evil. Temptation had found him weak to resist, but conscience was still true to her charge, and the youth was as free from habitual vice as he was destitute of unsullied virtue. When the vacations brought him to his quiet home, the better feelings of his nature were ever aroused; he respected the virtue of his sister's character, and when surrounded by that pure atmosphere which envelopes real goodness, he forgot even to harbor a sinful thought. But day by day the profession to which he was destined became more repugnant to his feelings, and after deferring as long as possible the announcement of his wishes, he at length summoned courage to reveal the truth to his sister. The blow fell upon Madeline with almost stunning violence. He had just left college crowned with honors and flushed with success, and Madeline was exulting in the hope of his future usefulness, when he revealed to her his change of purpose. The first intimation of his unwillingness to devote himself to the church, almost drove her to frenzy. All the violence of her secret nature broke forth in the fearful threats of temporal and eternal punishment which she predicted for such apostasy, and Alfred's feeble temper was actually crushed beneath the weight of her indignation. He trembled at the storm which he had raised, and when, after days of entreaty and expostulation, Madeline, the stern, proud Madeline, even knelt at his feet, and implored the child of her affections to listen to the voice of God, speaking by the lips of her who had ever been as a mother to his heart, the weak youth yielded to her prayers and promised what he well knew he could not conscientiously perform. His was not the free-will offering of talents and time and health and strength in the service of the Redeemer. He entered the sanctuary as one driven onward by irresistible force, not as one drawn by the cords of love and piety.

Time passed on and taught Alfred a lesson of deep hypocrisy. His timid and feeble nature could neither resist the influence of evil nor brave its consequences, and therefore it was that the fair face of the youth became more and more characterized by sanctity in proportion as his heart became less susceptible of its influences. Happy is it for mankind that the eye rarely pierces beneath the veil which conceals the hideous depravity of the heart. Who

but would have shrunk from the delicate beauty of Alfred's gentle countenance—who but would have shuddered at the contemplation of those clear blue eyes, that feminine complexion, the delicate rose tint of his thin cheek, and the exceeding loveliness of his chiselled and flexible lips, if the dark mass of evil thoughts which lay beneath that fair seeming, could have been discerned. Yet Alfred was far from being happy. Unstable as water, he had no power over his own impulses, and remorse preyed upon him, even while he sought to drown his senses in indulgence. Conscience was his perpetual tormentor, and yet a constant course of sinning and repenting left him neither time nor will to struggle effectually with his errors.

But a still darker change came upon his character. His health, which had several times required a suspension of his studies, began again to fail, a short time before the period fixed upon for his ordination, and he eagerly seized the opportunity of deferring the dreaded ordeal. The physicians ordered perfect relaxation from all mental labors, and unfortunately for his future peace, the listlessness of unwonted idleness led him to examine a chest of old papers, the accumulated records of many years, where he accidentally met with a catalogue of his father's library. Alfred was so young at the time of his father's death that he retained little recollection of him, and Madeline had carefully kept him in ignorance of those skeptical opinions which had so grieved both mother and daughter. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that Alfred found the names of so great a number of infidel works among his father's books. He pondered long upon the subject, and at length conjectured the truth. This excited his interest, and a vague curiosity, awakened rather by a belief in his sister's desire to conceal from him his father's opinions, led him secretly to procure the prohibited volumes. Upon the feeble mind of one who was "blown about by every wind of doctrine," and who yearned after wordly pleasures while he shrunk with unutterable disgust from religious duties, the subtleties of the skeptics had a most fatal effect. He had never been well grounded in the faith, and the doubts now suggested to his mind were exactly such things as in his present state of feeling he would gladly have adopted as truths. These six months of respite from theological studies were spent in the careful perusal of all skeptical writings, and when Alfred resumed his former pursuits the plague spot of infidelity had already given evidence of the fatal disease which was spreading over his moral nature.

If my tale were designed only for the eye of the student of human nature, I might dwell long upon the strange incongruity of feeling and action, the wonderful contrariety between principle and practice, and all the complicated workings of a wayward heart, which characterized the deceptive course of the young student. With his usual timid hypocrisy he concealed every real feeling, every genuine impulse. His conduct was apparently irreproachable, his principles seemed unimpeachable, and he even schooled himself to come forward and enrol himself

beneath the banner of the cross, when he was but too conscious that he had already trampled the holy emblem beneath his feet. Why did he carry his deceit to such an awful extent? Alas! who can tell just where the waves of sin may stay their whelming force? He feared the world's dread laugh at his apostacy, he shrunk from the scorn of all good men, and, above all, his mind absolutely cowered at the thought of his sister's bitter wrath. So he buried his secret within his own bosom, and trusting to some future chance to rescue him from the irksome duties of his profession, prepared himself for the ceremony of ordination. But he was not yet sensible of the terrible power of Conscience.

The day came, and, as usual, crowds were assembled to witness the dedication of the youthful candidates. The two young men—for Alfred had a companion, a pious, humble-minded, meek-hearted youth—stood before the altar to offer their vows. Madeline, the weeping but happy Madeline—who had sacrificed her youth and health and beauty, aye and the hopes ever dearest to a woman's heart, to this one darling hope—was there too, and as she looked on her brother bending before the altar, while his bright curls just caught one straggling sunbeam which shed a glory around his youthful brow, she was heard to murmur "Lo, here am I, Lord, and the child which thou hast given me."

The services commenced—the prayers of the congregation had arisen to Heaven, the incense of praise had floated upward on the solemn melody of the organ, the exhortation to the candidates had been affectionately uttered by an aged pastor, and the presentation of the two was

his physician, when his strength seemed to rally, and raising himself on his pillow, he addressed his sister in words which fell like molten lead upon her heart. With all the eloquence of passion he poured forth a wild confession of his errors and his doubts, and then, in language equally fervid but far more bitter, he reproached her—*her* who had devoted her whole life to his welfare—as the cause of all his guilt. He accused her of having crushed his timid spirit by sternness and unbending rigor—of having taught him hypocrisy by her fierce contempt for his weaknesses—of having killed him by forcing him to a profession which he hated and contemned.

"I am not mad, Madeline," he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice, broken by his difficult and long-drawn breath, "I am not mad, but so surely as I am now stretched upon the bed of death, so surely has your ambition and your mistaken zeal laid me here to die. I seek not to excuse myself, and may God forgive me my many secret sins; but never, never would my soul have been so deeply stained had it not been for your unrelenting indignation at my boyish follies, and your determined will in the choice of my future destiny. I forgive you, Madeline, but you will not forgive yourself."

The exertion of uttering these terrible words was too great, and ere the sounds yet died upon the ear of the horror-stricken sister, the spirit of the misguided youth had gone to its dread account.

From that hour Madeline was utterly and entirely changed. Whatever were her feelings she shared them with none, but shrunk alike from question and sympathy. Those dying reproaches, unjust as she felt them to be, were yet engraven in ineffable characters upon her heart, and with a feeling akin to the mistaken austerity which punishes the body for he resolved to make her future

The erring brother sleeps beneath the shadow of the sanctuary, in ground still consecrated by holy usage, but all trace of the hapless sister has vanished from the earth. The village graveyard is now a populous highway, bordered by tall houses and traversed by busy feet, while the green hillock which once marked the burial place of Madeline Graham has long since been crushed beneath the weight of

pavements, echoing to the noisy tread of many a thoughtless wayfarer.

Alas, for human love! and, alas, for human error! How dreary and desolate would seem many a scene of unmerited suffering did we not know that there is a brighter world, where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes, and where there shall be no sorrow nor sighing through an eternity of happiness!

TO AN INFANT IN THE CRADLE.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Thou lovely miniature of Nature's painting!
 Thy beauty mingles care with my delight.
 These colors are to grow: not like the fainting,
 Soft, dying hues, that mark the eve's twilight—
 But evermore renewed, as if the dawn,
 With its deep rosy tinge, instead of fading,
 Ran hand in hand with the bright dewy morn,
 The sky by sunlight with all colors shading.

These colors are to grow, from where, an infant,
 Thou sleepest cradled by thy mother's side,
 On through thy childhood's beauty, every instant,
 To maiden loveliness—thy mother's pride.

And she will guide the pencil, hers the art
 To deepen Nature's lineaments, or alter:
 To image Heaven or Earth upon the heart—
 What if her love should err, her pencil falter!

O! 'tis a sacred, sweet and fearful duty
 To train these earth-born spirits for the skies!
 To keep this household flower green in its beauty,
 Till it in Paradise transplanted rise.
 May He, who took the nurslings in his arms,
 Keep thee and thine, his richest grace revealing,
 Hid, as his Pilgrims, from the world's alarms,
 Where quiet brooks in pastures green are stealing!

TROPICAL BIRDS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

BEAUTIFUL are the Birds of the Tropics. Bright, clear, sparkling, brilliant, is their plumage. It is steeped in "all the hues that gild the rainbow." I seek in vain for epithets by which to convey a thought of their surpassing beauty. Had I, dear reader, the pencil of Audubon, I might show you what they are in repose; but repose does not display their loveliness in its perfection. They are most charming to behold when in motion—when their many vivid colors contrast with the deep green of the forests, in which they live and hold their jocund revels.

Not many years ago, I passed a winter—or, I might better say, the first months of the year—in the Northern part of South America, where these birds abound. There, was I often delighted by these "exquisite, gay creatures of the element." They seemed to me like so many winged jewels, as they glanced about in the rays of a dazzling sun. But let me not indulge too much in fanciful allusions, lest I should reluctantly enter upon the real purpose I have in view in preparing this article: which is to offer some account of Tropical Birds, so that the reader may be attracted to the study of their Natural History. It appears to me that our American periodicals have too much of the *dulce* and too little of the *utile*. It is well, sometimes, to mingle the useful with the agreeable even in works of taste: I may fail in my attempt to do so in this place, but I shall at least deserve the credit of having made the attempt.

Doubtless many of my readers have in their possession certain glass cases in which specimens of birds with variegated plumage, having undergone the art of the taxidermist, are arranged on artificial trees or bushes as ornaments for the drawing room. There are many persons in Guiana, who make it their business to kill and prepare these birds, so that they may adorn the halls of Natural History Societies or private cabinets. Some birds, which fly about the houses or plantations, are easily obtained; but those, upon which most value is set, live in distant wilds and woods, and are procured with great difficulty and only by individuals long practised in the art. Great caution must be observed in approaching, and greater skill in shooting them; for they must be slain so skilfully that their feathers shall not be torn nor their color spoiled by an effusion of blood from the wound. When one, who is unskilful, tears or disfigures his birds, he makes up one specimen out of two or more individuals of the same species. Thus, upon a close examination, you may often detect the wings of one bird joined to the body of another, or, perhaps, an old head upon young

shoulders. But the worst piece of trickery, and one which renders the specimen wholly valueless to an ornithologist, is the altering of the natural color of the bird by fire. I have seen many a brilliant specimen exceedingly admired, which obtained a false lustre in this manner.

There seems to be no limit to the wonderful varieties of these birds. Every day brings to view some new species, which outvies its compeers in the grace of its form and the brilliancy of its plumage. The adventurous bird-seeker will penetrate deeper and deeper into the solitudes of those vast forests, which, in primitive grandeur, lift up their leafy columns and form umbrageous temples in the heart of the Southern continent. Those lovely and still unexplored domains are the probable haunts of thousands and thousands of birds of dazzling beauty. The clear beams of the sun, glinting through the leaves of mighty trees, play among colors, as various and as shifting as those of gems. No human eye, save that of some Indian hunter who may have lost his homeward way, has gazed upon these strange, bright creatures; and the most fantastic imagination may vainly endeavor to paint those tribes of the air which have lived in their safe retreats, undisturbed save by one another and the war of the elements, since light first dawned upon creation.

Among the various little birds, black, yellow and red, which may be observed in the midst of the sugar canes and in the many trees of orange, mango and lemon, there is a tribe, called TYRANTS, which is very extensive. Great numbers are constantly seen. They are about the size of our robin. One species is called "the butcher bird," and most appropriately, since it pounces upon and slaughters its prey with tyrannical cruelty. It is said to be of service to the planter in destroying grubs and insects, upon which it seizes in the manner of a hawk. It first strikes its prey with its *bill* (like a dun) and then grasps it in its claws so instantaneously afterward, that the most acute observation alone can enable one to decide on the priority of the action. Its bill is of moderate length (unlike a tailor's) compressed and sharp. Its head is black and all its body is white, save the outer feathers of the wings and tail, which are black. This family of "Tyrants," of which the butcher bird is an influential member, has very extensive connections; but as they are distinguished neither for beauty nor behavior ("handsome is that handsome does") and can be very easily "got round," no great consequence is attached to their possession.

The next most numerous tribe is one whose habits and characteristics are widely dissimilar—the

PARROTS. These exhibit plumage of the most diversified hues; but the predominating is bright green. This is often set off and contrasted by black, lilac, pink, orange, violet and blue. It is impossible to tell how many species have been discovered; for our traveller refers the specimen which he has obtained to some former description, and then points out the differences. "This," says one, "is the *blue* parrot; our specimens, however, are bright *lilac*, with *red* spots on the back, between the wings"—a remark which, were it made by a native of the Emerald Isle, would be called a bull; but the fact, nevertheless, may be as true as the somewhat notorious one that "black-berries are red when they are green."

The parrots are of all sizes from the macaw or aya, down to the smallest parakeet. The common green parrot, which is known in the United States, and taught to speak, is of the medium size. The best and clearest whistle is uttered by the homely brown parrot, which is brought from Africa. It is likewise the most docile. These birds resemble humanity in other respects besides the faculty of speech; some are hopelessly stupid, while others take to learning very kindly. Curious stories are told of their powers of articulation. The smallest kind, which cannot live in our climate, are sometimes very successfully educated. The manager of a plantation, which I visited, owned a little parrot, which used to reside in a cage at the door of his house. As I rode up, I was agreeably astonished by hearing the polite bird very considerably sing out, "Boy, take the gentleman's horse—boy, why the deuce don't you take the horse!"

The largest kind is the macaw. It is a huge, clumsy *thing*, with a head out of all proportion to its body, ("great head, little wit;") its plumage is for the most part red, interspersed with green and blue. The noise which it makes is most horribly discordant; and its loudest yell is very like an Indian war-whoop, (one of Mr. Cooper's;) yet is this monster a great favorite in the West Indies, and, as you pass the residences of the inhabitants, you often see three or four of these ugly wretches clambering awkwardly up the piazzas, and uttering their hoarse, scolding cries, ten times more grating to the ear than the oburgations of a Xantippe, heard above the shrieks of her castigated offspring. The hardihood of these birds is surprising. There was one of them on board of a small vessel, in which it was my ill fortune to voyage from the mainland to the island of Barbadoes. Mr. Macaw, like a militia major in red and blue uniform, would strut about on the lower rigging, and, as soon as he could get near enough to the ear of a sailor, would utter one of his shrillest and most appalling yells. Jack Tar, in his summary method of dealing vengeance, would fetch him a blow with a handspike, that would send him flapping to the quarter-deck; perhaps, with an utter disregard of decorum and discipline, into the very face and eyes of the surly old captain, who, in his rage, would beat him soundly; yet would the valiant and stalwart feathered marine regard those lusty strokes no more than would a pet goldfinch the taps of his lady's fan.

Some species of parrots exist in almost every region; the smallest and most beautiful, however, are found only in tropical countries. They are seldom seen near thickly populated places, but can be procured with facility in the woods adjacent, where they live in tolerable fellowship with their mischievous neighbors, the monkeys.

Another numerous tribe of tropical birds is known by the name of CHATTERERS. I do not know what they are called by the ornithologists; but thus are they designated by the inhabitants, from the peculiar sounds which they utter, (being not unlike those of a congress of spinsters, sitting in committee of the whole on some grand question of scandal.) They are distinguished by the epithets—red-breasted, purple-throated, firebirds, pumpadore, red-headed; gold-headed, white-throated, white-capped, purple-shouldered, and Mahometan. The first five migrate; the last five stay at home. Of the former, the firebird is so named from the fact that, in stuffed specimens, the color is sometimes changed by the application of fire. Its natural hue is a dark crimson, but it is susceptible of being changed, by the application of heat, into a rich vermilion. Of the latter, the purple-shouldered is the most rare and the most beautiful. The upper parts of its wings or shoulders are the deepest purple; the remainder of the wings is interspersed with blue, and they end in black. Its back is blue mingled with black; its breast is a delicate blue, and the lower part of its neck is a dark crimson. I describe the male bird only; for (unlike bipeds *without* feathers) it monopolizes the beauty of the species. The female is very plain, though there seems to be a certain winning modesty about her, for all her homely looks. The sumptuously attired male, ("Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these,") if his choice of a partner were left to himself—which I doubt—must have been guided by a taste as unsophisticated as that of the praiseworthy Cock-Robin, when he courted Jenny Wren, who

"Always wore her old brown gown,
And never dressed so fine!"

While on the subject of homeliness, I may as well conclude it by alluding to a bird, which, on account of its hideousness, the negroes call "Old Witch." What a very mortifying circumstance it must be to be so ugly, when every body else is so bewitchingly fair! Don't you think so, Miss Smith? (I do not mean the Miss Smith, who is reading this article, but another.)

Before passing to an account of the third and last family, which I shall try to describe—being by far the most numerous, the strangest, and the most charming of all the tropical birds—I will detain the reader for a moment with an account of two rare species of water birds. They are in general so classed, because, like rails, they frequent reedy ponds and marshes and the borders of streams. I select these two species, because the one is very curious and the other is of a kind with which classical associations are connected, and because they admirably serve to show how wide and fertile a field

of interesting investigation lies before the student in this particular realm of Natural History.

The curious species is the Jacana. It is doubtful whether it should be classed with land or water birds; it resembles the latter in its nature, its habits, the form of its body, the shape of its bill, and the diminutiveness of its head; it differs essentially, however, from all others of the class, in the curious spurs which protrude from its wings; its claws are very long and slender, and its nails very pointed and sharp—hence has been derived its name, "The Surgeon." It is exceedingly wild and can be caught only by stratagem. These birds are of various colors: some dark, tinged with violet; some green; some black; some dusky red. Their flight is very rapid, and their cry sharp and shrill. They travel in pairs, frequenting the borders of rivers and deep marshes. That which is particularly singular about the Jacana is the manner in which it is armed; when it strikes with its wings, it must do considerable execution; it does not seem to be happily called the Surgeon, for its instruments are rather intended to kill than cure.

The classical species is called by moderns, "the Sultana Hen." It is the smallest of that genus, which was named by the ancients Porphyry—in Greek, Πορφυρεν— in Latin, *Porphyrio*. Aristotle describes it as a fissiped bird, with long feet, a blue plumage, with a very strongly set, purple-colored bill, and of about the size of a domestic cock. Some old writers, in describing this bird, have said that one of its feet was furnished with membranes, and made to swim like a water-bird's, and that the other was fissiped, so that it might run like a land-bird. This is not only untrue, but contrary to nature, and signifies no more than that the porphyry or pelican is a bird of the shore, living on the confines of land and water. It was easily tamed, and was very pleasing on account of its noble carriage, its fine form, its plumage brilliant and rich in colors of mingled blue and purple and aquamarine, its docile nature, and its happy facility of agreeing with any companions among whom its lot might be cast. It was held in the highest esteem by both Greeks and Romans; they never suffered it to be eaten; they sent to Lybia for it; always treated it with kindness, and placed it in their palaces and temples, as worthy to dwell there on account of the nobleness of its port, the sweetness of its temper, and the beauty of its plumage. The largest of the species, now known as "the sultana hen," is precisely the same as the ancient porphyrio. The smallest is called "the little sultana hen." Her *petite* majesty is very queenly, but is, no doubt, as well satisfied with the modern name by which she is dignified, as she would be with that which the Greeks gave to the tall highnesses of her very old and royal family. Her robe of state is a brilliant changeable blue and green; and it has never gone out of fashion.

Having thus given an unsystemized and rather imperfect account of a few species of tropical birds, I pass on to treat of the most marvellous and most beautiful tribe of plumed creatures that float in the invisible atmosphere. There have been more than

a hundred species already discovered, and every naturalist, who visits the equatorial regions of this Western World, adds a new name to the splendid schedule of HUMMING-BIRDS.* From their delicate structure, these tiny birds cannot endure the rigors of our climate, where there are very few of those gorgeous plants, upon which they banquet in tropical latitudes. There, when the warm sun calls into life myriads of flowers, vast numbers of humming-birds visit the fields and gardens every morning, and mingle their golden green tints in gleaming contrast with the white and rose-colored blossoms, that cluster on the vines above the traveller's head, or spring luxuriantly at his feet. They seem, as they dart rapidly around, humming their faintly heard tunes, to be the very Pucks and Ariels of the light, and each night take up the burden of the fairy song, sung at the feast of Titania,

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere.

For, at one moment, you behold "the fine apparition" before the cup of a flower, and at the next he is gone

"To drink the air before him and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat."

The bright little beings must own the very best secret of the fairies; for none, so well as they,

"Know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

But alas! however elfin-like and ethereal their forms appear, they share the fate of mortals. They are easily caught by nets thrown over them, or killed by very fine shot or sand. I have seen some very splendid collections. I remember one, comprising seventy-two species—from the king of the humming-birds, as he is called, with his topaz and emerald crown, to one so small that, when on the wing, it could scarcely be visible. When the glass case, in which they were arranged in too studied an order, was held in the sunshine, their myriad colors would gleam and flash with a brilliancy as perfect as that of the many gems, after which they are prettily named. An enumeration of some of their names will convey an idea of their appearance—sapphire-throated, ruby-throated, sapphire and emerald, amethystine, topaz-throated; then there are the purple, tri-colored, violet-tufted, violet-crowned, blue-fronted, the superb, the magnificent, the sabre-winged. And there is one which must have been bestowed by some ornithological phrenologist, who had great skill in interpreting "the natural language" of birds—the supercilious humming-bird. The largest species yet discovered is that which is called the gigantic, and the smallest, as I believe, is one that Sir William Jardine describes as Gould's humming-bird.

* In the United States two species only have been made known, the Ruby-throated, charmingly described both by Wilson and Audubon, and the Northern. I am told, however, that Audubon has recently discovered still another.

The gigantic is in remarkable contrast to the rest of his tribe, both in size and in the color of his plumage. He is not only the largest but the homeliest, while the smallest is the most beautiful. The gigantic (the monster!) is nearly eight inches in length; the crown, the back, the under and lesser wing-coverts, brownish-green, with reflections of green tint; the under parts, light reddish mingled with a deeper tint and shaded off with green; the feathers are generally darker at the base, and the paler tips give a slightly waved appearance to the breast. On the throat, the feathers, though without lustre, retain the scaly form and texture of the more brilliant species. The wings slightly exceed the tail in length, bend up at the tips, and exhibit the form of the most correctly framed organ of flight; they are of a uniform brownish violet. The tail is composed of ten feathers, of a brownish color, and with golden-green reflections; they gradually decrease in length. This is a very rare species.

Gould's is the smallest species and of the most dazzling beauty. It is scarcely over two inches in length; its forehead, throat and upper part of its breast are of a most brilliant green—the feathers of a scaly form. From the crown springs a crest of bright, chestnut feathers, of a lengthened form and capable of being raised at pleasure. The back is a golden-green, crossed with a whitish band; the wings and tail are brownish purple, the latter having the centre feathers tinged with green; the lower parts are dark brownish green. The neck tufts are of the most splendid kind, and have a chaste but brilliant effect; they are composed of narrow feathers of a snowy whiteness—the tips of each having a round, serrated spot of bright emerald green, surrounded with a dark border; the largest are at the upper part of the tuft, and they decrease in length, assuming the shape of a butterfly's wing; shorter feathers again spring from the base, and their green tips are relieved on the white of the longer ones behind them.

The most common species, and that which abounds in all parts of the West Indies, is the ruby-crested. Though seen every day about the gardens, near the honeysuckle and other flowering vines, it presents some of the most splendid coloring of the family. (Those which I have mentioned are of that subgenus, which Linnaeus calls *trochilus*.) The upper parts of the head and throat are clothed entirely with those scaly formed feathers, which always produce the parts producing the changeable hues. On the hind head, the feathers are elongated and form a short, rounded crest. In one position this part appears of a deep, sombre, reddish brown; when viewed transversely it assumes a bright, coppery lustre, and when looked upon directly with a side stream of light, it becomes of the richest and most brilliant ruby. The scaly part of the throat and breast again, when wanting the lustre, is of an equally sombre, greenish brown; and, when turned to diverse lights, changes from a clear golden green to the most brilliant topaz. It is impossible to convey by words—especially as it is necessary to repeat the same again and again—an idea of these tints.

The most that can be done is to name those substances, which they most nearly resemble, and then rely upon the imagination of the reader.

The birds, thus attempted to be described, are a few of that multitudinous tribe which excites the liveliest wonder, and fills the mind with admiration of that creative power, which clothes the eagle with strength to resist the fury of the mountain storm, and so fashions the delicate plumage of the humming-bird that the softest air from heaven seems to visit it too roughly. The vine-clad forests and rose-covered gardens of Guiana literally swarm with these fairy-birds. The Indian word, by which they are distinguished, signifies *beams or locks of the sun*; that such a designation is not less appropriate than poetical, may be concluded by all who have seen them darting with the rapidity as well as the splendor of light from flower to flower. Compared to the humming-bird, the bee is a mere loiterer. He poises himself on wing, while he thrusts his long, slender tube into the flower-cups in search of food. But he subsists not simply on honey-dew and the nectar that dwells in the lips of roses. He may often be observed darting at the minute insects that float in the air.

Mr. Audubon thus beautifully describes the humming-bird in quest of food: "carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each those injurious insects, that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously and with sparkling eye into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful, murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the humming-bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of a flower, and the protruded, double-tubed tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers."

Their favorite places of resort were those woods, in which the superb bignonia abounds, and when the huge trees are garlanded with parasites; but since the cultivation of the country they frequent gardens and seem to delight in society, becoming familiar and destitute of fear, hovering over one side of a shrub while the fruit or flower is plucked from that opposite. They do not alight on the ground, but easily settle on twigs and branches, when they move sidewise in prettily measured steps, frequently opening and closing their wings, shaking and arranging the whole of their apparel with neatness and activity. They are particularly fond of spreading one wing at a time, and passing each of their quill-feathers through their bills in its whole length, when, if the

sua is shining, the wing thus plumed is very transparent and light. The humming noise proceeds entirely from the surprising velocity with which they perform that motion by which they will keep their bodies in the air, apparently motionless, for hours together. When flying to any long distance, the manner of their flight is very different from that shown in speeding among flowers, for they sweep gracefully through the air in long undulations, raise themselves for some distance and then fall in a curve.

Strange as it may seem, one of the chief characteristics of this tiny creature, is its bravery. It will unhesitatingly attack the mocking-bird, or the king-bird, or any other by whom it imagines its territories invaded; it directs its sharp, needle-like bill, immediately at the eyes of its enemy, and when so employed this must be a truly formidable weapon. These birds are also extremely pugnacious among themselves—two males seldom meeting, without a battle. The combatants ascend in the air, chirping, darting and circling round each other till the eye is no longer able to follow them. They are particularly susceptible of jealousy, and, under the influence of this failing, they run tilts at each other till the less doughty champion falls exhausted to the ground.

The nests of these little creatures are very curious; they are built with great delicacy, but at the same time with much compactness and warmth. Wilson says that the nest of the ruby-throated humming-bird is generally fixed on the upper side of a horizontal branch, *not* among the twigs. It is sometimes, however, attached to an old moss-grown trunk, and sometimes fastened on a strong stalk or weed in the garden. It seldom builds more than ten feet from the ground. The nest is about an inch in diameter and as much in depth. The outward coat is formed of small pieces of a species of bluish-gray lichen, that vegetates on old trees and fences, thickly glued with the saliva of the bird, giving firmness and consistency to the whole as well as keeping out moisture. Within this are thick, matted layers of the fine wings of certain flying seeds, closely laid together; and, lastly, the downy substance from the great mullein, and from the stalks of the common fern, lines the whole. The base of the nest is continued round the stem of the branch to which it closely adheres, and, when viewed from below, appears a mere mossy knot or accidental protuberance. The nest of one species in Guiana is principally composed of a spongy cellular substance, apparently similar to that of a fungus, of which some kinds of wasps build large habitations, suspended from the branches of trees, and an account is given of a nest of another species composed entirely of the down of some thistle; the seed is attached and is placed outwards, giving a jagged and prickly appearance to the outside. Latham describes the nest of the black humming-bird as made of cotton, entwined around the thorns and twigs of the citron-tree, and of so firm a texture as not to be easily broken by winds. The nest of the topaz-crested is about seven eighths of an inch in diameter, also made of cotton, stuck over with lichens on the outside and firmly fixed in the hanging cleft of some

strong creeper by threads of a cottony substance, and very slender roots or tendrils, the whole lower part as if cemented by a thin coat of glue. It is probable that the greater number build their nests nearly in the same manner. Descriptions, however, are given of those built in different forms—one is suspended with the entrance downwards; another is of a lengthened form, composed of dry grass and slender roots and moss, and is not made so compactly. A person, who saw a bird building her nest, describes her manner of construction as very ingenious. "Bringing a pile of small grass, she commenced upon a little twig about a quarter of an inch in diameter, immediately below a large leaf, which entirely covered and concealed the nest from above, the height from the ground being about three feet. After the nest had received two or three of these grasses, she set herself in the centre, and putting her long slender beak over the outer edge, seemed to use it and her throat much in the same way as a mason does his trowel, for the purpose of smoothing, rubbing it to and fro and sweeping quite around. Each visit to the nest seemed to occupy only a couple of seconds, and her absence from it not more than as many minutes."

The extraordinary beauty of these strange beings has induced many attempts to tame and keep them in cages, but they have not been successful. When placed in cages and fed daintily on honey and water, and supplied every morning with fresh cups of flowers, they have been known to live for a long time in their native country, and in warm weather; but no artificial warmth has as yet kept them alive for many weeks, when transported to a less genial climate. It is conjectured, however, that with very great care and a strict regard to diet, as the doctors say, they will, by and by, be kept alive and happy in our conservatories. There was once a nest of them successfully carried to England from Jamaica. It was presented to a lady, from whose lips the little loves would deign to accept honey. One died, probably from excess of happiness; but the other, being more hardy, survived for two months. Could a lady succeed in so taming one of these winged jewels so perfectly that it would accompany her to a ball, curiously perched upon her bouquet, or hovering around the flowers which composed it, at her gentle bidding, so original an ornament would doubtless be more highly prized than

"Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems."

The ancient Mexicans are said to have woven their plumage into gorgeous robes.

If the extraordinary beauty of these birds, their mode of existence, their nature, their habits, excite our admiration, how must we also wonder at their structure!—the perfect adaptation of their forms to that life which it is theirs to enjoy, and to the variations of that glowing climate where they abound. "On presenting a humming-bird to a common observer," says an eminent naturalist, "the first exclamation generally is, 'what a beautiful little creature!'—the second, 'but what large wings he has!'"

Such, indeed, is the case, and, in most instances, the size of the wings and strength of the quills are entirely out of proportion to our ideas of symmetry in a creature clothed with feathers; but, upon comparing them with its necessities and the other parts of its frame, their utility and design become obvious." The principal reason for their possessing organs of such power is, doubtless, to enable them to pass in safety through the migrations and the long flights which are necessary for their preservation, and, during which, they have to withstand passing gales and showers. The delicious climes which they inhabit are at seasons subject to tremendous rains, which drench and almost inundate their abodes, or to hurricanes that, in a few minutes, leave but a wreck of all that was before so splendid and luxuriant. By means of these organs, before the dangerous season comes, which the unerring instinct of nature warns them to avoid, they fly to districts of country where the reparation of some previous wreck is proceeding with all the rapidity of tropical vegetation.

I cannot more pleasingly conclude these notices of the most wonderful tribe of birds, than by quoting the melodious verses of a poet, who is a native of that glowing clime which they so exquisitely adorn.

"Still sparkles here the glory of the West,
Shows his crowned head and bares his jewell'd breast,
In whose bright plumes the richest colors live,
Whose dazzling hues no mimic art can give.
The purple amethyst, the emerald's green
Contrasted, mingle with the ruby's sheen,
While over all a tissue is put on,
Of golden gauze by fairy fingers spun.
Small as a beetle, as an eagle brave,
In purest ether he delights to lave;
The sweetest flowers alone descends to woo,
Rifles their sweets and lives on honey-dew,
So light his kisses not a leaf is stirred
By the bold, happy, amorous humming-bird.
No disarray, no petal rudely moved,
Betrays the flower the callibree has loved."*

I have thus given partial descriptions of four of the principal tribes of Tropical Birds. I hope the reader has not been so wearied that he will not kindly suffer me to draw this article to a close by a brief notice of those two birds most remarkable for their peculiar notes. The one pours forth a stream of rich melody, which surpasses the far-famed song of the nightingale, and is, likewise, celebrated for its peculiar power of imitating the tones of almost every fellow-songster. The other utters only one sound, but so strange and solemn as to inspire the mind of the hearer with a religious awe. The natural music of the one is as gay, cheerful and enlivening as that of the other is mournful and soul-subduing.

The first to which I allude is the Matthews of the woods, THE MOCKING-BIRD. This species abound in all parts of the Western Indies; they are found in great numbers near the sea-shore. From the trees which grow on the beaches float their rich songs, more melodious than strains of flute, or bugle, or any "cunningly devised instrument;" and, in mel-

lowness, in modulation and gradation, in extent of compass and rapidity and brilliancy of execution, outrivalling the most magnificent bravuras of a Son-tag or a Malibran. When confined in cages and brought to our cold climate, for the amusement of man, the bird loses, in the loneliness of its captivity, half the richness of its voice. Though it delights to mimic other plumed minstrels, this astonishing faculty is feeble, in its most miraculous exhibition, when compared with its own delicious song; but he who would listen to it in its perfection, must go to those regions where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, covered with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand flowers, where the forests and fields are buried in blossoms of every hue, and where the golden orange decorates the gardens and the groves.

The bird whose note is so melancholy is called by the Indians *campanero*; by the Spaniards *arapongo* or *guirapongo*, and by the English the bell-bird. It is extremely rare. I was so fortunate as to see a single specimen. It is of about the size of a Barbary dove, but more gracefully shaped, with a larger head. It is of a snowy whiteness. From the forehead there rises a spiral tube of about a bodkin's length. This tube, it is said, is raised and depressed at pleasure; it is black, dotted with white feathers, and, as it is hollow, and communicates with the palate, it is probably elevated when filled with air, and becomes pendulous when empty. That strange sound, for which it is remarkable, is probably produced by the raising and depressing of this tube. It resembles the tolling of a bell, and is very loud and distinct. It is heard morning and evening in the woods, and one might fancy its toll to proceed from some hidden convent, calling to matins and vespers.

The bell-bird is seldom found in forests inhabited by other birds; it selects lonely and desolate haunts. A recent traveller, in describing his journey through a South American forest, writes—"Nothing can be more still and solitary than everything around; the silence is appalling and the desolation is awful; neither are disturbed by the sight or voice of living thing, save one—which only adds to the impression. It is like the clinking of metals, as if two lumps of brass were struck together; and it sometimes resembles the distant and solemn tolling of a church-bell, struck at long intervals. This extraordinary sound proceeds from a bird called *arapongo* or *guirapongo*. It is about the size of a small pigeon, white, with a circle of red round the eyes. It sits on the tops of the highest trees, and in the deepest forests, and, though constantly heard in the most desert places, is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive any thing of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost preternatural sounds of this invisible bird, coming from the air, and seeming to follow you wherever you go. I have watched with great perseverance, when the sound seemed quite close to me, and never but once caught a glance of the cause. It passed suddenly over the top of a very high tree, like a large flake of snow, and immediately disappeared."

* From a poem entitled "Barbadoes," by Dr. Chapman, a man of a fine genius, who may be known to my readers as the author of some very fine translations of the Greek Anthology, which have appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. *Callibree* is the Indian name of the bird.

THE GIRDLE OF FIRE.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

THE lower counties of New Jersey are proverbially barren, being covered with immense forests of pine, interspersed with cedar swamps. During the dry summer months these latter become parched to an extent that is incredible, and the accidental contagion of a fire-brand often wraps immense tracts of country in flames. The rapidity with which the conflagration, when once kindled, spreads through these swamps can scarcely be credited except by those who know how thoroughly the moss and twigs are dried up by the heat of an August sun. Indeed scarcely a spot can be pointed out in West Jersey, which has not, at one time or another, been ravaged by conflagration. It was but a few years since that an immense tract of these pine barrens was on fire, and the citizens of Philadelphia can recollect the lurid appearance of the sky at night, seen at the distance of thirty or even forty miles from the scene of the conflagration. The legendary history of these wild counties is full of daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes which have been witnessed during such times of peril. One of these traditionary stories it is our purpose to relate. The period of our tale dates far back into the early history of the sister state, when the country was even more thinly settled than at present.

It was a sunny morning in midsummer, when a gay party was assembled at the door of a neat house in one of the lower counties of New Jersey. Foremost in the group stood a tall manly youth, whose frank countenance at once attracted the eye. By his side was a bright young creature, apparently about eighteen years of age, whose golden tresses were a fit type of the sunny beauty of her countenance. But now her soft blue eyes were dim with tears, and she leaned on the shoulder of her mother, who was apparently equally affected. The dress of the daughter, and her attitude of leave-taking, told that she was a bride, going forth from the home of her childhood, to enter on a new and untried sphere of life. The other members of the group were composed of her father, her brothers and sisters, and the bride-men and bridesmaids.

"God bless you, my daughter, and have you in his holy keeping," said the father as he gave her his last embrace, "and now farewell!"

The last kiss was given, the last parting word was said, the last long look had been taken, and now the bridal party was being whirled through the forest on one of the sweetest mornings of the sweet month of July.

It was indeed a lovely day. Their way lay through an old road which was so rarely travelled that it

had become overgrown with grass, among which the thick dew-drops, glittering in the morning sun, were scattered like jewels on a monarch's mantle. The birds sang merrily in the trees, or skipped gaily from branch to branch, while the gentle sighing of the wind, and the occasional murmur of a brook crossing the road, added to the exhilarating influences of the hour. The travellers were all young and happy, and so they gradually forgot the sadness of the parting hour, and ere they had traversed many miles the green arcades of that lovely old forest were ringing with merry laughter. Suddenly, however, the bride paused in her innocent mirth, and while a shade of paleness overspread her cheek, called the attention of her husband to a dark black cloud, far off on the horizon, and yet gloomier and denser than the darkest thunder cloud.

"The forest is on fire!" was his instant ejaculation, "think you not so, Charnley?" and he turned to his groomsmen.

"Yes! but the wind is not towards us, and the fire must be miles from our course. There is no need for alarm, Ellen," said he, turning to the bride, his sister.

"But our road lies altogether through the forest," she timidly rejoined, "and you know there isn't a house or cleared space for miles."

"Yes! but my dear sis, so long as the fire keeps its distance, it matters not whether our road is through the forest or the fields. We will drive on briskly and before noon you will laugh at your fears. Your parting from home has weakened your nerves."

No more was said, and for some time the carriage proceeded in silence. Meantime the conflagration was evidently spreading with great rapidity. The dark, dense clouds of smoke, which had at first been seen hanging only in one spot, had now extended in a line along the horizon, gradually edging around so as to head off the travellers. But this was done so imperceptibly that, for a long time, the travellers were not aware of it, and they had journeyed at least half an hour before they saw their danger. At length the bride spoke again.

"Surely, dear Edward," she said, addressing her husband, "the fire is sweeping around ahead of us: I have been watching it by yonder blasted pine, and can see it slowly creeping across the trunk."

Every eye was instantly turned in the direction in which she pointed, and her brother, who was driving, involuntarily checked the horses. A look of dismay was on each countenance as they saw the words of the bride verified. There could be no doubt that the fire had materially changed its bearing since they

last spoke, and now threatened to cut off their escape altogether.

"I wish, Ellen, we had listened to your fears and turned back half an hour ago," said the brother, "we had better do it at once."

"God help us—that is impossible," said the husband, looking backwards, "the fire has cut off our retreat."

It was as he said. The flames, which at first had started at a point several miles distant and at right angles to the road the party was travelling, had spread out in every direction, and finding the swamp in the rear of the travellers parched almost to tinder by the draught, had extended with inconceivable velocity in that quarter, so that a dense cloud of smoke, beneath which a dark lurid veil of fire surged and rolled, completely cut off any retrograde movement on the part of the travellers. This volume of flame, moreover, was evidently moving rapidly in pursuit. The cheeks, even of the male members of the bridal party, turned ashy pale at the sight.

"There is nothing to do but to push on," said the brother, "we will yet clear the road before the fire reaches it."

"And if I remember," said the husband, "there is a road branching off to the right, scarce half a mile ahead: we can gain that easily, when we shall be safe. Cheer up, Ellen, there is no danger. This is our wedding morn, let me not see you sad."

The horses were now urged forward at a brisk pace, and in a few minutes the bridal party reached the cross road. Their progress was now directly from the fire; all peril seemed at an end; and the spirits of the group rose in proportion to their late depression. Once more the merry laugh was heard, and the song rose up gaily on the morning air. The conflagration still raged behind, but at a distance that placed all fear at defiance, while in front the fire, although edging down towards them, approached at a pace so slow that they knew it would not reach the road until perhaps hours after they had attained their journey's end. At length the party subsided again into silence, occupying themselves in gazing on the magnificent spectacle presented by the lurid flames, as, rolling their huge volumes of smoke above them, they roared down towards the travellers.

"The forest is as dry as powder," said the husband, "I never saw a conflagration travel so rapidly. The fire cannot have been kindled many hours, and it has already spread for miles. Little did you think, Ellen," he said, turning fondly to his bride, "when we started this morning, that you should so narrowly escape such a peril."

"And, as I live, the peril is not yet over," suddenly exclaimed the brother, "see—see—a fire has broke out on our right, and is coming down on to us like a whirlwind. God have mercy on us!"

He spoke with an energy that would have startled his hearers without the fearful words he uttered. But when they followed the direction of his quivering finger, a shriek burst from the two females, while the usually collected husband turned ashy

pale, not for himself, but for her who was dearer to him than his own life. A fire, during the last few minutes, had started to life in the forest to their right, and, as the wind was from that quarter, the flames were seen ahead shooting down towards the road which the bridal party was traversing, roaring, hissing, and thundering as they drew near.

"Drive faster—for heaven's sake—on the gallop!" exclaimed the husband, as he comprehended the imminency of their danger.

The brother made no answer, for he well knew their fearful situation, but whipped the horses into a run. The chaise flew along the narrow forest road with a rapidity that neither of the party had ever before witnessed; for even the animals themselves seemed aware of their peril, and strained every sinew to escape from the fiery death which threatened them.

Their situation was indeed terrible, and momentarily becoming more precarious. The fire, when first seen, was, at least, a mile off, but nearly equidistant from a point in the road the bridal party was traversing; and, as the conflagration swept down towards the road with a velocity equal to that of the travellers, it soon became evident that they would have barely time to pass the fire ere it swept across the road, thus cutting off all escape. Each saw this; but the females were now paralyzed with fear. Only the husband spoke.

"Faster, for God's sake, faster," he hoarsely cried, "see you not that the fire is making for yonder tall pine—we shall not be able to reach the tree first unless we go faster."

"I will do my best," said the brother, lashing still more furiously the foaming horses. "Oh! God, that I had turned back when Ellen wished me."

On came the roaring fire—on in one mass of flame—on with a velocity that seemed only equalled by that of the flying hurricane. Now the flames caught the lower limbs of a tall tree and in an instant had hissed to its top—now they shot out their forked tongues from one huge pine to another far across the intermediate space—and now the whirling fire, whistled along the dry grass and moss of the swamp with a rapidity which the eye could scarcely follow. Already the fierce heat of the conflagration began to be felt by the travellers, while the horses, feeling the increase of warmth, grew restive and terrified. The peril momentarily increased. Hope grew fainter. Behind and on either side the conflagration roared in pursuit, while the advancing flame in front was cutting off their only avenue of escape. *They were girdled by fire.* Faster and quicker roared the flames towards the devoted party, until at length despair seized on the hearts of the travellers. Pale, paralyzed, silent, inanimate as statues, sat the females; while the husband and brother, leaning forward in the carriage and urging the horses to their utmost speed, gazed speechlessly on the approaching flames. Already the fire was within a hundred yards of the road ahead, and it seemed beyond human probability that the travellers could pass it in time. The husband gave one last agon-

izing glance at his inanimate wife. When again he looked at the approaching flames, he saw that during that momentary glimpse they had lessened their distance one half. He could already feel the hot breath of the fire on his cheek. The wind, too, suddenly whirled down with fiercer fury, and in an instant the forked tongues of the advancing conflagration had shot across the road, and entwined themselves around the tall pine which had been the goal of the travellers' hopes. He sank back with a groan. But the brother's eye gleamed wildly at the sight, and gathering the reins tighter around his hand, he made one last desperate effort to force the horses onward; and with one mad leap, they lifted the carriage from the ground as if it had been a plaything,

plunged into the fiery furnace, and the next instant had shot through the pass.

Charney gave one look backwards, as if to assure himself that they had indeed escaped—he saw the lurid mass of fire roaring and whirling across the spot through which they had darted but a moment before; and overcome with mingled gratitude and awe, he lowered his head on his breast and poured out an overflowing soul in thanksgivings to the Power which had saved them from the most dreadful of deaths. And long afterwards, men, who travelled through that charred and blackened forest, pointed to the memorable scene where these events occurred, and rehearsed the thrilling feelings of those who had been encompassed by THE GIRL OF FIRE.

TO ———.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

I CALL upon the waves and they reply,
But not the voice I fain would hear replied,
Vainly I seek it in the wind's deep sigh,
Earth, air, the sky's blue depths and Ocean's tide.

These have their various voices, soft or stern,
Moulding our feelings to the varied hour,
And the wrong heart will hear them and return
To claim on Nature's breast a mother's power.

The dewy freshness of earth's vernal prime,
Her budding promise lapp'd in fragrant showers,
The sacred sweetness of her summer time,
And her bright bosom cover'd o'er with flowers;

The viewless music of the breathing air.
The rushing wind that sweeps across the plain,
The breeze that dallies with the brow of care
And stirs the languid pulse to life again;

Heaven's glorious arch, when morning through the skies
Skirts all its blue with gold, or sweeter far
At the dim twilight, or when softly rise
The new-born moon and glittering star on star;

And the dark-rolling voiceful sea, whose moan,
On the wide waste or by the storm-beat shore,
Asks the soul's answer like a spirit tone,
And the deep soul speaks inly to its roar;

These have their language, mirthful, sad, or wild,
Like changing passion in the human breast;
We call them to us, as a wilder'd child
His home's companions, and they give us rest;

Yet though they speak, I cannot hear—no more
Comes the sweet music of the one loved tone,
And standing lonely by the lone sea-shore
Sad as my heart falls its perpetual moan.

THE STAGE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

OH! I could weep when I perceive the cloud
Of dark impurities around our Stage,
Where those creations, gay, or sad, or proud—
Hamlet's strange wo, or wronged Othello's rage
Hallowed fair Albion's selectest age:
Yet would I not, like certain ones, behold
Theatrical pomp proscribed in liberal land,

While pale Contempt (as once in ages old)
Kills with a single look the buskin band.
A beauty sparkles yet around the Place—
A mystic charm—a fairy-beaming grace—
Appealing loudly to the coldest heart:
These boards once held the glory of our race,
And still they reverence a Shakspeare's Art.

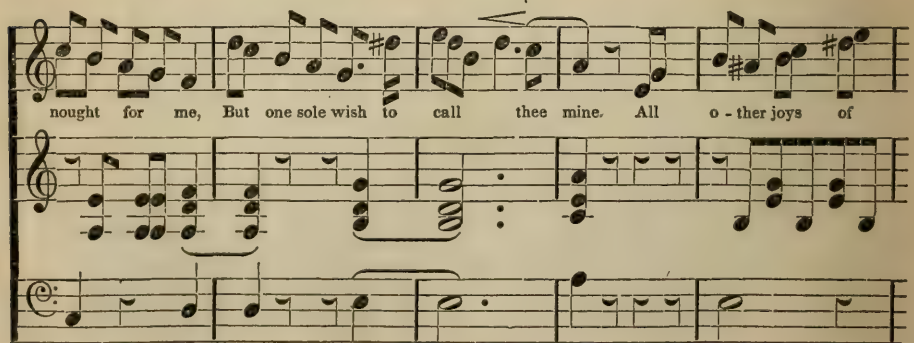
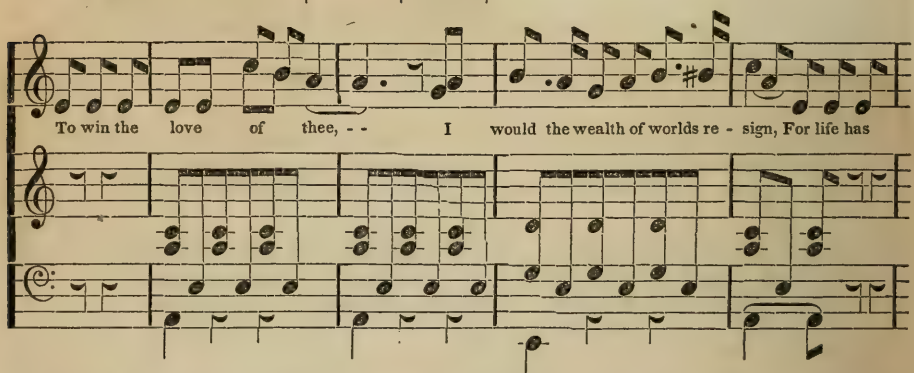
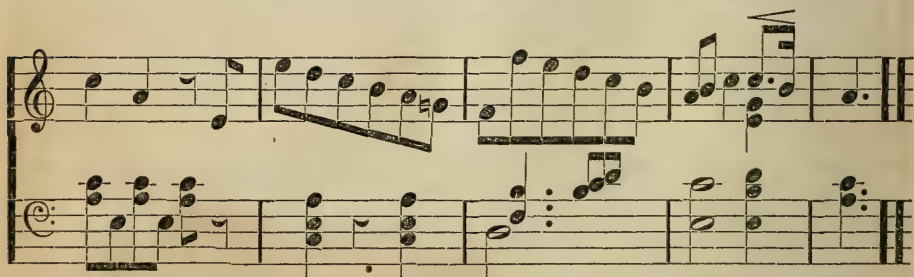
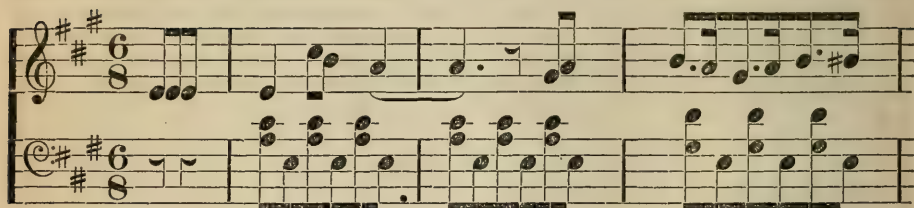
"TO WIN THE LOVE OF THEE."

BALLAD.

DEDICATED TO MISS LEO M. CASSIN, OF GEORGETOWN, D. C.

BY J. G. E.

JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 Chesnut Street: Philadelphia.



life no more, For me a thought shall claim, Thou art the I - dol I a

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a bass clef. There are some ink stains on the paper, notably a green one on the first staff and a blue one on the second staff.

dore, My hap pi - - ness and fame. To win the love of thee, I

This system contains the next two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a bass clef. There is a blue ink stain on the second staff.

would the wealth of worlds re - - sign, For life has nought for me, But one sole wish

This system contains the next two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a bass clef. There is a blue ink stain on the second staff.

to call thee mine.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a bass clef. The music ends with a double bar line.

Strive not with ornament to hide
 Thy beauty's op'ning flower;
 Simplicity should be thy bride,
 For therein lies thy power.
 Of Constancy the model I
 To wand'ring eyes should prove,
 For I should only wish to die
 If e'er I lose thy love.
 To win the love of thee, &c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Notes of a Tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Arabia Petrea, to the Holy Land; including a Visit to Athens, Sparta, Delhi, Cairo, Thebes, Mount Sinai, Petrea, &c. By E. Joy Morris. Two vols. 12 mo. pp. 550. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart: 1842.

Were we disposed to be hypercritical, we should begin by finding some fault with the title of these volumes. It is quite too long, besides being tautological. Why speak of a tour through Egypt, and a visit to Thebes? Or of a tour through Greece and a visit to Athens? It would be as proper to announce a journey through England, including a visit to London. He who travels over a country of course visits its capital. If he supposes the readers of his journal do not know what city enjoys that distinction, it is even then better to let them acquire this geographical information by degrees. Too great and sudden developments may defeat his object; a man's vision is sometimes obscured by excess of light.

Of the improbabilities which are scattered throughout the work we have space only to notice one or two. Mr. Morris informs us that the *harem* of the Governor of Smyrna, which he encountered on board a steamer, "consisted of some half-dozen ladies, (wives,) and, with attendants, amounted to near thirty persons." Rather too many wives for the simple Aga of Smyrna, and more than the Koran allows. The holy book of the Mahommedan permits no one, save the Grand Sultan—the representative of the prophet—to have more than two; and that highest of dignitaries, and hereditary favorite of the immortals, has but four. The Governor of Smyrna, we are assured by a competent authority, has but *one* wife, and she is of Turkish descent, and not, as our author avers, a Circassian. Had she been of Circassia she would have been a concubine, not a wife, or, as the author blunderingly calls her, a *Sultana*. That title belongs only to the favorite wife of the *Sultan*. Our traveller tells us that he offered to this lady some sweetmeats, although her husband and the keeper of his harem were both present! An averment which we would be as chary of believing as if it were that the "light" of the Grand Seigneur's palace had accepted an invitation to swim with him in the Bosphorus!

Mr. Morris tells us that he found in the slave market of Constantinople two beautiful Georgian girls, "destined for the harems of the rich," in cages, but that he was "only indulged with a glance at them through the bars!" Now a cage, or such a place as he intended to describe by that word, even for the ugliest Numidian, would not be tolerated in Constantinople for an hour; nor has there been for many years a Georgian girl publicly exhibited in the markets of that city. When a writer, sensible of the dullness of his performance, seeks to impart to it some interest by weaving into its chapters romantic fictions, he should be careful to give them an air of probability. We have not time nor inclination to point out other "attractions" in these volumes of a similar description.

While writing of Athens and Constantinople, Mr. Morris doubtless had by his side Mr. Colton's "Visit" to those places; and in his notices of Arabia Petrea and Egypt he has availed himself of the information acquired by Mr. Stevens and Professor Robinson. He has made what, in the language of the *trade*, is called a readable book;

but it possesses neither originality, vigor, nor freshness; and his delineations, besides lacking these qualities, are often tediously long and needlessly particular. He does not pretend to give any new topographical information, and his work contains none. It was probably written out from slight notes taken during his tour, and the more elaborate descriptions of other travellers. It evinces some taste and judgment in the selection of themes, and is now and then graced by a classical allusion or quotation, gleaned, perhaps, from the guide-books, which make authorship so easy to the tourist.

Punishment by Death: Its Authority and Expediency. By Rev. George B. Cheever. One vol. 12mo. pp. 156. New York: M. W. Dodd.

Several able sermons on this important subject have issued from the press. This is a more extended and elaborate effort. It displays learning, research, and philosophical acumen, and is worthy of general and serious attention. We know of no treatise in our language, on this subject, so well calculated for circulation among the people at large. It is brief, clear, comprehensive, written in an interesting style, and often rising to a strain of vivid and stirring eloquence.

About half the volume is devoted to the argument from Scripture; in which the original Noahic ordinance is taken as the ground-work, commented upon in the Mosaic statutes, and confirmed in the New Testament. The writings and experience of Paul are examined, and the course of the Divine Providence is shown to be consentaneous with this argument. The state of legislation and society in the antediluvian world, as well as afterwards, are investigated, with the origin of government, and the nature of its sanction in the Scriptures.

The remainder of the book is taken up with the argument from Expediency. The question is examined, What constitutes the perfection of criminal jurisprudence? The efficacy of punishment by death in restraining crime is argued, and also that the abrogation of this punishment would prove a premium on the crime of murder, through the desire of concealing other crimes. The law of nature is examined, with the powerful convictions of conscience on this subject, as sustaining the Divine legislation, and demanding support also in human law. Various objections are considered and answered, with the occasion of the prejudice against Capital Punishment. The book concludes with a chapter on the power and solemnity of the argument from analogy, in reference to the sanctions of the Divine Government.

A Popular Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry: intended for the use of the Practical Farmer. By Chas. Squarey, Chemist. One vol. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

An excellent work, in which most of what is really valuable in the treatises of Liebig, Davy, Johnson and Daubeny, has been condensed for the practical reader.

Tecumseh, or the West Thirty Years Since: A Poem: By George H. Colton. 12mo. pp. 412. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1842.

We alluded to this work very briefly in a former number, and now recur to it mainly for the purpose of presenting some specimens of the author's versification, by which the reader may be enabled to judge of its general execution. "Tecumseh" is a narrative, founded on the history of that great chief whose name is chosen for its title, and whose efforts to unite the various divisions of the red race into one grand confederacy, to regain their lost inheritance, though unsuccessful, should secure to him a fame as lasting as is awarded to the most celebrated heroes and patriots of the world.

The measure of the main part of the poem—extending to nine long cantos—is octo-syllabic. It is free, and generally correct, though in some cases marred by inexcusable carelessness, and phraseology more tame and meaningless than, had he kept his manuscript for a few years, the author would have permitted to go before the critics. The hero, with the wily prophet, *Els-kwa-tâ-wa*, who was his evil genius through life, is introduced in the second canto. Distinguished

"By his broad brow of care and thought,
By his most regal mein and tread,
By robes with richest wampum wrought,
And eagle's plume upon his head,"

he emerges with his companion from a forest ;

"Nor e'er did eye a form behold
At once more finished, firm and bold.
Of larger mould and loftier mien
Than oft in hall or bower is seen,
And with a browner hue than seems
To pale maid fair, or lights her dreams,
He yet revealed a symmetry
Had charmed the Grecian sculptor's eye,
A massive brow, a kindled face,
Limbs chiselled to a faultless grace,
Beauty and strength in every feature,
While in his eyes there lived the light
Of a great soul's transcendent might—
Hereditary lord by nature !
As stood he there, the stern, unmoved,
Except his eagle glance that roved,
And darkly limned against the sky
Upon that mound so lone and high,
He looked the sculptured God of Wars,
Great Odin, or Egyptian Mars,
By crafty hand, from dusky stone,
Immortal wrought in ages gone,
And on some silent desert cast,
Memorial of the mighty Past !
And yet, though firm, though proud his glance,
There was upon his countenance
That settled shade, which oft in life
Mounts upward from the spirit's strife
As if upon his soul there lay
Some grief which would not pass away.

The other's lineaments and air
Revealed him plainly brother born
Of him, who on that summit bare
So sad, yet proudly, met the morn :
But, lighter built, his slender frame
Far less of grace, as strength, could claim ;
And, with an eye that, sharp and fierce,
Would seem the gazer's breast to pierce,
And low'ring visage, aye the while
Inwrought of subtlety and guile,
Whose every glance, that darkly stole,
Bespoke the crafty, cruel soul.
There was from all his presence shed
A power, a chill mysterious dread,
Which made him of those beings seem,
That shake us in the midnight dream.
Yet were his features, too, o'ercast
With mournfulness, as if the past
Had been one vigil, painful, deep and long
Of hushed Revenge still brooding over wrong.

No word was said : but long they stood,
And side by side, in thoughtful mood,
Watched the great curtains of the mist
Up from the mighty landscape move ;
'T was surely spirit-hands, they wist,
Did lift them from above.
And when, unveiled, to them alone
The solitary world was shown,
And dew from all the mound's green sod
Rose like an incense, up to God,
Reclined, yet silent still, they bent
Their eyes on Heaven's deep firmament—
As if were open to their view
The stars' sun-flooded homes of blue—
Or gazed, with mournful sternness, o'er
The rolling prairie stretched before ;
While round them, fluttering on the breeze,
The sere leaves fell from faded trees."

At the close of a conference which ensues, Tecumseh expresses his determination to

"go forth
Through the great waters of the North,
Round the far South, and o'er the West
By the lone streams, nor ever rest,
Till all the tribes united stand
In battle for their native land."

There are scattered through the poem many passages of minute and skilful description of external nature, and interwoven with the main history is a story of love, resulting, in the end, like most tales of the kind, in the perfect felicity of the parties. Some episodes, by which the narrative is broken, are well-wrought, and the entire poem possesses a deep and sustained interest. The rapid action of the narrative is illustrated by the following passage, descriptive of the last conflict, in which Tecumseh fell :

"Forth at the peal each charger sped,
The hard earth shook beneath their tread,
The dim woods, all around them spread,
Shone with their armor's light :
Yet in those stern, still lines assailed
No eye-ball shrunk, no bosom quailed,
No foot was turned for flight ;
But, thundering as their foemen came,
Each rifle flashed its deadly flame.
A moment, then recoil and rout,
With reeling horse and struggling shout,
Confused that onset fair ;
But, rallying each dark steed once more,
Like billows borne the low reefs o'er
With foamy crest in air,
Right on and over them they bore,
With gun and bayonet thrust before,
And swift swords brandish'd bare.
Then madly was the conflict waged,
Then terribly red Slaughter raged !

How still is yet yon dense morass
The bloody sun below !
Where'er yon chosen horsemen pass,
There stirs no bough nor blade of grass,
There moves no secret foe !
Yet on, quick eye and cautious tread,
His bold ranks Johnson darkling led,
Sudden from tree and thicket green,
From trunk, and mound, and bushy screen,
Sharp lightning flashed with instant sheen,
A thousand death-bolts sung !
Like ripened fruit before the blast,
Rider and horse to earth were cast,
Its miry roots among ;
Then wild, as if that earth were riven,
And pour'd beneath the cope of heaven,
All hell to upper air were given,
One fearful whoop was rung,
And, bounding each from covert forth,
Burst on their front the demon birth.
'Off ! off ! each horseman to the ground !
On foot we'll quell the foe !'
And instant, with impetuous bound,
They hurld them down below.

Then loud the crash of arms arose,
As when two forest whirlwinds close ;

Then filled all heaven their shout and yell,
As if the forests on them fell!
I see, where swells the thickest fight,
With sword and hatchet brandish'd bright
And rifles flashing sulphurous light

Through green leaves gleaming red—
I see a plume, now near, now far,
Now high, now low, like falling star,
Wide waving o'er the tide of war,
Where'er the onslaught 's led;
I see, beneath, a bare arm swing,
As tempest whirls the oak,
Bosom and high crest shivering
The war-club's deadly stroke;
The eager infantry rush in,
Before their ranks, with wilder din,
The wav'ring strife is driven—
Above the struggling storm I hear
A lofty voice the war bands cheer,
Still, as they quail with doubt or fear,
Yet loud and louder given;
And, rallying to the clarion cry,
With club and red axe raging high,
And sharp knives sheathing low,
Fast back again confusedly
They drive the staggering foe."

We conclude our extracts with a graphic description of a forest scene, from the last canto.

"Within a wood extending wide
By Thames's steeply winding side,
There sat upon a fallen tree,
Grown green through ages silently,
An Indian girl. The gradual change
Making all things most sweetly strange,
Had come again. The autumn sun,
Half up his morning journey, shone
With conscious lustre, calm and still;
By dell, and plain, and sloping hill
Stood mute the faded trees, in grief,
As various as their clouded leaf,
With all the hues of sunset skies
Were stamp'd the maple's mourning dies;
In meeker sorrow in the vale
The gentle ash was drooping pale;
Brown-seared the walnut raised its head,
The oak displayed a lifeless red;
And grouping bass and white-wood hoar
Sadly their yellow honors bore;
And silvered birch and poplar rose
With foliage gray and weeping boughs;
But elm and stubborn beech retained
Some verdant lines, though crossed and stained,
And by the river's side were seen
Hazel and willow palely green,
While in the woods, by bank and stream
And hollows shut from daylight gleam,
Where tall trees wept their freshening dew,
Each shrub preserved its summer hues.
Nor this alone. From branch and trunk
The withered wild-vines coldly shrunk,
The woodland fruits hung ripe or dry,
The leaf-strown brook flowed voiceless by;
And all throughout, nor dim nor bright,
There lived a rare and wondrous light
Wherein the colored leaves around
Fell noiselessly; nor any sound,
Save chattering squirrels on the trees,
Or dropping nuts, when stirred the breeze,
Might there be heard; and, floating high,
Were light clouds borne along the sky,
And, scarcely seen, in heaven's deep blue
One solitary eagle flew."

From these passages the general character of the work may be inferred. It is too long; it would be unwise to extend a poem on any theme to nine cantos, of near fourteen thousand lines; and besides its diffuseness, in parts, it has other faults, to which we have already alluded. It is the first production, however, of an author just freed from the University; not yet, apparently, twenty-two years old; and, so regarded, the severest critic must deem it remarkably free from errors in design and execution.

Some half dozen elaborate metrical tales, founded on Indian histories or traditions, have before appeared in this country, of which but one—the "Yamoyden" of Sands

and Eastburn—is comparable to this; and that is inferior to it in unity, and, indeed, in almost all its essential features. The admirable poem to "Yamoyden," in which Sands laments in such touching strains the early death of his associate and friend, is not rightly considered a part of the poem to which it is prefixed. To this Mr. Colton has produced nothing equal; nor is he worthy yet to be ranked with Sands as a poet. But "Tecumseh," until some nobler work is written, must be considered the best poem of its class written by an American.

Memoir of India and Arghanistoun, with Observations on The Present State and Future Prospects of those Countries. By J. Harlan, late Counsellor of State, Aide-de-Camp, and General of the Staff, to Dost Mahomed, Ameer of Cabul. One vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: J. Dobson, 1842.

General Harlan resided in India and Avghanistoun eighteen years, and his official stations during that period were such as he would have chosen had his principal object been to form a correct judgment in regard to the social and political conditions of those countries. The facts and opinions contained in this work must therefore command regard, especially since the recent military operations in that quarter have drawn so much attention to the British East Indian Empire. The volume comprises remarks on the late massacre of the British Army in Cabul, and the British policy in India; a reply to the Count Björsterna's work on that country; the Russian influence in central Asia; the foreign relations of the Indo-British government; the moral, religious and political character and condition of the Indians and Avghans; and the results of missionary exertions and prospects of Christianity among them; together with an interesting sketch of the history and personal character of Dost Mahomed, one of the most remarkable individuals that have appeared in the oriental nations during this century. In an appendix, the author indulges in some speculations on a passage in the Book of Daniel, which he supposes has reference to the present condition of the Mahomedan countries, and indicates the speedy extinction of the Ottoman empire. The book is illustrated with maps and a portrait of the Ex-Ameer of Cabul.

We shall look with some anxiety for General Harlan's "Personal Narrative of Eighteen Years' Residence in Asia," which we believe is now in press.

History of the Expedition under the command of Captains Lewis and Clarke, to the sources of the Missouri, thence across the Rocky Mountains, and down the river Columbia to the Pacific Ocean: Performed during the years 1804, 1805, 1806, by order of the Government of the United States. Two vols. Harper & Brothers: New York.

The expedition of Lewis and Clarke was the first ever made through the Oregon Territory to the Columbia River. An account of their tour was published soon after their return; but as that work has since gone out of print, and as the Oregon Territory is now a subject of much interest, the Messrs. Harpers have issued the present volumes, in which unimportant details in the former edition have been omitted, and explanatory notes have been added, by Archibald M'Vickar, Esq. The volumes form Nos. 154 and 155 of the Family Library. Perkins & Purvis: Philadelphia.

The Life of Wilbur Fisk, S. T. D. first President of the Wesleyan University. By Joseph Holdich. One vol. 8vo. pp. 455. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Wilbur Fisk was one of the purest and most useful men of our time. With a temperament remarkably sanguine and ardent, all his qualities were so subdued and harmonized by religion, as to form one of the finest models of elevated Christian character that has been presented to the world. He was a native of Brattleborough, Vermont, where he was born in 1792. In his early years he enjoyed no advantages that are not within the reach of almost every young man of New England. When about twenty-two years of age he began to study the law, but soon after turned his attention to the ministry, and in the spring of 1818 was licensed to preach by a Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1823 he was made a ruling elder, and in 1825, principal of the Methodist Seminary of Wilbraham. In 1829, he received the degree of Doctor in Divinity, from Augusta College, and from Brown University, and the following year was elected to the presidency of the Wesleyan University at Middletown. In the autumn of 1835, he visited Europe, and passed about a year on the continent and in Great Britain. The record of his travels, published soon after his return, has been one of the most popular works of its kind written by an American. He died at Middletown, after a long and painful illness, borne with singular fortitude and resignation, on the twenty-second of February, 1840. The Memoirs before us, by his friend Professor Holdich, are written with ability and candor; but the most interesting portions of the work are Dr. Fisk's admirable private letters, distinguished alike for a beauty of style, simplicity, earnestness, and affection, that indicates, better than any labored delineation by another hand, his high character and endowments. Philadelphia: H. Perkins.

A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises. By Richard J. Cleveland. Two vols. 12mo. Cambridge: John Owen, 1842.

This is one of the many narratives of adventures at sea given to the public in consequence of the success of Mr. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." The author, who retired from the merchant service more than twenty years ago, presents some interesting reminiscences of voyages to India, South America, and other parts of the world, written in a style of simple elegance rather unusual for a veteran sailor. The industry and enterprise of the New Englanders is in nothing more conspicuous than in their mercantile marine, and we infer from his pleasant work, that Mr. Cleveland has done his part to gain for them their enviable reputation.

Athanasion, and other Poems. By the Author of "Christian Ballads." New York: Wiley & Putnam.

The author of "Christian Ballads" is the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Rector of St. Anne's Chapel, Morrisania, near New York: a young poet who has won an enviable reputation by numerous contributions to the periodical literature of the day, and by some more elaborate writings. "Athanasion" is, perhaps, his best metrical composition. It has, with many excellencies, some defects, which we lack space and inclination to point out in this number of our Magazine. The volume before us is printed in a style equal to that of the best English impressions.

Fathers and Sons: a Novel: By Theodore E. Hook, Esq. Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1842.

Theodore Edward Hook was one of the most popular of the authors who died in the last year. His table wit, it is said, in freshness and exuberance, was never equalled in England; and the humor that pervades his writings will keep them in favor probably for centuries. The novel before us was his last. It appeared originally by separate chapters in the New Monthly Magazine, of which he was editor; and he was engaged in its revision when seized by the disease which terminated his career. His first work—excepting some plays written in his boyhood—was "Sayings and Doings," published in 1824. It was followed by a second and third series of the same work; by "Maxwell," "The Parson's Daughter," "Jack Brag," "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," "Gilbert Gurney," "Gurney Married," "Precepts and Practice," several volumes of biography, and "Fathers and Sons." He died on the twenty-second day of September, 1841, in the fifty-third year of his age.

His last work has all his peculiarities; the most felicitous humor; graphic delineations of character; and incidents interesting and ingeniously diversified. We have not space for an analysis of its plot; and one is the less necessary, as, notwithstanding the "hardness of the times," very few will permit the last legacy of Theodore Hook to go unread.

Sermons and Sketches of Sermons, by the Rev John Summerfield, M. A. With an Introduction, by the Rev. Thomas E. Bond, M. D. One vol. 8vo., pp. 437. Harper & Brothers: New York.

John Summerfield was one of those remarkable men who have appeared from time to time to electrify the religious world, by eloquence the most persuasive, and lives which served as samples by which those who would might guide their course to heaven. He began to preach in Ireland, when but twenty years of age, and soon after came to the United States, where he continued to labor as an evangelist until his death, which occurred sixteen years ago. Most of the sermons and sketches of sermons included in the volume before us were written down after their public delivery. They possess a deep interest, especially to those who remember the sainted author, more worthy of canonization than were ninety-nine hundredths of those whose names are included in the calendar. Henry Perkins: Philadelphia.

Practical Geology and Mineralogy; with Instructions for the qualitative analysis of Minerals. By Joshua Trimmer, F. G. S.—Irum est in viscera terræ. One vol. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

A valuable elementary treatise on Geology. For the convenience of those who have not access to cabinets of minerals, the author has collected various chemical and mineralogical details, to enable any person easily to recognise the different minerals when discovered in the fields. In the purely geological part of the work, Mr. Trimmer has confined himself to facts and classifications and a few universally admitted inferences, avoiding all questions affecting the higher generalizations, since they are still and must long continue to be matters of controversy. The work is illustrated with wood-cuts. We commend it to students in geology.

Italy and the Italian Islands, from the earliest ages to the present time. By William Spalding, Esq. With engravings and illustrative maps and plans. Three vols. Harper & Brothers: New York.

This is an able and comprehensive work, and may be consulted with confidence by persons who wish to inquire concerning the history, scenery, antiquities, topography, and present condition of Italy. The author is, perhaps, less profound than he would have been if he had contemplated a more voluminous treatise. For all purposes, however, of general reference, or as a guide to more detailed inquiries, his volumes may be consulted with advantage. The account of the social, religious and political revolutions of the ancient and modern Italians, and the history of the rise and progress of the arts and literature in Italy, constitute two of its most valuable divisions.

These volumes form Nos. 151, 152 and 153 of the Family Library, and are published in the usual style of that excellent series. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion; by Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Pp. 505, 8vo. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842.

This is a bold and eloquent attack on the doctrines of the Bible, by one who avows himself to be a Christian minister, and is ordained and settled over a religious congregation. Some of the readers of Mr. Parker's "Discourse," who are unacquainted with the writings of the German rationalists, may fancy that he is a man of deep research and profound scholarship; but there is little danger that an intelligent student in theology will be so deceived. The work embraces the substance of five lectures, delivered in Boston during the last autumn. The author denies the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and most of the other ideas of what he terms the "popular theology." We leave him and his labors to the critics of the Christian churches.

Masterman Ready, or, the Wreck of the Pacific. Written for Young People. By Captain Marryat, R. N. Second Series. One vol., 18mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a sequel to the entertaining volume published under the same title last year. Though "Masterman Ready" is an entertaining story, it is far from being equal in any respect, save its freedom from the coarser kind of jests, to "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," or the other early works of the author.

Means and Ends, or Self-training. By the author of *Redwood, Hope Leslie, Home, Poor Rich Man, &c., &c.* Second edition. One vol. Harper & Brothers: New York.

One of the best of Miss Sedgwick's smaller works. It is written in a light, rambling style, enforcing truths by anecdotes or short stories. It has been deservedly popular, and we predict that it will pass to a third and even fourth and fifth edition.

What's to be Done? or, the Will and the Way. By the author of "Wealth and Worth," &c. One vol. 12mo. Pp. 232. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The pleasant little volume entitled "Wealth and Worth," which we commended to our readers a month or two since, has been succeeded by another work from the same pen, which we think even superior to its predecessor. It is a story of American life, conveying, as its piquant title indicates, a useful and impressive moral. The style is animated and pure, and the sketches of character are graphic, forcible, and various; while the plot preserves a deep and natural interest. "Wealth and Worth" has gone through five large editions in the course of as many months—a remarkable instance of rapidly attained popularity. A success equally decided must attend the spirited little tale of "What's to be Done?"

The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice, or a Defence of the Catholic Doctrine, that Holy Scripture has been since the Times of the Apostles the Sole Divine Rule of Faith and Practice to the Church, against the dangerous Errors of the Authors of the Tracts for the Times and the Romanists, as, particularly, that the Rule of Faith is "made up of Scripture and Tradition together," &c: In which also the Doctrines of the Apostolical Succession, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, &c., are fully discussed. By William Goode, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Two vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.

This is probably the most learned and able theological work that has been published in England or America during the year. Those who have read the "Tracts for the Times," and all who feel any interest in the religious controversies of the age, will thank us for directing to it their attention.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay: Edited by her Niece. Parts I. and II. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

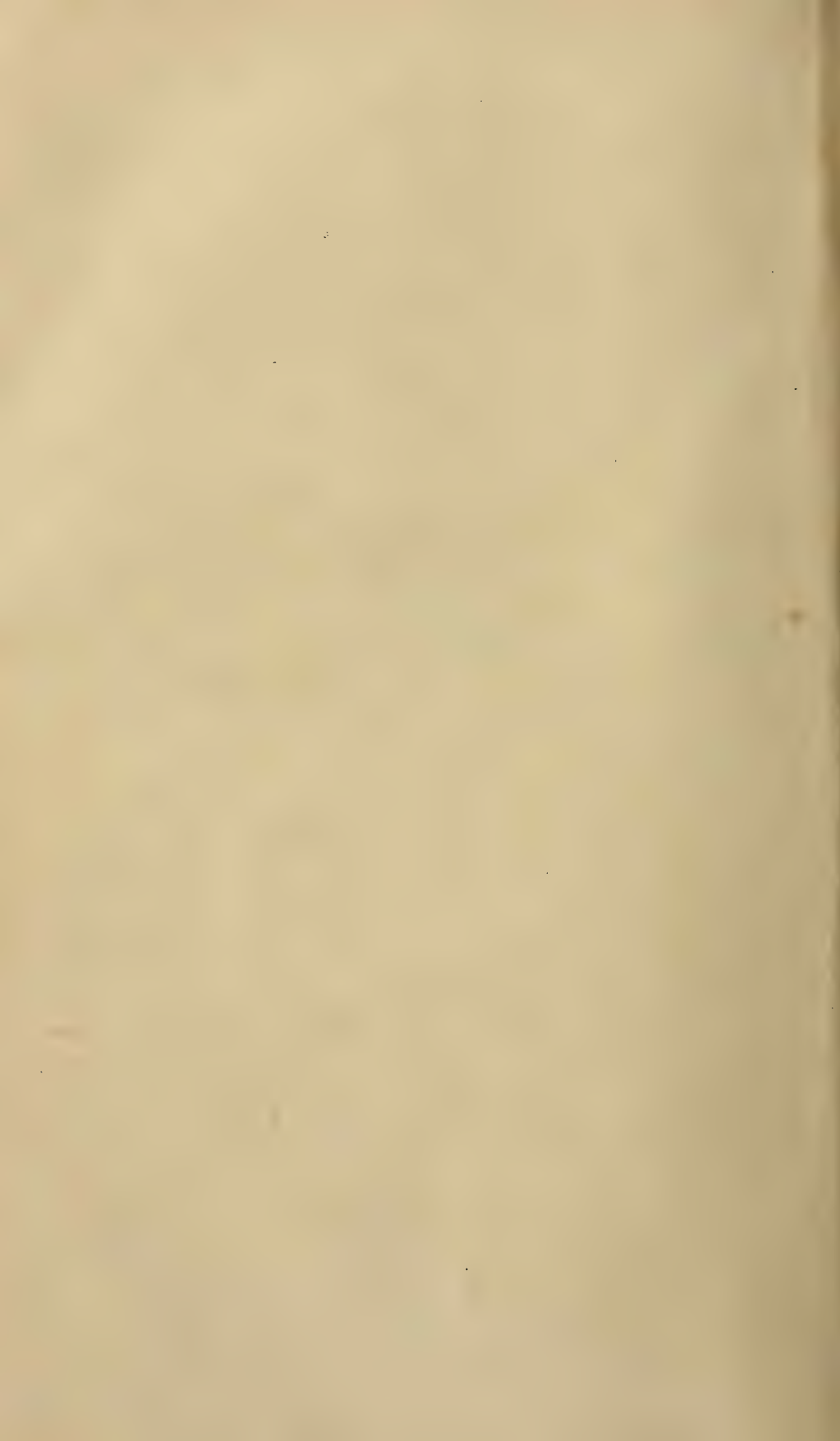
Miss Burney, afterward Madame D'Arblay, is best known to the literary world as the authoress of "Evelina," one of the most admirable and popular novels in the English language. She died early in the year 1841, at the advanced age of ninety, and two volumes of her autobiographical remains have since been published in London, both of which are included in these "parts" of the American edition. She was intimately acquainted with Johnson, Sheridan, Burke, Boswell, and other eminent persons of their time; and her diary, including a great number of interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of her early career, is one of the most entertaining works of the day.

⚭ RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD, a gentleman of fine taste and well known literary abilities, has become associated with us as one of the editors of this Magazine. The extensive literary knowledge of Mr. G. renders him a most valuable coadjutor.

⚭ The connection of E. A. Poe, Esq., with this work ceased with the *May Number*. Mr. P. bears with him our warmest wishes for success in whatever he may undertake

Small 44 7/8 1854







The Patient and the Doctor.

Engraved by Welch & Walter, from a drawing by W.C. Ross, A.R.A.



Portrait of a Mother and Child
by J. H. P. & Co. London



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA: AUGUST, 1842.

No. 2.

THE BUD AND BLOSSOM.

A REASON FOR BACHELORISM.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"You have told me, Mr. Hunter, at least a dozen times, you would reveal to me the secret of your bachelorism; now we have no visitors, and no prospect of any; the quiet patter of the rain has tempted you to cigar and slippers; and that dim burning of the coal in the grate, the drowsy fire of June, just enough to dispel the damp, and not enough to rouse one uneasy nerve, is of itself a pledge for a long, tranquil evening. And yet—by no means, my dear sir, do n't toss aside your cigar, and as to sighing, it is out of the question—you are too stout for sentiment, have a well-to-do air, a sort of tell-tale good-dinner aspect, that don't accord well with the sentimental."

Mr. Hunter drew from his bosom a small miniature, the portraits of two sisters, the one a girl of seventeen, the other a child of seven or eight—a bud and a blossom of female loveliness. Even I forgot the well-to-do air, and found myself unconsciously sympathizing as his smooth, unmarked face settled into an expression of melancholy. To be sure it was unnatural, and, just as it was about to reassume its habitual look of easy content, and the cigar was quietly restored to the lips, he caught a glimpse of my eyes, and they *might* have looked mischievous, for he flung the cigar aside, and declared he would never, no never, satisfy my curiosity. "Women were all alike heartless, untruthful, and full of whim. A man never knew where to find them—one thing to-day, another to-morrow. A book that is all preface—the reader never gets beyond the first page. No wonder married men are lean and cadaverous. That same lean Cassius must have been a married man. Othello's occupation was done when he became a married man. Witness the

spleen of Iago—it is that of a married man. Macbeth was a married murderer—it makes me desperate—"

"Yes, desperate to be married. I won't enter into a defence, because, my dear sir, I do so much want that same story. I forgive this little ebullition of bachelor spleen, believing it may be of service to you. But, Mr. Hunter, here is the secret of all the bachelorism in the world—Inconstancy—remember the old ballad that saith,

'Sigh no more, ladye, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever—
One foot on sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.'

"Now do tell me the story of these pretty girls, and I promise not to annoy you."

Mr. Hunter was too good-natured to refuse—bachelors *are* good natured.

"This is a painting from a sketch I made of the two girls, shortly before we embarked upon that fatal voyage. They were standing as you now see; Ellen with the same tranquil, gentle demeanor, and the roguish Anne in this very attitude indeed, but a thousand changeful meanings flitting over her face.

"I was but twenty-two—full of life, health, and the enthusiasm of early manhood. Ellen was the realization of my dreams, the one pure and blessed being forever floating about the fancies of the imagination, the impersonation of my ideal of womanhood at that time; meek, trusting, dependent, and loving with a singleness and purity of soul that sanctified every emotion. I need not say that the most restless dream of ambition, the most alluring incitements to pleasure, were as nothing to me when weighed by the wealth of her guileless tones of

affection, the earnest and touching accents of tenderness that fell from her sweet lips.

"I was about to return to one of our southern cities, there to prosecute my profession, and Mrs. Lacey, a widow of some fortune, and long an invalid, determined to arrange her affairs and remove thither also, in company with her two daughters, my sweet Ellen and Anne.

"The first evening of our voyage Ellen joined me for a promenade on the deck, and as she confidently put her arm within mine, I shall never forget the renewed sense of manhood I experienced at that moment, nor the exquisite delight arising from a consciousness that a creature of such grace and tenderness relied on me, and me only, for protection. Believe me, too, a woman can realize but once, I mean only in the one individual who engrosses her whole heart, that sweet sense of dependence, that delight in appealing to the manliness of a being, to whom alone she is not ashamed to confess her weakness.

"You smile, but we bachelors know more of your woman hearts than you do yourselves. For instance, you admire strength, because you are physically inferior. You admire intellect, because however intellectual you may be, you delight still more in the affections. Beauty is nothing to you, but self-sustaining manliness is every thing. You admire nobleness and generosity of sentiment, because they are not your own characteristics—courage because you are cowards—"

"Oh! Mr. Hunter, Mr. Hunter, I *do* protest—"

"Yet hear me through. Love with a woman must be commingled with reverence. She cannot love deeply, fervently; she cannot feel that the whole of her own exhaustless and beautiful sympathies are welling up to the light, like a pure fountain gushing up to the sunshine, only as love has become an idolatry, a holiness, a religion; and wo unto her when such is its nature! Earth has set its seal against it; the very stars look down sadly upon it; every where an altar arises to the living God, on which the incense that may not, cannot find a worthy censor here, is transferred to that of the Eternal. Thus it is that women are more religious than men—and thus it is that one of the most gifted of their number has said,

"Oh, hope not, ask thou not too much
Of sympathy below—
Few are the hearts, whence one same touch
Bids the sweet waters flow—
Few, and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this world of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet."

"But to my story. We had been out three or four days, with favorable winds, and the sea and sky had revealed to us each day their varied aspect of beauty. A change had been threatening through the day, and as the night approached the dense settling of the vapors seemed to hem us in, and that strange utterance of the elements, where they call from point to point, holding as they do undivided empire over the world of waters, was sublime, not to say appalling.

Mrs. Lacey was a timid woman, and though the thread of life seemed every moment ready to sunder, she still clung to it with a wild tenacity. Ellen thought not of herself, and I believe she would have shrunk from witnessing the fearful uproar about us, as the vessel plunged onward, bravely onward, yet helpless even in her strength. I was leaning against the companion-way, alive to an almost painful sense of sublimity, when the light form of Anne rushed into my arms, and clasping hers about me she buried her face in my bosom.

"Oh! Charles, dear brother Charles, do n't send me back—let me stay with you and I shall fear nothing."

"I gathered the sweet child to my bosom, and by a strange instinct approached the taffarel of the ship. I became aware of a sudden and terrible tumult—of a blackness even more dense than the thick clouds about us. Anne clung convulsively to my neck, and I instinctively put out my hands for support, for there was a fearful crash, a wild reeling beneath me, and I felt myself lifted from my feet and borne onward in the thick darkness. I was clinging to the chains of a larger ship that had crossed our track in that fearful storm, and had passed over her gallant souls, leaving all to perish, save us two so wondrously preserved.

"When afflictions come singly upon ourselves we are overpowered with a sense of desolation; we tread the wine-press alone, and the burden is often too much for human endurance; but when the calamity is general the individual is merged in the many, and the selfishness of grief is forgotten. I scarcely wept for the gentle and beautiful Ellen. I was conscious of a dull aching weight of bereavement; but then I felt as an atom, a quivering, vital one indeed, but yet only as an atom in the great mass of human suffering. The ocean, too, pure and deep, seemed a fit resting place for the good and lovely.

When Anne awoke to consciousness, she called frantically for her mother and sister. Slowly and gently I revealed the sad reality. She stood with her little hands clasped, her wet hair streaming over her shoulders, and those deep earnest eyes gazing into mine with an intensity that pained me to the very heart. When all had become clear to her, she dropped her hands slowly and the tears gathered into her eyes; then, as by a new impulse, she drew herself to my bosom, and nestled there, like a dove, weary and desolate.

"Tender and beautiful sufferer! she gathered her duty only from my eyes, and assented to the slightest intimation of my will. I was her only friend on the earth, and her gentle nature, now doubly gentle in her sorrow, lavished all its tenderness on me.

"Gradually she awoke from the listlessness induced by newness to suffering, and the wonderful elasticity of her character revealed a thousand glowing and impassioned traits, that had hitherto escaped my observation. Frank and courageous, she regarded things as they were in themselves, and not as they might appear to others. Challenging the

opinions of none, with an intuitive feminine tact, her conclusions were always what one would desire.

"Nature is, after all, the best teacher—would women but yield themselves to the promptings of a simple and womanly nature, they would be far more effective than they at present are. Our sex are worshippers of truth—you smile—but it is true nevertheless; and might you, dared you preserve your primitive truthfulness of heart, we should fall down and worship you.

"But I digress, and am describing Anne rather as she appeared when, like Spenser's Amoret, she 'reclined in the lap of womanhood,' than while she sat upon my knee, a tender and simple child.

"I would scarcely assert that Anne was endowed with genius; and yet I know not—at any rate it was thoroughly a woman's genius—earnest, truthful, affectionate, dependent, and yet nobly self-sustained—impassioned and yet never mistaking or perverting her emotions—embodying every quality of her sex, and yet elevating all—gay as a bird, simple as a child; her own bright nature investing all things with an ideal halo, and yet with a singular clearness of perception and soundness of judgment correcting all such illusions; a creature of contradictions, and yet grand in her consistency; a true woman; the life-study of a man, aye, and were he the wisest of his sex, he might never exhaust the sweet subject; just not an angel, but all a woman—

'A creature not too bright nor good,
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.'

"The ship that had wrecked our own good barque was bound on a three years cruise, and all that time Anne was the only one of her sex on board. She never seemed to feel the peculiarity of her situation, all she said or did was feminine and becoming, and her little state room worthy of Goethe's Margery, 'it is not every maiden keeps her room so chary,' might have been said of her.

"Never shall I forget the wild delight with which she hailed our approach to land, nor the care with which she nurtured the plants that were to relieve the monotony of the voyage—the touching gratitude with which she received the gift of a bird or animal that was to be her especial pet. And then to mark her many little expedients to preserve the order and taste of her poor garments: true, nothing could be more picturesque than her half oriental costume, the loose trowsers and robe confined by a girdle that every sailor vied in keeping tasteful. Her dark, changeful eyes and luxuriant hair might well afford to meet a skin embrowned by exposure, but rich with the brightest hue of health. The sailors called her the little queen, from her proud air, and the officers applied a thousand aristocratic epithets, all indicating a playful reverence. She was a child in heart, but a woman in manner.

"I need not recount her studies, nor that pretty reserve that made her apply to me, and to me only, for aid. Alas! I knew not the poison I thus imbibed.

I dreamed not that that sweet child could ever be aught to me but a sister.

"At length, after an absence of four years, I placed the dear girl under the protection of my mother. I was an only child, and she received Anne as the gift of God, a new object of attachment.

"But why dwell upon these things? Why tell how the child ripened into womanhood—beautiful, most beautiful, not in feature merely, though even there few of her sex were her equals; but beautiful in thought, in voice, and motion—that combination of parts, that wondrous result of grace, even where shades may be defective yet producing an harmonious whole? Why tell how her confiding, sisterly attachment remained unshaken, while I learned to love her with all the fervor of manhood? I felt it was hopeless, and became an exile from home, that I might not inflict a pang upon her trusting heart. After a long absence, in which time, which had only softened, I fondly trusted had cured me of my passion, I returned to find Anne but more lovely and attaching, and now doubly lost to me. When she pressed her maidenly lips to my cheek, and again called me brother, I rebelled at the term and madly revealed the truth.

"Poor Anne! she recoiled from me trembling and in tears. At length she put her arms about my neck, and with the same gentle accent, the same confiding tenderness that I remembered upon that fearful night at sea, she uttered—

"Dear, dear brother Charles, am I not your sister? You do love me, you will not cast me from you, though—though I have dared to love another."

"I raised her head, and her calm eyes met mine, though her cheek and bosom were dyed with blushes.

"Never, dear Anne, you shall be my sister; God help me to regard you as such only."

"I kept my promise. Oh, God! did I not, through years of agony that tongue might never utter!

"Anne became the wife of another, and never, never, can I enough admire her refined womanly deportment. Her whole soul, with all its unutterable wealth of loving, was now his; and yet in my presence all was chastened to a tranquil content, as if she, truthful as she was, dreaded I should know her deep fount of feeling, lest it might enhance my own sense of solitude. 'Most excellent wretch,' Othello would have said; every where I traced the evidences of her benevolence, and every where was she mindful of my happiness.

"Holy and generous woman! the earnest, the true-hearted—earth was no place for thee. Enough, she died—died ere a shadow had fallen upon her bright nature—ere the thought had assumed shape that the creature of her idolatry had brought a desecrated gift to the altar."

How many of that class—deemed by the throng so cold and passionless—have for their solitary life some such cause as that which made my friend a bachelor! Surely there lives not man or woman who has not at some period loved; and thousands, like the heroes of fiction, make but one cast of the heart.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

SEVEN long years has the desert rain
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face ;
Seven long years of sorrow and pain
I have thought of thy burial place.

Far on the prairies of the west,
None who loved thee beheld thee die ;
They who heaped the earth on thy breast
Turned from the spot without a sigh.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,
Violets spring in the soft May shower ;
There, in the summer breezes wave
Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there
Feeds with the spotted fawn the doe ;

There, when the winter woods are bare,
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe away my tears ;
Yesterday the earth was laid
Over my father, full of years,
Him whose steps I have watched and stayed.

All my work is finished here ;
Every slumber, that shuts my eye,
Brings the forms of the lost and dear,
Shows me the world of spirits nigh.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
This long pain, a sleepless pain—
When the Father my spirit takes
I shall feel it no more again.

SONG.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF "GREYSLAER," "THE VIGIL OF FAITH," ETC.

WHY should I murmur lest she may forget me ?
Why should I grieve to be by her forgot ?
Better, then, wish that she had never met me,
Better, oh, far, she should remember not !

Yet that sad wish—oh, would it not come o'er her
Knew she the heart on which she now relies ?

May 183—.

Strong it is only in beating to adore her—
Faint in the moment her lov'd image flies !

Why should I murmur lest she may forget me ?
Would I not rather be remembered not
Ere have her grieve that she had ever met me ?
I only suffer if I am forgot !

THE WATCHERS.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

SULTANA ! Sultana ! thy watch is in vain—
With the sun that is setting in gloom o'er the main
The empire from Selim is passing away :
Ho ! up with Mustapha ! Death waits on delay !

The morning that broke on the spires of Sallee
Saw his ships ride triumphant upon the blue sea ;
But the foam of the waves, ere the noon, was made red
With the blood of the wounded, the dying and dead.

They came from the mountains, as sand on the gale
That sweeps o'er Zahara, his throne to assail ;
The fierce Otazi and the stern Almohade
Were kind, to the war-bands that follow El Said.

The courser of Selim flies wild o'er the plain,
His flag on the seas shall ne'er flutter again ;
The reign of the son of Mohammed is o'er,
And thine eyes shall delight in his presence no more !

Then bind up thy tresses and dash from thine eyes
The tear that betokens distrust of the skies ;
Nor deem that around thee one spirit 's so poor
As to bend to a sceptre not swayed by a Moor.

Away with thy watching ! the son of thy lord
Of the chiefs of Morocco is monarch and ward !
Give him into their hands ! bid them think of his sire,
And his safety, their triumph—shall crown each desire !

DE PONTIS.

A TALE OF RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER I.

BENEATH the vast superstructure of the *Palais de Justice*, a pile of buildings erected under various dynasties, now appropriated to the sittings of the several justiciary courts, and situate in the most unwholesome and dirtiest quarter of the city of Paris, is a low, narrow door—it may be seen on the right-hand of the grand staircase. This is the entrance to the *Conciergerie du Palais*, a prison famous in the annals of the French monarchy.

In May, of the year of grace, one thousand six hundred and forty, waiting with the same intent, yet standing apart from the crowd, was observable a maiden attended by an aged female domestic. At the hour of eight in the morning, knelled by the old palace-clock, the portal was opened to the admission, under heavy and inconvenient restrictions, of the friends and legal advisers of prisoners. The group of visitors entered the narrow threshold one by one, the maiden last, after exchanging an affectionate adieu with her attendant. Such had been her wonted custom the past week. Little curiosity existed among those who, like herself, were seeking admission within the dreaded walls, else they might have distinguished, what the mantle drawn close round the throat could not wholly conceal—a fair face subdued by recent sorrow. Last was she ever of the throng, for she shrank from the observation and contact of those as unhappy as herself. Let us pass the threshold with the maiden.

The narrow passage opened into a large, sombre vestibule, the walls of rough masonry, and on which were affixed lamps affording a dim, feeble light. At the entrance the damsel each day submitted a written order to a pair of ruffianly jailers, whose unwashed faces and long matted hair bespoke utter aversion to cleanliness. Holding the document to a lamp above his head, the light fell on the seamed face, begrimed with dirt, of the principal jailer. Hands of the same texture, and in the same state, had in the course of a week so soiled the pass that it appeared no longer the same document. The maiden who, whilst waiting in the outer-bureau of the minister of state, had witnessed the carefulness of the delicate hand, peeping from the lace-ruffle, which traced the characters on fair royal paper, sealed it with green office-wax, and bore it with all care in an envelop to Monseigneur, shrouded in his closet,

would not have dared to show the secretary his bespoiled handiwork, and almost loathed receiving it from the grimed hand of the cerberus—but it was impolitic to exhibit the disgust she depositing the paper in its cleaner, walked through a long gallery, lighted, tubule, by lamps, the whole day long. The gallery terminated in the prison-parlor, an apartment where the inmates held interviews with relatives and friends. And a strange parlor it appeared even to the maiden, though seen for the seventh time. Of the same confined width as the gallery, there were interposed on each side and at the extremity, strong iron rails; and between the bars of what might be compared to a bird-cage on a gigantic scale, conversed the prisoners and their visitors. Beyond the inmates' side of the railing, was seen another row of iron-bars, and between the interstices of the latter, a scanty green whose blades of grass, few and far between, might easily be counted. Flanking this lawn were open-staircases leading to the apartments of prisoners treated with less rigor than others condemned to the noisome cells of the old structure.

The maiden paused not on reaching the apartment she appeared to know, as it were the party she sought would not be there—herd—but proceeding to the extreme end, awaited the slow movement of the jailer's assistant, who, seated on a bench, kept a sharp eye on what was passing around. Rising reluctantly, he unfastened the lock of the cage-door, admitting the fair visitor. She was about producing, as usual, the order which afforded her the exclusive privilege, but he motioned her to proceed.

"*Jour de Dieu!* Mademoiselle," said the lazy official, "I am glad such commands are scarce, or I should have a fine life of it!"

Glad to escape further parley, she tripped forward to the gate which opened on the green—shook it—but the chain which passed between the bars of the gate and intertwined with the corresponding shafts of the iron inclosure, was fastened by a padlock. She turned round, but the jailer was at hand—and with something between a smile and a contortion of the muscles, he said, "Mademoiselle's sentiments, no doubt, correspond with mine—there is no necessity for this vexation."

The vexation complained of, was the being obliged to keep the gate locked and the key on his person,

which placed the functionary at the mercy of every prisoner anxious to retire to the meditation of his cell, when there might happen to be an equal anxiety on the part of the warder to doze indolently with twinkling, half-opened eye on the comfortable bench.

Forcing a smile in reply to the remark, she walked quickly across the lawn—scant as the hairs on head of octogenarian—flew up one of the staircases, and entering a narrow passage, was about to knock at the chamber door, when it opened, and an elderly man, with a martial cast of countenance, stood before her, smiling.

"As punctual as the clock, my good Marguerite," said the prisoner in a tone of gaiety, perhaps not wholly sincere.

Marguerite burst into tears and threw herself into his arms. The old man—he was her surviving parent—chid the damsel, and leading her to a chair—there were but two in the little chamber—bade her reassume the courage becoming the daughter of an old *militaire*.

"Father! my news is not good—there is no hope yet!" exclaimed Marguerite, drying her tears. She looked in his face, dreading the impression which the intelligence would produce.

"No hope, Marguerite?" exclaimed her father, "that cannot be—fortune indeed was never kind, but hope never forsakes me—she is as kind—as kind as Marguerite. And I see" (looking at a basket which she brought under her mantle) "that you have not forgotten to cater for our breakfast."

It was the *Sieur De Pontis*, whose wants were thus carefully administered to by an affectionate daughter. Of an ancient family in Limousin, and of moderate estate, he had in early life followed the profession of arms, serving in succession, and faithfully, the third and fourth Henry, and the reigning monarch, Louis, thirteenth of that name. With a fondness for the profession, rather than any ambition or abstract love of glory, he had arrived at a fair rank in the armies of France, and been personally noticed by the kings and princes whom he served. It were reasonable to suppose of such a man, that without objection on the score of family or descent, of fair estate, character and temper formed to make friends rather than provoke enmity, and whose career had been hitherto free from charge of neglect or error in military duties, that he should have found himself in old age, at least as rich as when he commenced life. Far from it! and the only way it could be accounted for by himself or friends, was conveyed in the remark that he was singularly unfortunate. Farm after farm had melted away, and there remained only one *terre* or estate—a barren place—in his native province, Limousin. Was he prudent or did he indulge in the excesses of a campaigning life? De Pontis, as we have said, had a fondness for the profession. He was, moreover, a strict disciplinarian, frugal, saving, and free from the prevailing vices of gaming and debauchery.

In endeavoring to account for the poverty of the old *militaire*, we are thus driven back to his own assertion, that he was unfortunate. Such a condi-

tion was perhaps satisfactory to De Pontis himself, who was merely a philosopher practically—as his biographer, it becomes us to look beneath the surface, and, if possible, pluck out the heart of the mystery. Let us in a few words, with a view to elucidation, examine the military system of the period.

De Pontis at the first start (and the mode was general) sold a portion of his land to equip himself honorably—in a way befitting name and lineage, as one anxious to maintain the standing of a French gentleman. Horses for himself and servants, military baggage and accoutrements, arms—and a few rouleaus of gold to lose with good grace and temper on introduction to the general's table—required a considerable amount of money. In time of war, princes are needy. He who brought to the camp men and horses was a good, dutiful subject; but he who could, in addition, assist a distressed sovereign with a subsidy proportioned to his means, was a welcome friend. On the other hand, the governments of conquered towns and fortresses, the plunder of the enemy's camp and country, and, above all, the ransom of prisoners taken in battle, were the means by which the French gentleman recruited his finances, and indemnified himself for the charges of military outlay.

A fair share of these windfalls had been the lot of De Pontis, and his excellent discipline and perfect knowledge of military tactics had extorted, on several occasions, from the French monarchs, presents of rare value. Still every year saw him grow poorer. And how happened it?

Returning once from a campaign in Germany, laden with gold, and a dozen fine horses, the spoil of the Austrian archduke's stud, he was swindled out of the whole between Strasburg and Paris, by a youngster travelling the same route in grand style, calling himself Baron De Champoleon—but who was really only son of a poor minister of Nismes. Already an adept in roguery, he was on the road to Paris, intent on villanous practices, when he fell in with the unfortunate De Pontis.

Our *militaire* bore the loss philosophically, only exclaiming "If he had but left me my favorite hack, *Millefleurs*, I should have been content!"

Twice he had been taken prisoner, losing horses and personal property, and obliged to instruct relatives at home to sell more paternal acres to pay ransom—the alternative being to submit to a dreary *parole* confinement in a remote town in Germany, and await the dubious and uncertain chance of an exchange of prisoners. On the last occasion that this calamity occurred, the distress was greatly aggravated by the dishonesty of the party through whom the funds raised for his ransom were conveyed—making necessary a second sale of land.

But without adding to the catalogue of untoward events, let it suffice to say, that circumstances which to most people, and on most occasions, proved instances of good fortune, were to the old soldier harbingers of ill-luck and misfortune.

"My poor De Pontis never prospers!" exclaimed the good-natured Louis one day, on hearing that

the veteran had lost a diamond-ring, a late royal gift.

His wife dead, there remained only for the solace of old age, his fair daughter, Marguerite. Deeply as she felt her father's distresses, fondly as she endeavored to hide her grief, and contribute by every art to his comfort, it proved that the damsel herself oftener stood in need of consolation than the veteran sufferer. He possessed such a fund of resignation, flow of strong animal spirits, and a heart void of high ambitious views, aiming only at duty and loyalty, that the shafts of misfortune lost much of their power.

Not so with Marguerite; though her father bore up manfully against adversity, yet she had witnessed one parent droop, pine and fall beneath the successive strokes of ill fortune, and despondency and gloom gathered around her young heart.

Even now, as she arranged the little breakfast service, stepping to and fro with an innate grace which quite dispelled the idea of the dread walls which enclosed her, it was evident how much her repulse of yesterday, of which she had barely hinted to her father, weighed on her spirits. Marguerite was now nineteen. The promise of youthful beauty had not disappointed expectation; each year of budding loveliness added to her charms; and the little sylph had expanded almost to womanhood. The roses smiled but languidly on her cheek; but the pale, delicate complexion, regular features, and jetty-black eyes with long fringes—so piquant in the drooping glance of a devotee—atoned for the departed bloom. But the devotee with eyes "loving the ground" is oft but an artifice of coquetry and affectation—whilst the timid, reserved glance of Marguerite breathed a spiritual essence. She had been early touched with the wand of sorrow, and the chastened spirits lent an impress of melancholy grace to her looks, her actions, even her walk. Strange contrast to the scarcely repining, ever sanguine, old soldier; and there were times, when the daughter, dwelling perhaps on the memory of her broken-hearted mother, looked up reproachfully in the calm face of the veteran.

But why was De Pontis mewed so closely in the *Conciergerie du Palais*—he, the favorite of three successive monarchs, and a master whom he had served faithfully, still reigning? That same master's royal munificence was the unintentional cause. Let us, while Mademoiselle and her father are breakfasting, make the paradox clear.

It was the custom in France, when an alien died—and there were no immediate heirs to pray the throne's mercy for permission—not always granted—to take possession of the effects—that the estate, after satisfaction to the just creditors of the deceased, became the property of his most Christian Majesty. The law, or rather usage, was called *le droit d'aubaine*. The king seldom availed of these royal waifs for the advantage of his private exchequer or privy purse, but usually made them over, in form of donation, to favorites. Courtiers were therefore on the lookout, and there often ensued a competition or race between parties anxious to gain prior audience

of his majesty, and extort the royal word, ere more powerful rivals were apprized of the windfall.

It so happened that Monsieur De Pontis and his daughter lodged in the house of a rich upholsterer, a native of Spain. The man suddenly dying, and being without wife or children, our *militaire* had no scruple—as it would beggar no orphans—of proceeding direct to the Tuileries, and claiming audience of his master.

No man had less control over his own actions, or power over his own proscribed rights and privileges, than Louis. He was a well-intentioned, weak man, but an iron-handed, iron-hearted minister of state, the Cardinal Richelieu, was so effectually dominant, that even Anne, consort of royalty, could not select or dismiss a maid of honor without his permission.

De Pontis, a favorite with Louis, was not patronized by the minister. His petition was favorably received—but then there was the dreaded cardinal! If he should wish to bestow *le droit* elsewhere, he would have but little scruple in overruling the pretensions. Majesty itself—in the par with the humblest follower of the Cardinal Duke De Richelieu was in question.

Louis had arrived at that stage of subjection to the master-intellect which governed him, that it was useless longer attempting concealment of the fact. He knew and confessed the infirmity—often seeking to make league against the tyrant—and ever ready to jest on his weakness. He resolved to serve De Pontis, and knew no other way of making the gift sure and irrevocable than executing on the spot, without aid of secretary, a warrant signed and sealed in due form.

"There, Monsieur!" exclaimed Louis, handing the document, "the cardinal cannot undo that which we have made; we are making of ourselves less than a gentleman; and we hold to our pledged faith as a Bourbon."

Kissing the royal hand, the old soldier departs, sighing at the condition to which he saw the illustrious and high-spirited Henry the Fourth reduced.

With the royal warrant for authority, he took possession of the extensive ware-rooms of the deceased, and selecting a bed with hangings, an article of rare cost designed for a palace, curtains of silk and coverlet of velvet embroidered, masses of rich ostrich plumes waving on the summit of each of the four exquisitely carved columns, he sent it to the Tuileries a present to the Queen Anne.

The court was in a ferment, and more than one favorite of Richelieu flew off to Ruel to acquaint his eminence with the presumption of De Pontis in asking for such a wealthy *droit d'aubaine*. To hear them address the great patron, it might be supposed that each dependent had been deprived of promised right, and that the cardinal, by the act of his majesty, had been defrauded of the undoubted patronage of office.

A mandate from Richelieu came to De Pontis, prohibiting further exercise of ownership over the property, till the circumstances of the deceased had been

made the subject of inquiry. What should the old man do? If he resisted the order, the Bastille stared him in the face, despite the sovereign's protection. He repaired to the Tuileries, and, knowing the situation of affairs, contrived to gain the ear of majesty without its being known to whom the monarch gave audience. But royalty was at a loss how to advise—he must temporize, go visit the cardinal, plead his services to the State, and endeavor to mollify his eminence—meanwhile relying on the pledged Bourbon word.

"Monsieur perceives," said Louis, with a faint smile, "that our minister expresses, '*till the circumstances of the deceased had been made the subject of inquiry.*' He does not dispute our prerogative."

De Pontis returned home, took horse and rode to Ruel, a country-seat of the cardinal, a few miles from Paris, and where he spent much time. His eminence is described walking on a verdant, close-shaven lawn, alone and buried in meditation; friends and train have apparently received a hint to leave the great man to himself; they are scattered over the park and gardens.

The veteran would rather have marched a battalion of choice infantry against a line of artillery, than attack the solitary and stately priest. He ventured, nevertheless, into the presence, cap in hand and bowing lowly.

"Ah! my friend, Monsieur de Pontis," said the cardinal, glancing one moment at the old soldier and continuing his walk.

Our *militaire* walked by his side, or rather a little to the rearward, cap still in hand, and asking permission to plead his suit. The cardinal made a sign that he should replace his cap, which De Pontis construing into a hint that he had liberty of speech, commenced a peroration of services, alluding to the misfortunes of his career, the necessity of making provision for a daughter, and the gracious wishes of his royal master.

Still, as he talked, the minister paced the turf, inclining his head occasionally without once looking the veteran in the face. De Pontis' speech at length came to an end, and he awaited the illustrious man's reply.

"*Serviteur très-humble!*" said the cardinal, with a low bow, intended for dismissal. The habits and peculiarities of his eminence were well known, and his auditor was aware that these were the words used when it was intended to negative the request of a petitioner; but De Pontis had a more than ordinary interest at stake, and he faltered out, "If Monseigneur would listen—"

"*Serviteur très-humble!*" thundered the haughty cardinal, striding with a quicker pace over the green-sward.

The unlucky De Pontis started as though he had received a musket shot. He turned from his eminence and rode back to Paris, fancying in each echo of his horse's hoofs that he heard the words "*Serviteur très-humble!*" of the cardinal duke.

(To be continued.)

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY W. H. RACEY.

My own, my native land, my happy home,
Where lie inurned the ashes of my sires,
Mournfully from your sacred scenes I roam,
While, in my heart, the light of joy expires!
Far from your broad lakes, and your sunlit bays,
Your forests vast and boundless flowery plains,
Stern fate commands, and scarce its power delays
Till this rude harp has closed its dying strains.

The wanderer leaves: but if perchance he sees,
When far away, a fairer face or form,
Or if at eve, far floating o'er the breeze,
Some swelling melody is sweetly borne,

The sight will bring the loved and distant near,
And he will deem the soil he treads his own;
The music falling on his wearied ear
Will waken thoughts of home in every tone.

The wanderer leaves: but if a closing day
Departs with brighter glories in the west,
If e'en a cloud in evening shades away,
Stained with brighter hues than all the rest,
Then will he pause, where'er his steps may be,
Oh father-land! and, as he heaves a sigh,
Dream that, far o'er a thousand leagues of sea,
He treads your soil he views your twilight die.

ELIZABETH.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

Oh, were I a bird that could sing all the day,
I would fly to her bower to carol my lay!
Or were I a breath of the soft scented air,
I would waft all my sweets to her bower so fair!
Or were I a thought could awaken a smile,
I would rest on her lip all her woes to beguile;
I would make my bright throne in her sorrowing heart,
And each impulse that grew should its pleasure impart!

Oh, were I a strain of some melody sweet,
I would steal to her chamber her slumbers to greet!
Or were I a dream could recall to her mind
The pleasures and joys she has long left behind,
I would hover around in the stillness of night,
And her visions of sleep should be joyously bright!
I would kiss from her cheek ev'ry envious tear,
And guard her fond bosom from sorrow and fear!

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," THE "REEFER OF '76," ETC.

THE LEE SHORE.

"All hands ahoy!" rang through the ship, as the shrill whistle of the boatswain awoke me from a pleasant dream. I started, hastily threw on my monkey-jacket, and in a minute was on deck.

The winter sun had set clear, without a cloud to fleck the heavens, and when I went below at midnight, leaving the starboard watch in possession of the deck, the cold, bright stars were out, twinkling in the frosty sky; while a capful of wind was sending us merrily along. Six bells had just struck as I sprang up the gangway, and the night was still clear above, but, casting my eye hurriedly around, I saw a bank of mist, close on the starboard bow, driving rapidly for us, and covering sea and sky in that quarter, in a shadowy veil. The men were already at their posts, and as my watch came tumbling on deck each member of it sprang to aid his messmates, so that in less time than I have taken to describe it, we had got the light sails in, had kept away the schooner a few points, and were ready to let every thing go by the run, if necessary, as soon as the squall struck us. Nor did we wait long for the unwelcome visitor. Scarcely had our craft been made snug before the squall burst on us in a whirlwind of snow, hail, rain, and wind, against whose fury it was, for the moment, impossible to stand. As the gale struck the schooner, she heeled over until her decks were fearfully inclined, while the tall masts bent like rushes in the tempest, and the spars strained and cracked as if they were unequal to the torture. For a moment I thought that all was over, and clutching a rope I made ready to spring to windward as soon as she should capsize; but after a second of breathless uncertainty she slightly recovered herself, and dashed forward as if she had been shot like an arrow from the bow, her whole forward part buried in the foam that boiled around her bows, and flew high up the mast in showers. All this time the wind was shrieking through the hamper with an intonation like that of a tortured fiend; while the hail and snow driving horizontally against the men fairly pinned them to their stations. The ropes soon became coated with ice, while the cold grew intense, so that it was with difficulty we could get the fore and main sails reefed. At length, however, we stripped her to the fight, when she rose until nearly level, bearing gallantly up against the gale. Meantime, the snow fell thick and fast, covering the decks with its white carpeting, and dressing the shrouds, booms,

and the weather side of the masts in the garments of the grave.

"Whew! what a flurry! Old Davy himself has laid hold of the bellows to-night," said the captain of the starboard watch, stooping before the gale and turning his back to windward; "why it blows as if it would whiff our little craft away, like a feather, before it. By the gods, but that bucket full of hail that has just rattled on my shoulders was enough to have felled an ox! It must be as black as the ace of spades to windward—hark! how the infernal sleet sings in the rigging."

"How long was the squall coming up?" said I, as soon as the roar of the elements suffered me to speak, for it was only in the occasional pauses in the gale, that I could hope to be heard.

"It came up like a pet in a woman—one moment her face is all smiles, the next black as a thunder cloud. When five bells struck the sky was as clear as a kitten's eye, and now you can't see a fathom over the starboard bow; while we are driving along here like a chip in a mill-race, or a land-bird caught by a nor'wester. Whistle, whistle—howl, howl, why it blows as if the devil himself was working the bellows up to windward."

I could not help smiling at my messmate's energy, and as he closed I looked thoughtlessly over the starboard quarter, when a wild dash of sleet right in my face, stinging as if ten thousand nettles had struck me, forced me to turn my back on the storm more rapidly than I had faced it.

"It is as sharp as a razor," I ejaculated, when I recovered my breath, "and cuts to the bone. But let me see, Mr. Merrivale," said I, approaching the binnacle, "this squall must be from the northeast. Aye! not a point either way. It's a lucky thing we have a good offing; I would n't be on the coast now for a year's pay."

"It would be an ugly berth," said Merrivale, shaking the sleet from his hair, "I've no notion of being jammed up like a rat in a corner, with a lee-shore on one side, and a wind blowing great guns on the other, while one's only chance is to hug the gale under a crowd of canvass that threatens to snap your masts off as I could snap a pipe-stem. No! thank God, we're far at sea!"

The words had scarcely left his mouth, and I was as yet unable to answer, when a strange, booming sound, over the larboard bow, smote on my ear,

thrilling through every nerve; while, at the same instant, the look-out shouted, in sharp, quick tones, "Breakers ahead!"

For an instant there was an ominous silence, while even the tempest seemed to die momentarily away. No one who has not heard that fearful cry on a lee shore, when surrounded by darkness, can have any notion of our feelings. Each man held his breath, and turned his ear anxiously to leeward. In that awful second what varied emotions rushed through our minds, as we heard, rising distinctly over the partial lull of the tempest, the hoarse roar of the surf, apparently close under our lee.

"Port—a-port—jam her close to the wind," almost shrieked Merrivale, the energy of his character, in the moment of peril, divesting him of his usual proximity.

"Port it is," answered the man at the helm, as the sheets came rattling in and the schooner flew to windward, shivering the opposing wave to atoms, and sending the foam crackling in showers over the forecastle. As she answered to her helm, we caught sight, through the shadowy tempest, of the white breakers boiling under our lee; and an ejaculation of heartfelt gratitude broke involuntarily from my lips when, a moment after, I saw the ghastly line of foam glancing astern.

"Thank God!" echoed Merrivale; "another instant of delay and we should have struck. But how could we have made such a mistake in our reckoning? Where are we?"

"We are off the Jersey coast, somewhere between Egg Harbor and Barnegat," I answered, "but I thought we were at least twenty leagues at sea. How gallantly the old craft staggers to windward—she will yet weather the danger."

The exertions of the schooner were indeed noble. With her nose close down to the tempest, and her masts bending before the fierce hurricane that whistled along her canvass, she threshed her way to windward, now doggedly climbing up an opposing billow, and now thumping through the head sea, scattering the foam on either side her path, her timbers quivering and groaning, in the desperate encounter. One moment the parted wave whizzed along the side, glittering with spectral brilliancy; and again, the wild spray went hissing by in the air, drenching the decks with water. Now, a huge billow striking on her bows, with the force of a dozen forge hammers, staggered her momentarily in her course; and now, shaking the water proudly from her, she addressed herself again to her task and struggled up the wave. Thus battling against sea, storm, and hurricane, she held on her way, like a strong man fighting through a host.

Every officer as well as man was now on deck, and each one, fully sensible of our danger, watched with eager eyes through the gloom to distinguish whether we gained ground in our desperate encounter. For an instant, perhaps, as the darkness hid the breakers from sight, or their roar came fainter to the ear in the increasing fury of the gale, we would fancy that our distance from the surf was slowly in-

creasing; but as often, when the gale lulled, or the darkness on our lee broke partially away, our hearts sank within us at the conviction that our peril still continued as imminent as ever, and that the struggles of our gallant craft had been in vain. Meantime, the hurricane grew wilder and fiercer, and at length we saw that we were losing ground. The schooner still battled with a spirit as undaunted as before against her combined enemies, but she labored more and more at every opposing wave, as if fast wearing out in the conflict.

"We must crowd the canvass on her," said the skipper, after a long and anxious gaze on the shore under our lee, "if we strike out here, a mile at least from land, we shall all be lost. Better then jerk the mast out of her in clawing off."

The order was accordingly given to take a reef out of the fore and mainsail, and, after a desperate struggle with the canvass, the men succeeded in executing their duty. When our craft felt the increased sail, she started nervously forward, burying herself so deeply in the head sea that I feared she would never emerge, while every rope, shroud and timber in her cracked in the strain. At length, however, she rose from the surge, and rolled heavily to windward, slowly shaking from her the tons of water that had pressed on her decks and buried every thing forward in the deluge. With another partial check, and another desperate, but successful struggle, we breathed more freely. Yet there still came to our ears the sullen roar of the breakers on our lee, warning us that peril was yet imminent.

"Hark!" suddenly said Merrivale, "surely I heard a cannon. There is some craft nigh, even more dangerously situated than ourselves."

"And there goes the flash," I exclaimed, pointing ahead, while simultaneously the boom of a signal gun rose on the night. "God help them, they are driving on the breakers," I added, as another flash lit up, for a moment, the scene before us, revealing a dismantled ship flying wildly before the tempest.

"They are whirling down to us with the speed of a racer—we shall strike," ejaculated Merrivale.

As he spoke, the shadowy ship emerged from the tempest of snow and sleet, not a pistol shot from our bow. Never shall I forget the appearance of that spectral craft. She had no mast remaining, except the stump of the mizzen. From her size we knew her to be a sloop-of-war. So far as we could see through the obscurity, her decks were crowded with human beings, some apparently stupified, some in the attitude of supplication, and some giving way to uncontrollable frenzy. As all power over her had been lost, she was driving directly before the tempest. The time that was consumed in these observations occupied but an instant, for the darkness of the storm was so dense that the eye could not penetrate the gloom more than a few fathoms; and a period scarcely sufficient for a breath elapsed from the first discovery of the ship before we saw that ere another instant she would come in contact with us. Already she was in fearful proximity to our bows. The danger was perceived by us and by the crew of

the dismantled ship at the same moment, and a wild cry rose up which drowned even the frenzied tempest. Escape seemed impossible. We were between two dangers, to one of which we must fall a prey. Our only chance of avoiding the breakers was to keep our craft close to the wind, while, by so doing, a collision with the stranger appeared inevitable. Yet a single chance remained.

"Jam her up," shouted the skipper, catching at the only hope, "aye! hard down till she shivers."

We held our breath for the second that ensued. So close had the ship approached that I could have pitched a biscuit on her decks. Her bowsprit already threatened to come into collision with our bows, and involuntarily I grasped a rope, expecting the next instant to be at the mercy of the waves. On—on—she came, her huge hull, as it rose on the wave, fearfully overtopping our own, and threatening, at the first shock, to crush us. A second and wilder cry of agony burst from every lip; but, at that instant, she swerved, what seemed a hair's breadth, to one side, her bowsprit grazed ours in passing, and she whirled by like a bird on the wing.

The scene did not occupy a minute. So sudden had been the appearance of the ship, so imminent had been our peril, and so rapidly had the moment of danger come and gone, that the whole occurrence seemed to me like a dream; and when, after a second's delay, the ill-fated ship passed away into the darkness under our lee, and the shrieks of her crew were lost in the uproar of the gale, I almost doubted whether what we had just beheld had been real. But a glance at the faces of my messmates dissipated my incredulity, for on every countenance was written the history of the few last moments of agonizing suspense. A profound silence, meanwhile, reigned on our decks, every eye being strained after the drowning man-of-war. At length Merrivale spoke.

"It is a miracle how we escaped," and then in a sadder tone he added, "the Lord have mercy on all on board yonder ship. But hark!" he suddenly exclaimed, and a wild, thrilling cry, as if a hundred voices had united in a shriek of agony, struggled up from leeward. Years have passed since then, and the hair that was once fair has now turned to gray, but that awful sound yet rings in my ears; and often since have I started from my sleep, fancying that I saw again that spectral ship flitting by through the gloom, or heard that cry of agony drowning, for the moment, the raging tempest. Our blood curdled at the sound, and we gazed into each other's faces with horror on every line of countenance. More than a minute elapsed before a word was said; and, during the interval, we sought to catch a repetition of the cry, however faint; but only the singing of the sleet through the hamper, the whistle of the hurricane overhead, and the wild roar of the breakers under our lee, came to our ears. No further token of that ill-fated ship ever reached us. Not a living soul, of the hundreds who had crowded her deck when she whirled across our course, landed on that coast. With all their sins on their heads, as far from those

they loved and by whom they were loved in return, her crew went down into the deep, "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." When that wintry storm had passed away, the timbers of a wreck were found strewn the inhospitable shore, with here and there a dead body clinging to a fragment of a spar, but neither man nor child survived to tell how agonizingly they struggled against their fate, to practise the reformation which they had promised in their hour of bitter need. And when the summer sun came forth, kissing the bright waters of the Atlantic, and children laughingly gathered shells along shore, who would have thought that, a few months before, the heavens had looked down, in that very spot, on the wild struggles of the dying? But I pass on.

At length that weary night wore away, and when morning dawned, we saw the full extent of the danger we had escaped. All along the coast, at a distance of more than a mile from the shore, stretched a narrow shoal, over which the breakers were now boiling as in a maelstrom. It needed no prophet to foretell our fate, had we struck amid this surf. No boat could have lived in that raging sea, and our frail craft would have been racked to pieces in less than half an hour. Nothing but the energy of the skipper in crowding the canvass on the schooner, though at the imminent hazard of carrying away the masts and thus ensuring certain destruction, enabled us to escape the doom which befell the ill-fated man-of-war.

In a few days we made Block Island, and hauled up for Newport, where we expected to meet *THE ARROW*. It was a beautiful day in winter when we entered the outer harbor, and the waves which a light frosty breeze just rippled, glittered in the sunlight as if the surface of the water had been strewed with diamonds. The church bells were merrily ringing in honor of the intelligence, which had been just received, of the alliance with France. We came to anchor amid a salvo from the batteries of the fort, and of our consort who was already at anchor in the inner harbor.

Merry was our meeting with the ward-room and cock-pit of *THE ARROW*, and many a gay sally bore witness to the hilarity with which we greeted each other after our mutual adventures. For a week, the town rung with our mirth. At the end of that time, I managed to obtain leave of absence, and remembering my promise to Mr. St. Clair, started for Pomfret Hall. As I lay back in the coach, and was whirled over the road behind two fast hackneys, I indulged in many a recollection of the past, in not a few reveries over the future. But most of all I wondered how Annette would receive me. The thoughts of our last parting were fresh in my memory, but months of changes had since elapsed, and might not corresponding changes have occurred in her feelings towards me? Would she meet me with the delightful frankness of our childhood, or with the trembling embarrassment of our few last interviews? Or might she not, perhaps, as too many before had done, welcome me with a cold politeness, that would be more dreadful to me than even scorn? The

longer I thought of the subject, the more uncertainty I felt as to my reception. At first I had pictured to myself Annette, standing blushing and embarrassed on the steps, to greet me as soon as I alighted; but when I came to reflect I felt that, like all lovers, I had dreamed impossibilities; and I almost laughed at my wild vision when I recalled to mind that I stood in no other light to Annette than as an acquaintance, at most as a friend. My feelings then took a sudden revulsion, and I asked myself, might not she love another? What had I ever said to induce her to believe that I loved her? Could she be expected to give her affections, unasked, to any one, but especially to a poor adventurer, whose only fortune was his sword, when the proudest of the land would consider her hand as a boon? What madness to think that, surrounded as she doubtless had been by suitors, her heart before this had not been given to another! As I thought this, I fancied that I was going only to behold the triumph of some more fortunate rival, and I cursed myself for having come on such an errand. At one moment I was almost resolved to turn back. But again hope dawned in my bosom. I felt that Annette must have seen my love, and I recalled to mind how tremblingly alive she had been, during our last interview, to my attentions. Surely then she had not forgotten me. I was doing her injustice, and with this conviction, I leaned out of the carriage window, and ordered the postillion to drive faster.

The second day brought me in sight of the gates

of Pomfret Hall, and as I dashed up to them, and felt that my suspense would soon be terminated, my heart fluttered wildly. As the carriage whirled into the avenue, I saw a procession of the neighboring village girls proceeding to the hall. They were dressed in white, and bore flowers, as if going to some festival. At that instant I recollected that the church bells had been ringing merrily ever since I came within hearing of them, and, with a sudden thrill of agony, I stopped the coach as the village girls stepped aside to let it pass, and inquired the meaning of their procession. My voice was so husky that, at first, it was undistinguishable; and I was forced to repeat the question.

"Oh! it's the meaning of our going to the hall, the gentleman would know," said a female at the head of the procession; then turning to me she said, with a curtsy, "The young mistress was married this morning, and we are going to the hall to present her with flowers. This is her school, sir, and I am the mistress."

I sank back in the carriage with a groan. At first I thought of ordering the postillion to return, but then I resolved to go forward, and, concealing my sufferings, appear the gayest of the gay.

"Yes!" I exclaimed in bitter agony, "never shall she know the misery she has inflicted. And yet, oh, God! that Annette should thus have deserted me—" and, with these words, I sternly bid the postillion drive on. But I felt like a criminal bound to his execution.

TO MY SISTERS.

WRITTEN AFTER THEIR DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

SWEET sisters! have I on your lips

The farewell kiss imprint!

And are you sadly Sundered now

From all who loved you best!

Must years roll on ere I again

Shall spring your kiss to meet?

Ere fondly clasped to yours this heart

Once more shall wildly beat?

Ye ocean waves that round them dash,

Oh, bear them on your breast,

E'en as the mother's bears the babe

That sinks on hers to rest!

Oh! swell their sails ye prosperous winds!

And waft them gently on,

And tell them with their smiles, alas!

Our sweetest joys are gone.

Though wide that ocean is, and deep,

Not all its waters blue

Could from my memory raze one hour,

Dear sisters! spent with you.

And though the wild wind's angry roar

Might fill my soul

It could not drown it

Still sounding in

It may be I no more

That cherished music here;

Yet shall I greet it where 't will sound

More softly sweet, more dear.

And though our lips must first be cold,

Our next kiss may be given,

Where angels smile upon the pledge,

When we are met in heaven!

THE SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 30.)

BY H. W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC. ETC.

PART II.

THE morning after Marian's arrival at the Manor was one of those bright lovely dawns, sure harbingers of sweet and sunny days, that often interrupt the melancholy progress of an English autumn, fairer and softer as the season waxes older, and more enchanting from the contrast, which they cannot fail to suggest, between their balmy mildness and the chill winds and gloomy fogs of the approaching winter. The sky was altogether cloudless, yet it had nothing of the deep azure hue which it presents in summer, resembling in its tints and its transparency a canopy, if such a thing could be, of living aqua-marine, and kindled by a flood of pure, pale yellow lustre. None of the trees were wholly leafless, though none, perhaps, unless it were a few old oaks, but had lost something of their summer foliage; and their changed colors, varying from the deepest green through all the shades of yellow down to the darkest umber, although prophetic of their coming doom, and therefore saddening, with a sort of chastened spiritual sorrow, the heart of the observer, added a solemn beauty to the scenery that well accorded with its grand and romantic character. The vast round-headed hills, seen through the filmy haze which floated over them, filling up all their dells and hollows, showed every intermediate hue from the red russet of their heathery foreground to the rich purple of their farthest peaks. The grass, which had not yet begun to lose its verdant freshness, was thickly meshed with gossamer, which, sprinkled by the pure and plenteous dews, flashed like a net of diamonds upon a ground of emerald velvet to the early sunbeams. It had been summer, late indeed in that lovely season, but still full summer with all her garniture of green, her pomp of full blown flowers—the glorious mature womanhood of the year!—when Marian left her home; not a trace of decay or change was visible on its bright brow, not a leaf of its embroideries was altered, not a bud in its garland was blighted. She had returned, and every thing, though beautiful and glowing, bore the plain stamp of dissolution. The west wind blew as softly as in June through the tall sycamores, but after every breath, while all was lulled and peaceful, the broad sere leaves came whirling down from the shaken branches, on which their hold was now so

slight that but the whisper of a sigh was needed to detach them—the skies, the waters, were as pure as ever, as beautifully clear and lucid; but in their brightness there was a chill and glassy glitter as different from their warm sheen under a July sun, as is the keen unnatural radiance of a blue eye in the consumptive girl from its rich lustrous light in a mature and healthy woman. Was it the contemplation of this change that brought so sad a cloud on the brow of lovely Marian Hawkwood, so dull a gloom into her speaking eye, so dead a paleness on the ripe damask of her cheek? Sad indeed always is such contemplation—sorrowful and grave thoughts must it awake in the minds of those who think the least, to revisit a fair well-known scene which they have quitted in the festal flush of summer, when all the loveliness they dwelt on so fondly is flown or flying. It brings a chill upon the spirit like that which touches the last guest

“who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all save he departed.”

It wakes a passing anguish like that which thrills to the heart's core of him who, after years of wandering in a foreign clime, returns to find the father whom he left still in the prime of vigorous and active manhood, bowed, bent, gray-haired and paralytic; the mother, whom he saw at their last parting glorious in summer beauty, withered and wrinkled, and bereft of every trace of former comeliness. All this it does, at times to all, to the reflective always—the solitary contemplation of the decaying year. Yet it was not this alone, it was not this *at all*, that blanched the cheek and dimmed the glance of Marian, as, at a very early hour of the morning, she was sauntering alone, with downcast eyes, and slow uncertain gait, beside the margin of the stream in the warm, sheltered garden; for she did not, in truth, seem to contemplate at all the face of external nature, or so much as to note the changes which had taken place during her absence; yet were those changes very great, and nowhere probably so strongly marked as on the very spot where she was wandering; for when she stood there last, to cull a nosegay ere she

parted, the whole of that fair nook was glowing with the brightest colors, and redolent with the most fragrant perfumes, while hundreds of feathered songsters were filling every brake and thicket with bursts of joyous melody; and now only a few, the hardiest of the late autumnal flowers, displayed their scattered blossoms, and those, too, crisp and faded among sere leaves and withered branches; while for the mellow warblings of the thrush and blackbird nothing was heard except the feeble piping of a solitary robin, mixed with the wailing rush of the swollen streamlet. For nearly an hour she walked to and fro buried in deep and melancholy silence, and thinking, as it seemed from her air and gestures, most profoundly—occasionally she paused for a few seconds in her walk to and fro, and stood still gazing abstractedly on some spot in the withered herbage, on some pool of the brooklet, with her mind evidently far away; and once or twice she clasped her hands and wrung them passionately, and sighed very deeply. While she was yielding thus to some deep inward sorrow—for it could be no trivial passing grief that could so suddenly and so completely change so quick and gay a spirit—a gentle footstep sounded upon the gravel walk behind a cluster of thick leafy lilacs, and in a moment Annabel stepped from their screen upon the mossy greensward; her pale and pensive features were even paler and more thoughtful than was common, and her eyes showed as if she had been weeping, yet her step was as light and elastic as a young fawn's, and a bright smile dimpled her cheek as she addressed her sister.

"Dear Marian, why so early? And why did you not call me to share your morning walk? What ails you, dearest, tell me? For I have seen you from my window walking here up and down so sorrowful and sad—"

"Oh! can you ask me—can you ask me, Annabel," exclaimed the lovely girl in a wild, earnest burst of passion—"can you not see that my heart is breaking?"—and with the words she flung her arms about her sister's neck, and burying her face in her bosom fell into an agony of tears.

Annabel clasped Marian to her heart and held her there for many moments, kissing away the big drops from her cheeks, and soothing her with many a kind and soft caress, before she replied to her incoherent and wild words; but when her violent sobbing had subsided,

"Dearest," she said, "I do not understand at all, nor can I even guess what should so grievously affect you—but if you fancy that we shall be parted, that our lives will hereafter be divided, and weep for that fond fancy, it is but a false apprehension that distresses you. I go not hence at all, dear sister, until these fearful wars be over; and then I go not till the course of time shall place De Vaux in his good father's station, which—I pray Heaven—shall not fall out for years. And when I do go—when I do go away from this dear happy spot, you cannot, no you *did* not dream, my sister, that you should not go with me. Oh, if you did dream that, it would be very hard for me to pardon you."

"Oh no—no! no! dear Annabel," replied the other, not lifting up her eyes at all from the fond bosom on which she hung so heavily, and speaking in a thick husky voice, "it is not that at all—but I am so unhappy—so miserable—so despairing! Oh, would to God—oh, would to God! that I had never gone hence—or that Ernest De Vaux, at least, had not come hither!"

"Nay! now, I must know what you mean," Annabel answered mildly, but at the same time very firmly—"I must, indeed, dear Marian—for either such words have a meaning, in which case it is absolutely right that I, *your* sister and *his* affianced wife, should know it—or, if they have not any, are cruel equally and foolish. So tell me—tell me, dear one, if there be aught that I should know; and in all cases let me share your sorrow—"

"Oh! do not—do not ask me, Annabel—oh! oh! to think that we two who have been so happy should be so wretched now."

"I know not what you would say, Marian, but your strange words awake strange thoughts within me! We have, indeed, been happy! fond, happy, innocent, dear sister—and I can see no cause why we should now be otherwise—I, at least, am still happy, Marian, unless it be to witness your wild sorrow; and, if I know myself, no earthly sorrow would ever make me wretched, much less repining or despairing."

"Yes, you—yes, you, indeed, may yet be happy—blessed with a cheerful home, a noble, gallant husband, and, it may be, sweet prattlers at your knee—but I, oh God!" and she again burst into a fierce agony of tears and sobbing. Her sister for a time strove to console her, but she soon found not only that her efforts were in vain, but that, so far as she could judge, Marian's tears only flowed the faster, her sobs became more suffocating, the more she would have soothed them; when she became aware of this, then, she withdrew gradually her arms from her waist, and spoke to her in a calm melancholy voice, full at the same time of deep sadness, and firm decided resolution.

"Marian," she said, "I see, and how I am grieved to see it no words can possibly express, that you look not to me for sympathy or consolation—nay, more, that you shrink back from my caresses as if they were insincere or hateful. Your words, too, are so wild and whirling that for my life I cannot guess what is their meaning or their cause. I only can suspect, or, I should rather say, can only *dread* that you have either suffered some very grievous wrong, or done some very grievous sin, and as I must believe the last impossible, my fears must centre on the first dark apprehension. Could you confide in me, I might advise, might aid, and could, at least, most certainly console you. Why you cannot, or will not trust me, *you* can know only. Side by side have we grown up since we were little tottering things, guiding our weak steps hand in hand in mutual dependence, seldom apart, I might say *never*—for, now since you have been away, I have thought of you half the day, and dreamed of you all night, my earliest

comrade, my best friend, my own, my only sister. And now we are two grown up maidens, with none exactly fit to counsel or console us, except ourselves alone—since it has pleased our Heavenly Father in his wisdom for so long to deprive us of our dear mother's blessed guidance. We are two lone girls, Marian; and never yet, so far as I know or can recollect, have we had aught to be ashamed of, or that one should not have communicated to the other. And now there is not one thought in my mind, one feeling or affection in my heart, which I would hide from you, my sister. What, then, can be this heavy sin or sorrow which you are now ashamed or fearful to relate to one who surely loves you as no one else can do beneath the canopy of heaven? Marian, you must reply to me in full, or I must leave you till better thoughts shall be awakened in your soul, and till you judge more truly of those who most esteem you!"

"Too true!—it is too true!" Marian replied; "no one has ever loved me as you have done, sweet Annabel—and now no one will love me any more—no one—no one forever. But you are wrong, quite wrong, when you suppose that any one has injured me, or that as yet I have *done* any wrong—alas! alas! that I should even have *thought* sin! Oh no—no Annabel, dear Annabel, I will bear all my woes myself, and God will give me grace to conquer all temptations. Pardon me, sister dear, pardon me; for it is not that I am ashamed, or that I fear to tell you, but that, to save my own life, I would plant no thorn in your calm bosom. No! I will see you happy, and will resist the evil one that he shall flee from me, and God will give me strength, and you will pray for me, and we shall *all* be blessed." As she spoke thus, the wildness and the strangeness of her manner passed away, and a calm smile flickered across her features, and she looked her sister steadfastly in the eye, and cast her arms about her neck and kissed her tenderly as she finished speaking.

But it was plain to see that Annabel was by no means satisfied; whether it was that she was anxious merely, and uneasy about the discomposure of her sister's mind, or whether something of suspicion had disturbed the even tenor of her own, but her color came and went more quickly than was usual to her, and the glance of her gentle blue eye dwelt with a doubting and irresolute expression on Marian's face as she made answer—

"Very glad am I that, as you tell me, Marian, you have not suffered aught or done aught evil—and I trust that you tell me truly. Beyond this I cannot, I confess it, sympathize with you at all; for in order to sympathize one must understand, and that you know I do not. What sin you should have thought of I cannot so much as conceive—but as you say you have resisted your temptations hitherto—but, oh! what possible temptations to aught evil can have beset you in this dear, peaceful home?—I doubt not that you will be strengthened to resist them farther. You tell me, Marian, that you would not plant a thorn in my calm bosom—it is true that my bosom was calm yester morn, and very happy—but now I

should speak falsely were I to say it is so. What *thorn* you could plant in my heart I know not—nor how you could suppose it—but this I *do know*, Marian, that you have set distrust, and dark suspicion, and deep sorrow in my soul this morning. Distrust of yourself, dear Marian—for what can these half confidences breed except distrust—suspicion of I know not, wish not to know, dare not to fancy what—deep sorrow that already, even from one short separation, a great gulf is spread out between us. I will not press you *now* to tell me any more, but this I must impress upon you, that you have laid a burthen upon me which, save you only, no earthly being can remove, which nothing can alleviate except its prompt removal. Nay! Marian, nay! answer me nothing now, nothing in this strong heat of passionate emotion; think of it at your calmer leisure, and if you can, in duty to yourself and others, give me your ample confidence, I pray you, Marian, do so. In the mean time, go to your chamber, dearest, and wipe away these traces of your tears, and rearrange your hair. Our guests will be assembled before this, to break their fasts in the south oriel chamber, and I have promised Ernest that we will all ride out and see his falcons fly this beautiful morning."

Marian made no reply at all, but following her sister into the house, hurried up to her chamber to readjust her garments, and remove from her bright face the signs of her late disorder. Meanwhile, sad and suspicious of she knew not what, and only by a violent effort concealing her heartfelt anxiety, Annabel joined her guests in the fair summer parlor. All were assembled when she entered, and all the preparations for the morning meal duly arranged upon the hospitable board—the morning meal, how widely different from that of modern days, how characteristic of those strong, stirring times, when every gentleman was, from his boyhood, half a soldier; when every lady was prepared for deeds of heroism—there were no luxuries, effeminate and childish, of tea and chocolate, or coffee, although the latter articles were just beginning to be known, no dry toast, nor hot muffins, nor aught else of those things which we now consider the indispensables of the first meal—but silver flagons mantling with mighty ale, and flasks of Bourdeaux wine, and stoups of rich Canary, crowned the huge board, which groaned beneath sirloins of beef, and hams, and heads of the wild boar, and venison pasties, and many kinds of game and wild fowl. Ernest De Vaux arose, as Annabel came in, from the seat which he had occupied by the good vicar's lady, whom he had been regaling with a thousand anecdotes of the court, and as many gay descriptions of the last modes, till she had quite made up her mind that he was absolute perfection, and hastened forward to offer her his morning salutation; but there was something of embarrassment in his demeanor, something of coldness in her manner, which was perceived for a moment by all her relatives and friends, but it passed away as it were in a moment, for by an effort he recovered almost instantly his self-possession, and began talking with light careless pleasantry that raised a smile upon the

lips of all who heard him, and had the effect immediately of chasing the cloud from the brow of Annabel, who, after a few minutes, as if she had done some injustice to her lover in her heart and was desirous of effacing its remembrance, both from herself and him, gave free rein to her feelings, and was the same sweet joyous creature that she had been since his arrival had wakened new sensations and new dreams in her young guileless heart. Then before half an hour had elapsed, more beautiful perhaps than ever, Marian made her appearance; her rich profusion of brown curls, clustering on her cheeks and flowing down her neck from beneath a slashed Spanish hat of velvet, with a long ostrich feather, and her unrivalled figure set off to more than usual advantage by the long waist and flowing draperies of her green velvet riding dress. Her face was perhaps somewhat paler than its ordinary hue when she first entered, but as she met the eye of Ernest, brow, cheeks, and neck were crimsoned with a burning flush, which passed away, however, instantly, leaving her not the least embarrassed or confused, but perfectly collected, and, as it seemed, full of a quiet innocent mirthfulness. Nothing could be more perfect than was her manner, during the long protracted meal, towards her sister's lover. She seemed to feel towards him already as if he were a tried friend and a brother; her air was perfectly familiar as she addressed him, yet free from the least touch of forwardness, the slightest levity or coquettishness; she met his admiring gaze—for he did at times gaze on her with visible admiration—yet admiration of so quiet and unpassionate a kind as a fond brother might bestow upon a sister's beauty—with calm unconsciousness, or with a girlish mirth that defied misconstruction. And Annabel looked on—alas for Annabel!—and felt her doubts and her suspicions vanishing away at every moment; the vague distrust that had crept into her heart melted away like mist wreaths from the sunbeam; she only wondered now what the anxiety, what the distrust could possibly have been which for a moment had half maddened her. Then she began to marvel what could the sorrow be which, scarce an hour before, had weighed so heavily on Marian, and which had in so brief space so utterly departed. It must be, she thought as she gazed on her pure, speaking features and the clear sparkle of her bright blue eye, that she too loves, loves possibly in vain, that she has lost her young heart during her absence from her home, and now has overmastered her despair, her soul-consuming anguish, to sympathize in her sister's happiness—and then she fancied how she would win from her her secret sorrow, and soothe it till she should forget the faithless one, and tend her with a mother's love, a mother's fond anxiety. Alas! alas! for Annabel!

The morning meal was ended, the sun was already high in the clear heavens, and the thin mist wreaths were dispersing from the broad valley and the bright river, and now a merry cavalcade swept round the lawn from the stables, a dozen foresters and grooms well mounted, with led horses, two of the latter decked with the velvet side-saddles which were then

used by ladies, and seven or eight serving-men on foot, with hounds and spaniels in their leashes, and among them, conspicuous above the rest, the falconer with his attendants, one bearing a large frame whereon were *cast*, such was the technical jargon used in the mystery of rivers, eight or ten long-winged falcons, goshawks, and jerfalcones, and peregrines, with all their gay paraphernalia of hoods, and bells, and jesses. A little longer and the fair girls came out; Annabel, now attired like her sister in velvet side robe and the slashed graceful hat, and were assisted to their saddles by the young lover; then he too bounded to his noble charger's back, and others of the company in their turn mounted, and the whole party rode off merrily to the green meadows by the fair river's side. Away! away! the spaniels are uncoupled and questing far and wide, among the long green flags, and water bryony, and mallows that fringe the banks of many a creek and inlet, over the russet stubbles, up the thick alder coppices that fringe the steep ravines. Away! away! the smooth, soft turf, the slight and brushy hedges invite the free and easy gallop, invite the fearless leap! Away! with hawk unhooded on the wrist and ready with graceful seat, light hand, and bounding heart. See how the busy spaniels snuff the hot scent and ply their feathery tails among the dry fern on the bank of that old sunny ditch—there has the game been lately—hold hard, bold cavaliers—hold hard, my gentle ladies—hurry not now the dogs. Hush! hark! the black King Charles is whimpering already; that beautiful long-eared and silky Blenheim joins in the subdued chorus—how they thread in and out the withered fern stalks, how they rush through the crackling brambles! Yaff! yaff!—now they give tongue aloud, yaff! yaff! yaff! yaff!—and whirr-r upsprings the well grown covey—now give your hearts to the loud whoop!—now fling your hawks aloft!—now gather well your bridles in your hand, now spur your gallant horses—on! on! sweep over the low fence, skirt the green meadow, dash at the rapid brook—ladies and cavaliers pell-mell—all riding for themselves, and careless of the rest, forgetful of all fear, all thought, in the fierce, fast career, as with eyes all turned heavenward to mark the soaring contest of the birds, trusting their good steeds only to bear them swift and safely, they drive in giddy rout down the broad valley. And now the flight is over—each gallant hawk has struck his cowering quarry—the lures are shaken in the air, the falconer's whoop and whistle recall the hovering falcon, and on they go at slower pace to beat for fresh game—and lo! flip-flap, there rises the first woodcock of the season. Ho! mark him—mark him down, good forester—we must not miss that fellow—the very prince of game—the king he would be, save that gray heronshaw of right has old claim to the throne of falconrie. Lo! there, my masters, he is down—down in that gully's bank where the broom and the brachens feather the sunny slope, and the small streamlet hardly murmurs among the long rank grasses that seem almost to choke its mossy runnel. Quick! quick! unhood the lanner—the young and

speckle-breasted lanner!—cast off the old gray headed jerrfalcon—soh, Diamond, my brave bird! mark his quick glancing eye and his proud crest, soh! cast him off and he will wheel around our heads nor leave us till we flush the woodcock. No! no! hold the young lanner hard, let him not fly, he is too mettlesome and proud of wing to trust to—and couple all the dogs up, except the stanch red setter. Now we will steal on him up wind and give him every chance—best across the gully here, fair dames, for it is something deep and boggy, and if ye were to brave it in the fury of the gallop you might be mired for your pains. That bird will show you sport, be sure of it, for lo! the field beyond is thickly set with stunted thorns and tufts of alder bushes, if your hawks be not keen of sight, and quick of wing too, be sure that he will dodge them, and if he reach yon hill-side only, all covered as it is with evergreen, dense holly brakes, and thick oak saplings, he is as safe there in that covert as though he were a thousand leagues away, in some deep glen of the wild Atlas mountains. Lo! there he goes, the gray hawk after him—by heaven! in fair speed he outstrips the jerrfalcon, he does not condescend even to dodge or double, but flies wild and high toward the purple moorland, and there *we* cannot follow him. Ride, De Vaux; gallop for your life—cut in, cut in between the bird and that near ridge—soh! bravely done, black charger—now cast the lanner loose! so! that will turn him. See! he has turned and now he must work for it—the angle he has made has brought old Diamond up against his weather wing—now! he will strike—now! now! but lo! the wary bird has dodged, and the hawk, who had soared and was in act of pouncing, checked his fleet pinion and turned after him—how swift he flies dead in the wind's eye—and the wind is rising, he cannot face it now—tack and tack, how he twists—how cleverly he beats to windward, but now the odds are terribly against him, the cunning falcons have divided, and are now flying sharply to cut him off, one at each termination of his tacks—the lanner has outstripped him. Whoop! Robin, whoop!—Soh! call him up the wind—up the wind, falconer, or he will miss his stroke. There! there he towers up! up! in airy circles—he poises his broad wing—he swoops—alack, poor woodcock! but no! he has—by Pan the god of hunters—he has missed his cast—no swallow ever winged it swifter than the wild bird of passage—not now does he fly high among the clouds, but skims the very surface of the lawn, twisting round every tree, and baffling the keen falcons. Now he is scarce ten paces from his covert, the old bird, Diamond, flying like lightning, struggles in vain to weather him—in vain—the game dashes behind the bole of a tall upright oak, darts down among the hollies and is lost—well flown, brave quarry—well flown, noble—ha! the hawk—the brave old hawk, set only on retrieving his lost flight, his eye set too steadily upon the bird which he so fiercely struggled to outfly, has dashed with the full impetus of his arrowy flight against the gnarled stem of the oak, he rebounds from it like a ball from the iron target—never so much as once falls his fleet pinions, tears

not the ground with beak or single—Diamond, brave Diamond, is dead—and pitying eyes look down on him, and gentle tears are shed, and the soft hands that were wont to fondle his high crest and smooth his ruffled wings, compose his shattered pinions and sleek his blood-stained plumage—alas, brave Diamond!—but fate—it is the fate of war. Another flight—another glowing gallop, to make the blood dance blythely in our veins—to drive dull care from our hearts. But no, the sylvan meal is spread—down by that leafy nook, under the still green canopy of that gigantic oak, where the pure spring wells out so clear and crystal from the bright yellow gravel under its gnarled and tortuous roots—there is the snow-white linen spread on the mossy greensward, there the cold pasty and the larded capon tempt the keen appetite of the jolly sportsman, there, plunged in the glassy waters, the tall flasks of champagne are cooling. Who knows not the delicious zest with which we banquet on the greensward, the merry, joyous ease which, all restraint and ceremonial banished, renders the sylvan meal, in the cool shadow by the rippling brook, so indescribably delightful? And all that were collected there were for the moment happy—oh, how happy!—and many, in sad after days, remembered that gay feast, and dwelt upon the young hopes which were so flattering then, hopes which so soon decayed, and lingered on the contemplation of that soon perished bliss, as if the great Italian had erred, when he declared so wisely that to the aims of men

“nessum maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.”

The bright wine sparkled in the goblet, but brighter flashed the azure eyes of Marian, for her whole face was radiant with her wild starry beauty. Was it the thrilling rapture of the gallop that sent her blood boiling with strange excitement “through every petty artery of her body,” was it the spirit stirring chase alone, or did the rich blood of the Gallic grape, sparingly tasted though it was, lend something of unnatural fervor? hark to the silvery tones of that sweet, ringing laugh—and now how deep a blush mantles her brow, her neck, her bosom, when, in receiving her glass from the hand of Ernest, their fingers mingled for a moment. But Ernest is unmoved and calm, and seemingly unconscious—and Annabel, fond Annabel, rejoices to mark her sister's spirits so happily, so fully, as it seems, recovered from that overmastering sorrow. She saw not the hot blush, she noted not its cause—and yet, can it be—can it be that casual pressure was the cause—can it be love—love for a sister's bridegroom, that kindles so the eye—that flushes so the cheek—that thrills so the life blood of lovely Marian? Away! away with contemplation. Ernest reflects not, for his brow is smooth and all unruffled by a thought, his lips are smiling, his pulse calm and temperate—and Marian pauses not—and Annabel suspects—Hush! they are singing. Lo! how the sweet and flute-like tones of the fair girls are blended with the rich and deep contralto of De

Vaux. Lo! they are singing—singing the wood notes wild of the great master of the soul—

“Heigho! sing heigho! under the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning
Most loving mere folly!”

Alas! for trusting Annabel!—soon shall she wake from her fond dream, soon wake to woe, to anguish. Again they mount their steeds, again they sweep the meadows down to the very brink of the broad deep transparent Wharfe—and now the heronshaw is sprung—he flaps his dark gray vans, the hermit bird of the waters, and slowly soars away, till the falconer's shrill whoop and the sharp whistling flutter of the fleet pinions in his rear arouse him to his danger—up! up! he soars—up! up! scaling to the very sky in small but swift gyrations, while side by side the well matched falcons wheel circling around him still, and still outtopping till all the three are lost in the gray fleecy clouds—the clouds!—no one has seen—no one has even dreamed, engrossed in the wild fervor of the sport, that all the sky was overclouded, and the thick blackness of the thunder-storm driving up wind, and settling down in terrible proximity to the earth. Away! away! what heed they the dark storm-clouds—the increasing blast?—these equestrians. Heavens! what a flash—how keen! how close! how livid! the whole horizon showed for a moment's space the broad blue glare of fearful living light—and simultaneously the thunder bursts above them—a crash as of ten thousand pieces of earth's heaviest ordnance shot off in one wild clatter. The horses of the party were all careering at their speed, their maddest speed, across a broad green pasture, bordered on the right hand by the broad channel of the Wharfe, and on the left by an impracticable fence of tall old thorn, with a deep ditch on either side, and a stout timber railing. The two fair sisters were in front, leading the joyous cavalcade, with their eyes in the clouds, their hearts full of the fire of the chase, when that broad dazzling glare burst full into their faces. Terrified by the livid glare, and the appalling crash of the reveberated thunder, the horses of the sisters bolted diverse, Annabel's toward the broad and rapid Wharfe, between which and the meadow through which they had been so joyously careering there was no fence or barrier at that spot—Marian's toward the dangerous ox-fence which has been mentioned. The charger of De Vaux, who rode the next behind them, started indeed and whirled about, but was almost immediately controlled by the strong arm and skilful horsemanship of his bold rider, but of the grooms, who followed, several were instantly dismounted, and there were only three or four who, mastering their terrified and fractious beasts, galloped off to the aid of their young mistresses—they were both good equestrians and ordinarily fearless, but in such peril what woman could preserve her wonted intrepidity unshaken—the sky as black as night, with ever and anon a sharp clear stream of the electric fluid dividing the dark storm clouds, and the continuous thunders rolling and crashing overhead—their horses mad with terror, and gitted by that very madness

with tenfold speed and strength—Annabel, whose clear head and calm though resolute temper gave her no small advantage over her volatile, impetuous sister, sat, it is true, as firmly in her saddle as though she had been practising her manège in the riding school, and held her fiery jennet with a firm, steady hand; but naturally her strength was insufficient to control its fierce and headlong speed, so that she saw upon the instant that she must be carried into the whirling waters of the swift river—for a moment she thought of casting herself to the ground, but it scarcely required one moment of reflection to show her that such course could lead but to destruction—soon she drove erect and steady in her seat, guiding her horse well and keeping its head straight to the river bank, and hoping every instant to hear the tramp of De Vaux's charger overtaking her, and bringing succor—alas! for Annabel!—the first sound that distinctly reached her ears was a wild piercing shriek—“Ernest—great God!—my Ernest—help me!—save me!” It was the voice of Marian, the voice of her own cherished sister calling on her betrothed—and he?—Even in that dread peril, when life was on a cast, her woman heart prevailed above her woman fears—she turned and saw the steed of Marian rushing, the bit between his teeth, toward the dangerous fence, which lay, however, far more distant than the river to which her own horse was in terrible proximity, and he, her promised husband, the lord of her very soul, he, for whom she would have perished—oh how willingly!—perished with but the one regret of that separation, he had overlooked entirely, or heeded not at least her peril to whom his faith was sworn, and even before that wild appealing cry, had started in pursuit, and was, as she looked round, in the act of whirling Marian from her saddle with one hand, while with the other he controlled his own strong war-horse. When she first heard that cry her spirit sank within her, but when she saw herself deserted, when the drear consciousness that she was not beloved broke on her, it seemed as if an ice-bolt had pierced her heart of hearts, her eyes grew dim, there was a sound of rushing waters in her ear—not the sound of the rushing river, although her horse was straining now up the last slight ascent that banked it—her pulse stood still—had Annabel then died, the bitterness of death was over—before, however, she had so much as wavered in her saddle, much less lost rein or stirrup, a wild plunge, and the shock which ran through every nerve, as her horse leaped into the brimful river, awoke her for the moment to her present situation—unconsciously she had retained her seat—her horse was swimming boldly—a loud plunge sounded from behind!—another, and another! and the next instant her steed's head was seized by the stalwart arm of a young falconer toward the shore she had just quitted, her brain reeled round and she again was senseless—thus was she borne to land without the aid or intervention of him who should have been the first to venture all, to lose all, for her safety.

[To be continued.]

THE LAST LEAP OF UNCAS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

IN the vicinity of the picturesque town of N——, in New England, there is a wild chasm through which tumbles a cascade, now not so formidable as when the stream above it was not dammed up for manufactories. About this cascade an Indian legend is told—and the verses I have here written are an attempt to embody it in such a manner as to give the reader an idea of the scope it would afford to a more imaginative poet.

On a high precipice of rock,
'T is said, an Indian hunter stood;
Behind him was the following foe,
Before the opposing flood.
Chased, like the dun deer, to his death,
He turned, and paused, and gasped for breath:
Big on his brow, like drops of rain,
The sweat rolled from each swollen vein—
Yet sank he not, but bold and stern
He stood, as if with strength to spurn
A hundred foes. But soon there came
A shudder o'er his mighty frame;
For one dry branch that near him hung,
And to a stunted pine-tree clung,
Cracked like the sound of frost and fell
Down in the cataract's boiling well,
He watched it as the foam and spray
Dash'd up and bore it far away.

Though lithe and agile as the hound,
He cannot leap that chasm's bound,
And though his feet are shod with speed,
'T were vain to try the daring deed.
He will not—no! the Indian knows
That he must die by flood or foes—
For now on his quick ear there falls
The echo of approaching calls.
His belt, his hatchet, bow and gun,
All that encumbered him in flight,
The bloody trophies he had won
In many a field of fight,
He casts where on the rocks below
The waves break up in showers of snow—

He is resolved to stand at bay,
And meet his foemen, face to face—
For there red Uncas lived that day
The last of all his race!

Hark! from the covert now they spring,
They see him as he towers alone
And many arrows round him ring,
Yet still he seems like stone!
Unstirred, with folded arms he views
Each warrior that his life pursues,
Unscathed beneath the sudden wrath
Of all that shouted on his path
And tracked him to the cataract's lair,
He hurls defiance on the air.

What purpose moves him? Will he try,
Thus met on every side, to fly?
Wonder has struck his foemen dumb;
For, toward their ranks, behold him come!
'T is but a single step, for swift
As lightning leaps from cloudy rift
He backward bounds. Great God! 't is o'er,
His death-shriek sinks amid the roar
Of waves that bear his mangled form
Beyond the battle storm.

So plunged he in the dashing tide—
So fronting his fierce foes he died—
And now, though peaceful years have past,
And change has marred the rude, wild place,
Not unremembered is the last
And bravest of his race.

SONNET.

BY W. W. STORY.

THE human voice!—oh, instrument divine,
That with a subtle and mysterious art
Rangest the diapason of the heart—
The mighty scale of passion all is thine—
Thine air-spun net around the soul doth twine,
Whether the heart of thousands lifts, as one,
The wild, deep anthem of its monotone,

Or the soft voice of Love its silver line
Threads through the spirit's innermost recess.
Thou mouldest the blank air, that round thee lies,
To a rare tissue of fine mysteries;
Thou canst lift up the soul and canst depress—
And upon Music's balanced wings canst fly
Straight through the gates of Hope and Memory.

SHAKSPEARE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

NO. VI.—MACBETH.

MACBETH is a great moral and religious lesson. Its application is as wide as Christendom, and I think may be justly regarded as an exposition of Christianity. It is applicable to all men, and is not by any means limited to kings or usurpers. Nearly every one has some strong desire, or passion, or plan. The "golden round" for which men, nowadays, file their minds, put rancors in the vessels of their peace, and give their eternal jewel to the common enemy of man, is not a crown, but it is not wanting. On a large or a small scale, the principle is the same. Whoever undertakes, by immoral, unlawful means, to effect a favorite object—whoever lives without habits of frequently appealing to God—whoever listens for an instant to the delusive promises of passion—is liable to be drawn on, like him, far beyond their intention, and involved at length in sin and ruin. The Scottish usurper—the individual, is dead. But the class, to which he belonged, survives. Macbeths are to be met with every day in the world—men who listen to the promises of the fiends, who build up a hope of safety and impunity upon as hollow a foundation as the charm of not being born of a woman—or of not being destroyed till the advancing against them of a forest. Many a man—many a woman—many a young girl becomes thus entangled from forgetting their Maker and clinging to the "weird sisters" of the world, till shame, vice and despair overwhelm them.

Read aright, this tragedy is a mighty lesson to the young. They are starting in life inexperienced, thoughtless, and ready to believe the brilliant promises of every wandering and dangerous hope. They are ready also to "jump the life to come," if they can secure impunity in their present career. Let them read Macbeth with care, and get from its wondrous page a terrific glimpse of the world. Let them look on poor, weak, deluded human nature when trusting in *itself*. Let them see the highest earthly rank, when unbled by Heaven—the haughtiest, loftiest, steadiest mind, when turned from God to follow, with its own rash steps, the mazes of life. Let them, while they are pure and innocent, remain so. Let them keep the quiet conscience of the gentlewoman, even if, to do so, they are obliged to remain in her lowly position. Let them never, for "the dignity of the body," poison the quiet of the soul. Let them tread the darkest, weariest paths of common life, rather than file their minds with any

delusive and hollow hope of worldly advantage. Put no rancors in the vessel of your peace, whatever be the temptation. Cling to him whose promises alone are fulfilled. Commit no act, great or small, which can prey on your imagination and poison the good which may be in store for you. Put no "damned spot" upon your hand. Once there, it is ineffacable by all the washing of the ocean—by all the perfumes of Arabia; and however great may appear the temptation, keep the eternal jewel, Innocence, from "the common enemy of man."

I have said, in a former paragraph, that Macbeth had been guilty before, in *deeds* as well as *thoughts*. Let any one read the scene between him and the two murderers and he will feel at once the conviction that Macbeth himself has been guilty of those oppressive cruelties which he there lays upon Banquo.

"know
That it was *he*, in the times past, *which held you*
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand; how crost," etc.

And again,

"are you so gossell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours forever?"

What dark tale of oppression is connected with these vague disclosures we cannot tell; but the character of Banquo acquits him of having been the tyrant. These men have been, in some way or other, so trampled on that they are both rendered desperate, and Macbeth, who *knows it so well*, and whom, it seems, they had always considered the cause of their misfortunes, is most likely so in reality.

As to what I have said at the commencement of these papers respecting the want of a just appreciation of the poet on the part of his commentators—take Dr. Johnson, for example, on Macbeth. He begins with a *defence* of the introduction of supernatural machinery into the tragedy. This proves *distrust* of Shakspeare, as the transcendent genius he is now annually becoming in the estimation of every one. Hear the learned essayist descanting upon the dramatist as if he knew more of the art than the master. It is like the old Hungarian officer's celebrated critique on Napoleon's manœuvres.

"In order," says Johnson, "to make a true esti-

mate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age and the opinions of his cotemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be *banished from the theatre to the nursery*, and condemned to write *fairy tales* instead of tragedies."

In other words, had Shakespeare written *Macbeth* in the time of Dr. Johnson, that play would be considered unworthy to be performed, except before an audience of children, and the critic would advise the mistaken young author to adopt a profession in which he might hope for more success, than in literature. I can fancy some wiseacre in a London weekly, with the smartness and knack at severity which daily practice confers, taking to pieces "the tragedy of *Macbeth*, by a Mr. William Shakespeare, said to be a subordinate at Astley's"—and serving the ambitious young gentleman up such a dressing for his witches, ghosts and murders, as would be enough to extinguish a better educated and more promising litterateur; showing how impossible it must be for witches to mingle in human affairs, in this enlightened age of hebdomadals, and banishing to the nursery a blunderer unworthy to cater for such sensible critics.

The denunciation, however, would embrace other literary works besides the puerile attempt of Mr. Shakespeare. Manfred, Cain, the Faust, and other trifles of the same description, in which the poet has made the action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment. Virgil or Homer might be equally censured. It is quite true that the witches may not be considered probable characters, but how can any one overlook their fearful and magnificent meaning *allegorically*?

Johnson goes on, however, in his defence.

"But a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censures, since *he only* turned the system that was then universally admitted to his advantage, and was *far from overburthening the credulity* of his audience."

The doctor then goes on to a learned and interesting dissertation on the *gross darkness of ignorance*—on the credulity of the common people—on the diabolical opposition supposed to have been offered to the Christians in the crusades—quotes Olympiodorus, St. Chrysostom, and a law of King James I. against conjurors, and shows much sagacious wisdom and learning, which have about as much to do with the real living beauty of *Macbeth* as they have with the Temple of Jerusalem.

"Upon this general infatuation," continues the doctor, "Shakespeare *might be easily allowed to found a play*, especially as he has followed, with great exactness, such histories as were then thought to be true: nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, *however they may now be ridiculed*, were both by *himself and his audience* thought awful and affecting."

No one can doubt the moral greatness of Dr. Johnson, but it was not of a kind which enabled him to enter fully into the living principle of beauty which inspires the Shakespeare plays.

He speaks of *Macbeth* with a sort of indifference which betrays his blindness to its highest merits. He praises the propriety of its fiction, and the solemnity, grandeur and variety of its actions. He adds, "*but* it has no nice discrimination of character. The events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, etc. The danger of ambition *is well described*; and I know not whe her it may not be said in *defence* of some parts which now seem *improbable*, that, in Shakespeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions."

And in our *own time*, what leads every criminal astray, but some "vain and illusive prediction," not uttered by three weird sisters, by an armed head, or the "apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand," but by the temptations of the world and the treacherous passions of the human heart? What was it which told Napoleon—

"Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, and where conspirers are?"

Who told Robespierre—

"Be bloody, bold and resolute, laugh to scorn,
The power of man," etc.?

It was not the spectres, in the witches' case—nor the express conditions added.

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

Or,

"None of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

But who can doubt that the principle of evil, had held forth, before both their minds, some illusive hope which led them to ruin?

As another instance of the careless errors committed by the commentators, and Johnson among the rest, take the following. The note occurs in Cawthorn's (successor to Bell) edition, London, 1801, and although without Johnson's name, is found between two notes of his, (p. 41,) and is, I believe, from his pen.

The passage referred to is in the second act of the *Tempest*, where the King of Naples, after the shipwreck, is wandering about the island with some of his suite. The reader will remember that the storm raised by Prospero overtakes them as the King Alonso is coming to Naples from Tunis, where he had been to marry his daughter Claribel. Great regret has been expressed that this marriage should have ever been thought of, since it is the cause of their present misfortune. The king himself is sorry and the rest are some of them angry and satirical.

Sebastian says,

"'T was a *sweet marriage*, and we prosper well in our return."

The match is thought absurd by most of them, and when, in answer to Antonio's question, "Who's

the next heir to Naples?" Sebastian replies, "Clari-bel," Antonio rejoins the following passage:

"She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man in the moon's too slow) till new born urchins
Be rough and razorable."

On this there is the following note:

"Shakspeare's *great ignorance* of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other."

It does not seem to me that the passage warrants

the supposition of such an opinion on the part of Shakspeare. It is obviously a mere hyperbole in jest. It is not credible that such a writer could be so ignorant, and where other evidences of it appear in the course of his works, it is more rational (when they cannot be explained away as in the present instance) to ascribe them to typographical confusion, or the liberties of ignorant copyists, &c.

To the passage complained of, Sebastian himself answers,

"What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space."

"HATH NOT THY ROSE A CANKER."

BY MRS. LOIS B. ADAMS.

PRESSED with the weight of morning dews,
Its slender stalk the rose was bending,
And red and white in changing hues
Upon its cheek were sweetly blending:
But underneath the leaflets bright,
By blushing beauty hid from sight,
Enamored with its fragrance rare,
The canker worm was feasting there.

O! thou who in thy youthful days
Ambition's wreaths art proudly twining,
And fondly hoping worldly praise
Will cheer thine after years declining,
Beware, lest every tempting rose
That in Ambition's pathway grows,
Conceal beneath its semblance fair
The lurking canker of despair.

And thou who in thine early morn
For sin the paths of truth art leaving,
Remember, though no pointed thorn
May pierce the garland thou art weaving,

Yet every bud whence flowrets bloom
Shall its own living sweets entomb;
For deep the canker worm of care
Is feasting on its vitals there.

Thou too, the beautiful and bright,
At Pleasure's shrine devoutly kneeling,
Dost thou not see the fatal blight
Across thy roseate chaplet stealing?
Time hath not touched with fingers cold
Those glossy leaves of beauty's mould,
And yet each bud and blossom gay
Is marked for slow but sure decay.

O! ye who sigh for flowers that bloom
In one eternal spring of gladness,
Where beauty finds no darkened tomb,
And joy hath never dreamed of sadness;
Elysian fields are yours to roam
Where groves of fadeless pleasures bloom;
O! linger not where sorrow's tears
May blight the cherished hopes of years.

TO A SWALLOW

THAT DROPPED ON DECK DURING A STORM AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

SPENT are thy wings, poor wanderer on the deep,
Minion of spring, frail wrestler with the breeze,
Led by young hope o'er ever-spreading seas
Where the wing'd storms their prowling vigils keep,
Mayhap 't was thou that built thy clayey nest
Last springtide at my lattice arched with flowers—
Thy tiny wing that beat the morning hours

And woke my fair girl from her dewy rest.
But no! for mid a thousand, were I blind,
Methinks I'd know that bird, by instinct rare;
Yet fear not, heaven's dark brow looks now more kind.
Repose—then flutter through the brightening air,
But when thou meet'st the sharers of my heart
Thy benefactor's grief by mystic spell impart!

ERROR.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY, AUTHOR OF "CONSTANCE LATIMER," ETC.

"Pause, heedless mortal, and reflect—this day,
This very hour—nay, yesterday, mayhap,
Thou mayst have done what cannot be recalled,
And steeped thy future years in darkest night.
Some trivial act or word, now quite forgot,
May have impelled the iron wheels of fate,
Which onward roll to crush thee in their course."

ONE of the most beautiful of the many lovely villages which lie within the foldings of the Connecticut river is Elmsdale. Occupying a small peninsula, round which the stream winds so closely that at the first view it seems entirely separated from the main land, and lying aside from the highroad which traverses the valley of the Connecticut, Elmsdale is one of the most quiet and sequestered spots to be found in New England. Like most places which offer no inducement to the spirit of speculation, the village is inhabited chiefly by the descendants of those who had first settled there. The old men have been companions in boyhood, and have sported in the same fields which now echo to the merry shouts of their grandchildren. The most of them still cultivate the farms which belonged to their forefathers, and even the adventurous few, who have been tempted to go out into the world beyond, usually return to finish their days on their native soil.

The arrival of a stranger in a retired village is always a subject of curiosity and interest, but in a place like Elmsdale, where every body knew his neighbor, such an unusual event excited special attention. When, therefore, it was known throughout the hamlet that a strange lady had come to pass the summer with old farmer Moody, all the gossips were on the alert to find out who she could be. But they derived little satisfaction from their skilful questioning of the farmer; all he knew was soon told. The lady was travelling for health, and having been pleased with the situation of his comfortable abode, had applied to be received as a boarder during the summer months, offering to pay liberally in advance. Her evident ill-health, her gentle manners, and the temptation of her ready gold prevailed on the thrifty farmer to assent, and the stranger took possession of a neat chamber in his pleasant cottage.

Close to the bank of the river, on a little eminence commanding a view of the country around Elmsdale, stood a singularly constructed stone building which had long been unoccupied and deserted. Its original owner and projector was a man of singular habits, whose eccentricity had been universally regarded as a species of harmless insanity. Rich and childless, he had erected this mansion according to his own

ideas of gothic architecture, and nothing could be more grotesque than its whole appearance. It soon obtained the appellation of Hopeton's Folly, and though he whose name it bore had long since occupied a narrower house in the silent land, and the property had passed into other hands, the deserted mansion was still known by the same title. Great was the surprise of the villagers when it was known that the strange lady had become the purchaser of Hopeton's Folly, and that in future she would reside permanently in Elmsdale. Curiosity was newly awakened, and every body was desirous to know something about one who seemed so unprotected and solitary. But there was a quiet dignity in her manners which rebuked and disconcerted impertinent inquiry, while all efforts to draw some information from her single attendant—an elderly sedate woman, who seemed to hold a middle rank between companion and servant—were equally unsuccessful.

"Has Mrs. Norwood been long a widow?" asked a pertinacious newsmonger, who kept the only thread and needle shop in the place, and therefore had a fine opportunity of gratifying her gossiping propensities.

"It is now nearly two years since she lost her husband," was the reply of the discreet servant, who was busily employed in selecting some tape and pins.

"Only two years, and she has already laid aside her mourning!" exclaimed the shopkeeper; "but I suppose that is an English fashion."

The woman made no reply, and, consequently, the next day, all the village was given to understand that Mrs. Norwood's *help* had told Miss Debby Tatle that Mrs. Norwood was a very rich widow who had just arrived from England. This was all that Miss Debby's ingenuity could make out of the scanty materials which she had been able to obtain, and with this meagre account people were obliged to be satisfied.

Mrs. Norwood was one of those quiet, gentle beings who, though little calculated to excite a sudden prepossession, always awakened a deep and lasting interest. Her age might have been about eight and twenty, but the ravages of illness, and, perhaps, the touch of a still more cruel destroyer, had given a

melancholy expression to her countenance, and a degree of gravity to her manners which made her seem much older. Her features, still classically beautiful, were attenuated and sharpened, her complexion was pale almost to ghastliness, and her thin, flexible lips were perfectly colorless. But she possessed one charm which neither time nor disease could spoil. Her eyes—those dark, soft, lustrous eyes, with their veined and fringed lids, beautiful alike when the full orbs were veiled beneath their shadowy lashes, or when their beaming light turned full upon an object of regard—were the most distinguishing trait in Mrs. Norwood's countenance. No one dreamed of calling her beautiful, but all noticed the grace of her tall and slightly bending figure, her courteous and ladylike manners, her low, sweet voice, and the touching air of melancholy which seemed to characterize her every movement.

Under the direction of its new mistress, Hopeton's Folly was now fitted up with a degree of neatness and comfort which it had seemed scarcely capable of assuming. Furniture, plain but costly, was brought from a distant town, the grounds were laid out with a view to elegance rather than mere usefulness, and, in short, money and good taste soon converted the desolate spot into a little paradise of beauty. The neighbors, who, with the kindness which generally prevails in every place where fashion has not destroyed social feeling, had been ready to afford Mrs. Norwood every assistance in the completion of her plans, became now equally ready to share her hospitality, and, for a time, the newly arranged mansion was always full of well-disposed but ill-judging visitors. But Mrs. Norwood's health was soon made the plea for discountenancing all such attentions on the part of the village gossips. Always courteous and hospitable, she yet declined all visitations to the frequent "*hot water conventions*" or "*tea drinkings*" which constituted the chief amusement of the place, while she managed to keep alive the good feelings of her new associates by many acts of unostentatious charity. Simple in her daily habits, benevolent in her impulses, yet retiring and reserved in her manners, Mrs. Norwood made her faithful old servant the almoner of her bounties, while the poor, the sick and the sorrowful were never refused admission to her presence. Her regular attendance on the public duties of religion, in the only church which Elmsdale could then boast, had tended to establish her character for respectability in a community so eminently moral and pious; and when it was known that the pastor, whose rigid ideas of propriety were no secret, had become a frequent visitor at Hopeton's Folly, no doubt remained as to Mrs. Norwood's virtues and claims upon general sympathy.

Mr. Allston, who for some ten years had presided over the single church in a place which had fortunately escaped the curse of sectarianism, was a man as remarkable in character as he was peculiar in habit. A close and unwearied student, ascetic in his daily life, and an enthusiast in his profession, he was almost idolized by his people, who regarded him as a being of the most saint-like character. Indeed,

if self-denial could afford a title to canonization, he was fully competent to sustain the claim; but such is the inconsistency of human judgment, that Mr. Allston owed his high reputation to a belief in his stoical indifference to earthly temptations, and much of his influence would have been diminished if it had been suspected that resistance to evil ever cost him a single effort. The truth was that nature had made Allston a voluptuary, but religion had transformed him into an ascetic. He had set out in life with an eager thirst after all its pleasures, but he had been stayed in the very outset of his career by the reproaches of an awakened conscience. Violent in all his impulses, and ever in extremes, he had devoted himself to the gospel ministry because the keen goadings of repentance urged him to offer the greatest sacrifice in his power as atonement for past sins. But he had experienced all the trials which await those who, when gathering the manna from heaven, still remember the savory fleshpots of Egypt. His life was a perpetual conflict between passion and principle, and though his earthly nature rarely obtained the mastery, yet the necessity for such unwearied watchfulness had given a peculiar tone of severity to his manners. Like many persons of similar zeal, Allston had committed the error of confounding the *affections* with the *passions* of human nature, and believing all earthly ties to be but fetters on the wings of the soul, he carefully avoided all temptation to assume such bonds. His religion was one of fear rather than of love, and forgetting that He who placed man in a world of beauty and delight has said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," he made existence only a protracted scene of self-devotion and privation. A superstitious dread of yielding even to the most innocent impulses had induced him to suppress every feeling of his ardent and excitable nature. He had turned from the face of beauty and the voice of love with the same dread as would have induced him to eschew the temptation of the gaming-table and the wine-cup, and his thirtieth summer found him still a solitary student by the fireside of his widowed mother. His fine talents as a preacher, his powers of persuasion, his thrilling eloquence, aided by the example of his own habits of life, had produced a great effect in the community where he had been called to minister in holy things. The church was in a most flourishing condition; numbers had been united to it, and the influence of the pastor over the minds of all, but especially those of the young, was almost unbounded. Is it strange, therefore, that spiritual pride should have grown up in the heart of the isolated student, and twined its parasitic foliage around many a hardy plant of grace and goodness? Is it to be wondered at if Charles Allston at length indulged the fancy that he had been set apart as one chosen for a high and holy work—that he was destined to be one of the "*vessels of honor*," of whom St. Paul has spoken—and that nothing now could sully the spotless garments in which his self-denial had clothed him.

Mrs. Allston had been among the first to welcome the sick stranger to Elmsdale, and, pleased with the

gentle grace which characterized her manners, had lavished upon her every kindness. Mrs. Norwood was grateful for her attentions, and seemed happy to find a friend whose mature age and experience could afford her counsel and sympathy. This feeling of childlike dependence, on the one hand, and matronly affection on the other, was growing up between them, and served to establish a closer intimacy than at first might have appeared natural to persons so entirely unlike in character. Mrs. Allston was a woman of unpretending good sense, and plain education, whose rustic habits and utter indifference to etiquette made her appear very different from the languid invalid whose elegant manners and refined language marked her cultivation rather than her strength of mind. But "accident," and "the strong necessity of loving," may often account for friendships as well as loves, and this world would be a sad desert of lonely hearts if we could only attach ourselves to our own counterparts. No one could know Mrs. Norwood intimately, without being irresistibly attracted towards a character of such singular sensitiveness and amiability. She seemed like one in whom the elements of strength had been slowly and gradually evolved by circumstances, for, though her disposition was by nature yielding and dependent, yet her habits of thought and action were full of decision and firmness. Gentle and feminine in her feelings, reserved and quiet in her demeanor, she appeared to a careless observer merely as the dignified and discreet, because unprotected woman. But one who looked beneath the calm surface, might have found a deep strong under-current of feeling. Heart-sickness, rather than bodily disease, had been at work with her, and the blight which had passed over her young beauty, was but a type of that which had checked the growth of her warm affections.

Whatever might have been Mrs. Norwood's feelings when she first took possession of her new abode, she certainly seemed both healthier and happier after a year's sojourn in Elmsdale. A faint color returned to her thin cheek, a smile, bright and transient as an April sunbeam, often lit up her fine face, her features lost much of their sharpness of outline, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, the feeble, drooping invalid was transformed by the renovating touch of health into the lovely and elegant woman. Yet the same pensiveness characterized her usual manner—the same reluctance to mingle in society was evident in her daily intercourse with her neighbors, and to a stranger she might still seem to be mourning over the memory of a buried affection. But Mrs. Allston and her son alone knew better. They alone knew that affection had been crushed in its very bud by unkindness and neglect—they alone believed that the widow had found death one of the best of friends, when he relieved her from the intolerable bondage of domestic tyranny. Not that Mrs. Norwood had ever confided to them her former history; for the slightest question which had reference to the past always seemed to give her exquisite pain, but a casual remark, a trifling hint, a passing allusion, uttered in the con-

fidence of friendship, had led them to form such conclusions.

Allston had at first regarded the stranger merely as another member added to his flock—another soul for which he must hereafter be responsible. But a closer acquaintance with her awakened a much stronger interest in his mind. He fancied that her character bore a wonderful resemblance to his own. He thought he beheld in her the same secret control over strong emotions, the same silent devotion to deep-felt duties, the same earnest enthusiasm in religion, the same abstraction from worldly pleasures, as had long been the leading traits in his character. He believed that the difference of sex and her early sorrow might account for the diversities which existed between them, and actuated by the belief that he was an instrument in the hands of a higher Power, who had destined him for some great and glorious work, he persuaded himself that Providence had placed her in his path and pointed her out to him, by a mysterious sympathy, as his companion and fellow-laborer in his future duties. Had he not been blinded by the self-reliance which had taken the place of his wonted watchfulness, the very strength of his feelings would have led him to distrust their propriety. But habit had rendered all his ordinary practice of self-denial so easy to him that he fancied himself quite superior to mere earthly temptation, and therefore he was disposed to regard his present excitement, rather as a manifestation of the will of Heaven than as an impulse of natural affection. It cost him much thought and many severe conflicts with his doubts and his zeal ere he could decide upon the course he should pursue. Determined not to listen to the voice of passion but to be governed entirely by a sense of duty, he condemned himself to a rigorous fast of three days in the firm belief that he should receive some expression of the Divine Will. In the deep sleep of exhaustion which fell upon him during the third night, Mrs. Norwood appeared before him in a dream, wearing shining garments and smiling with an expression of perfect beatitude. This was enough for the wild enthusiast. From that moment he placed no restraint upon the promptings of his heart, but considering her as one peculiarly marked out for the same high destiny as himself, he poured out all the fulness of his long hoarded affections at her feet.

Lonely, desolate and sorrowful, Mrs. Norwood was almost bewildered by the sudden light which seemed to break in upon her when she thus found herself the object of true tenderness. She had long admired the genius of Mr. Allston, and her romantic temperament peculiarly fitted her to appreciate the peculiarities of his enthusiastic zeal. She had looked up to him as one as far above her in his unworldly sanctity, as in his gifted intellect, and thus to find herself the chosen of a heart which had heretofore rejected earth's sweetest gifts of tenderness, was most unlooked-for happiness. She soon learned to love him with a depth and fervor which surprised even herself, yet she had suffered so much in early life that the presence of hope was now welcomed

with tearful distrust. She dreaded rather than anticipated the future, and while listening to the wrapt eloquence of her lover, who seemed to spiritualize the impassioned language of affection, she could not but tremble to think what a blank life would be if this new-found bliss were suddenly extinguished. The peculiar tone of Allston's mind was never more distinctly displayed than in his courtship. Of love he never spoke, but he dwelt on the high and mystical dreams which had charmed his solitude, he pictured passion under the garb of pure devotion, and attired human affections in the robes of immaculate purity until he had completely bewildered himself in the mazes of his own labyrinth of fancies. At length the decisive moment came, and, in a manner equally characteristic and unusual, Allston asked Mrs. Norwood to become his wife. He was scarcely prepared for her excessive agitation, and still less for her indefinite reply.

"It shall be for you to decide, Mr. Allston," said the gentle widow, as she struggled with her tears, "I will not pretend to have misunderstood your feelings towards me, nor will I attempt to conceal the fact that to your proffered affection I owe the first gleam of happiness which has visited my weary heart since the days of childhood. But I have deceived you, and I cannot accept your hand while you remain ignorant of the events of my early life. Some months since, I wrote what I cannot bring my lips to utter, and you will find in this manuscript all you ought to know. Judge not too hardly of my concealment—my only error has been silence on a subject with which the world had nought to do, and this I trust your heart will not visit with too severe a punishment."

Allston took the papers, and silent and dismayed hurried to the seclusion of his study. Dreading some evil, though he knew not what shape it might assume, he broke the seal and read as follows:

"Left an orphan at a very early age, my first recollections are those of school life. My parents, who were residents though not natives of the island of Jamaica, sent me to England for my education, and, dying soon after my departure, I became the ward of my mother's cousin, a gay and dissipated bachelor, whose house offered not a proper home to a young girl. I was the heiress to great wealth, but was, at the same time, a homeless and desolate child, who might well have envied the privileges of domestic affection which are enjoyed by the offspring of poverty. My wealth procured me respect and consideration among my teachers and a few interested school-fellows, while it purchased for me exemption from much of the discipline of the school, as well as from many of the studies which I wished to avoid. I was, therefore, little likely to profit by the advantages of my position in life, while its disadvantages were in my case greatly multiplied. I was a wayward, wilful, warm-hearted child, full of impulsive affections, but irritable in temper, and, though perfectly docile to the law of kindness, utterly beyond the subjugation of severity. Frank and confiding in my disposition, I was easily led to place

confidence in those who treated me with a semblance of affection, and the sense of loneliness which oppressed my heart, even in childhood, led me rather to seek for the friendship of those by whom I was surrounded, while the romance, which shows itself in a greater or less degree in the developing character of every school girl, assumed in me the form of a morbid desire to inspire affection in those whom Providence had placed around me, to fill the places of parents, and brothers and sisters to my desolate life.

"I was in my fifteenth year, full of exaggerated sensibility, and just beginning to model my dreams of future happiness after the standard afforded by my favorite novels, when a circumstance, apparently of trivial moment, occurred to shadow my whole life with sorrow. The only accomplishment in which I made any decided progress was that of drawing, and in this I had early exhibited both taste and skill. Our drawing-master, an old and wily Italian, requested permission to introduce his nephew, who could materially aid him in instructing us to sketch from nature; and, as it involved our schoolmistress in no additional expense, she readily assented. Our new teacher was accordingly introduced to us under the name of Signior Baldini, but it needed scarcely one look to make us doubt his relationship to the old man, for his florid complexion, blond hair, and blue eyes bore little resemblance to the dark countenance and classical features of the fine Italian face. Those of us who were novel readers immediately fancied that we could detect beneath this humble disguise some noble heir or enamored youth who sought to obtain access to a lady-love immured within the walls of our school. Our young and glowing hearts, full of passions which had been prematurely developed by the mischievous tenor of our stolen reading, and ready to welcome any thing which might give occupation to their restlessness, were quickly excited in favor of the new comer. Our sketching from nature required us to take many walks in the vicinity, and, though we were never unaccompanied by one of the female teachers, yet a thousand opportunities for forming an imprudent intimacy occurred during these excursions. I soon found, however, that the attentions of Signior Baldini were especially directed to me, and the vanity of my sex, as well as my own excited fancy, led me to encourage rather than repulse his proffered advances. I cannot recall all the details of the vile conspiracy to which I fell a victim. Imagine a child of fifteen summers subjected to the arts of a man more than twice her age—a man who had studied human nature in its worst forms, and therefore well knew how to take advantage of its slightest tendency to error—a man whose talents enabled him to conceal the heart of a demon beneath the features of a demigod. Imagine the effect of these arts upon a sensitive and romantic girl, a lonely and orphaned creature who was yearning for the voice of affection, and weaving many a beautiful fancy of future happiness, to be found only in reciprocal affection, and you will anticipate the result.

"A well invented story of high birth, unmerited misfortunes, and a long cherished passion for me, awakened my sympathy, and I soon imagined that nothing could repay my lover's tenderness but the bestowal of my hand and fortune. I fancied myself deeply and devotedly attached to one who had submitted to the degradation of disguise for my sake, and, on the day when I attained my sixteenth year, I eloped with my lover, who now dropped his assumed title and adopted his true name of Wallingford. As my guardian was at that time in Paris, we met with no molestation, and were privately married in London, where we had decided to take up our abode. I afterwards learned that those of my teachers who had been parties to the plot were well paid for their services, while the only real sufferer was the principal of the establishment, who had been kept in total ignorance of the scheme, and whose dignified sense of propriety was shocked at having such a stigma affixed to her school. When my guardian returned he read me a lecture on my imprudence, and tried to satisfy his conscience for past neglect, by refusing to allow me more than a mere maintenance until I should attain my majority. To this, however, I refused submission, and the matter was finally compromised in a manner quite satisfactory to both parties. Mr. Wallingford immediately engaged elegant lodgings, and we commenced living in a style better suited to my future fortune than to my actual income.

"My heart sickens when I look back to the weary years which succeeded my imprudent marriage. As time matured my judgment I was pained by the discovery of many weaknesses and faults in my husband, to which I would willingly have remained blind. Yet the discovery of these did not impair the simple, child-like affection with which I regarded the only being on earth to whom I was bound by any ties. I clung to him as the only one in the wide world whom I was permitted to love, and it required but little effort on his part to have strengthened my girlish fondness into the lasting fervor of womanly tenderness. While yet I remained in my minority Mr. Wallingford treated me with some show of consideration. Fitful gleams of kindness, transient visitings of former fondness, glimpses of the better nature which had been so perverted by evil habits, and endearments still bestowed in moments of persuasion, linked my heart to the ideal which I had enshrined in his image. But no sooner was I put in possession of my fortune than he threw off the mask entirely. I was too much in his power to render any further concealment necessary, and he now appeared before me in all the true deformity of his character. Dissipated in his habits, coarse in his feelings, low in his pursuits and pleasures, he had only sought me for the wealth which could minister to his depravity.

"I will not pain you by a detail of the petty tyranny to which I was now subjected. My impetuous temper was at first aroused, but, alas! it was soon subdued by frightful severity. Indifference, neglect, intemperance, infidelity, nay, even personal ill treatment, which left the discolored badge of

slavery upon my flesh for days and weeks, were now my only portion. Broken in health and in spirit, I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, and I verily believe my husband sought to aid my wishes by his cruel conduct. But the crushed worm was at length compelled to turn upon the foot which trampled it. I was driven from my home—a home which my wealth had furnished with all the appliances of taste and elegance—and placed in a farmhouse at some distance from London, while a vile woman, whose name was but another word for pollution, ruled over my house. To increase the horrors of my situation, I learned that Wallingford was taking measures to prove me insane, and thus rid himself of my presence while he secured the guardianship of my person and property. This last injury aroused all the latent strength of my nature. Hitherto I had been like a child brought up in servitude and crouching beneath the master's blow, but I was now suddenly transformed into the indignant and energetic woman.

"Alone and unaided I determined to appeal to the laws of the land for redress, and prudence directed me to men as wise as they were virtuous, who readily undertook my cause. Wallingford was startled at my sudden rebellion, but he was never unprepared for deeds of evil. My servants were suborned, papers were forged, falsehoods were blazoned abroad, all the idle gossip which had floated for its passing moment on the breath of scandal like the winged seed of some noxious plant on the summer breeze, was carefully treasured, and every thing that power could effect was tried to make me appear degraded in character and imbecile in mind. The circumstances attending my marriage—my first fatal error, committed at the suggestion and under the influence of him who now adduced it as proof of my weakness—was one of the evidences of my unworthiness, while the utterings of a goaded spirit and the wild anguish of a breaking heart were repeated as the language of insanity. But for once justice and equity triumphed over the quibbles of the law. The decree of the highest court in the realm released me from my heavy bondage. A conditional divorce which allowed me full power to marry again, but restrained my husband from such a privilege, in consequence of his well-attested cruelty and ill treatment, was the result of our protracted and painful lawsuit. My fortune, sadly wasted and diminished, was placed in the hands of trustees for my sole benefit, and I immediately settled upon Wallingford a sum sufficient to place him far above want, upon the sole condition that he never intruded himself into my presence.

"After these arrangements were completed I determined to put the ocean between me and my persecutor. On my twenty-sixth birthday—just ten years from the day which saw me a bride—I landed in America. Alas! how changed were all my prospects, how altered all my feelings! I was still in the prime of life, but hope and joy and all the sweet influences of affection were lost to me forever, and after wandering from place to place I finally took up my abode in Elmsdale, rather from a sense of utter

weariness than from any anticipation of peace. I little knew that Providence had prepared for me so sweet a rest after all my sufferings. I little knew that peace and hope, aye, and even happiness, were yet in store for me. Resigning a name to which I had no longer any claim, I resumed my family name of Norwood, and sought to appear in society as the widowed rather than as the divorced wife. I have thus avoided painful remarks and impertinent questionings, while I was enabled to secure for myself a quiet retreat from the turmoil of the world. Perhaps to you, Charles Allston, I ought to have been more frank, but surely you cannot blame me for shrinking from the disclosure of such bitter and degrading memories. You have now learned all my early history—you have seen my error and you have traced its punishment—let me now unfold the page which can reveal the present.

"A fancy, light as the gossamer which the wind drives on its wing, first led to my marriage. I was a child in heart and mind and person, when I became the victim of arts which might have misled a wiser head and a less susceptible heart. Left to myself I should probably have forgotten my first love fancy even as one of the thousand dreams which haunt the brain of youth. But if, after my marriage, I had experienced kindness and tenderness from my husband, the feeling would have deepened into earnest and life-long affection, instead of curdling into hatred and contempt within my bosom. The love of my girlhood was blighted even as a flower which blossoms out of time, and loneliness has hitherto been my lot through life. Will you deem me too bold, my friend, if I tell you that from you I have learned my first lesson in womanly duty? Till I knew you I dreamed not of the power of a fervent and true passion—till I beheld you I believed my heart was cold and dead to all such gentle impulses. You have taught me that happiness may yet be found even for me. In loving you I am but doing homage to virtue and wisdom and piety—in bowing down before your image I am but worshipping the noblest attributes of human nature enshrined within your heart. I dared not pour out the fullness of my joy until I had told you my sad tale, but now that you know all—now that no shadow of distrust can fall upon the sunshine of the future, come to me, and assure me with your own dear voice that my troubled dream is now forever past, and that the dawn of happiness is breaking upon my weary heart!"

To comprehend the full effect of this letter on Charles Allston, the peculiarity of his character—his strict ideas of duty—his devotion to his holy calling—his shrinking dread of any thing which could, by any possibility, tend to diminish his influence over the consciences of his flock—and his long cherished dread of self-indulgence—must ever be borne in mind. He had loved Eleanor Norwood with a fervor startling even to himself, and according to his usual distrustful habits of thought, he had feared lest the very intensity of his feelings was a proof of their sinfulness. Accustomed to consider every thing as wrong which was peculiarly gratifying to himself—

measuring by the amount of every enjoyment the extent of its wickedness—restraining the most innocent impulses because he conceived heaven could only be won by continual sacrifices—he had shrunk in fear and trembling at his own temerity when his overmastering passion led him to pour forth his feelings to the object of his love. He had retired to his apartment in a state of pitiable agitation, and while he awaited Mrs. Norwood's reply with hope, he yet half repented of his proffered suit, lest there should have been too much of the heaven of mere earthly tenderness in the bosom which had vowed to forsake all its idols. This letter therefore produced a terrible revulsion in his feelings. His rigid sense of duty, and his adherence to divine rather than human laws, compelled him to behold in Eleanor Norwood only the wife of another. Vile and unworthy as Wallingford might be, he was to Allston's view still the husband, and though the tie might be loosened by the hand of man it could only be entirely severed by the will of God. All the sternness of that long practised asceticism, which had given Allston such a twofold character, was called forth by the thought of the sin he had so nearly committed. The wild enthusiasm of his nature led him to regard Mrs. Norwood as a temptress sent to try the strength of his self-denying piety. He remembered the tale of the hermit, who for forty years abode in the wilderness, sinless in thought and in deed, while he kept his eye ever fixed upon the cross; but the moment of wavering came—the holy eremite turned his gaze for one single instant from the symbol, and Satan, who had long watched in vain, obtained the mastery over him whose life-long piety had not availed against a moment's weakness. Allston shuddered as his busy fancy suggested the parallel between the monkish legend and his own present feelings. The thought of the disgrace which would attend him who, while reproving sin in others, could be accused of cherishing it in his own household—of the judgment which would fall upon him who should dare to minister to the people in holy things, while he bore the marks of a deadly leprosy within his own bosom—until at length the spiritual pride, which was in truth his besetting sin, subdued all lighter emotions.

That evening Mrs. Norwood sat in her quiet room, with the light of a shaded lamp falling upon the gentle beauty of a face now lighted up with hope, and which, but for the restless and hurried glance which was occasionally turned upon the quaintly fashioned clock, might have seemed the picture of placid happiness. A soft glow flushed her cheek, her eyes were full of radiance, and, as she raised her head in the attitude of a listener, a smile of almost childlike joyousness parted her flexible lips. A step resounded on the gravel walk without. Her first impulse led her to spring forward to welcome the expected visitant, but womanly pride checked her in mid career, and she yet stood in half uncertainty when the door opened to admit a servant who handed her a small parcel. Her cheek grew ashy pale as she broke the seal. A paper dropped from the envelop—it was her own letter to Allston; and she sank into a chair

as she unfolded the note which accompanied it. Written in Allston's hand, yet so blotted, and traced in such irregular characters, that the agitation of the writer might well be divined, were these words :

"I will not express the agony of mind with which I have perused the enclosed papers. I have been tried almost beyond my strength, but I have been mercifully spared the commission of a crime at which my soul shudders. I will not upbraid you, madam, for your cruel concealment; your own conscience will be your accuser, and it will not fail to remind you that your deception has nearly hurled me from an eminence which it has been the labor of my life to reach. But you have been only an instrument in the hands of a higher power. I fancied myself superior to temptation, and God has sent you to teach me the necessity of closer watchfulness over my still frail nature. Eleanor Norwood, I have loved you as I never loved earthly creature before, but sooner would I suffer the keenest pangs of that chronic heartbreak, to which the martyrdom of the pile and fagot is but pastime, than take to my arms the wife of a living husband. You have made me wretched but you cannot make me criminal. Henceforth we meet no more on earth, for I have vowed to tear your image from my heart, though, even now, every fibre bleeds at the rude sundering of such close knit ties. Receive my forgiveness and my farewell."

When Mrs. Norwood's faithful old servant entered the room, about an hour after the receipt of this letter, she found her mistress lying senseless on the floor. Suspecting something like the truth, the woman prudently gathered up the papers from view, and then summoned assistance. Mrs. Norwood was carried to her apartment and medical aid was immediately procured. The physician pronounced her to be suffering from strong nervous excitement, and, after giving her a sleeping draught, prescribed perfect quiet for the next few days. But ere morning she was in a state of delirium, and fears were entertained for her intellect if not for her life. Several days passed in great uncertainty, but at length hope revived and Mrs. Norwood once more awoke to consciousness. Feeble as an infant, however, she required great care to raise her from the brink of the grave, and the springs of life, so sadly shattered by long continued sorrow, were now in danger of being broken by a single stroke. Disease seemed undetermined in its final attack, and at length assumed the form under which it most frequently assists the insidious labors of secret sorrow. A hectic cough now racked her feeble frame, and it was evident that consumption would soon claim another victim. Just at this time a letter, sealed with black, was forwarded to Mrs. Norwood's address, and after being withheld from her several weeks, by advice of her physician, was finally given to her because all hope of prolonging her life was at an end. The perusal of this letter seemed rather to soothe than to excite the sinking invalid. "It comes too late," was her only exclamation as she deposited it in a little cabinet which stood beside her bed, and from that moment she made no allusion to its contents.

It was remarked in the village that Mr. Allston had become excessively severe in his denunciations of error, while his habits had become more rigid and reserved than ever. His former persuasive eloquence had given place to violent and bitter revilings of sin, while those who applied to him for religious consolation were terrified rather than attracted by the threatenings of the fiery zealot. Once only did he seem moved by gentler feelings. An aged clergyman, who occasionally visited him from a distant town, was summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Norwood, and when he returned to Mr. Allston's study he feelingly described the bodily pangs and angelic patience of the gentle sufferer. The frame of the stern man shook as he listened, and tears—such tears as sear rather than relieve the heart—fell from his eyes. It was one of the last struggles of human feeling in the breast of one who vainly fancied himself marked out for a higher than human destiny—one more was yet to come, and then earth held no claim upon his heart.

It was not long delayed, for the time soon arrived when the bell tolled for her whose sorrowful life and early death had been the penalty of a single error. Allston stood beside the coffin and saw within its deep shadow the pale and stony features of the being whom he had loved; and even while his heart smote him as the shortener of her brief and melancholy span of life, he yet nerved himself with the high, stern resolve of one who suffers in the cause of duty. With that cold brow beneath his gaze, he poured forth, from the depths of an agonized heart, a prayer whose solemn eloquence thrilled every listener like a voice from the grave. No sound escaped his lips as the clods of the valley fell rattling on the coffin-lid which shrouded the heart so sorely tried in life, but, in the deep midnight, groans and bitter cries, which rived his stern bosom, were heard issuing from the pastor's lonely closet.

Mrs. Norwood's old servant inherited the property in Elmsdale, and one of her first duties was to place in Mr. Allston's hands the cabinet which she said her mistress had requested might be given him after her death. It contained only Mrs. Norwood's letter and her lover's reply, together with a *third*, in an unknown hand, bearing a black seal. This last was dated *some months earlier* than the others, and contained the tidings of Mr. Wallingford's death. He had fallen a victim to his own misdeeds in Italy, and at the moment when Allston had considered himself the subject of a temptation intended to try his strength, the divorced wife was in reality free from every shadow of a tie.

Why had she not disclosed these tidings to her scrupulous lover? Ask rather why she who had twice suffered from man's wayward nature, and who had escaped from the *vices* of one only to perish by the too rigid *virtues* of another, should place trust in any earthly affection? Sick of life, hopeless of future peace, sinking under a fatal disease, she had taken a lesson from the inferior creation :

"mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence."

TOUSKY WOUSKY.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them!"
BEN JONSON.

I BECAME acquainted with Count Tousky Wousky in Paris somewhere in the year 1836. For some reason or other, which I did not at first understand, he devoted himself chiefly to the society of strangers, and, of all strangers, most affected the company of Americans. At that time there were several fair daughters of the Pilgrims in the gay metropolis, a few Knickerbockers, and at least one descendant of the Huguenot race in the person of Miss P of Charleston. In this circle Tousky Wousky aspired to figure. He was a tall, handsome fellow, who had seen perhaps eight and twenty summers, with fine long and dark locks, to say nothing of the most unexceptionable whiskers and imperial. He smiled enchantingly, and the glimpses of his ivory-white teeth between their cushions of well-dyed bristles were quite "killing." Altogether he was a most personable individual—waltzed charmingly—attitudinized beyond any dancer at the opera-house—and, though he said nothing except in a sort of mute challenge to man and woman to "look and admire," he carried away more captive hearts than any man of his day.

In French society the count was very generally eschewed. Having no apparent means of livelihood, and being well understood to carry as little in his pocket if possible as in his head, the young men about town were somewhat shy of him, and he was considered not much better than a professed gambler. This would of course never have been known, had it not been that his familiarity was such with the few Americans of wealth who visited Paris during the winter of 1836, that he had made fourteen distinct matrimonial proposals. So susceptible was he, that he fell desperately in love with no less than fourteen of the sex in the same season—compassed fourteen courtships by his languishing and silent adoration—was fourteen times on his knees to fourteen fair creatures varying in age from fourteen to forty—fourteen times was referred to *Monsieur, mon père*, or to *Monsieur, mon frère*—had his character submitted to fourteen inquisitions, and was fourteen times politely informed that "his addresses must be discontinued."

I left Paris, and thought nothing more of Count Tousky Wousky till I was walking some months afterward in Broadway. My friend Lieutenant P of the army, whom Commodore Elliot will probably recollect, if he recollects having been in

the Mediterranean, was my guide-book and index on the occasion, for having been absent some years, the faces of my towsmen and townswomen were quite strange to me.

"P . . .," said I; "indicate the individual we have just passed. I have seen him a thousand times, but for the life of me I cannot recollect where or when."

"That!" exclaimed P . . .; "I should know from your question, that you were just off the salt water. But how very odd! That man is Count Tousky Wousky. How the deuce did it happen that you, who were so long in Paris, did not know Tousky Wousky?"

"Tousky Wousky!" I rejoined. "That's his name sure enough—but what is Tousky Wousky doing here?"

"That's neither your business nor mine. He is the handsomest man on the *pavé*, and has the entire run of the city, from the eight shilling balls at Tammany to the most brilliant routes in Bond street or Waverley Place."

"Quite a range, P But does he patronize Tammany?"

"To be sure he does; and why not? It's all one to him; and he has got the idea that there is good picking in the Bowery. He has heard of butchers' families, where good *ribs* were to be had, and is not sure that he might not get pretty well suited at some wealthy tailor's. In short, he is in search of a rich wife, and he is not over particular who or what she may be as long as she can plank the pewter."

"That is to say, P . . . , he is a penniless adventurer, who cannot find a wife in his own country, and proposes to confer the honor on us. Is that the arrangement?"

"You are not far out of the way in your guess."

"But how is the individual received?"

"O, with open arms, to be sure. He gave out on his passage, that he was coming to this country to marry a fortune; that he should do it in about six months, and return to Paris."

"How excessively condescending! And what credentials did he bring with him?"

"O, he carries his credentials on his face. The only necessary passports now to society are whiskers—moustache—imperial! They are the *open sesame* to the hearts of the ladies."

"But what says papa?"

"I understand there was a general meeting of all our millionaires, and that they voted him forthwith the freedom of the city, and suggested that he should do the country the honor to marry some one of their daughters."

"And what said the count?"

"Why, the count said that he would quarter on 'em a while before pitching his tent; that he would dine about with the old prigs, and drink their good wine, and that as soon as he became well assured in regard to the respective fortunes of the young ladies, he would just fling his handkerchief at one of them, and she is expected to drop forthwith into his arms."

Not long after this conversation, it was my lot to meet Tousky Wousky on several occasions in society. It seemed to be the prevailing belief among those upon whom he condescended to shed the light of his smiles, that he was the sole remaining representative of a noble and ancient family, and that he was visiting the United States solely in pursuit of relaxation from arduous military duties in Algiers. Such was his own story, and such was the story which his defenders believed.

I must plead guilty to never having been able to discover the peculiar charm of the count's manners and appearance. I had heard much of the *air noble*, which was said to be his distinguishing trait, but could see nothing but the *air puppyish*, if I may so characterize a manner of supreme indifference to the comfort and convenience of those around him. In a ball-room, I have seen him extend himself at full length upon a sofa, after a quadrille, and fan himself with his perfumed handkerchief, while dozens of ladies were near in want of a seat. At other times he would place himself astride of a chair, with his face to the back, and his long legs protruded so as to endanger the necks of those, who might venture to step over them. These little liberties were regarded merely as the elegant *abandon* of one accustomed to the first society of Europe; and instances were cited of a similar aristocratic disregard of conventional decency among certain English noblemen, who had visited the country.

But what seemed to certify the count's claims to nobility was the erudition he displayed in all that related to gastronomy. Did you ever notice the air of sagacity with which a chicken sips water, cocking her head after every bill full, and apparently passing judgment upon its quality? Of such an act would Tousky Wousky remind you when he took soup. Occasionally his criticisms would be given with a vivacity and *esprit*, which would excite general surprise. He could tell at a glance the name of the most recondite Parisian *pôte*. His decisions in regard to *entremets*, *hors d'œuvres*, and *vol au vents* were unimpeachable; and he would discourse upon *sole en matelotte* Normande with tears in his eyes. There was something earnest and affecting in the count's manner when he touched upon these topics; whereas when questioned concerning events having relation to his military career, his answers were confused, imperfect and unsatisfactory.

After some months of investigation and hesitation,

Tousky Wousky fixed his eyes upon the daughter of a retired tailor of the name of Remnant. Mature deliberation and inquiry convinced him that she was the most *eligible* of the candidates that had yet been presented to his notice. Old Remnant had commenced life as a journeyman—sat cross-legged upon the counter from his fourteenth to his twenty-first year—then opened a sort of sloop-shop somewhere in Maiden Lane—married his master's only daughter—succeeded to his business and wealth—and accumulated a large fortune.

Heaven forbid that I should breathe a flippant word against a vocation, in which I have encountered more than one ornament to humanity—men, in whom the Christian virtues of patience and forbearance were signally developed; of whose capacities for long suffering I could relate the most affecting instances. But I blame Remnant, not for having been a tailor, but for his foolish ambition in after life to sink all memorials of the shop, and launch into fashionable life. We all remember the story of the English member of Parliament, who, on being twitted by some sprig of nobility with having been bred a tailor, retorted, "if the gentleman himself had been so bred he would have been a tailor still." The reply was as just as it was spirited, and showed a noble pride on the part of the speaker, in comparing his past with his present position. Remnant began by discontinuing his annual tribute to the Tailors' Charitable Fund. Then he neglected to attend their annual ball at Tammany; and finally he cut his old associates in trade when he met them in Broadway—visited Europe, returned, built an elegant house—and set up a carriage with a liveried driver and footman. In all these proceedings I have reason to believe that he was mainly influenced by his wife, whose fashionable *furor* was inextinguishable.

Through his endorsements for certain "genteel" speculators, Remnant contrived to get introduced with his family into what they believed to be the "fashionable circles." The daughter, Sophia Ann, was a pretty, good-natured, frank, and unpretending girl, who, having received a fair education, bore her part extremely well in gay life, and betrayed few symptoms of the character of her parentage. Rumor whispered that she entertained a secret penchant for young Allen, a clerk in Flash, Fleetwood & Co's. establishment in Broadway. It was noticed that she always made her purchases at that shop, and frequently she remained much longer in conversation than was absolutely necessary for the closing of her bargains. Where was the propriety too of negotiating for a pair of gloves or a skein of silk in so very low and mysterious a tone of voice? It was suspicious, to say the least of it.

The ecstasy of Mrs. Remnant when Tousky Wousky condescended to ask an introduction to herself and daughter was beyond all reasonable bounds; and when, the next morning, he honored them with a call, it was as if she and all her family had received a brevet of nobility.

"Who knows, Sophia Ann," said she after the count had taken his departure, "who knows but the

count has been struck with your appearance, and intends making proposals?"

"And if he does, mamma," replied Sophy, "you may be very sure he will propose in vain, so far as I am concerned. A vulgar, coarse, ill-mannered fop! Did you notice the crumbs of bread upon his odious moustaches?"

"A very good proof of his gentility, my dear. It shows that he has just breakfasted. I am amazed at your language, Sophia Ann."

"Indeed I thoroughly detest the fellow. I hope you will not invite him to the house."

"Indeed and indeed I shall, Miss Pert. I see the drift of your objections. You have taken a fancy to that low-bred fellow, Allen, and would disgrace your family by an unequal match. But let me advise you to beware how you encourage any such presumption. Your father is as determined as I am to cut you off with a shilling should you ever marry without our consent."

Here Sophia rose, and, with her handkerchief to her eyes, left the room, while Mrs. Remnant sat down and penned a note to Tousky Wousky, asking the honor of his company at dinner the next day.

In less than two weeks after the count's introduction he proposed for Sophia Ann. The mother was as propitious as could have been desired, and the father, who was swayed in all things by the superior energy of his wife, acquiesced on this occasion. Tousky Wousky supposed that all the essential preliminaries were now settled, and that it only remained to fix a day for the marriage ceremony. He had omitted, however, one little form. He had not yet asked the young lady herself whether she had any objection to becoming his bride. Dire was his dismay when, on popping the question, she rejected him point blank, without hesitation, reservation or equivocation. He twirled his moustaches, and showed his teeth in what was meant for a smile irresistible. Strange to say, Sophia Ann did not rush into his arms. He knelt and rolled up his eyes after the most approved Parisian fashion. The obdurate, intractable girl laughed in his face. He rose and attempted to clasp her waist and kiss her. Sophia upset a heavy piano-stool upon his shins, and, with a face burning with indignant blushes, left the room.

Tousky Wousky was completely nonplussed. The idea of being rejected by a "native," one, too, who had never visited Paris, had not entered into his calculations. He looked in the glass—surveyed his incomparable whiskers, and glanced at his blameless legs.

"*Sacré!* The girl must be crazy!" muttered Tousky Wousky, as he finished his examination of his person.

He laid his case immediately before the parents of the refractory young lady; alluded very pointedly to the numerous countesses and baronesses who were perishing for him in France, Germany, and Italy—swore that he had never known what love was till he had met Sophia Ann—and concluded by avowing the romantic determination to depart instantly for

Niagara, jump into a skiff just above the rapids, loosen it from the shore, and, with folded arms, glide down over the cataract into the "peaceful arms of oblivion."

The parents of Sophia Ann were much shocked at this tragic menace; and the mother declared that the cruel girl should be brought to her senses—it was n't probable she would ever have such another chance of becoming a countess—and marry Tousky Wousky *she should!* And off the old lady started to enforce her commands in person. Sophia Ann was not to be found. The fact was, she had just discovered that she was in want of a quantity of muslin, and knowing of no place in the city where she could procure it of a quality more to her satisfaction, she hastened to the store of Flash, Fleetwood & Co., and had a long consultation with the handsome clerk.

"Never mind, Sophy dear," said Allen, after he had heard the story of her persecutions, "I have a plan for unmasking him. Do not suppose that I have been idle since you told me of your mother's designs."

And Sophy tripped home and listened very resignedly to a long lecture from her mother, upon the impropriety of young ladies presuming to decide for themselves upon matrimonial questions.

One of the consequences of Allen's plan ensued the very day after these events.

Tousky Wousky was parading Broadway in all his magnificence. The African king, whose principal escape from nudity consisted in a gold-edged *chapeau bras*, never moved among his fellows with a more complacent feeling of superiority than Tousky Wousky experienced as he strutted across Chambers street toward the Astor House. His forehead was contracted in a superb and scornful frown—his whiskers and moustaches looked black as night—and his half-closed eyes seemed as if they deemed it an act of condescension on their part to open upon the works of the Creator. Tousky Wousky swung his cane, and looked neither to the right nor to the left, except when he bowed to some envied female acquaintance. As for that highly respectable portion of the human race, the males, the count rarely condescended to recognize their existence. He passed them by with supreme indifference. Had he known how many consultations there had been as to the propriety of knocking him down, perhaps he would have amended his conduct in this respect.

On the occasion, at which my narrative had now arrived, the count was interrupted in his promenade by an individual, gaily but not fastidiously dressed, who accosted him in the most familiar manner.

"Well met, Philippe!" cried the stranger, holding out his hand.

"You are mistaken in the person, sir," said Tousky Wousky, drawing himself up, and attempting to look magnificently dignified.

"None of your nonsense, Philippe," returned the stranger; "don't you remember your old fellow-artist, Alphonse? Of course you do. Come—"

"Out of the way, fellow, or I will demolish you with my cane."

"Be civil, Philippe, and acknowledge me, or I will pull off your whiskers here in Broadway."

This threat seemed to operate forcibly upon the count, for, extending his hand and striking an attitude, he exclaimed, "Alphonse! why how the devil did you get here?"

"Hush! don't call me Alphonse. I am Count Deflamzi."

"The deuse you are! Why, I am a count, too."

"So I supposed. How do you get on?"

"Brilliantly—and you? When did you arrive?"

"By the last Cunard steamer. Is it possible you haven't seen me announced in the newspapers?"

"I never read them. I consider newspapers a bore."

"Ha! I understand. Beau Shatterly thought the same of parish registers—a d—d impertinent invention! So they are—as thus; *Beware of imposition*: A scoundrel calling himself Count Tousky Wousky, but whose real name is—"

"Hush! Are you mad?"

"Ah! Philippe! Philippe! The chief cook at Vevay's always used to say you would come to the gallows—eh?"

As he revived the recollection of this pleasant vaticination, Count Deflamzi poked the end of his cane at one of Tousky Wousky's ribs, in a manner which partook more of the familiar than the dignified. Poor Tousky Wousky bent his body to escape the blow, while he looked the picture of despair—the more so as at that moment old Remnant's carriage drew up near the curb-stone, and Sophy's mother put her head out of the window to speak to her intended son-in-law.

"Good-bye, Alphonse; I will see you again soon," said Tousky Wousky, endeavoring to shake off his unwelcome friend, and darting towards the carriage.

Deflamzi followed him, and after permitting him to greet Mrs. Remnant, and receive from her some intelligence in regard to Sophia Ann, he pulled Tousky Wousky by the skirt, and said; "My dear fellow, this is really embarrassing. Why don't you introduce me to the lady?"

"Ahem! Blast the—Oh, yes—certainly—Mrs. Remnant, Count Deflamzi—Count Deflamzi, Mrs. Remnant."

"Glad to see you, old lady," said Deflamzi; and then, at a loss for a remark to show his quality, he added—"What a devilish vulgar country this is of yours!"

"An eccentric devil!" whispered Tousky Wousky in Mrs. Remnant's ear; "who has a plenty of money and thinks he has a right to abuse every thing and every body."

"I am most happy, count, to make your acquaintance," said Mrs. Remnant, quite overlooking the puppy's impertinence in her delight at being seen conversing with a couple of counts in Broadway.

"The pleasure of meeting Mrs. Remnant to-day is as unexpected as it is gratifying," said Deflamzi. "I had intended asking my old friend Rufsky Fusky here, long since to introduce me, but—"

"Rufsky Fusky!"

"A nick-name, by which he used to call me when

we were boys," said poor Tousky Wousky hastily, and then, in an *aside*, he muttered to Deflamzi; "Curse you, Alphonse! I wish you would call me by my right name."

"What is it?"

"Tousky Wousky."

"Ah, yes! pardon me," said Deflamzi; and then, turning to the old lady in the coach, he continued; "as I was saying, Madam, I had intended asking my old friend, Whisky Frisky, to introduce me before, but the good fortune of—"

"Whisky Frisky!"

"You see he will have his joke, Madam," said Tousky Wousky, making a painful effort to smile.

"Ha, yes! A wag, I see. Well, I like pleasantry."

"What I was about to say," resumed Deflamzi, "simply was, that the felicitous accident which has made me acquainted with Mrs. Remnant, enables me to extend in person an invitation, which I had intended sending through our excellent friend Rowdy Powdy. Shall I have the honor of seeing you and your charming daughter, with Mr. Remnant of course, at a small dinner party, which I give at the Globe to-morrow to our distinguished friend here, Count Hoaxy Folsky?"

Mrs. Remnant was too much fluttered and flattered by this mark of respect to pay any attention to Deflamzi's eccentric perversions of his friend's name. She eagerly accepted the invitation; and Deflamzi took his leave of her and Tousky Wousky, with a significant hint to the latter, that if he did not come too he should be exposed.

"Dinner will be on the table at six. *Au revoir!*" said Deflamzi, bowing grotesquely, and strutting down Broadway.

"How vastly genteel!" thought Mrs. Remnant.

The next day, at the appointed hour, a select party, consisting of the two counts, the Remnant family, Mr. Allen, and half a dozen fashionable young men, whom Tousky Wousky remembered to have seen frequently in society, met in one of Blancard's pleasant parlors. Mrs. Remnant was a little puzzled at encountering Allen; but, remembering that Deflamzi was an "eccentric devil," she concluded it was all right. The good lady was placed at one end of the table, and Deflamzi took his seat at the other. Tousky Wousky and Sophia Ann sat opposite to each other, near the centre. Soup was handed round in the midst of an animated conversation, in which Deflamzi, however, did not join. His manner toward all but Tousky Wousky seemed singularly constrained and respectful.

As the soup was being passed round, a keen eye might have detected a piece of legerdemain practised by one of the waiters, in serving Tousky Wousky. Instead of giving him the plate, which Deflamzi had filled from the tureen, another was placed before him, which seemed to have been whisked in a mysterious manner from a side-table, unnoticed of course by the unsuspecting count.

The minute Tousky Wousky tasted his soup, he dropped his spoon with a face expressive of the deepest disgust.

"What is the matter, count?" asked Sophia Ann, while a mischievous twinkle was swimming in her dark eyes.

"Is it possible you can relish that soup?" inquired Tousky Wousky, regarding her with amazement as she swallowed spoonful after spoonful.

"It is very good, is it not?" said Sophy, looking the very picture of sweet simplicity.

Tousky Wousky took another spoonful, then suddenly seized a tumbler of iced water to drown the recollection of the nauseous compound. Turning to Deflamzi, he said, "What do you call this—stuff, my dear count?"

"It is Soup à la *Julien* to be sure, and very good."

"Soup à la *Julien*!" exclaimed Tousky Wousky, "I should call it soup à la swill-pail. I never tasted anything half so bad. Here, *garçon*! take this plate away, and tell the cook I shall have him indicted for an attempt to poison."

"Oui, monsieur."

The dinner was a good dinner, and Tousky Wousky was suffered to finish the remainder of it in peace. Just before the dessert was introduced, Count Deflamzi was called out by a servant, and begging to be excused for a few minutes, quitted the apartment. He had not been gone long when the same servant re-entered and informed Tousky Wousky, that the cook, to whom he had sent the message touching the soup, desired to speak with him.

"Show him in! show him in!" exclaimed several voices. "Ten to one, he means to challenge you, Tousky Wousky, for abusing his soup. Ha! ha! ha!"

Tousky Wousky began to look pale, but tried to laugh it off, and said, "Nonsense! I can't see the fellow now. Tell him to call on me at my hotel."

"That won't do. Show him in, *garçon*, show him in!" cried Tom Cawley, who was Allen's principal ally in the plot.

Here the cook burst into the room. He had on a white cap and a white apron. A white apron was thrown over his shoulder, and his hands were white with flour.

"Alphonse!" exclaimed Tousky Wousky, starting up with dismay, as he gazed on the once familiar apparition.

"Count Deflamzi!" ejaculated Mrs. Remnant. "This is indeed eccentric."

"No more Count Deflamzi, madame, than this is Count Tousky, but plain Alphonse Fricandean, gastronomical artist, or in vulgar language, cook, from Paris."

"What! isn't he a count?"

"No, madame; he is a cook!"

"A cook! my salts, Mr. Remnant! Quick, you stupid man!"

"I appeal to the company," said Tousky Wousky, recovering himself. "Madame, this is a conspiracy. I can produce letters from the first noblemen in London—"

"The company shall soon be satisfied on that point," said Monsieur Fricandean. "Eugene, request the attendance of Lord Morvale."

At the sound of this name, Tousky Wousky sank

into his chair quite unmanned. Lord Morvale soon entered, and after bowing to the rest of the company, turned to Tousky Wousky, and said, "At your old tricks, Philippe! Rogue! Have I found you at last?"

"Count Tousky Wousky a rogue! What does it all mean?" asked old Mr. Remnant, who could not well comprehend what was going on.

Lord Morvale turned to the company, and said, "This fellow, ladies and gentlemen, who calls himself Count Tousky Wousky, was for two years chief cook in my establishment, and I will do him the justice to say that his talents in that vocation are truly respectable. But it seems that he had a soul above pans and *pâtes*, and one day I found that he had broken open my desk, taken from it some money and letters, and decamped. I afterwards met him in Paris, but he was so skilfully disguised that I did not recognize him; and it was not till Monsieur Fricandean apprised me that Count Tousky Wousky was my old cook in a new character, that I suspected the fact."

This revelation was listened to without surprise by all except Mr. and Mrs. Remnant. No better proof of its truth was needed than Tousky Wousky's abject appearance. Tom Cawley took Lord Morvale aside and whispered a few words in his ear, after which his Lordship came forward, and addressed Mr. and Mrs. Remnant as follows: "Any legal process against this fellow would from recent events be calculated to make public certain domestic occurrences in your family, the discussion of which might prove annoying. I will, therefore, consent to refrain from molesting him so you will consent to secure your daughter's happiness by giving her to the man of her choice, and one who appears to be every way worthy of her preference. I allude to Mr. Allen, and I take this opportunity of inviting myself to his wedding."

The idea of having a live lord present at the nuptials of her daughter, amply consoled Mrs. Remnant for the loss of Tousky Wousky as a son-in-law. It was not long before her visions were fulfilled. Lord Morvale gave away the bride; and a proud day it was for the race of the Remnants when that memorable event took place.

As for Count Tousky Wousky, I take this opportunity of cautioning the public against him. He is still prowling about the country under assumed names, and intends figuring at our principal watering places before the summer is over. He is quite confident that he will ultimately succeed in picking up a Yankee heiress, and I should not be surprised any day to hear of the fulfilment of his designs. The recent example of Captain S—— has inspired him with new hopes.

It is Tousky Wousky's intention to visit Portland while the warm weather lasts. To my certain knowledge he carries letters from his near kinsman, General Count Bratish Eliovitch, to my gifted and open-hearted friend, John Neal. Before Mr. Neal lends him his pocket-book and his protection, I beg that he will peruse a letter in regard to the character of the count's endorser, from our minister at Paris, Mr. Cass, to Mr. Fairfield, Governor of Maine.

FAREWELL TO A FASHIONABLE ACQUAINTANCE.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

THERE is a smile which beams with light,
When all around is flush and fair,
Yet turns to scorn when Sorrow's night
Wraps its lorn victim in despair.

That smile is like the illusive ray
The false, fictitious diamond gives;
Reflecting back the beams of day;
In borrowed light it only lives.

That smile is like the rifled rose,
That on a syren's breast doth shine;
Oh! who would weep to part with those
Whose smiles are such as this of thine!

And these are friends who call one "dear,"
When Fortune favors all one's wishes;
Yet when the goddess changes—sneer,
And pick one's character to pieces.

Poor moths that round the taper wheel—
Addled in light—in darkness fled—
Too poor to crush—too false to feel—
Beneath our scorn—to memory dead!

Yet they may teach a lesson stern—
In the deep caverns of the mind,
To build our castle home, and spurn
The heartless things we leave behind.

Unwept the false, unwept the fair—
To fashion, folly, falsehood, tied—
With truth and love, we now may share
The bliss that flattery denied.

Lady, farewell! no more we meet,
My cream, my strawberries, all are banished;

Thy flatteries too are fled, thy sweet,
Fond speeches with my ices vanished.

Forgive me if I mourn thee not,
For at a price I know thee willing;
Such souls as thine, fair dame, are bought,
Like cakes and custards, by the shilling.

'Tis thus with thee, 'tis thus with all,
That throng gay Fashion's trickish mart;
Each has his price, and, great or small,
Cash is the measure of the heart.

Seest thou yon proud and peerless belle,
That saunters through the gay cotillion,
With eyes that speak of heaven? Well—
She's just knocked down at half a million.

There is the purchaser—a poor,
Mean, craven thing—whose merit lies
In this, his father left him store
Of stocks; and he hath bought those eyes!

Yon maiden, whirling in the waltz—
A salamander that doth live
Unscathed in fire—hath too her faults,
But yet her price is—what you'll give.

And this is Fashion's magic ring
So envied, sought—where yet the heart,
Stript of its guises, is a thing
That makes poor, simple Virtue start.

So false within, without so fair,
'Twas here, sweet dame, that first I met thee,
'Tis meet that I should leave thee where
Thou art at home—and thus, forget thee!

SONG.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHEN poor in all but truth and love,
I clasped thee to this beating heart
And vowed for wealth and fame to rove,
That we might meet no more to part.
Years have gone by—long weary years—
Of toil to win the comfort now,
Of ardent hopes—of sick'ning fears—
And Wealth is mine! but where art thou?

Fame's dazzling dream for thy dear sake
Rose brighter than before to me;
I clung to all I deem'd could make
This burning heart more worthy thee!

Years have gone by—the laurel droops
In mock'ry o'er my cheerless brow;
A conquer'd world before me stoops,
And Fame is mine! but where art thou?

In life's first hours, despised and lone,
I wander'd through the busy crowd,
But now that life's best hopes are gone,
They greet with smiles and murmurs loud.
Oh! for thy voice—that happy voice—
To breathe its joyous welcome now!
Wealth, Fame, and all that should rejoice,
To me are vain, for where art thou?

THE JOHNSONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was a deceitful thing, but my day of trouble dawned with a promise of uncommon enjoyment. It was our weekly holiday, and I looked from my bed-chamber window—merry as a bird, and peculiarly alive to the beauties of a bright June morning. The sky was warm, blue and cloudless, the flowers full of sweetness and lying with the dew upon them in its utmost abundance. The birds were all brimful of melody and the very gravel walk looked cool and clean with a shower that had swept over it during the night.

The sun was just up and we were ready with our bonnets on—my school-mate and I—for Colonel M. had promised us a ride and his phaeton was at the door.

"Come—come, are you ready," exclaimed Maria, bounding into my room with her hat on one side—for she had been taking a run after her mamma's dog, Pink, in the garden, and Pink had led her a race through a raspberry thicket which made a change of slippers necessary, and had displaced her bonnet as I have said.

"Come, Sophy, come, Tom has driven to the door—papa is in the hall and the horses are as restless as two wild eagles—nonsense, do n't take that great red shawl, the morning is beautiful—Come—"

Before Maria finished speaking she had run down stairs, through the hall, and stood on the door step looking back impatiently for myself and her father, who was very tranquilly drawing on his gloves as he chatted to his wife through a door of the parlor where she still lingered by the breakfast table.

There is no enjoyment like riding, whether on horseback or in a carriage, providing your equipage be in good taste, your companions agreeable and the day fine. We were fortunate in all these. There was not a lighter or more beautiful phaeton in New Haven than that of Colonel M., and his horses—you never saw such animals in harness!—their jetty coats, arched necks and gazelle-like eyes were the very perfection of brute beauty. Never were creatures more perfectly trained. The play of their delicate hoofs was like the dancing of a fine girl, and they obeyed the slightest motion of the rein to a marvel.

As to my companions, they were unexceptionable, as the old ladies say; Maria was a lovely creature, not decidedly handsome, but good and delicate, with an eye like a wet violet. Her father was just the kind of man to give consequence to a brace of happy girls in their teens—not young enough to be mistaken for a brother or lover, nor old enough to check our

mirth with wise saws and sharp reprimands—he was a careless, good-hearted man, as the world goes, in the prime of his good looks, with his black hair just beginning to be threaded with silver and the calm dignity of a gentleman fitting him like a garment. He always preferred the society of persons younger than himself, and encouraged us in an outbreak of mirth or mischief which made him one of the most pleasant protectors in the world, though, if the truth must be told, a serenade or so by two very interesting students of the Sophomore class, who played the guitar and flute with exceeding sweetness, and who had tortured those instruments a full hour the previous night, while looking unutterable things at our chamber windows, had just given us a first idea that gray hairs might be dispensed with, and the companion of a ride quite as agreeable. Nay, we had that very morning, before Pink deluded Maria into the garden, consulted about the possibility of dislodging the colonel from his seat in the phaeton in favor of the flute amateur, for my friend very thoughtfully observed that she was certain the interesting youth would be delighted to drive us out—if *we* could find the carriage, for, poor fellows, they never had much credit at the livery stables—but Colonel M. had something of Lady Gay Spanker's disposition, he liked to "keep the ribbons," and Maria, with all her boldness, had not courage to desire him to resign them to younger hands. I must say that the colonel—though her father—was a noble looking figure in an open carriage. There was not a better dressed man about town—his black coat, of the finest cloth, satin vest and plaited ruffles, were the perfection of good taste, and his driving would have made the aforesaid Lady Gay half crazy with envy; he would have scorned a horse that could not take his ten miles an hour, and without a quickened breath, too. Colonel M. had his imperfections and was a little overbearing and aristocratic in his habits, but he was a kind man and loved his wife, child, and horses—or rather his horses, child and wife, with a degree of affection which overbalanced a thousand such faults; he was proud of his house, of his gardens and hot-houses, but prouder of his stables, and would have been inclined to fox hunting if such a thing had ever been heard of in dear old Connecticut. He was very kind also to a certain wayward, idle, teasing young school girl, who shall be nameless, but who has many a pleasant and grateful memory connected with his residence.

I had forgotten—we were seated and the horses

pawing the ground, impatient to be off. Black Tom, who had been patting their necks, withdrew his hold on the bits and away we went. It was like riding in a railroad car, so swiftly the splendid animals cleared the ground, with the sun glistening on their black coats and over the silver studded harness as they dashed onward. It was indeed a glorious morning, and to ride through the streets of New Haven at sunrise is like dashing through the gravel walks of a garden, for there is scarcely a dwelling which is not surrounded by a little wilderness of trees and shrubbery. The breath of a thousand flowering thickets was abroad, the sun lay twinkling amid their foliage, and the dewy grass with the shadows sleeping upon it looked so cool and silent, one longed to take a volume of Wordsworth and dream away the morning there—we dashed forward to the college grounds, by the Tontine and into Elm street, where we drove at a foot pace to enjoy the shade of the tall elms where they interlace, canopying the whole street with the stirring foliage, and weaving a magnificent arch through which the sunshine came flickering with broken and unsteady light. How deliciously cool it was with the dew still bathing the bright leaves and the long branches waving like green banners over us!

The colleges, too, with their extensive common formed a beautiful picture, the noble buildings threw their deep shadows on the grass, while here and there a group of young men—poets and statesmen of the future—were grouped picturesquely beneath the old trees—some chatting and laughing merrily, with neglected books lying at their feet, and others sitting apart poring over some open volume, while the pure breath of morning came and softly turned the leaves for them. As we drove by a party sitting beneath a tree close by the paling, Maria stole her hand round to mine, and with a nod toward the group and a roguish dimple in her cheek, gave me to understand that our serenaders were of the party. They saw us, and instantly there was a sly flourishing of white cambric handkerchiefs—and it was not our fault, we tried to look the other way—a superlative waste of kisses wafted toward us from hands which had discoursed such sweet music beneath our windows the night before. When we looked back on turning the corner—for of course we were anxious that the young gentlemen should not be too demonstrative—they had moved to another side of the tree and stood leaning against it in very graceful attitudes, gazing after our phaeton from the shadows of their Leghorn hats. The hats were lifted, the white cambric began to flutter again—our horses sprang forward, and on we dashed over the Hotchkisstown road. We stopped at that gem of a village, a pretty cluster of houses nestled under the shelving cliffs of East Rock. We clambered up the mountain, searched over its broken and picturesque features, and gazed down on the Arcadian scenery below with a delight which I can never forget; the town lying amid its forest of trees, the glittering Sound, the line of Long Island stretching along the horizon, and the green meadows and pretty village at our feet, lay within

our glance, and human eye never dwelt upon a scene more lovely.

It was late in the morning when we drove through the town again—our horses in a foam—our cheeks glowing with exercise and our laps full of wild blossoms.

“Oh, mamma, we have had a delightful drive,” exclaimed Maria, as she sprang upon the door step, scattering a shower of wild lilies over the pavement in her haste to leave the phaeton. “Take care, Sophia, take care, or you will tread on my flowers,” and with this careless speech she ran up the steps happy and cheerful as a summer bird. I was about to follow her when Mrs. M. detained me long enough to say that some persons from S—, the town which contained my own loved home, were waiting for me in the hall.

For the first time in my life I had spent three months from my father's hearth-stone, and could have welcomed the dog who had once passed the threshold of my home, been patted by my sisters, or who had looked into the face of my mother—as an old friend. Without staying to inquire who my visitors could be, I went eagerly forward, my hand half extended in welcome, and with all the dear feelings of home stirring about my heart. It certainly was a damper—the sight of that lean gossiping little man, our town miller—with the marks of his occupation whitening his hatband, lying in the seams of his coat, and marking the wrinkles in his boots—a personage who had ground some fifty bushels of wheat for my father, during his lifetime, but with whom I had never known the honor of exchanging a dozen consecutive words on that or any other subject. There he sat, very diminutive and exceedingly perpendicular on one of the hall chairs, with his feet drawn under him, and his large bell-crowned hat standing on the carpet by his side. Planted against the wall, and on a direct file with himself, sat his better half, one of the most superlatively silly and talkative patterns of humanity that I have ever been in contact with. In order to be a little genteel—as she called it—Mrs. Johnson had honored the visit with her best gown, a blazing calico with an immense pattern running over it, which, with a Leghorn bonnet lined with pink and trimmed with blue, white silk gloves much too small for her hands, and morocco shoes ready to burst with the wealth of feet they contained, composed the *tout ensemble*, which few persons could have looked upon once without feeling particularly desirous for a second survey. The appearance of Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson was vulgar enough in all conscience without the aid of their hopeful progeny, in the shape of two little Johnsons, with freckled faces and sun-burnt locks, who sat by the side of their respectable mamma, in jackets of blue cotton, striped trowsers much too short, and with their dear little feet perched on the chair-rouds squeezing their two unfortunate wool hats between their knees and gazing with open mouths through the drawing-room door. It certainly was an exquisite group for the halls of an aristocratic and fastidious man like Colonel M.; I dared not look

toward him as he stood giving some directions to Tom, but went forward with an uncomfortable suspicion that the negro was exhibiting rather more of his teeth than was exactly necessary in his master's presence.

The fear of ridicule was strong in my heart, but other and more powerful feelings were beating there. My visitors were vulgar but honest people, and I could not treat them coldly while the sweet impulses and affectionate associations their coming had given rise to were swarming in my bosom. They might be rude, but had they not lately trod the places of my childhood? Their faces were coarse and inanimate, but they were familiar ones, and as such I welcomed them; for they brought to my heart sweet thoughts of a happy home. I went forward and shook hands with them all, notwithstanding a glimpse I caught of Maria as she paused on the stairs, her roguish eyes absolutely laughing with merriment as she witnessed the scene.

An hour went by, and the Johnsons were still sitting in Colonel M.'s hall. I had gained all the information regarding my friends which they could communicate. It was drawing near the dinner hour, and, in truth, I had become exceedingly anxious for my visitors to depart. But there sat Mrs. Johnson emitting a continued current of very small talk about her currant bushes, her luck in making soap, and the very distressing mortality that had existed among her chickens—she became pathetic on this subject—six of her most promising fledglings had perished under an old cart during a thunder-storm, and as many goslings had been dragged lifeless from her husband's mill-dam, where they had insisted upon swimming before they were sufficiently fledged. The account was very touching; peculiarly so from a solemn moral which Mrs. J. contrived to deduct from the sad and untimely fate of her poultry—which moral, according to the best of my memory, was, that if the chickens had obeyed their mother and kept under the parent wing, the rain had not killed them, and if the goslings had not put forth their swimming propensities too early, they might, that blessed moment, have been enjoying the coolness of the mill-dam in all the downy majesty of half-grown geese. Mrs. Johnson stopped the hundredth part of a second to take breath and branched off into a dissertation on the evils of disobedience in general, and the forwardness and docility of her two boys in particular. Then, drawing all her interesting topics to a focus, she took boys, geese, chickens, currant bushes, &c., &c., and bore them rapidly onward in the stream of her inveterate loquacity. One might as well have attempted to pour back the waters rushing from her husband's mill-dam, when the flood-gates were up, as to check the motion of her unmanageable tongue. The clatter of his whole flour establishment must have been a poetical sound compared to the incessant din of meaningless words that rolled from it. Another good hour passed away, and the volubility of that tongue was increasing, while my politeness and patience, it must be owned, were decreasing in an exact ratio.

Maria had dressed for dinner, and I caught a glimpse of her bright face peeping roguishly over the banisters. Mrs. M. came into the hall, looked gravely toward us, and walked into the garden with a step rather more dignified than usual.

"Dear me, is that the lady you are staying with?" said Mrs. Johnson, cutting short the thread of her discourse, "how sorry I am that I did n't ask her how she did, she must think we country people hav' n't got no bringing up."

Without replying to Mrs. Johnson, I seized the opportunity to inquire at what house they stayed, and innocently proposed calling on them after dinner.

"Oh," said the little man, with a most insinuating smile, we calculate to put up with you. Did n't think we were the kind o' people to slight old friends—ha?"

"With me—old friends!" I was thunderstruck, and replied, I fear with some lack of politeness, that Colonel M. did not keep a hotel.

"Wal, I guess I knowd that afore, but I'd jist as lives pay him my money as any body else."

This was too much—I cast a furtive look at the banister; Maria's handkerchief was at her mouth, and her face sparkled all over with suppressed mirth. Before I could answer Mr. Johnson's proposition, Colonel M. came into the hall, and the modest little gentleman very coolly informed him of the high honor intended his house.

Colonel M. glanced at my burning face—made his most solemnly polite bow, and informed my tormentor that he should entertain any visitor of mine with great pleasure.

I was about to disclaim all Mr. Johnson's pretensions to hospitality, backed by an acquaintance with myself, when he interrupted me with—

"Wal, that's jest what I was a saying to my woman here as we came along. Wife, says I, never put up to a tavern when you can go any where else. I'd jest as lives pay my money to a private as to a tavern-keeper; they're expensive fellers and allers grumble if one brings his own horse provender."

The colonel stared at him a moment, then coldly saying "he was very welcome," passed on.

"What a polite gentleman the colonel is!" ejaculated the little miller, rubbing his hands together as if he had been kneading a batch of his own flour, and turning triumphantly to his wife, who looked as pleased as if she had just heard of the resuscitation of her six lamented goslings, chickens inclusive.

"Come now," she said, jumping up and tying the strings of her bonnet, "let's go down to the salt water and eat our dinner on the grass. Run up and get your things, Miss Sophy—now come to think on it, I s'pose it would n't be the genteel thing if we did n't ask the colonel and his wife and that young girl that just come in with you—but the wagon is not large enough to hold us all without husband there can find a board to put along the front for an extra seat."

I heard a sound of smothered laughter from the stairs, and hastened to relieve Mrs. Johnson from her dilemma, by declining her invitation for myself, while I informed her that Colonel M. expected com-

pany, and I was certain could not benefit by her politeness.

"Wal, then," said Mr. Johnson, setting down his bell-crowned hat—"It don't make much difference whether we eat our dinner here or on the sea-side. So, if Miss Sophy and the rest on 'em can't go, s'posing we give it up and go to the museum."

This plan was less endurable than the other. I knew that company would drop in after dinner, and the very thought of introducing Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, with both the little Johnsons, to my friends was enough to drive me into the salt water, as they called it, if those interesting persons had given me no other alternative. And then to be dragged to the museum with them! I accepted the sea-side dinner in a fit of desperation, and ran up stairs to get ready, half angry with the droll face which Maria made up for my benefit as I passed her in the upper hall.

I put on a calash, folded a large shawl about me, and, with a parasol in my hand, was descending the stairs when I heard Mr. J. observe to his wife that he had felt pretty sure of managing affairs all the time, and that he was ready to bet any thing Colonel M. would n't charge for what little trouble they should be. Mrs. Johnson pinched his arm unmercifully when I appeared in sight, which gentle admonition broke off his calculation of expenses and sent him in search of his equipage. He returned with a rickety one-horse wagon—a rusty harness, tied by pieces of rope in sundry places, which covered an old chesnut horse, whose organs of starvation were most astonishingly developed over his whole body. Into this crazy vehicle Mr. Johnson handed us, with a ludicrous attempt at gallantry which made the old horse turn his head with a rueful look to see what his master could be about. The wagon contained but one springless seat, and where we should find accommodations for five persons was a subject of mystery to me. I however quietly took my portion of the seat; Mrs. Johnson, whose dimensions required rather more than half, placed herself by my side, her husband grasped the reins and crowded his diminutive proportions between us, while the dear little boys stood up behind and held by the back of our seat. Mr. Johnson gave his reins a jerk and flourished a whip—with a very short and white hickory handle, a long lash, and a thong of twisted leather fastened on for a snapper—with peculiar grace over the drooping head of our steed. The poor animal gathered up his limbs and walked down the street, dragging us after him, with great majesty and decorum. We must have been a magnificent exhibition to the pedestrians as we passed down State street, Mr. Johnson shaking the reins and cherishing the poor horse along—his wife exclaiming at every thing she saw, and those interesting boys standing behind us very upright, with their wool hats set far back on their heads, and they pointing and staring about as only very young gentlemen from the country can stare and point, while I, poor victim, sat crouching behind Mr. J., my calash drawn to its utmost extension over my face, and my parasol di-

rected with a reference to the side-walk rather than to the sun. I was young, sensitive, and perhaps a little too keenly alive to the ridiculous, and if I did not feel exactly like a criminal going to execution, I did feel as if some old lady's fruit stall had been robbed and I was the suspected person.

When about three miles from town, we left our equipage, whose rattle had given me a headach, and, after walking along the shore awhile, Mrs. J. selected a spot of fresh grass, shaded by a clump of junipers, where she commenced preparations for dinner. First, with the assistance of her two boys, she dragged forth a basket that had been stowed away under the wagon seat—then a table-cloth, white as a snow drift, was spread on the grass—next appeared sundry bottles of cider and currant wine, with cakes of various kinds and dimensions, but mostly spiced with caraway seed. To these were added a cold tongue, a loaf of exquisite bread, a piece of cheese, a cup of butter covered with a cool cabbage leaf, and, last of all, a large chicken-pie, its edge pinched into regular scollops by Mrs. Johnson's two thumbs, and the centre ornamented by the striking resemblance of a broken leaf, cut by the same ingenious artist in the original paste.

Truly a day is like a human life, seldom all clouds or entire sunshine. The most gloomy is not all darkness, nor the most happy all light. When the remembrance of that sea-side dinner, under the juniper bushes, comes over me, I must acknowledge that my day of tribulation—with all its provoking incidents and petty vexations—had its hour of respite, if not of enjoyment. There we sat upon the grass in a refreshing shade, with nobody to look on as we cut the tender crust of that pie, while the cider and the currant wine sparkled in the two glasses which we circulated very promiscuously from lip to lip, while the cool wind came sweeping over us from the water, and the sunshine, that else had been too powerful, played and glittered every where about. A few yards from our feet the foam-crested waves swept the beach with their dash of perpetual music. The Sound, studded by a hundred snowy sails, lay outstretched before us. Far on our right spread an extensive plain, with cattle grazing peacefully over it, and here and there a dwelling or a cluster of trees flinging their shadows on the grass. On our left was the town, with its houses rising, like palaces of snow, among the overhanging trees; its taper steeples pencilled in regular lines against the sky, and a picturesque extremity of the Green Mountains looming in the distance.

It cannot be denied that I rather enjoyed that dinner under the juniper bushes, and was not half so much shocked by the jocund conversation and merry laughter of my companions as became the dignity of a young lady whose "Lines to a Rose-bud" had been extensively copied through several remote papers of the Union, and who had been twice serenaded by her own words, set to most excruciating music, but I hope the refined reader will excuse my fault. It happened several years ago, and I am to this day a little inclined to be social with good-natured people, even

those who are not particularly literary or intelligent. They do not expect you to talk books because you write them—never torment you with a discussion of “woman’s rights,” equality of the sexes, and like popular absurdities—or force you into a detestation of all books with quotations, which you would rejoice to think were “unwritten music.”

The clocks were striking four when we drove into town again, much as we had left it except the basket of fragments under our seat. When we reached Colonel M’s. door, there was a sound of voices in the drawing-room, and I knew that company was there. I entered the hall, and with a palpitating heart persuaded Mrs. Johnson to accompany me to my chamber, leaving her husband to take care of himself, and devoutly hoping that he would find his way into the garden, or stables, or any where except the drawing-room.

I entered my chamber resolved to entertain Mrs. Johnson so pleasantly that she would be content to remain there. I opened the window and pointed out one of the most lovely prospects that eye ever dwelt upon, but she was busy with the pink bows and cotton lace border of her cap, and preferred the reflection of her own stout figure in the looking-glass to any the open sash could afford. When her toilet was finished, I was even preposterous enough to offer a book, but, after satisfying herself that it contained no pictures, she laid it down and walked toward the door. As a last resource, I flung open my wardrobe, as if by accident, and that had its effect; she came back with the avidity of a great child, handled every article, and was very particular to inquire the price of each garment, and the number of yards it contained. How I wished that Queen Elizabeth had but left me heiress to her nine hundred dresses. Had she been so thoughtful, it is highly probable that Mrs. Johnson would have contented herself in my room till morning; but, alas! my wardrobe was only extensive enough to detain her half an hour, and when that failed she grew stubborn and insisted on going down.

I followed Mrs. J. down stairs and into the drawing-room with the resolution of a martyr. She pushed at the door, dropped three sublime curtsies, put on one of her superlatively silly smiles, and entered, with a little mincing step and her cap ribands all in a flutter. Had I been called upon to select the five persons whom I should have been most unwilling to meet in my irksome predicament, it would have been the two beautiful girls and three highly bred students of the law-school whom I found in a group near the centre table. Maria was with them, but looking almost ill-tempered with annoyance. When she saw Mrs. Johnson, the crimson that burned on her usually pale cheek spread over her face and neck, while, spite of shame and anger, her mouth dimpled almost to a laugh as that lady performed her curtsies at the door. Maria gave one glance of comic distress at my face, which was burning till it pained me, and another toward the farther extremity of the room. There was Mr. Johnson perched on a music stool, and fingering the keys

of a piano, as he called Maria’s superb rose-wood instrument, and the feet of those little Johnsons dangled from two of the chairs near by: there, at my right hand, was Mrs. Johnson, radiant as a sunflower, and disposed to make herself peculiarly fascinating and agreeable to our visitors. She informed the law students that her husband was a great musician, that he led the singing in the Methodist meeting-house at home, every other Sunday, when the ministers came to preach, and that her two boys gave strong indications of musical genius which had almost induced Mr. Johnson to patronize their village singing-school. While in the midst of this eloquence, her eye was caught by a rich scarf worn by one of our lady visitors, so changing the subject she began to express her admiration, and, after taking an end of the scarf in her hands and minutely examining the pattern, she inquired the price of its fair owner, and called her husband to say if he could not afford one like it for her.

There was a roguish look in the lady’s eye, but she politely informed Mrs. J. where the scarf was purchased, and, being too well bred to laugh in our faces, the party took their leave. We breathed freely once more; but Maria and I had scarcely exchanged glances of congratulation for their absence, when another party was announced. To be mortified thus a second time was beyond endurance, and while Maria stepped forward to close the folding doors on Mr. Johnson and his musical performance, I turned in very desperation to his better half and proposed to accompany her in a walk about the city. Most earnestly did I entreat her to exchange that fine bonnet and orange-colored silk shawl for a cottage and merino of my own; but no, Mrs. J. clung to her tri-colors tenaciously as a Frenchman, so investing myself in the rejected articles we sallied forth.

As we were turning a corner into Chapel-street, I looked back and lo, the two boys walking behind us, lovingly as the Siamese twins. This reminded Mrs. Johnson that she had promised them some candy, so I was forced into a confectioner’s shop that the young gentlemen might be gratified. The candy was purchased and a pound of raisins called for. While the man was weighing them, she called out,

“Stop a minute, while I see if I’ve got change enough for ‘em,” and sitting down on a keg she took out a large green worsted purse with deliberate ostentation, and untied a quantity of silver and copper cents into her lap. Being satisfied with this display of her wealth, she gave the man permission to proceed. I had suffered so much that day that the jeering smile of that candy-man went for nothing.

On leaving the candy shop I allowed my tormentor to choose her own direction, which, as my evil stars would have it, led directly before the Tontine, and there, upon the steps, stood the two young gentlemen who had serenaded Maria and myself only the night before, and whom we had seen that morning on the college grounds. They recognized me and bowed, Mrs. Johnson instantly appropriated the compliment, paused, faced about and returned their salutations

with a curtsy for each, while she scolded the boys for not having "manners enough to make their bows when gentlemen noticed them." The urchins took off their wool hats and did make their bows. My serenaders of the Sophomore class could not withstand this, and though their faces were turned away, I had a delightful consciousness that they were ready to die with suppressed laughter as I urged my companion down the street.

A short distance below the Tontine stands a most splendid mansion, perhaps, at that time, the most costly one in the city. Two of my school mates resided there and I was very anxious to pass without being observed, but just as we came opposite the front windows which opened to the ground, Mrs. Johnson made a dead halt, and pointing to the house, called out, "Come here, boys, and see what a sight o' windows this ere house has got."

The little Johnsons had lingered behind, but they ran up and obeyed their mother's summons, by planting themselves directly before us, and the whole group took another survey of the building. I looked up, the blinds of a chamber were gently parted and I caught a glimpse of two sweet, familiar faces looking down upon our interesting party. "They are staring at us, do walk on!" I whispered in a perfect agony.

Mrs. Johnson paid no attention, she was looking earnestly down the street, I apprehensively followed the direction of her gaze. The two Sophomore students were coming up the opposite side walk laughing immoderately, a piece of ill breeding which they endeavored to check when their eyes met mine, but all in vain. Their eyes laughed in spite of the violence put upon the lips. I could endure it no longer but tore my arm from the tenacious grasp of my tormentor, turned the first corner and hastened home.

When Mrs. Johnson returned she had forgotten my rudeness in her delight at the attentions paid her by the students. "They had talked and laughed together a full half hour," she said, "and were so perlite."

"What did you talk about?" I inquired with uncomfortable foreboding

"Why, I believe it was purty much about you, after all."

"Me?" said I, faintly.

"Yes, they asked how long we'd been acquainted, so, of course, I told them what old friends we were—kind of relations."

The last drop was flung in the bowl—and it overflowed—I said I was ill—had a headach—and running to my room, locked myself in.

I never had courage to ask Maria what occurred after my exit. But the next morning I arose very early, threw open the blinds and looked out. The day was breaking, like an angel's smile, in the east, dividing the gray mist with a line of radiance, and embroidering the horizon with its delicate golden threads. The fresh air came up from an opposite garden rich with fragrance. The flowers bent their wet heads as it came with a gentle breath and charmed the odor from their cups; the grass had not yet flung off its night jewelry, and all around was still and silent as the heart of a wilderness—no, there was one sound not so musical as it might have been, but still the most welcome that ever fell on my ear. It was the rattle of Mr. Johnson's wagon as it came lumbering up to the front door. And the most gratifying sight of that lovely morning was the old chesnut horse stalking down the street, and dragging behind him Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, and both the little Johnsons.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM OF FAME.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

'Tis midnight's solemn hour! And mark—yon room
Narrow, and dimly lit. The thicken'd gloom
Of deepest night is scarcely chased away,
The lamp so small—so thin its feeble ray!
Alas! poor student! What a fate is thine!
Within thy bosom burns a ray divine,
A fire has to thy spirit's cell been given,
Alive with flame caught from the founts of Heaven!
Genius is thine, and like a worshipper
Of some far world, or glory beaming star,
Night after night, thou toilest slowly on,
Each thought refining—each comparison,
And phrase, and figure, weighing well and long,
And thus thy life-blood pouring with thy song!

How little reck we of the toil of mind!
The inward strain some sparkling thought to find—
The hollow cheek—the fever-thrilling brain—
And worse than all, when venal is the strain,
And the poor author toils alone for gain!

Not such, pale wooer of the solemn night,
Not such thy fate. The far and dazzling light
That leads thee on, is that which Death nor Time
Can wholly quench—the towering light sublime,
That burns in Fame's high temple—the strong fire
That flashed when Milton struck his mighty lyre!
The radiant Future dawns upon thy sight,
And all thy being maddens with delight—
The dust that forms thy fragile body now,
May shrink and fade, as melts the early snow—
And where the blue veins course throughout thy form,
The things of death may revel with the worm—
But oh! wild vision—thought o'er mastering death—
Thy name shall brighten with thy parting breath—
Beings as yet unborn shall give thee praise—
And Glory's hand shall bind thy brow with bays!
For this—for this—thine hours are given to toil,
For this alone thou burn'st the midnight oil—
Thou see'st the Future radiant with thy name,
And yield'st thy life in sacrifice for Fame!

THE ZANONI GALLOP.

COMPOSED FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

The musical score for "The Zanoni Gallop" is written for piano and consists of 12 measures. The notation is as follows:

- Measure 1:** Treble clef, 2/4 time. Treble staff: quarter note G4, eighth note A4, eighth note B4, quarter note C5. Bass staff: quarter note G2, eighth note A2, eighth note B2, quarter note C3. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 2:** Treble staff: quarter note D5, eighth note E5, eighth note F5, quarter note G5. Bass staff: quarter note D3, eighth note E3, eighth note F3, quarter note G3. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 3:** Treble staff: quarter note A5, eighth note B5, eighth note C6, quarter note D6. Bass staff: quarter note A3, eighth note B3, eighth note C4, quarter note D4. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 4:** Treble staff: quarter note E6, eighth note F6, eighth note G6, quarter note A6. Bass staff: quarter note E4, eighth note F4, eighth note G4, quarter note A4. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 5:** Treble staff: quarter note B6, eighth note C7, eighth note D7, quarter note E7. Bass staff: quarter note B4, eighth note C5, eighth note D5, quarter note E5. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 6:** Treble staff: quarter note F7, eighth note G7, eighth note A7, quarter note B7. Bass staff: quarter note F5, eighth note G5, eighth note A5, quarter note B5. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 7:** Treble staff: quarter note C8, eighth note D8, eighth note E8, quarter note F8. Bass staff: quarter note C6, eighth note D6, eighth note E6, quarter note F6. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 8:** Treble staff: quarter note G8, eighth note A8, eighth note B8, quarter note C9. Bass staff: quarter note G7, eighth note A7, eighth note B7, quarter note C8. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 9:** Treble staff: quarter note D9, eighth note E9, eighth note F9, quarter note G9. Bass staff: quarter note D8, eighth note E8, eighth note F8, quarter note G8. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 10:** Treble staff: quarter note A9, eighth note B9, eighth note C10, quarter note D10. Bass staff: quarter note A9, eighth note B9, eighth note C10, quarter note D10. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 11:** Treble staff: quarter note B9, eighth note C10, eighth note D11, quarter note E11. Bass staff: quarter note B9, eighth note C10, eighth note D11, quarter note E11. Dynamic: *r*.
- Measure 12:** Treble staff: quarter note C10, eighth note D11, eighth note E12, quarter note F12. Bass staff: quarter note C10, eighth note D11, eighth note E12, quarter note F12. Dynamic: *r*.

Additional markings and dynamics include:

- Measure 1:** *r*
- Measure 2:** *r*
- Measure 3:** *r*
- Measure 4:** *r*
- Measure 5:** *r*
- Measure 6:** *r*
- Measure 7:** *r*
- Measure 8:** *r*
- Measure 9:** *r*
- Measure 10:** *r*
- Measure 11:** *r*
- Measure 12:** *r*
- Measure 1:** *cres.*
- Measure 2:** *cres.*
- Measure 3:** *cres.*
- Measure 4:** *cres.*
- Measure 5:** *cres.*
- Measure 6:** *cres.*
- Measure 7:** *cres.*
- Measure 8:** *cres.*
- Measure 9:** *cres.*
- Measure 10:** *cres.*
- Measure 11:** *cres.*
- Measure 12:** *cres.*
- Measure 1:** *p*
- Measure 2:** *p*
- Measure 3:** *p*
- Measure 4:** *p*
- Measure 5:** *p*
- Measure 6:** *p*
- Measure 7:** *p*
- Measure 8:** *p*
- Measure 9:** *p*
- Measure 10:** *p*
- Measure 11:** *p*
- Measure 12:** *p*
- Measure 1:** *8 ve*
- Measure 2:** *8 ve*
- Measure 3:** *8 ve*
- Measure 4:** *8 ve*
- Measure 5:** *8 ve*
- Measure 6:** *8 ve*
- Measure 7:** *8 ve*
- Measure 8:** *8 ve*
- Measure 9:** *8 ve*
- Measure 10:** *8 ve*
- Measure 11:** *8 ve*
- Measure 12:** *8 ve*
- Measure 1:** *loco.*
- Measure 2:** *loco.*
- Measure 3:** *loco.*
- Measure 4:** *loco.*
- Measure 5:** *loco.*
- Measure 6:** *loco.*
- Measure 7:** *loco.*
- Measure 8:** *loco.*
- Measure 9:** *loco.*
- Measure 10:** *loco.*
- Measure 11:** *loco.*
- Measure 12:** *loco.*
- Measure 1:** *Fine*
- Measure 2:** *Fine*
- Measure 3:** *Fine*
- Measure 4:** *Fine*
- Measure 5:** *Fine*
- Measure 6:** *Fine*
- Measure 7:** *Fine*
- Measure 8:** *Fine*
- Measure 9:** *Fine*
- Measure 10:** *Fine*
- Measure 11:** *Fine*
- Measure 12:** *Fine*
- Measure 1:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 2:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 3:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 4:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 5:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 6:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 7:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 8:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 9:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 10:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 11:** *Da Capo.*
- Measure 12:** *Da Capo.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Fountain and other Poems. By William C. Bryant.
One vol. 12mo. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1842.

It will give pleasure to the lovers of elegant literature to learn that Mr. Bryant has prepared a second volume of poems. Many, if not all of them, have before appeared in the magazines; but the book will not be welcomed the less warmly for that reason. Indeed, no one reads a poem by this author without desiring to possess it in the most agreeable and permanent form. His admirers will be gratified, therefore, that he has so far overcome his singular feeling of modesty as to make a collection of his scattered gems, and present them in a casket to the public.

So much has been said of the character of Bryant's genius that we have no disposition to enter upon that subject now; his various and high excellencies have been pretty generally recognized; indeed, more universally than those of any other living poet; and he himself—even if his literary vanity is a thousand times as great as we believe it to be—and his most ardent admirers, must be satisfied with the feeling entertained by the public toward him. They must be satisfied, because that feeling is in the highest degree friendly. As to ourselves, we are conscious that our estimation of him has been constantly undergoing a change. We have been deepening and enlarging the grounds of our admiration. The more we have read, the more we have reflected upon his poems, the stronger have grown our convictions of his preëminent merit. Nor are we alone in this experience. We remember well the remark of a friend, in whose critical discernment we are accustomed to place considerable reliance, and who, being a foreigner, is not likely to have been led away by that fondness for over praise which is said to mark the literary criticisms of the Americans—"I have been," said he, "again reading your poet; and must confess that, as deeply as I felt his excellence before, I have never until now formed an adequate idea of the extent of his genius. Although I thought I had exhausted his depth, I find that new views of the most exalted and touching thought are continually opening upon me. I know not when I shall have done admiring." We replied, and the observation is worth repeating, that this only showed the perfection of the poet's art; for true art, like nature—indeed, being nature itself—is inexhaustible, and the more it is studied the greater and the richer are the resources which it discovers. A creation, whether it be of a world, a poem, or a picture, is an infinite work, and can be profitably contemplated year after year—each look revealing some new and remarkable trait.

There could be no better proof of the singular merits of Mr. Bryant's poetry than the fact that men of every school of art, and of every variety of taste, agree in the acknowledgment of its claims. The disciples of Pope and of Wordsworth—those who profess to find the excellence of the poetic art only in its external forms, and those who look into the body of its thought and meaning—the lover of graceful rhythm and expression, and the admirer of profound reflection or passion—alike concur in the sentiment of admiration and respect for Bryant. We do not mean that it shall be inferred from this that no one is a poet who does not awaken this unanimity of feeling; for some of the greatest poets of the last century—Shelley for in-

stance—are not even yet appreciated; but we mean that when this unanimity does exist it is a most unquestionable proof of merit. It is true, it does not always demonstrate the highest merit; yet it shows, more conclusively perhaps than anything, that the beauties of the author are of that unequivocal, obvious kind, which the child and the savage, the illiterate man and the philosopher, are alike capable of recognizing. It is an easy task, then, to point out the characteristics which have given the poet his general celebrity. One of the most striking is the complete mastery of language that he every where displays. If there were not many higher traits to be discovered, we should think he spent his whole time in casting his thoughts in the most beautiful form of expression. Precision, compactness, purity, elegance, and force, mark every line in an almost equal degree. It is this nice perception of the proprieties of language that gives such exquisite finish to his versification. Its melody is perfect.* Line follows line in liquid and beautiful harmony—yet all is as simple as the utterance of a child. There is no where swelling pomp or straining for effect. The terms, no less than the style and manner arise naturally out of the thought. When the subject is grave and imposing, the movement is slow and solemn; but when the theme is lighter, the measure becomes airy, elastic, and playful. Compare, as a proof of this, the impressive tread of "The Ages," or "Thanatopsis," in which the long line of buried nations and men file before us in all their silent majesty, with the graceful motion of "The Gladness of Nature" or the wild dance of "The Song of the Stars."

Two things, however, above all others, distinguish the poetry of Mr. Bryant. The first is the fidelity with which it paints natural scenery, and the second, the pensive and profound, yet Christian philosophy which pervades its spirit. As we have remarked in another place, no man ever lived whose sensibility was more susceptible than Mr. Bryant's. Not only is his eye open to Nature, but every fibre of his being seems to be tremblingly alive to its presence. His nerves, like the Æolian harp, the faintest breath of wind can make vibrate musically. The shapes and hues of natural objects, in all their infinite diversity, seem to be the constant companions of his thoughts. Hardly a leaf or a flower exists with which he is not familiar. From the spire of grass by the wayside to the huge oak in the mountains, from the violet in its secluded bed to the bright and boundless firmament, from the shy bird brooding in his silent nooks to the stars that weave their everlasting web of motion through the sky, all things of nature claim his loving friendship and care. Streams, and woods, and meadows, and rocks, and lakes mingle in his musings, and are the very staple of his imagination. They are

"His haunt, and main region of his song."

If we turn over his title-pages, we shall find that about two thirds of his subjects are drawn from the various aspects or phenomena of external nature; while, by consulting the poems themselves, we shall see that so delicate

* We should, perhaps, except in the "Green Mountain Boys" the badly sounding line near the close—

"The towers and the lake are ours."

is his eye, so perfect his command of language, and so exquisite his taste, that his descriptions have all the effect of a faithful but warmly colored picture. We say warmly colored, for with all his minuteness and accuracy in the delineation of nature, he possesses a wonderful power of imagination.

But it is not so much the graces of language or style, or the appropriateness or beauty of imagery, as the pensive but deep and manly philosophy, that excites our admiration of Mr. Bryant's genius. It must strike every one, upon the most slight and cursory perusal of his poems, that he is a man of the most unquestionable good sense. The silent meditation of nature, in her more genial and subduing aspects, seems to have imparted to him the gentleness, truth, simplicity, and calmness that ever await upon her teachings. In the spirit of his own "Forest Hymn," he seems often to have returned to the solitudes, to reassure his virtue, and thus, while meditating in "God's first temples," His milder majesty,

"to the beautiful order of His works
Seemed to conform the action of his life."

Sweet affections, tenderness, patience, love, and, above all, trust in Nature and God, are the virtues that chiefly inspire his song. It is for this reason, that amidst his most striking and picturesque descriptions there is always something to soften and improve. Not the tempest, the earthquake, or the torrent move him, but nature, in her gladness and smiles. With every phase of the external world he has connected some noble moral, or some beautiful religious or philosophical sentiment. Indeed, these are so many and so touching that it is equally a matter of amusement and instruction to trace them. Thus, in the deep slumber of the woodlands he finds an emblem of the inward peace that marks the life of virtue; twilight hues, "lingering after the bright sun has set," are like the memory of good men gone; the perishing flowers of autumn recall those who "in their youthful beauty died;" the golden sunlight that follows the tempest anticipates the day when "the voice of war shall cease, and married nations dwell in harmony;" the unconscious flow of the rivulet shows how changeless nature is amid all her change; the flight of the lone bird amid the air tells of that power that in "the long way that we must tread alone, will guide our steps aright;" while "morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet," indicate the spread of the light of that knowledge and justice which is destined to

"Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night."

It must be confessed, however, speaking of the spirit of Mr. Bryant's poetry, that many of his readers feel the absence of a deep and fervid interest in humanity. They have complained, and we think in some degree justly, that he exhibits too little of human passion. His mind, to use a distinction of the Germans, has been too objective, and not enough subjective; the forms and appearance of the outward world have absorbed his attention almost to the exclusion of the feelings and sentiments of the inward being. Not that he has been wholly wanting in sympathy for his race, for in the "Ages," the "Old Man's Funeral," the "Living Lost," the "Fairest of the Rural Maids," and other of his poems, there are to be found passages of the most touching and subduing pathos; but that the truths of man's existence; his experience on earth; the mysteries of his condition; the trials of his life; his deathless affections; his sublime hopes of a future state; and other topics of that character, have been neglected. They have wished that one who could discourse so truthfully and genially of stars, and skies, and flowers, and forests, should speak to them, out of the depths of his own nature, of that quicken-

ing principle which is more lovely in itself, of higher worth, and more lasting, than the whole outward world—the human soul. They have wished that he who has been able to interpret in such beautiful meaning the language of nature, would apply the same noble and accomplished skill to the interpretation of the heart. They would have him, like Wordsworth, to whom he is in this respect only second, sing more

"Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love and Hope—
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength and intellectual power;
Of joy in widest commonality spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all."

We say that they would have him treat more frequently of such themes; let us add that their wishes are in a fair way of being gratified. We find, on comparing the present volume with Mr. Bryant's former one, that his thoughts have already taken the direction to which we refer. Indeed, we have before remarked, that of late years his mind had been coming into closer contact with human sympathies. The last poem of his first volume—*The Battle Field*—so full of the highest truth, so inspiring and consolatory, may be ranked with the best lyrics of the language. In the volume before us, the larger number of poems are of a similar character. Where is there a finer or a loftier hymn than the following?

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If here I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past
And meekly with my harsher nature bore
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

Whoever can read this without feeling his affections expand, or his whole nature grow better, has little of sensibility or humanity. We should be glad to present

other pieces to our readers, of the same character;* and particularly to quote the noble poem entitled "The Antiquity of Freedom," in which liberty is so nobly impersonated, but we have not room for further extracts, and can only indulge in one or two closing remarks. It appears to be a common regret with those who speak or write of Mr. Bryant, that he has not, as they express it, written a "great" poem. Be it observed, that by a *great* poem is here meant a *long* poem—a poem that in print will form a quarto! This kind of critics measure poems as the Dutch are said formerly to have gauged the merits of books—by their size. Perhaps of no author is there less reason for the lamentation that he has not written a great poem; for, in truth, he has written not only one, but nearly two dozen works of this description. He has written a series of lyrics, each perfect in itself, manifesting the highest excellence of that department of art, and destined to an existence as indestructible as the richest treasures of the English tongue. Indeed, we may safely say of him, that he has written a larger number of excellent poems than any other English author. So uniform is this excellence that it is difficult to make a selection between his various compositions. As some one has said of Shakspeare's plays, the best one is that which you read last. The cause of this is, that Mr. Bryant writes as an *artist*. He does not, with the multitude of our poetasters, throw off lines as a patent printing press does newspapers, five thousand an hour. He feels like a true artist, and composes with the labor and spirit of one who is confident that his works will live.

The Official and other Papers of the late Maj. Gen. Alexander Hamilton: Compiled chiefly from the Originals in the possession of Mrs. Hamilton. Vol. I. Svo. Pp. 496. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Every year, we believe, the name of Alexander Hamilton is becoming dearer to the American People. The prejudices occasioned by some of his unpopular and perhaps erroneous political opinions are passing away, and all men are beginning to look upon his great qualities and important services with candor, and consequent admiration and gratitude. The volume of his official and other papers before us was edited by the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D. whose known familiarity with early American history fitted him well for the duty. It commences with some letters written while Hamilton was a clerk in a merchant's counting-house in the island of St. Croix, in 1769. He was then but *thirteen years old*, and his correspondence at this early period is chiefly remarkable as showing that strong reliance on his own resources which was so well vindicated by the after fortunes of the man. The remainder of the book is made up of controversial essays in defence of the measures of the continental Congress and of the steps preparatory to the Revolution, and of his military and private correspondence down to the close of the year 1780. A few of the letters have before been published. Almost every one has read the admirable account of the arrest and fate of Andre, which he addressed to his friend Laurens. It is not surpassed in interest or pathos by any narrative of the circumstances, in prose or verse, by historian or novelist, that has appeared. General Hamilton was an accomplished gentleman and a brave soldier, but his fame, as "the sec-

ond man of the republic," rests on his achievements as a statesman, and the succeeding volume of these papers, to embrace the period from 1780 to 1792, will contain matters of far more general and profound interest than the one before us. The task of Dr. Hawks has been little more than that of compilation; he but arranged the papers in chronological order and added occasionally a note; thinking that the recently published life of General Hamilton by his son, John C. Hamilton, rendered a biographical notice unnecessary. We think he erred: there are among us but few such *character-writers* as the historian of the Church in America, and an extended introduction to the work, from his pen, would have added much to its value.

The Book of the Poets: The Poets of the Nineteenth Century. London, Scott, Webster, & Co. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

This is a splendid octavo volume, in the style of S. C. Hall's "Book of Gems," published in London, in 1838, but is larger and more profusely illustrated. It contains an elaborate and well written essay on the English poetry of the present age, and selections from the works of the following authors, with brief biographical and critical notices. William Gifford, Joanna Baillie, Hannah Moore, Robert Bloomfield, George Crabbe, William Sotheby, Samuel Rogers, William Lisle Bowles, William Wordsworth, James Montgomery, Charles Dibdin, Thomas Haynes Bayley, Sir Walter Scott, S. T. Coleridge, Mary Tighe, James Hogg, Walter Savage Landor, Robert Southey, Charles Lamb, Thomas Campbell, Ebenezer Elliott, Reginald Heber, Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, Henry Kirke White, Lord Byron, Barry Cornwall, Professor Wilson, Henry Hart Milman, Charles Wolfe, Allan Cunningham, P. B. Shelley, John Clare, Mrs. Hemans, John Keats, George Croly, Robert Pollok, Mary Russel Mitford, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, James Sheridan Knowles, Mrs. Norton, and others. We have not had leisure to examine the selections generally, but presume they are judiciously made. Doubtless the work will be in great demand during the holiday season.

The Life of Peter Van Schaack, LL. D. Embracing selections from his Correspondence, and other writings during the American Revolution, and his Exile in England. By his son, Henry C. Van Schaack. One vol. Svo. pp. 500. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is a novel and interesting contribution to our historical literature. Mr. Van Schaack was an eminent young lawyer in the city of New York during the period immediately preceding the Revolution, and was on terms of intimacy with John Jay, Richard Harrison, Gouverneur Morris, and other master-spirits of that time. He was opposed to the declaration of independence in the colonies, and to the resort to arms in its defence, and for his opinions was banished to England. While abroad he was placed in situations to see and to learn much in regard to the movements of both parties, and his strictures on the policy of the British, notices of public characters, etc., throw additional light upon the most important era in our history. He was a pious and well educated man, with strong powers of observation, classical taste, and much skill in the use of language; and his son has done the country an acceptable service by publishing his memoirs and writings. A fine portrait by Gimbrede, from a painting by Colonel Trumbull, adds to the beauty and value of the volume.

* The touching poem entitled *The Maiden's Sorrow*, on another page of this number, illustrates what we have said above of Mr. Bryant's most recent effusions. It was written by him for this Magazine since the preparation of his volume.

An Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, by Bishop Burnet. With an Appendix, containing the Augsburg Confession, Creed of Pope Pius IV., &c. Revised and Corrected, with copious Notes and additional References, by the Rev. James R. Paige, A.M., of Queen's College, Cambridge. One volume, 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The valuable notes from the most distinguished theological writers of the sixteenth century, biographical sketches of celebrated divines and controvertists, indices, etc. which the learned editor has added to the great work of Bishop Burnet, must cause this edition to supersede every other as a manual for students. It is printed in Messrs. Appleton and Company's usual style of elegance and correctness.

The Writings of Rev. William Bradford Homer, with a Memoir, by Edwards A. Park. One vol. 12mo. Pp. 420. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. Philadelphia: H. Perkins.

From the interesting memoir by Professor Park we learn that Mr. Homer was a native of Boston; that he was educated at Amherst College and the Theological School at Andover; and that he died in 1841, at South Berwick, in Maine, where he was settled as minister over a Congregational Church. His literary remains consist of addresses, religious discourses, and notes on the classics, all of which are distinguished for elegance of taste and correct and appropriate thought. It is hardly necessary so speak of a volume from the Boston press, as well printed.

History of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Compiled chiefly from the published and unpublished documents of the Board. By Joseph Tracy. Second edition, carefully revised and enlarged. One vol. 8vo. New York: M. W. Dodd, 1842.

The American Missionary Society has doubtless done more for the promotion of religion and civilization than any other association in the world. Its progress, condition, and prospects must, therefore, be deeply interesting to the better classes of men in every country. The work before us is written with great care and ability, and brings the history of the society's operations down to the commencement of the present year. It is compactly printed and illustrated by several engravings.

The Poetical Remains of the late Lucy Hooper, with a Memoir, by John Keese. One vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. New York, Samuel Colman.

Lucy Hooper died last year in the city of Brooklyn, near New York, at the early age of twenty-four years. She had previously become widely known by her contributions, in prose and verse, to the periodicals, distinguished alike for their elegant diction, purity of thought, and womanly feeling. The Memoir, by Mr. Keese, is an admirable specimen of character-writing, and the work altogether is one of the most interesting of its kind published in this country. We regret our inability to give a more extended notice of it in this number of our magazine.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It affords us great pleasure to state that the publisher of this magazine has entered into engagements with JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the most popular of our country's authors, by which we shall be enabled to present in every number, after that for September, an article from his pen. Mr. COOPER has never before been connected with any periodical. His works are so familiar to every reader in the old or the new world, that it is unnecessary to speak at length of the increase in interest and value our magazine will derive from his contributions.

Of Professor LONGFELLOW's poems several have already appeared in this magazine. He has recently completed a drama, in three acts, entitled "*The Spanish Student*," the MS. of which is in our possession. It is the most elaborate, and will unquestionably prove to be the most popular of his poetical works. It will appear, entirely or in part, in our next number. Professor LONGFELLOW is now abroad, in quest of health. From an exquisite poem addressed to him on the day of his departure, by his friend George S. Hillard, we quote the following stanza, joining heartily in the invocation—

Ye gales that breathe, ye founts that gush,
With renovating power,
Upon that loved and laurelled head,
Your gifts of healing shower:
And jocund Health that loves to climb
The breezy mountain side;
Wake with your touch, to bounding life,
His pulse's languid tide!

The name of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—dear to the lovers of elegant literature wherever the English tongue is

spoken—appears now, for the first time, on our pages. We have elsewhere given some opinions on his character as a poet, in which we doubt not every reader will concur.

"Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League" was republished in this country immediately after its appearance in London, and universally pronounced one of the best romances in the language. It has since passed through several editions, and is now incorporated with the standard works of fiction. The author, it will be perceived, has become a writer for this magazine, and the admirable story entitled "*De Pontis*," of which the first part is given in the preceding pages, will sustain his high reputation.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, the accomplished author of "*A Winter in the West*," "*Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie*," "*Greyslaer*," "*The Vigil of Faith*," etc., has also become a regular contributor, and our next number will contain a tale in his best manner.

THEODORE S. FAY, author of "*Norman Leslie*," "*Reveries of a Quiet Man*," "*The Countess Ida*," etc., and now United States Secretary of Legation at Berlin, will continue to write for our pages.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, author of "*Isabelle, or Sicily*," "*The Italian Sketch Book*," "*Rambles and Reveries*," etc., has likewise been engaged, and an article from his pen will appear in September.

ALFRED B. STREET, one of the best descriptive poets now living, has forwarded to us a beautiful poem which will also be published in the number for the next month.

One more part will complete Mr. HERBERT's spirited tale, "*The Sisters*." We have received another article by this popular writer, which will soon be laid before our readers.

NIAGARA FALLS.—This number of our magazine appears in the midst of "the hot season," while the warmest aspirations of its readers are for "the cool retreats, the woodlands, and the waves." In August no place is more attractive than *Niagara*—as our friend Schoolcraft, who understands better than any one else the Indian tongues, says the name should be pronounced—and the following letter from the *Ca'aract House* will therefore be read with interest, especially by those who intend to visit the scenes it so admirably describes.

CATARACT HOUSE, Niagara Falls, July, 1842.

Friend Griswold:—Years, though not many, have weighed upon me since first, in boyhood, I gazed from the deck of a canal-boat upon the distant cloud of white vapor which marked the position of the world's great cataract, and listened to catch the rumbling of its deep thunders. Circumstances did not then permit me to gratify my strong desire of visiting it; and now, when I am tempted to wonder at the stolidity of those who live within a day's journey, yet live on through half a century without one glance at the mighty torrent, I am checked by the reflection that I myself passed within a dozen miles of it no less than five times before I was able to enjoy its magnificence. The propitious hour came at last, however; and, after a disappointed gaze from the upper terrace on the British side, (in which I half feared that the sheet of broken and boiling water above was all the cataract that existed,) and a rapid tortuous descent by the woody declivity, I stood at length on Table Rock, and the whole immensity of the tremendous avalanche of waters burst at once on my arrested vision, while I struggled with Amazement for the mastery of my soul.

This was late in October; I have twice revisited the scene amid the freshness and beauty of June; but I think the later Autumn is by far the better season. There is then a sternness in the sky, a plaintive melancholy in the sighing of the wind through the mottled forest foliage, which harmonizes better with the spirit of the scene. For the Genius of *Niagara*, O friend! is never a laughter-loving spirit. For the gaudy vanities, the petty pomps, the light follies of the hour, he has small sympathy. Let not the giddy heir bring here his ingots, the selfish aspirant his ambition, the libertine his victim, and hope to find enjoyment and gaiety in the presence. Let none come here to nurse his pride, or avarice, or any other low desire. God and His handiwork here stand forth in lone sublimity; and all the petty doings and darings of the ants at the base of the pyramid appear in their proper insignificance. Few can have visited *Niagara* and left it no humbler, no graver than they came.

The common fault of visitors here, as of sight-seers elsewhere, is that of haste. Two hours are devoted to a scene which requires days, if not weeks, for its proper appreciation. *Niagara*, like St. Peter's at Rome, enlarges on the vision; the mind must have time to expand ere it can grasp all its giant proportions. The first view always deludes and disappoints the gazer with regard to the height of the perpendicular fall; the vast scale on which Nature has fashioned her wonder-work deceives; the depth, and breadth, and volume, detract from the altitude; and I doubt if the larger number of new comers would not estimate the height at less than half the one hundred and sixty feet which the line gives from surface above to surface below. Observation, however, soon corrects the error; if not, a walk down the interminable stairway, and a gaze upward at the ocean which seems to be poured from a window of heaven, will do it at once.

The giant masonry of Nature, which has so long interposed a barrier against the draining of Lake Erie into

Ontario at a rush, and the consequent overwhelming of all the dwellers upon the latter and the St. Lawrence by a deluge, is evidently wearing away; I can perceive a decided change since I first stood here, seven years ago. The main or British fall is receding near the middle, and thus exchanging its original (or recent) form of a horse-shoe for that of an irregular wedge. By this process the beauty and grandeur of the cataract are sensibly diminished. I understand that the recession here, under the pressure of so vast a body of water, has been so rapid as essentially to diminish the amount of water flowing on the American side of Goat Island, even within twenty years. Five hundred will probably suffice to dry this channel altogether; five thousand may or may not suffice to bring on the great convulsion which will destroy the falls entirely, change Lake Erie into a sandy valley divided by a rapid river, leave one half the Erie Canal without water, and change the whole face of Nature from Detroit to the Ocean. And why from Detroit only? It may be that a barrier of rock equally firm prevents the immediate occurrence of a similar convulsion at the mouths of the Huron and Michigan, and thus the cataract will but be transferred to a point much nearer the Superior; yet I should deem it quite as likely that the final submersion of *Niagara*, if instantaneous, as it very probably will be, when the rocky barrier has been sapped and broken down so nearly through as no longer to afford adequate resistance to the intense pressure of Lake Erie, will be the signal for a convulsion so mighty as to change the whole topography of Central North America.

Since I wrote the foregoing, I have slept to the music of the great cataract, my window looking out on the foaming and hurrying waters of the American current, just before it is precipitated over the ledge. It has rained through a good part of the night, though the roar of the waters drowned completely the noise of the storm, and the morning is wet and forbidding, while a heavy fog or cloud detracts much from the grandeur of the scene. My morning walk along the American shore has been less satisfactory than any previous observation; the water suspended in vapor somewhat shrouding the spectacle, while that falling or fallen detracts likewise from the comfort of all but web-footed travellers. No matter—I did not meditate any precise description of the Fall, and shall not attempt it. The readers of your Magazine, I presume, are mainly of the class who have either been here or intend to see for themselves at a fitting season. And beside, description avails very little in such a case. It is only by its comparison and assimilation of the unknown with the known that description enlightens—and what has the world to compare with *Niagara*?

A few hints to visitors must close this hasty epistle. They tell you, good friends, that the best view of the Cataract is that from the Canada side; and so it is; but it is far from being the *only* good or even necessary view. The details are essential to the completeness and fulness of your impression, and those are only gleaned from hours of intent observation from all positions. The very best view is probably that from Table Rock; the next best perhaps that from under the same, on the point just before passing behind the grand curtain, when, having descended the winding stairway and scrambled over some rods of shale between the beetling cliff and the whirling basin, forcing your way through an eternal tempest of wind and rain such as upper earth endures but once in many years, you stand at length directly face to face with the mighty torrent, and put your hands, if you please, into the edge of its very self. You look up, and the columnar sea seems pouring from the very sky overhead; you now learn to appreciate more justly the vast height of the Fall; as you gaze, the impend-

ing water seems to advance upon, and the next moment likely to dash over and overwhelm you.

But these are not alone as points of deepest interest; and I think some of the many views from Goat Island scarcely inferior in impressiveness, while superior in softness and beauty. The noble forest, the velvet turf, the glowing sunbeams, the unconstrained stillness of all things save the Great Cataract itself, fitly blend with and modify the first sensations of unapproachable grandeur and power. The stern severity, the austere majesty of the scene is softened down; and we return to our primal knowledge of Nature under no stepmother aspect, but as a sympathizing confidant and friend. I must break off. Yours, H. G.

JOHN FITCH.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that Miss Leslie is preparing for the press a Memoir of this remarkable man, to whom the world is really indebted for the most important of modern discoveries. While Fitch was in London Miss Leslie's father was one of his warmest friends, and the papers of her family enable her to give many particulars of his history unknown to other biographers. A year or two since, we wrote a brief account of the eccentric and unfortunate inventor, which led to an interesting correspondence with several eminent persons who had been acquainted with him. Among the letters which we received was the following, from the venerable Noah Webster, LL. D., of New Haven.

Dear Sir:—In your notice of John Fitch you justly remark that his biography is still a desideratum. The facts related of him by Mr. St. John to Mr. Stone, and published in the New York Commercial Advertiser, are new to me; and never before had I heard of Mr. Fitch at Sharon, in Connecticut; but I know Mr. St. John very well, and cannot discredit his testimony any more than I can Mr. Stone's memory. The substance of the account given of Mr. Fitch by the indefatigable J. W. Barber, in his Connecticut Historical Collections, is as follows: John Fitch was born in East Windsor, in Connecticut, and apprenticed to Mr. Cheney, a watch and clock-maker of East Hartford, now Manchester, a new town separated from East Hartford. He married, but did not live happily with his wife, and he left her and went to New Brunswick, in New Jersey, where he set up the business of clock-making, engraving, and repairing muskets, before the revolution. When New Jersey was invaded by the British troops, Mr. Fitch removed into the interior of Pennsylvania, where he employed his time in repairing arms for the army.

Mr. Fitch conceived the project of steam navigation in 1785, as appears by his advertisement. He built his boat in 1787. In my Diary I have noted that I visited the boat, lying at the wharf in the Delaware, on the ninth day of February, 1787. The Governor and Council were so much gratified with the success of the boat that they presented Mr. Fitch with a superb flag. About that time the company aiding Mr. Fitch sent him to France, at the request of Mr. Vail, our Consul at L'Orient, who was one of the company. But this was when France began to be agitated by the revolution, and nothing in favor of Mr. Fitch was accomplished; he therefore returned. Mr. Vail afterwards presented to Mr. Fulton for examination the papers of Mr. Fitch, containing his scheme of steam navigation. After Mr. Fitch returned to this country, he addressed a letter to Mr. Rittenhouse, in which he predicted that in time the Atlantic would be crossed by steam power; he complained of his poverty, and urged Mr. Rittenhouse to buy his land in Kentucky, for raising funds to complete his scheme. But he obtained no efficient aid. Disappointed in his efforts to ob-

tain funds, he resorted to indulgence in drink; he retired to Pittsburgh, and finally ended his life by plunging into the Alleghany. His books and papers he bequeathed to the Philadelphia Library, with the injunction that they were to remain closed for thirty years. At the end of that period, the papers were opened, and found to contain a minute account of his perplexities and disappointments. Thus far the narration of Mr. Barber, who refers for authority to the American edition of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. It may be worth while for some gentleman to attempt to find these papers.

N. WEBSTER.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The papers to which Dr. Webster alludes in the above letter have been examined by Miss Leslie, and the curious details they contain of Fitch's early life, his courtship, unfortunate marriage, captivity among the Indians, experiments, etc. will be embraced in her work, which will undoubtedly be one of the most interesting biographies in our language.

WILLIAM L. STONE, author of "The Life of Brant," "Life and Eloquence of Red Jacket," "History of Wyoming," etc., is now engaged on another important historical work to be called "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson." It will embrace accounts of the French wars in America from 1743 to 1849, and from 1754 to 1761, which resulted in the conquest of Canada. With this interesting period no writer is more familiar than Mr. Stone, and he will unquestionably produce a volume of great value.

SEGUR'S LIFE OF CHARLES VIII.—Among the new works soon to appear is the Memoir of Charles VIII., King of France, by Count Philip De Segur, author of the "History of Napoleon's Campaigns in Russia," etc., translated by Richard R. Montgomery, of this city. It is one of the most interesting books ever written. In its style it resembles the Chronicles of Philip de Comines.

MR. STEVENS, THE TRAVELLER.—Mr. Stevens, with Mr. Catherwood who accompanied him as draughtsman, has returned a second time from Central America, and is now busily engaged on a new work in regard to the curious antiquities of that country. It will be published by the Harpers, during the autumn.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.—Mr. Simms has become editor of "The Magnolia," a monthly literary magazine, recently established at Charleston. No man in the South is so well qualified for the office. We give him joyfully the right hand of fellowship.

MR. COOPER.—"La Feu Follet, or Wing-and-Wing, a Nautical Tale," by the author of the "Spy," will appear in a few weeks. The scene of the story is the Mediterranean, in 1799. It will be published simultaneously in Philadelphia and London.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.—This gentleman has in press a collection of his poetical writings, of which we shall take due notice on its appearance.





The Rival



The Lady Alice

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1842.

No. 3.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

BURNS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN, } Students of Alcalá.
HYPOLITO, }
COUNT OF LARA, }
DON CARLOS, } Gentlemen of Madrid.
THE ARCH-BISHOP OF TOLEDO.
A CARDINAL.
BELTRAN CRUZADO, Count of the Gipsies.
PADRE, Cura of El Pardillo.
PEDRO CRESPO, Alcalde.
PANCHITO, Alguacil.
FRANCISO, } Valets.
CHISPA, }

PRECIOSA, a Gipsy girl.
ANGELICA, a poor girl.
MARTINA, Padre Cura's niece.
DOLORES, Preciosa's maid.

Gipsies and Musicians.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The Count of Lara's chambers. Night. The Count in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with Don Carlos.*

Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos; How happens it?

Don Carlos. I had engagements elsewhere: Play who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and court. The house was crowded; and the busy fans Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers. There was the Countess of Medina Celi; The Goblin Lady with her Fantom Lover, Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sal, And Doña Serafina, and her cousins. But o'er them all the lovely Violante Shone like a star, nay, a whole heaven of stars.

Don Carlos. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair.

One of those comedies in which you see, As *Lopè* says, the history of the world Brought down from Genesis to the day of judgment. There were three duels in the first jornada, Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds, Laying their hands upon their hearts and saying

O I am dead! A lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don Carlos. Of course the Preciosa danced to-night?
Lara. And ne'er danced better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.

I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don Carlos. Almost beyond the privilege of woman! I saw her in the Prado yesterday.

Her step was royal—queen-like—and her face
As beauteous as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

Don Carlos. Why do you ask?

Lara. Because 't is whispered that this angel fell;
And though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces, the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don Carlos. Nay, nay! you do her wrong.

Lara. Ah! say you so?

Don Carlos. She is as virtuous as she is fair;
A very modest girl, and still a maid.

Lara. You are too credulous. Would you persuade me
That a mere dancing girl, who shows herself
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

Don Carlos. You forget

That she's a gipsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

Don Carlos. Nay, not to be won at all!

The only virtue that a gipsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A gipsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others,
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face!

Lara. Most virtuous gipsy!

Don Carlos. Nay, do not mock me. I would fain believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefined,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don Carlos. (*rising.*) You will not be persuaded!

Lara. Yes; persuade me.

Don Carlos. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don Carlos. And so good night. I wish you pleasant
dreams,

And greater faith in woman.—

[*Exit.*

Lara. Greater faith!

Thou shallow-pated fool! Do I not know
Victorian is her lover?

Enter Francisco with a casket.

Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?

Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it

I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street in Madrid. Night. Enter Chispa, followed by musicians, with a bag-pipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanás! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Man is fire, and woman is tow, and the devil comes and blows; and, therefore, I have heard my grandmother say, that if your neighbor has a son, wipe his nose and marry him to your daughter. Aye! marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And of a truth there is something more in matrimony than cake and kid gloves. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in

bed, and not to the man in the moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Musician. Geronimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Geronimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First M. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day for those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First M. An Aragonese bag-pipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bag-piper of Buja-lance, who asked a maravedi for playing and ten for leaving off?

First M. No, your honor.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third M. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth M. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Musicians. We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the Cathedral of Cordova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Preciosa's Chamber. She stands by the open window.*

Preciosa. How slowly through the lilac-scented air Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky: And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade The nightingales breathe out their souls in song, Flattering the ear of night. And hark! what sounds Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!

Far in yon azure deeps,

Hide, hide your golden light,

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down yon western steep,

Sink, sink in silver light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold your pinions light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps

Watch! while in slumber light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Enter Victorian by the balcony.

Victorian. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Pre. I am so frightened!—'Tis for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!

Did no one see thee?

Vic. None, my love, but thou.

Pre. 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou 'rt gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here

Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vic. Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.

Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,

When that dull distance shall no more divide us;

And I no more shall scale thy wall by night

To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Pre. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vic. And we shall sit together unmolested,

And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

Pre. That were a life indeed to make time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

Vic. Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so attired

And garmented in beauty, as to-night!

What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Pre. Am I not always fair?

Vic. Aye, and so fair,

That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

Pre. I heed them not;

When thou art present, I see none but thee!

Vic. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Pre. And yet thou leav'st me for those dusty books.

Vic. Thou com'st between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in every thing I see!

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sarabands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

Pre. In good sooth,

I dance with the learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

Vic. And with whom, I pray?

Vic. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
 The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vic. What mad jest

Is this?

Pre. It is no jest. Indeed it is not.

Vic. Pr'ythee, explain thyself.

Pre. Why simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vic. I've heard it whispered.

Pre. Now the Cardinal,

Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold

With his own eyes these dances: and the Archbishop

Has sent for me.

Vic. That thou may'st dance before them.

Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe

The fire of youth into these gray old men,

And make them half forget that they are old!

'T will be thy proudest conquest!

Pre. Saving one.

And yet I fear the dances will be stopped,
 And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vic. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;
 With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee

I gave my heart away!

Pre. Dost thou remember

When first we met?

Vic. It was at Cordova,

In the Cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting

Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Pre. 'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,

And then anon the great Cathedral bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,

Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.

I never had been happy, till that moment.

Vic. Thou blessed angel!

Pre. And when thou wast gone

I felt an aching here. I did not speak

To any one that day.

Vic. Sweet Preciosa!

I lov'd thee even then, though I was silent!

Pre. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had to me a sound of sorrow.

Vic. That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings

Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,

And play the prelude of our fate. We hear

The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Pre. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vic. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.

As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

And from below comes a scarce audible sound—

So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,

And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Pre. I've felt it so, but found no words to say it!

I cannot reason—I can only feel!

But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar: and sometimes I think

We cannot walk together in this world!

The distance that divides us is too great!

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

Vic. Thou little skeptic!

Dost thou still doubt?—What I most prize in woman

Is her affection, not her intellect!

Compare me with the great men of the earth—

What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!

But if thou lovest—mark me! I say lovest—

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world—

Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Pre. Aye, that I love thee, as the good love heaven,

But that I am not worthy of that heaven.

How shall I more deserve it?

Vic. Loving more.

Pre. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

Vic. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it.

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
 Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,
 And still do thirst for more. (*Kisses her.*)
A Watchman in the street. Ave Maria
 Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!
Vic. Hear'st thou that cry?
Pre. It is a hateful sound,
 To scare thee from me!
Vic. As the hunter's horn
 Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
 The moor-fowl from his mate.
Pre. Pray do not go!
Vic. I must away to Alcalá to-night.
 Think of me when I am away.
Pre. Fear not!
 I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.
Vic. (*giving her a ring.*) And to remind thee of my love,
 take this.
 A serpent emblem of Eternity,
 A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.
Pre. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
 Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
 The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
 Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!
 It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.
Vic. What convent of barefooted Carmelites
 Taught thee so much theology?
Pre. (*laying her hand upon his mouth.*) Hush! hush!
 Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!
Vic. Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian
 angel!
 I have no other saint than thee to pray to!
 (*He descends by the balcony.*)
Pre. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?
Vic. (*from the garden.*) Safe as my love for thee! But
 art thou safe?
 Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
 As well as I. Pray, shut thy widow close;
 I'm jealous of the perfumed air of night
 That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.
Pre. (*throwing down her handkerchief.*) Thou silly child!
 Take this to blind thine eyes.
 It is my benison!
Vic. And brings to me
 Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
 Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
 Of the beloved land he leaves behind.
Pre. Make not thy voyage long.
Vic. To-morrow night
 Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
 To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!
 My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!
Pre. Good night!
Watchman. (*at a distance.*) Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.—*Victorian's rooms at Alcalá. Hypolito asleep
 in an arm-chair. A clock strikes three. He awakes slowly.*

Hyp. I must have been asleep! aye, sound asleep!
 And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!
 Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
 Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
 Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
 The candles have burned low; it must be late.
 Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carillo,
 The only place in which one cannot find him
 Is his own cell. Here 's his guitar, that seldom
 Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
 Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
 And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

Enter Victorian.

Vic. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vic. Come, shrive me straight; for if love be a sin
 I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp. The same old tale
 Of the old woman in the chimney corner,
 Who, while her pot boils, says—*Come here my child;*
I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day!

Vic. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
 That I must speak.

Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine
 Is like a scene in the old play—the curtain
 Rises to solemn music, and, lo! enter
 The eleven thousand Virgins of Cologne!

Vic. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
 Those that remained, after the six were burned,
 Being held as precious as the nine together.
 But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The gipsy girl we saw at Cordova
 Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vic. Aye, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me
 Long after we returned to Alcalá.

Hyp. Thou even thought'st thyself in love with her.

Vic. I was; and, to be frank with thee, I am!
 She's in Madrid. O pardon me, my friend,
 If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
 But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
 And if a word be spoken ere the time,
 They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.

How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?

Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;

Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clarè

Nec centenni commendare

Sciret Seraph studio!

Vic. Pray do not jest! This is no time to jest!
 I am in earnest!

Hyp. Seriously enamored?

What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
 Enamored of a gipsy? Tell me frankly,
 How meanest thou?

Vic. I mean it honestly.

The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
 She is a precious jewel I have found
 Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
 I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
 Set on my forehead like the morning star,
 The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead
 'T will be indeed a wonder.

Vic. Out upon thee,
 With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,
 Is there no virtue in the world?

Hyp. Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment—
Now, while we speak of her?

Vic. She lies asleep,

And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her delicate limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she pray'd to, e'er she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moor'd.

Hyp. Which means, in prose,

She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

Vic. O would I had the old magician's glass

To see her as she lies in child-like sleep!

Hyp. And would'st thou venture?

Vic. Aye, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word *now*?

Vic. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funeral shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Aye, there it is! and if I were in love
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine
Might tell a tale 't were better leave untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glaucë.

Vic. Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (rising.) And so, good night! Good morning, I
should say.

It is no longer night, nor is it day.
But in the east the paramour of Morn,
Infirm and old, lifts up his hoary head,
And hears the crickets chirp to mimic him.
And so, once more, good night! We'll speak more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night!

Vic. Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

*(Throws himself into the arm-chair which Hypolito has left,
and lays a large book open upon his knees.)*

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch

The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that blow
Upon Olympus, making us immortal!
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses—the materials—
Lie every where about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is Genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonish'd clown
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transform'd,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
O there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamor'd knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamor'd knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain. The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name.

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE PROPOSAL.

BY J. H. DANA.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of those stately old gardens which were attached to every lordly mansion of the reign of Charles the First, sat a cavalier and lady. The seat they occupied was a rude garden sofa, overshadowed by trees, and in close proximity to a colossal urn on which was represented in bold relief, according to the classic predilection of the age, Diana and her nymphs engaged in the chase. The lady was one of rare beauty. Indeed few creatures more lovely than Isabel Mordaunt ever graced a festive hall, or brushed the dew from the morning grass. She was gay, witty, eighteen, and an heiress. Her mother died when Isabel was an infant, and thus left chiefly to her own control she had grown up as wilful as a mountain chamois. Exulting in the consciousness of talent, there were few who had not experienced her wit. Yet she had a kind heart, and, if she was at times too apt to give offence, no one was more ready to atone for a fault. Her beauty and expectations had already drawn around her crowds of suitors; but though she laughed and chatted with all, she suffered none to aspire to an interest in her heart. Indeed she professed to be a skeptic to the reality of love. But, as is ever the case, her gay raillery and careless indifference seemed only to increase the number of her suitors.

The cavalier by her side was in the first flush of manhood, and one whose personal appearance rendered him a prize which any fair girl might be proud to win. Grahame Vaux had been the ward of Isabel's father, and was but four years her senior. In childhood they had played together, and though subsequently separated by the departure of Vaux to the university, they had been again thrown into each other's society at that critical period of life when the heart is most keenly alive to the influences of love. To Grahame this daily companionship was peculiarly dangerous. Isabel was just the being to dazzle a romantic character like his; for he regarded the sex with all the high, chivalrous feelings which actuated the Paladins of old, whom indeed he resembled in other respects. A second Sir Philip Sidney, he excelled in every graceful accomplishment. At Oxford he had won the first prize. In every manly sport he was pre-eminent. We will not trace the progress of his passion—how it sprang from a single word, fed on smiles, and finally devoured, as it were, his very being. Suffice it to say, he soon came to love Isabel with all the ardor of a first affection, worshipping her as an idolator adores his divinity, and evincing his passion in every look, word and gesture.

Perhaps this was not the surest road to the affections of a wilful creature like Isabel—perhaps the alternation of doubt and fear, of admiration and indifference, would more effectually have enlisted her feelings; but be this as it may, her new lover met at her hands the same capricious treatment which her other suitors received. In Grahame's case this wilfulness was more than usually apparent, though there were not wanting those who said that this demeanor was only a veil worn to hide a growing preference for her noble-hearted lover. At any rate her conduct toward him was caprice itself. Now she would smile on him so sweetly that he could not help but hope, and now a word or gesture would plunge him into the deepest despair.

"I can endure it no longer," at length he said, "I love Isabel!—Oh! how deeply and fervently God only knows. I will terminate my suspense. I will learn my fate. Better know the worst than live on in this agony."

He rose and sought out the lady. She was at her favorite seat in the garden; and as she perceived him approaching, her color deepened, as if she divined, in Grahame's excited air, the purpose of his visit. With that instinctive desire, so natural to the sex, to avoid the subject, she herself opened the conversation in a gay and trifling tone. Grahame, who could have stood the shock of battle undaunted, felt his heart fail him when he saw her sportive mood, but, firm in his resolve, he said, at length, at a suitable pause,

"Do you believe in love, Isabel?"

"Love! I believe in love!" laughingly replied the capricious girl. "What! give up my maiden liberty for a pretty gallant,—oh! no, Sir Romance, madcap as I am, it has not come to that. Believe in love, forsooth! why I should sooner believe that men were wise or women fickle. Love may sound very well in a play, but I'll have none of it. Pale cheeks, sighs, and the gilded fetters of a wife are not for a free maiden who, like the untamed hawk, would soar whither she lists. Love, indeed!" and she laughed merrily,

Poor Grahame! how his sensitive heart throbbed at these words. He would have given worlds to be miles away. But the light, half-mocking laugh, all silvery though it was, with which she concluded, wrung even from him a reproach.

"Oh! Isabel," he said, and his low voice trembled with emotion, "can you believe all this? Ah! little indeed then do you know of love."

"And who would presume to think that I *did* know ought of it?" said Isabel, with a heightened color,

and a flashing eye,—“I have no taste for jealous lovers or domineering lords; and I never saw one of your sex—I pray your pardon, fair sir—” and there was a slight scorn in her words, “who could tempt maiden to think twice of matrimony. Love indeed, forsooth! I pray Heaven to open men’s eyes to their vanity.”

The moment she had ceased speaking, Isabel would have given any thing to recall her words. Hurried away by her love of raillery, and a little piqued at the tone of reproach in which Grahame ventured, she had given free license to her speech, and said things which she well knew she did not believe. Her lover turned deadly pale at her words. Believing now that she had all along been trifling with his feelings, he started to his feet, and looking at her a moment sadly, exclaimed bitterly, “Isabel! Isabel! May God forgive you for this; I leave you and forever;” and ere she could reply, or Grahame see the tears that gushed into her eye, he darted through the neighboring shrubbery and was lost to sight. Isabel looked after, and called faintly to him to return, but if he heard her, which was scarcely possible, he heeded it not. Pride prevented her from repeating the summons; she saw him no more.

CHAPTER II.

More than an hour elapsed before Isabel returned to the mansion, and when she did the traces of tears were on her cheeks. She instantly sought her chamber.

“He said we parted forever—oh! surely he cannot have meant it,” she exclaimed, “he will be here to-morrow. And then—” and she paused, while a blush mantled over her cheeks, and invaded even her pearly bosom.

But to-morrow came without Grahame. All through the long day Isabel watched for his arrival, and even ventured half way to the park-gates, but when she heard footsteps in the avenue ahead, she hurried trembling behind the shrubbery until she saw that the stranger was not her lover. And when night came, and still he did not appear, her heart was agitated by contending emotions; and while one moment pride would obtain the mastery, love would in turn subdue her bosom. Until this hour Isabel had never known how deeply she loved Grahame; for her passion, growing with her growth and increasing with her years, had obtained the mastery of her heart with such subtle and gradual power, that the rude shock of Grahame’s departure first woke her to a consciousness of her affection. And now she felt that she had wronged a true and noble heart. Had her lover then returned he would have won a ready confession of her passion; but day after day passed without his arrival, and finally intelligence was received that he had joined the army of King Charles, then first rallying around that ill-fated monarch, preparatory to the fatal civil war in which so many gallant cavaliers lost life and fortune. The news filled

Isabel’s heart with the keenest anguish. “Alas! Grahame,” she said, as if in adjuration, “I love only you, and your noble heart deems I despise the offering. Could you but know the truth! But surely,” she continued, “he might have sought some explanation. Oh! if he had returned only for a moment, and given me the opportunity to ask forgiveness, he would not have had to complain of a cold and ungrateful heart in Isabel Mordaunt. He is unjust,” and thus resolving, she determined to demean herself with becoming pride.

However much, therefore, Isabel might suffer in secret, no curious eye was allowed to penetrate the recesses of her heart. To the world she appeared gay and witty as ever, and if sometimes the name of Grahame was mentioned, or his gallant deeds commended, she heard the announcement without betraying aught more than would have been natural in a common friend. She was often put to this trial, for, from the moment when Grahame joined the royal standard, his career had witnessed a succession of the most brilliant exploits. Seeming to be utterly regardless of life, he ventured deeds from which even the bravest had shrunk back. Wherever the storm of battle was thickest, wherever a post of extreme peril was to be maintained, there was Grahame, pressing forward in the front rank, like another Rinaldo. He did not shun the companionship of the gayer gallants of the camp, but he ever wore, amid their mirth, an expression of settled sadness. But this peculiarity was forgotten in the brilliancy of his exploits, and his name came at length to be so famous that when any new and daring deed was done, men asked at once whether Sir Grahame Vaux had not been there.

Isabel heard all this with a beating heart, but an unmoved cheek. She had schooled herself to disguise her heart, and she succeeded so that no one suspected the truth. Only her father, when he saw her refuse one after another of her many suitors, divined that some unrevealed secret lay hidden in her bosom, and remembering, the sudden departure of Grahame, was at no loss to refer her conduct to the right cause. Meantime a change had gradually come over Isabel. She was less light-hearted than of old—her laugh, though musical, was scarcely as gay at it once had been—and her sportive wit no longer flashed incessantly like the lightning in the summer cloud.

The tide of war had long rolled steadfastly against the cavaliers, and finally the battle of Marston Moor closed the tragedy. The day after the news of the defeat arrived, a travel-soiled retainer of Grahame reached Mordaunt Hall and recounted in detail the events of that bloody field, from which he was a fugitive. He said that his master, when the day was lost, flung a discharged pistol into the thickest ranks of the enemy and died, like a knight of old, fighting to regain it. At these words her father turned to Isabel, in whose presence the retainer had related his story, and saw a deathly paleness overspread her cheek. The next instant she sank to the floor in a swoon.

“My child, my darling Isabel, speak,” said the

aged father, raising her in his trembling arms. "Oh! I have long suspected this, and the blow has killed her! Why did I suffer her to hear this tale!"

With difficulty they revived her; but she only woke to a spell of sickness; and for weeks her fate hung in a balance between life and death.

CHAPTER III.

But Grahame had not fallen. True, as his retainer asserted, he had maintained the unequal combat long after every one else had left the field, and true also he had finally been overwhelmed by numbers and left for dead, covered with wounds, upon the battle plain; but when the pursuing squadrons had swept by, leaving the field comparatively deserted, and the chill night wind breathed with reviving coolness over his brow, he awoke to consciousness, and was enabled, by the assistance of one of his followers who yet prowled about the scene of carnage in the hope of finding his master, to gain a secure retreat where he might be cured of his wounds. Here, on the rude couch of a humble cottage, he lay for weeks, and the third month had set in after the battle, before he was enabled to leave his lowly shelter. During all this time his faithful retainer watched over him, tending him one while with the assiduity of a nurse, and another while, on any alarm, preparing to defend him to the last extremity.

"I am now a houseless, persecuted outlaw," said Grahame when he mounted his steed to leave the humble cottage where he had found shelter. "The crop-eared puritanic knaves have shed the best blood in the country and they will not spare mine. The land is overrun with their troops, and there is no safety, in this portion of it at least. I will go once more to the halls of my fathers, take a last farewell of them, and then carry my life and sword to some foreign market, for, God help me, there is nothing else left to do."

It was a bright sunny afternoon when Grahame reached his ancestral halls, now deserted and melancholy. Already had the minions of the parliament sequestered and shut up the mansion, and it was only through the fidelity of an old servant, who yet lingered around the place, that its former master was enabled to enter its portals. The aged retainer wept with joy on his lord's hand, and said,

"Oh! dark was the day when news came of your honor's death."

"And was it then reported that I was no more? Yet how can I wonder at it, considering my long seclusion."

"Oh! yes—and sad times too they had of it over at Mordaunt Hall. The young mistress fainted away, and was near dying, though since she has heard that you yet lived—as we all did, you know, by your messenger,—she has wonderfully revived. But what ails you, my dear master?—are you sick?"

"No—no—but I must to horse at once," said Grahame, whose face had turned deadly pale at his servant's joyful intelligence. "I may be back to sleep

here—think you I can have safe hiding for one night in my father's house?"

"That may you, God bless your honor," said the old man as Grahame rode away.

"She loves me, then! Life is no more all a blank," said the young knight almost gaily, as he dashed through the arcades of his park, his steed seeming to partake in his master's exhilaration.

Isabel sat in the great parlor of Mordaunt Hall, looking down the broad avenue that led to the park gates. A partial bloom had been restored to her cheek, for hope whispered to her that Grahame might yet be hers. Suddenly a figure emerged to sight far down the avenue, and though years had elapsed since she had seen that form, and though she imagined her lover to be far away, and perhaps in exile, her heart told her at once that the approaching figure was Grahame's. For a moment her agitation was so excessive that she thought she would have fainted, but though there were many painful recollections, her sensations on the whole were of a happy kind. Quick as lightning, the thought flashed across her mind that Grahame had heard of her agitation when the false report of his death had reached Mordaunt Hall, and, for the moment, maidenly shame overcame every other feeling in her bosom. Conscious that she dare not meet her lover without preparation, she took to instant flight, and sought, as if instinctively, her favorite seat in the garden. Here, resting her head on her hands, she strove to collect her thoughts. It was not long before she heard a tread on the gravelled walk, and her whole frame trembled with the consciousness that the intruder was Grahame. Nervous, abashed, unable to look up, her heart fluttered wildly against her bodice. How different was she from the gay, capricious creature who had occupied that same seat, two short years before. She heard the footstep at hand, and her agitation increased. She knew that her lover had taken his seat beside her, and yet she dared not let her eye meet his, but blushing and confused she offered no resistance when he took her trembling hand in his.

"Isabel—dear Isabel!" said a manly voice, and though the tones were full of emotion, the accents were clear and firm, for it was not Grahame now who trembled, "let us forget the past," and he stole his arm around her waist. "We love each other—do we not, dear Isabel?"

Isabel raised her eyes, now beaming with subdued tenderness, to her lover's face, and then bursting into tears was drawn to his bosom, as tenderly as a mother may press her new-born infant to her heart.

The interest of Isabel's father, who had taken no part in the civil war, procured for Grahame an immunity from proscription; and when his estates were brought to the hammer, under the order of the parliament, they were purchased by Mr. Mordaunt, and restored to their rightful owner. Long and happily together lived Sir Grahame Vaux and his beautiful wife, and when Charles the Second was restored to his kingdom, none welcomed him back with more joy than the now blooming matron, and her still noble looking lord.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," THE "REEFER OF '76," ETC.

THE LAST SHOT.

THE ten minutes that elapsed before I reached the door of the Hall seemed to be protracted to an age, and were spent in an agony of mind no pen can describe. Oh! to be thus deceived—to part from Annette as we had parted—to think of her by day and dream of her by night—to look forward to our meeting with a thrill of hope, and strive to win renown that I might shed a lustre around my bride—and then, after all my toils, and hopes, and struggles, to come back and find her wedded—God of heaven! it was too much. But, notwithstanding my agony, my pride revolted at the display of any outward emotion. I would not for worlds that Annette should know the torture her faithlessness had inflicted on my bosom. No! I would smooch my brow, subdue my tongue, and control my every look. I would jest, smile, and be the gayest of the gay. I would wish Annette and her husband a long and happy life, and no one should suspect that, under my assumed composure, I wore a heart rankling with a wound that no time nor circumstance could cure. I resolved to see Annette, to play my part to the end, and then, returning to my post, to find an honorable death on the first deck we should surmount. My reflections, however, were cut short by the stoppage of the vehicle before the door of the mansion. A servant hastened to undo the coach steps, and, nerving myself for the interview that was at hand, I stepped out. The man's face was strange to me, and I saw that it displayed some embarrassment.

"Will you announce me to Mr. St. Clair," I said, "as Lieutenant Cavendish?"

"Mr. St. Clair, I regret to say," replied the man politely, "is not at the Hall. The carriages have just driven off, and if they had not taken the back road through the park, would have met you in the avenue. Mr. St. Clair accompanies the bride and groom on a two weeks' tour."

My course was at once taken; and, as the criminal feels a lightening of the heart when reprieved, so I experienced a relief in escaping the trying experiment of mingling with the bridal party. Hastily re-ascending the carriage steps, I left my name with the servant, and ordering the coachman to drive off, left Pomfret Hall, with the resolution never again to return. At the village I paused a few minutes to indite a letter to Mr. St. Clair, in which I regretted my inopportune arrival, and wished a long life of happiness to him and to Annette. Then, re-entering the

coach, I threw myself back on the seat, and, while I was being whirled away from Pomfret Hall, gave myself up to the most bitter reflections. As I now and then looked out of the window and recognized familiar objects along the road, I contrasted my present despondency with the hope that had thrilled my heart when I passed them a few hours before. Then, every pulse beat faster with delicious anticipations: now, I scarcely wished for more than an honorable death. At length my thoughts took a turn, and I reviewed the past, calling to mind every little word and act of Annette, from which I could draw either hope or despair.

"Fool that I was," I exclaimed, "to think that the wealthy heiress could stoop to love a penniless officer. And yet," I continued, "my fathers were as noble as hers, ay! and enjoyed wealth and honors to which the St. Clairs never aspired." But again a revulsion came across my feelings, and I said, "Oh! Annette, Annette, could you but know my misery, you might have paused. But God grant you may find a heart as true to you as mine." Thus harassed by contending emotions, now giving way to my love, and now yielding to indignation and pride, I spent the day, and when at night, preparatory to retiring, I happened to cast a look into the mirror, I started back at my haggard appearance. But there are moments of agony which do the work of years.

My messmates, one and all, were astonished at my speedy return, but luckily it had been determined to put to sea at once, so that if I had remained at Pomfret Hall until the expiration of my leave of absence I should have lost the cruise. One or two of my companions, who prided themselves on their superior intelligence, gave me the credit of having, by some unknown means, heard of the change in our day of sailing, and so hastened my return to my post. They little dreamed of the true cause, for to them, as to all others, I wore the same mask of assumed gaiety.

We sailed in company with *THE ARROW*, but, ere we had been out a week, were separated from our consort. Our orders were, in such an emergency, to make the best of our way southward, and rendezvous at St. Domingo.

I had turned in one night, after having kept watch on deck until midnight, when, in the midst of a refreshing sleep, I was suddenly awoken by a hand laid on my shoulder, at the same time that a voice said—

"Hist! Cavendish; don't talk in your sleep."

I started to my feet, but, for a moment, my faculties were in such a whirl that the dream in which I had been reveling, mingling with the scene before my waking senses, confused and bewildered me so that I knew not what I uttered.

"St. Clair! Pomfret Hall! why your wits are wool gathering, my dear fellow," said the doctor—for I now recognized my old friend—"of what have you been dreaming? You look as if you thought me a spectre sent to call you from Paradise."

I had indeed been dreaming. I fancied I was far away, wandering amid the leafy shades of Pomfret Hall with Annette leaning on my arm, and ever and anon gazing up into my face with looks of unutterable love. I heard the rustle of the leaves, the jocund song of the birds, and the soothing sound of the woodland waterfall, but sweeter, aye! a thousand times sweeter than all these, came to my ears the low whisper of my affianced bride. Was I not happy? And we sat down on a verdant bank, and, with her hand clasped in mine, and her fair head resting on my bosom, we talked of the happiness which was in store for us, and projected a thousand plans for the future. From visions like this I awoke to the consciousness that Annette was lost to me forever, and that even now the smiles and caresses of which I had dreamed were being bestowed upon another. A pang of keenest agony, a sharp, sudden pang, as if an icebolt had shot through my heart, almost deprived me for a moment of utterance, and I was fain to lean against a timber for support. But this weakness was only momentary, for, rallying every energy, I conquered my feelings, though not so soon but that the doctor saw my emotion.

"Are you sick, my dear fellow?" he said anxiously. "No! well, you do look better now. But I came to inform you that as rake-helly a looking craft as ever you saw is dogging us to windward, and the Lord only knows whether we won't all be prisoners, and mayhap dead men, before night."

I hurried on my clothes, and, following him to the deck, saw, at the first glance, that the good doctor's fears respecting the strange sail were not without foundation. She was a sharp, low brig, with masts raking far aft, and a spread of canvass towering from her decks sufficient to have driven a sloop of war. The haze of the morning had concealed her from sight until within the last five minutes; but now the broad disc of the sun, rising majestically behind her, brought out her masts, tracery and hull in bold and distinct relief. When first discovered, she was within long cannon shot, but standing off to windward. She altered her course immediately, however, on perceiving us, and was already closing. She carried no ensign, but there was that in her crowded decks and jaunty air which did not permit me to doubt a moment as to her character.

"A rover, by —," said the skipper, who had been scrutinizing the strange sail through a glass; "and she is treble our force," he continued, in a whisper to me. "We have no choice, either, but to fight."

I shook my head, for it was evident that escape was impossible.

"She sails like a witch, too," I replied, in the same low tone, "and would overhaul us, no matter what her position might be."

"I wish we were a dozen leagues away," said the captain, shrugging his shoulders, "there is little honor and no profit in fighting these cut-throats, and if we are whipt, as we shall be, they will slit our windpipes as if we were so many sheep in a slaughter-house. Bah!"

"Not so," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "we will die sword in hand. Since these murderers have crossed our path we must, if every thing else fail, suffer them to board us, and then blow the schooner out of water. I myself will fire the train."

"Now, by the God above us, you speak as a brave man should, and shame my momentary disgust, for fear I will not call it. No, Jack Merrivale never wanted courage, however prudence might have been lacking. But little did I think that you, Cavendish, would ever show less prudence than myself, as you have to-day. You seem a changed man."

"I am one," I exclaimed; "but that is neither here nor there. When once you freebooter gets alongside, Harry Cavendish will not be behindhand in doing his duty."

My superior, at any other time, could not have failed to notice the excitement under which I spoke, but now his mind was too fully occupied to give my demeanor a second thought, and our conversation was cut short by a ball from the pirate, which, whistling over our heads, plumped into the sea some fathoms distant. At the same instant a mass of dark bunting shot up to the gaff of the brig, and, slowly unrolling, blew out steadily in the breeze, disclosing a black flag, unrelieved by a single emblem. But we well knew the meaning of that ominous ensign.

"He taunts us with his accursed flag," said the skipper energetically; "by the Lord that liveth, he shall feel that freemen know how to defend their lives and honor. Call aft the men, and then to quarters. We will blow you scoundrels out of water, or die on the last plank."

Never did I listen to more vehement, more soul-stirring eloquence than that which rolled, like a tide of fire, from the captain's lips when the men had gathered aft. Every eye flashed with indignation, every bosom heaved with high and noble daring, as he pointed impetuously to the foe and asked if there was one who heard him that wished to shrink from the contest. To his impassioned appeal they answered with a loud huzza, brandishing their cutlasses above their heads and swearing to stand by him to the last.

"I know it, my brave boys—I remember how you fought the privateer's men," for most of his old crew had re-entered, "but yonder cut-throats are still more deceitful and blood-thirsty. We have nothing to hope for from them but a short shrift and the yard-arm. We fight, not for our country and property alone, but for our lives also. The little *FALCON* has struck down too many prizes already, to show the

coward's feather now. Let us make these decks slippery with our best blood rather than surrender. Stand by me, if they board us, and—my word on it—the survivors will long talk of this glorious day. And now, my brave lads, splice the main-brace, and then to quarters."

Another cheer followed the close of this harangue, when the men gathered at their quarters, each one as he passed to his station receiving a glass of grog. As I ran my eye along the decks, and saw the stalwart frames and flashing eyes of the crew, I felt assured that the day was destined to be desperately contested; and when I thought of the vast odds against which we had to contend, and the glorious deeds which this superiority would make room for, I experienced an exultation which I cannot describe. The time for which, in the bitterness of my heart, I had prayed, was come; and I resolved to dare things this day which, if they ever reached the ears of Annette, should prove to her that I died the death of a gallant soldier. The thought that, perhaps, she might regret me when I was gone, was sweeter to me than the song of many waters.

Little time, however, was left for such emotions, for scarcely had the men taken their stations when the pirate, who had hitherto been manœuvring for a favorable position and only occasionally firing a shot, opened his batteries on us, discharging his guns in such quick succession that his sides seemed one continuous blaze, and his tall masts were to be seen reeling backwards from the shock of his broadside. Instantaneously the iron tempest came hurtling across us, and for a space I was bewildered by the rending of timbers, the falling of spars, and the agonizing shrieks of the wounded. The main-top-mast came rattling to the deck with all its hamper at the very moment that a messmate fell dead beside me. For a few minutes all was consternation and confusion. So rapid had been the discharges, and so well aimed had been each shot, that, in the twinkling of an eye, we saw ourselves almost a wreck on the water, and comparatively at the mercy of our foe.

"Clear away this hamper," shouted the skipper, "stand to your guns forward there, and give it to the pirate."

With the word the two light pieces and the gun amidships opened on the now rapidly closing foe; but the metal of all except the swivel was so light that it did no perceptible damage on the thick-ribbed hull of our antagonist. The ball from the long eighteen, however, swept the decks of the foe, and appeared to have carried no little havoc in its course. But the broadside did not check the approach of the rover. His object was manifestly to run us afoul and board us. Steadily, therefore, he maintained his course, swerving scarcely a hair's breadth at our discharge, but keeping right on as if scorning our futile efforts to check his progress. We did not, however, intermit our exertions. Although crippled we were not disheartened—despairing, we entertained no thought of submission, but rallying around our guns, we fought them like lions at bay, firing with such rapidity that our decks, and the ocean around,

soon came to be almost obscured in the thick fleecy veil of smoke that settled slowly on the water. Every few minutes a ball from the pirate whizzed by in our immediate vicinity, or crashed among our spars; but the increasing clouds of vapor, clinging about the pathway of our foe as well as of ourselves, made his fire naturally less deadly than at first. For a short space we even lost sight of our antagonist, and the gunners paused, uncertain where to fire; but suddenly the lofty spars of the pirate were seen riding above the white fog, scarcely a pistol shot from us, and in another minute, with a deafening crash, the rover ran us aboard, his bowsprit jamming in our fore-rigging as he approached us head on. Almost before we could recover from our surprise we heard a stern voice crying out in the Spanish tongue for boarders, and immediately a dark mass of ruffians gathered, like a cluster of bees, on the bowsprit of the foe, with cutlasses brandished aloft, preparatory to a descent on our decks.

"Rally to repel boarders!" thundered the skipper, springing forward, "ho! beat back the bloodhounds from your decks," and with the word, he made a blow at a desperado who, at that moment, sprang into the fore-rigging; when my superior drew back his sword it was red with the heart's blood of the assailant, who, falling heavily backwards with a dull plash, squatted a second on the water, like a wounded water-fowl, and then sank forever. For a single breath his companions stood appalled, and then, with a savage yell, leaping on our decks, fiercely attacked our little band. In vain our gallant tars disputed every inch of ground—in vain one after another of the assailants dyed the deck with his blood—in vain by word and deed the skipper incited the crew to almost gigantic exertions; nothing could resist the overpowering tide of assailants which poured on in an unrelenting stream from the brig, bearing down every thing before it as an avalanche from the hills. Step by step our brave lads were steadily forced backwards, until at length the whole fore-castle was in possession of the foe, and a solid mass of freebooters was advancing on the starboard side of the open main-hatch, in eager pursuit of the retreating crew. I had foreseen this result to the conflict, and instead, therefore, of aiding to repel the boarders, had been engaged in loading one of the lighter guns with grape, and dragging it around, so as to command this very path;—a duty which I had been enabled to perform unnoticed by either party in the fierce excitement of the *mêlée*. I had hardly masked my little battery, and not three minutes had elapsed from the first onset of the boarders, when my messmates came driving towards me, as I have described, beaten in by the solid masses of the enemy. Already the fugitives had passed the hatchway, and the foremost desperados of the assailing column were even now within three feet of the muzzle of my gun, when I signed to my confederate to jerk off the tarpaulin which had masked our piece. The pirates started back in horror when they saw their peril, but I gave them no time to escape. Quick as lightning I applied the match, and the whole fiery cataract was belched

upon them. Language cannot depict the fearful havoc of that discharge. The hurricane of fire and shot mowed its way lengthwise, through the narrow and crowded column, scattering the dying and the dead beneath its track, as a whirlwind uproots the forest trees; while groans, and imprecations, and shrieks of anguish rent the air, drowning the sounds of the explosion, and the crashing of the grape, amongst its victims.

"Now charge!" I shouted, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, springing into the very midst of the foe, "charge them, my gallant braves, and sweep the murderers from the deck. No quarter to the knaves! Hew them to the brisket," and following every word with a blow, and seconded by our men who seemed to catch my fury, we made such havoc among those of the pirates whom the grape had spared, that, astonished, paralyzed, disconcerted, and finally struck with mortal fear, they fled wildly from the schooner, some regaining their craft by the bowsprit, some plunging overboard and swimming to her, and some leaping headlong into the deep never to rise again. Seizing an axe, and springing forward, I hastily cut our hamper loose from the foe, and with the next swell the two vessels slowly parted.

"Now to your guns, my men," shouted the skipper, unconscious of a dangerous wound, in the excitement of the moment, "give it to them before they can rally to their quarters. Fire!"

We poured in our broadsides like hail, riddling even the solid sides of our foe, and making his decks slippery with blood, and all this before the discomfited freebooters could rally to their guns and return our shots. Our men, fired with an enthusiasm which approached to madness, loaded with a speed that seems to me now incredible, and the third broadside was shaking every timber of our little craft, before a solitary gun was discharged in reply from the pirate.

"Ah! he has woke up at last," said my old friend, the captain of our long Tom, "and she may yet regain the day if we do n't fight like devils. Bring me that shot from the galley."

"In God's name, what do you mean?" said I, as he coolly sat down by his piece. "In with the ball and let the rover have it—not a moment is to be lost."

"Aye! I knows that, leftenant; and here comes the settler for which I waited," he exclaimed, as the cook brought a red-hot shot from the galley, "I thought I'd venture on a little experiment of my own, and I've seen 'em do wonders with these fiery comets afore now. There—there she has it," he exclaimed, as the shot was sent home, "now God have mercy on them varmint's souls."

From some strange, unaccountable presentiment, I stepped mechanically backward and cast an eye at the brig, which had now floated to some distance. As I did so, a trail of fire glanced before my sight, and I saw the simmering shot enter her side. Thought was not quicker than the explosion which followed, shaking the sea beneath and the sky above, and almost deafening the ear with its unearthly concussion, while instantaneously a gush of flame shot far up into the sky; the masts of the vessel were lifted perpendicularly upwards, and the whole air was filled with shattered timbers and mangled human bodies that fell the next minute pattering around us into the deep. Oh God! the fearful sight! The shrieks of the wounded and drowning—the awful struggles of the poor wretches in the water—the sullen cloud that settled over the scene of death, will they ever pass away from my memory? But I drop a veil over a sight too horrible to recount. Suffice it to say, of all the rover's crew, not one survived to see that sun go down. A few we picked up with our boats, but they died ere night. The cause of the explosion is soon told. The brig's magazine had been struck and fired by our LAST SHOT.

THE SONG OF MADOC.

BY G. FORRESTER BARSTOW.

AWAY! away! the bright blue waves are dashing
With sparkling crests like spotless mountain snow,
As in the fight our mighty falchion's flashing
Above the foe.

AWAY! away! old ocean spreads before us
Its broad domain, where sunk the sun's last ray,
While in the deep blue sky that arches o'er us
Stars shine to light our way.

AWAY! away! from home's entrancing pleasures
The festal board, the bower of lady fair,
The roof that holds our hearts' most valued treasures,
The loved ones there,

We go: and while the burning tear is starting
From eyes that gaze upon a shoreless main,
Fill! fill to those from whom we now are parting,
And ne'er may see again.

Fill to the loved ones whose bright eyes are beaming
As yonder stars in their pure heaven of blue,
Bright as the stars those brilliant eyes are gleaming
With heaven's own hue.

Fill to the loved ones whose bright cheeks are glowing
As eastern heaven in morning's virgin ray,
Whose necks, down which their auburn locks are flowing,
Would shame the dashing spray.

Away! away! above the waves careering,
Our ship speeds lightly on an unknown way,
Far to the west our course we now are steering
With spirits gay.

Far to the west, where brilliant gems are shining,
And mighty rivers roll o'er golden sands,
Where sweetest flowers and richest grapes are twining,
Wooing the stranger's hands.

AN APPEAL

TO AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THE AMERICAN PRESS

IN BEHALF OF AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN:—You have the credit, at this moment, of ruling the world—at least your part of it; and cannot yet enact a single statute by which your share of worldly right and profit shall be secured to you. Walking, in the world's eye, as strong and beautiful as angels, you cannot perform the day's work, counted either in money or in bill-making influence, of a rude Missourian or a lean Atlantic citizen.

Aiding, as you do, by your inventive genius in all the great enterprises of the day—pushing forward every great and good undertaking to an issue of success—you lack the will or the skill to create a simple mill-contrivance by which your grain may be ground and bread furnished to your board.

You project, but do not realize. You sow, but do not reap. You sail to and fro—merchantmen and carriers to all the world of thought—the whole ocean over, but find no harbor and acquire no return. How much longer you will consent to keep the wheels of opinion in motion: to do the better part of the thinking and writing of these twenty-six States, without hire or fee, it rests with you to say. I merely put the case to you to see how it strikes you.

I address you in the mass, writers of books and framers of paragraphs together, because, at bottom, all who wield the pen have interests in common; and because I am anxious (I confess it) to have the whole force of the Press, whatever shape it takes, combined and consolidated against an injustice which could not live an hour if the Press knew its rights and its strength. The rights and the respectability of the one are, in the end, the rights and the respectability of the other; based in both cases on the worth and dignity of literary property.

No community is secure, it seems to me, where any law or fundamental right is systematically violated.

Either by instant vindication, through blood, and pillage, and massacre; or by the more silent and deadlier agency of the opposite wrong and a whole brood of fierce allies sprung from its loins, is this truth, at all times, asserted and made good. From the original wrong, lying in many cases close to the heart of society, there spreads a secret and invisible atmosphere of pestilence, in which all kindred rights moulder and decay, until their life at last goes out at a moment when no man had guessed at such a result. Neither statesmen nor people are, therefore, wise in tampering with a single principle: or in

yielding a jot of the immutable truth to plausible emergency or the fair-seeming visage of an immediate good.

The law of property, in all its relations and aspects, is one of these primary anchors and fastenings of the social frame. And what evils, I am asked, have grown from the alleged neglect of literary property? I will mention one by way of illustration.

You are all of you aware, by this time, that the extensive printing and publishing establishment of Harper & Brothers, Cliff street, New York, was burned in the early part of June; and that a heavy loss accrued to them from the burning.

The fire was attributed, immediately after it occurred, by the public prints to the hand of design. "*It is supposed that one object of the incendiaries was to obtain copies of a new novel, by James, of which the Messrs. Harper had the exclusive possession.*" Another paper enlarges this statement—"we see suspicions expressed that the object was to get possession of a new novel, 'Morley Earnstein,' which was in sheets, *for cheap publication.*" Here is a natural, logical sequence, and just such a one as might have been expected. If the conjecture should not prove a fact, it ought to be one, because this is just the period and the very order in which we might expect an incident of this kind to occur; perhaps not on quite so large a scale, nor with the necessary melo-dramatic admixture of fire. It might have been a plain burglary, prying a ware-house door open with a bar, for a copy; or, knocking a man over, at the edge of evening, and plucking the sheets from under his arm.

Piracy and burning are, perhaps, so nearly akin that, after all, they have wrought out the sequence more naturally than if it had been left to the friends of copyright to suggest to them in what order they should occur. In Elia's legend, a building is burned that a famishing Chinaman may have roast pig; in the reality of the present fire a publisher's warehouse was put in flames, not only to prevent a famishing author from having roast pig *in presenti*, but also, by a decisive blow, to further the good principle, that there should be no roast pig (nor even salt and a radish) for famishing authors in all future time. Let it not be said I press this point, a mere surmise, too far. Surmise as it is, it receives countenance and consistency from a previous fact, namely, that one of the large republishing newspapers was charged, not long since, by the other—and this was made a

matter for the Sessions—with the felony of abstracting the sheets of an English work from the office of its rival. This—an invasion of property—is only one of the external evils growing out of a false and lawless state of things. Of others which strike deeper; which create confusion and error of opinion; which tend to unsettle the lines that divide nation from nation; to obliterate the traits and features which give us a characteristic individuality as a nation—there will be another and more becoming opportunity to speak.

As it is, by fair means or foul, the weekly newspaper press, with its broad sheet spread to the breeze, is making great head against the slow-sailing progress of such as trust to the more regular trade-winds for their speed. And this, fortunately (as error cannot long abide in itself,) is creating changes of opinion of infinite advantage to the great cause of international copyright.

A little while ago, we had the publishers petitioning and declaiming against an international copyright, (I forget what arguments they employed;) and, lo! their breath is scarcely spent when the ground slides from under them, and the whole publishing business—at least a considerable section of it—which they meant to uphold by false and hollow props, has tumbled into chaos, and an organic change has passed through the world of publication. Now they begin—and we are glad to have so powerful and so respectable a body converts to our side, on whatever terms—to see the matter in a new light; the affection for the people, and the cheap enlightenment of the people, and the people's wives and children, which they made bold (out of an exceeding philanthropy) to proclaim in market-places and the lobbies of Congress, is wonderfully dwindled.

It is n't a pleasant thing, after all, to have one's printing-house and bindery burned to the ground, even for so laudable an object. Suppose we have the law: a little civilized recognition of the rights of authors (merely by way of clincher, however, to the absolute, primary and indefeasible rights of publishers) might be an agreeable change from this barbarous system of non-protection. The old plan, it must be admitted, has its disadvantages. Let's have the law! And here you may suppose the hats of certain old, respected and enterprising publishers to rise into the air, in a sort of fervor or ecstacy, which it is entirely out of their power to control.

Is there or is there not a property in a book: a primitive, real, fundamental right in its ownership as in any estate or property? Often and clearly as this question has been determined, the opponents of a law, by stress of argument, are driven upon denying it over and over again, and making use of every sort of ridiculous and irrelevant illustration to crowd the right out of the way. They fly into all corners of creation in pursuit of an analogy, and come back without as much as a sparrow in their bag.

One of them, for example, says, "We buy a new foreign book; it is ours; we multiply copies and diffuse its advantages. We also buy a bushel of

foreign wheat, before unknown to us; we cultivate, increase it, and spread its use over the country. Where is the difference? If one is stealing, the other is so. Nonsense! neither is stealing. They are both praiseworthy acts, beneficial to mankind, injurious to nobody, right and just in themselves, and commendable in the sight of God." This reasoner, of a pious inclination and most excellent moral tendencies, has made but a single error—he thinks the type, stitching and paper are *THE BOOK!* He forgets that when you buy a book you do not buy the whole body of its thoughts in their entire breadth and construction, to be yours in fee simple for all uses, (if you did, the vender would be guilty of a fraud in selling more than a single copy of any one work;) but simply the usufruct of the book as a reader. Any processes of your own mind exerted upon that work, or parts of it, make the result, so far, your legitimate property, and is one of the incidents of your purchase. To reprint the work in any shape, as a complete, symmetrical composition, is a violation of the original contract between the vender and yourself; whether it be in folio or duodecimo, in the form of newspaper or pamphlet—there lies *THE BOOK*, unchanged by any action of your own mind. The wheat, of which you have purchased the bushel, in the mean time has been sown in your field, (there's a difference to begin;) which has been prepared by your plough and plough-horse for its reception; the kindly dews and rains of heaven—which would answer to the genial inspirations and movements of the mind, in the other case—descend upon it; it is guarded by walls and hedges from inroad; the weeds and tares which would fain choke it are plucked out by a careful hand; at last it is reaped and gathered in by the harvestman to his garner. The one bushel has become a thousand; but it has passed through a thousand appropriating and fructifying processes to swell it to that extent. It has not been merely poured out of one bushel measure into another bushel measure. Though the one plough the earth, and the other plough the sea, the world will recognize a distinction, a delicate line of demarcation between farmer (man's first occupation) and pirate (his last.) The republishers—the proprietors of the mammoth press—groan under the aspersion of piracy and pillage laid at their door: they complain of the harshness of epithet which denounces them as Kyds and MacGregors. They must bear in mind that authors and republishers are likely to regard this question from very different points of view: that the poor writer, regarding himself as plundered, defrauded of a positive right, and of a property as real and substantial as guineas, or dollars, or doubloons, may feel a soreness of which the other party, living as he does on the denial of that right, and the seizure of that property, without charge or cost, may not be quite as susceptible. Let us make an effort to bring this point home to these gentlemen in an obvious and intelligible illustration.

How would the worthy proprietors of "The Brother Jonathan" like it, if, when their editions of Barnaby Rudge or Zanoni had been carefully worked

off, at some expense of composition, paper and press-work, and lay ready folded in their office for delivery: How would they be pleased if, just at that moment, when the newsboys were gathered at the office door, pitching their throats for the new cry, a gang of stout-handed fellows should descend upon their premises, and without as much as "by your leave," or, "gentlemen an you will!" sweep the entire edition off, bear it into the next street, and there proceed to issue and vend it with the utmost imaginable steadiness of aspect, with an equanimity of demeanor quite edifying and perfect? Why, gentlemen, to speak the truth plainly, you would have a hue-and-cry around the corner in an instant! Your ejaculations of thief, robber and burglar would know no pause till you were compelled to give over for very lack of breath; and the whole community would be startled, at its breakfast the next morning, by an appeal to its moral sensibilities so loud and lightning-like, that the coffee would be unpalatable, and the very toast turn to a cinder in the mouth.

Now, it should be borne in mind that the large weekly press, whose influence we are anxious to counteract, and whose interest is rapidly becoming the leading one in opposition to the proposed law, has arisen since the agitation of this question; has embarked its capital, and has grown to its present power and influence in the very teeth of a solemn protest of the authors whose labors they appropriate. It should also, in fairness, be added that some members of this huge fraternity only avail themselves of this law as it now stands, as they think they have a right, and hold themselves ready to abandon the field or adapt themselves to the change whenever a new law requires it; in the mean time, meeting the question fairly, and reasoning it through in good temper. The very paper which I have employed in illustration is chargeable with no offence against literature, society, or good morals, save the single taint of appropriating the labors of authors without pay, and defending the appropriation as matter of strict right and propriety. Only in a community where a contempt for literary rights has been engendered by long mal-practice, could such sentiments have obtained lodgment in minds of general fairness and honesty.

If the hostility to a law of reciprocal copyright be as deep rooted as is alleged, why has there not been some able argument (raised above sordid considerations, and looking wide and far upon the question in all its vast bearings) expounding to us the grounds on which this professed antagonism is based? When we ask them for a syllogism they give us an assertion. "My dear sir, how can you waste time, perplexing yourself and the public with this barren question! We supply readers with a novel, a good three-volume novel, for a shilling; and as long as we do that they will remain deaf to all your appeals. The *argumentum ad crumenam*, the syllogism of the pocket has, in all ages, carried the sway!" This is the head and front of their declamation, of their invective and their facts. 'This is the Fact! This boulder (offered in lieu of bread) they beg us of the author-

tribe to digest: this is their bulwark, their fortress—no, their burrow rather—into which they skulk at the approach of a poor author, quill in hand, prepared to drive off the game—*feræ naturæ*—that lay waste his preserves and make free in his clover-field.

Now of all arguments this of cheapness is most questionable and unsafe. It has a comely and alluring visage, is smooth-spoken and full of promise, but we must have a caution where it may lead us, for it is as full of trick and foul play as a canting quaker; as precarious a foothold as the trap of the scaffold the minute before the check is slipped. Cheap and good are a pleasant partnership: but it does not happen that they always do business together. Taking cheapness as our guide and conductor, we can readily make our way, in imagination, to a publishing shop where the principle is expanded into a pleasing practical illustration. The shop is of course in a cellar, (rent twelve shillings a quarter;) the attendant is a second-hand man cast off from the current population of the upper world into this depository (wages seven shillings a week;) his hat, being still on the cheap tendency, has followed him out of Chatham street in company with a coat rejected of seven owners, the last of whom was a dustman, trowsers to match and boots borrowed of a pauper (cost of the entire outfit five shillings and a penny;) behind a counter that totters to the earth at an expense of five pence or more for repairs, he dispenses the frugal Literature of which he is the genius—the paper being of such an exquisite delicacy and cheapness that a good eye, by glancing through, can read both sides at once; the purchaser plunges down with a sixpence (most economical of small coin) in his pocket, and bears off, in a triumphant apotheosis, four and twenty columns to be read by the light of a tallow twopenny that sputters cheapness as it burns. This is the glory of the age; the crowning honor and triumph of America. Who would have the heart or the hardihood to blur that fair picture of popular knowledge and cheap enjoyment? Why, sirs—to speak a serious word or two in your ear—this plea of cheapness—a miserable escape at best, where a question of right and wrong is concerned—pushed to its extreme (and as cheapness is urged as the sole criterion and measure of advantage, we are warranted in so doing,) would drive literature to the almanac, which can be afforded at a penny; and the age of the brown ballad would return upon us with all its primitive graces of an unclean sheet, a cloudy typography, and a style of thought and expression quite as pure and lucid.

Pass a copyright bill and we are told, "we should soon learn the difference between £1 10, the London price of Bulwer's Zanon, and the American price of twenty-five cents." How long—it is triumphantly asked—would our "reading public, almost commensurate with the entire population, continue at such a rate?"—what if it did not last a minute? Truth and honesty are of a little more worth than a reading public even as wide as the borders of the land. Of the elevation of the people—the instruction of the people, I hold myself a friend—no man more:

but I do not propose to begin their enlightenment with a new version of the decalogue; so amended as to admit all the opposites against which it is directed, as virtues which we are enjoined to cultivate.

Suppose these gentlemen do furnish your literature at a low price by dint of paying the author nothing, they should bear in mind that there is a place where it is paid for, or it would most assuredly prove as miserable as it is cheap. The literature is valuable, not because they spread it before the world while to cheer the writer in his labors by paying him a good round sum for his copyright. I repeat it, an unpaid literature cannot contend with a paid one; nor can it—while money is a representative of value and a motive of exertion—be as good. Do I imagine then that an international law will create great writers? Not at all. Under any law—oppressed by whatever bondage or tyrannical custom chooses to lay upon them—men of great genius will struggle into light and cast before the world the thoughts with which their own souls have been moved. They will speak though mountains pressed upon them. But there is a wide class—comprising the body of a national literature—who can claim no such power; essayists, philosophers, whose impulses are not great, periodical writers—all are silent when the law and the trade fail to befriend them. It is these that need the constant stimulus—the genial inspiration (denied to them in any great measure by Nature) of pay. It is the shining gold—decry it as we may—that breeds the shining thought.

It may be asked, how does this question affect the Press? The Press, forming a part of the great body of writers, is affected by whatever affects the writers of books; for the bond by which the entire brotherhood is held together, is so close that it cannot be struck in any part without feeling the shock in its whole length. The same injustice by which the author falls in station and place, drags down the journalist. The rights of all who use the pen are rights in common; varying only in degree, and, as they may be affected from time to time, by circumstances of the hour or day. Beyond this the actual and immediate pressure of a vast amount of reading from abroad, poured upon us without limit or regulation, begins to be felt by the daily and weekly

Press. They find attention drawn off from the article or political speculation in their own columns, prepared with care and judgment, to the cheap reprint; and are driven upon abandoning the field or joining in a pernicious system of unpaid appropriation against which their better judgment revolts.

I now close this Appeal, and in doing so I would venture to urge upon you the importance of concert and a steady action in behalf of this law, at all times and in all places where you are called on to employ that sacred instrument of thought, whose immunities are so grossly outraged.

The popular mind has, in this country, made wonderful advances in the appreciation of political truths and principles. There is no reason why it should not make an equal—though perhaps a later—progress in truths that relate to literature and art. The popular mind, as all our institutions require, is essentially just and true; and, once enlightened by a sufficient array of facts, and with time to arrange and digest them, will act with energy and wisdom—on this as on all other questions of which it is the arbiter. Depend upon it this bill, although adversely regarded by your Senate and Representatives at this time, will ultimately triumph. It will go up to the Senate-chamber, year after year, with new facts, pleading for it with an urgency which considerate legislators cannot resist. In the mean time it is your duty, as I trust it is your desire, to enlighten the general mind as to the truths on which I have ventured to insist. Seize the instant. In town, in homestead and city, let these principles be spread as wide as the writings they would protect; and search, with a fearless eye, the national heart to find whether there be not some kindly corner where it is willing the seeds of a national literature should be lodged. Speaking in the accents of persuasion with which God and Nature have endowed you; and through the organs of opinion which every one of you may, more or less, command—you cannot be long resisted. Together, in a phalanx, before which kings and princes grow pale, enter upon the mighty task. Hand in hand, voice answering to voice, in tones of mutual trust and cheerful hope press forward in the noble labor to which you are summoned. That Union which, in politics and war, is Strength, will prove in Literature, as well, your champion and deliverer.

CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

New York, June, 1842.

THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

But late the song of reaper
Was heard amid the corn,
But now an anthem deeper
Unto my ear is borne,
Of winds among the mountains,
In their unruly play,
With voice of swollen fountains,
That bear the leaves away.

The golden garb of summer,
Like earth, my soul has lost,
The breath of the dark comer
Its rosy mirth has crost;
For my spirit changeth
With the varying sky,
As a cloud estrangeth
The wood-bird's melody.

W. F.

THE SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 78.)

BY H. W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC. ETC.

WHEN next she opened her eyes, she lay on her own bed, in her own well known chamber, and her old nurse, with the good vicar's wife, was watching over her—as her lids rose and she looked about her, all her intelligence returned upon the moment, and she was perfectly aware of all that had already passed, of all that she had still to undergo. "Well—" she replied to the eager and repeated inquiries after her state of body and sensations which were poured out from the lips of her assiduous watchers—"Oh! I feel quite well, I do assure you—I was not hurt at all—not in the least—only I was so foolish as to faint from terror—but Marian, how is Marian?"

"Not injured in the least, but very anxious about you, sweet Annabel," replied good mistress Summers—"so much so that I was obliged to force her from the chamber, so terrible was her grief, so violent her terror and excitement—Lord De Vaux snatched her from the horse and saved her, before he even saw your danger—he too is in a fearful state of mind, he has been at the door twenty times, I believe, within the hour—hark, that is his foot now—will you see him, dearest?"

A quick and chilly shudder ran through the whole frame of the lovely girl, and a faint hue glowed once again in her pale cheek, but mastering her feelings, she made answer in her own notes of sweet calm music—"Not yet, dear mistress Summers—not yet—but tell him, I beseech you, that I am better—well indeed! and will receive his visit by and by—and in the mean time, my good friend, I must see Marian—must see her directly and alone—No! no!" she added, seeing that the old lady was about to remonstrate—"No! no! you must not hinder me of my desire—you know—" she went on, with a faint, very melancholy smile—"you know, of old, I am a wilful stubborn girl when I make up my mind—and it is quite made up now, my good friend—so, pray you, let me see her—I am quite strong enough I do assure you—so do you, I beseech you, go and console my lord; and let nurse bring me Marian!" So firmly did she speak, and so resolved was the expression of her soft gentle features, that they no longer hesitated to comply with her request, and both retired with soft steps from the chamber. Then Annabel half uprose from the pillows which had propped her, and clasped her hands in attitude of prayer, and turned her beautiful eyes upward—her lips moved visibly,

not in irregular impulsive starts, but with a smooth and ordered motion, as she prayed fervently indeed but tranquilly, for strength to do, and patience to endure, and grace to do and to endure alike with Christian love and Christian fortitude. While she was thus engaged, a quick uncertain footstep, now light and almost tripping, now heavy and half faltering, approached the threshold—a gentle hand raised the latch once, and again let it fall, as if the comer was fluctuating between the wish to enter and some vague apprehension which for the moment conquered the desire. "Is it you, Marian?" asked the lovely sufferer—"oh! come in, come in, sister!"—and she did come in, that bright lovely creature, her naturally high complexion almost unnaturally brilliant now from the intensity of her hot blushes, her eyes were downcast, and she could not so much as look up into the sad sweet face of Annabel; her whole frame trembled visibly as she approached the bed, and her foot faltered very much, yet she drew near, and sitting down beside the pillow, took Annabel's hand tenderly between her own, and raised it to her warm lips and kissed it eagerly and often. Never for a moment's space did the eyes of Annabel swerve from her sister's features, from the moment she entered the door until she sat down by her side, but rested on them steadily as if through them they would peruse the secret soul with a soft gentle scrutiny, that savored not at all of sternness or reproach—at last, as if she was now fully satisfied, she dropped her eyelids and for a little space kept them close shut, while again her lips moved silently—and then pressing her sister's hand fondly, she said in a quiet soothing voice, as if she were alluding to an admitted fact rather than asking a question, "So you have met him before, Marian?"—a violent convulsion shook every limb of her whom she addressed, and the blood rushed in torrents to her brow—she bowed her head upon her sister's hand, and burst into a paroxysm of hysterical tears and sobbing, but answered not a word. "Nay! nay! dear sister," exclaimed Annabel, bending down over her and kissing her neck which like her brow and cheeks was absolutely crimson—"Nay! nay! sweet Marian, weep not thus, I beseech you, there is no wrong done—none at all—there was no wrong in your seeing him, when you did so—it was at York, I must believe—nor in your loving him either, when you did so—for I had not

then seen him, and of course could not love him. But it was *not* right, sweetest Marian, to let me be in ignorance—only think, dearest; only think, what would have been my agony, when I had come to know after I was a wife, that in myself becoming happy I had brought misery on my second *self*—my own sweet sister!—nay!—do not answer me yet, Marian, for I can understand it all—almost all, that is—and I quite appreciate your motives—I am sure that you did not know that *he loved you*—for he does love you, Marian—but fancied that he loved me only, and so resolved to control yourself, and crush your young affections, and sacrifice yourself for me—thank God! oh! thank God, dearest, that your strength was not equal to the task—for had it been so we had been most wretched—oh! most wretched. But you must tell me all about it, for there is much I cannot comprehend—when did you see him first, and where?—why did he never so much as hint to me that he had known you?—why, when I wrote you word that he was here, and after that I liked—loved—was about to marry him—why did you never write back that you knew him?—and why, above all, when you came and found him here—here in your mother's house—why did you meet him as a stranger?—I know it will be painful to you, dear one; but you must bear the pain, for it is necessary now that there shall be no more mistakes—be sure of one thing, dearest Marian, that I will never wed him—oh! not for worlds!—I could not sleep one night!—no not one hour in the thought that my bliss was your bane—but if he love you, as he ought, and as you love him, sister, for I can read your soul, he shall be yours at once, and I shall be more happy so—more happy tenfold—than pillow my head upon a heart which beats for any other—but he must explain—he must explain all this—for I much fear me he has dealt very basely by us both—I fear me much, he is a bold false man—”

“No! no!” cried Marian eagerly, raising her clear eyes to her sister's, full of ingenuous truth and zealous fire—“No! no! he is all good, and true, and noble!—I—it is I only who have, for once, been false and wicked—not altogether wicked, Annabel—perhaps more foolish than to blame, at least in my intentions—but you shall hear all—you shall hear all, Annabel, and then judge for yourself—” and then still looking her sister quite steadily and truthfully in the face, she told her how, at a ball in York, she had met the young nobleman, who had seemed pleased with her, danced with her many times, and visited her, but never once named love, nor led her in the least to fancy he esteemed her beyond a chance acquaintance—“But I loved him—oh! *how* I loved him, Annabel—almost from the first time I saw him—and I feared ever—ever and only—that by my bold frank rashness, he might discover his power, and believe me forward and unmaidenly—weeks passed, and our intimacy ripened, and I became each hour more fondly, more devotedly, more madly,—for it was madness all!—enamored of him. He met me ever as a friend; no more! The time came when he was to leave York, and as he took leave of me he told me that he had

just received despatches from *his* father directing him to visti *mine*; and I, shocked by the coolness of his parting tone, and seeing that indeed he had no love for me, scarcely noting what he said, told him not that I had *no father*—but I did tell him that I had one sweet sister, and suddenly extorted from him, un-awares, a promise that he would never tell you he had known me—my manner, I am sure, was strange and wild, and I have no doubt that my words were so likewise—for his demeanor altered on the instant—his air, which had been that of quiet friendship, became cool, chilling, and almost disdainful, and within a few minutes he took his leave, and we never met again till yester even. You will, I doubt not, ask me wherefore I did all this—I cannot tell you—I was mad, mad with love and disappointment, and the very instant he said that he was coming hither, I knew as certainly that he would love you and you him, Annabel, as though it had been palpably revealed to me. I could not write of him to you—I *could* not!—and when your letters came and we learned that he was here, I confessed all this to our aunt, and though she blamed me much for wild and thoughtless folly, she thought it best to keep the matter secret. This is the whole truth, Annabel—the whole truth! I fancied that the absence, the knowledge that I should see him next my sister's husband, the stern resolve with which I bound my soul, had made me strong to bear his presence—I tried it, and I found myself, how weak—this is all, Annabel; can you forgive me, sister?”

“Sweet, innocent Marian,” exclaimed the elder sister through her tears, for she had wept constantly through the whole sad narration, “there is not any thing for me to forgive—you have wronged yourself only, my poor sister!—But yet—but yet!—I cannot understand it—he must have seen—no *man* could fail to see that one so frank and artless, as you are, Marian, was in love with him—he must, if not before, have known it certainly when you extorted from him, as you call it, that strange promise—besides he loves *you*, Marian; he loves you—then wherefore—wherefore, in God's name, did he woo me—for woo he did, and fervently and long before he won me to confession?—oh! he is base!—base, base, and bad at heart, my sister!—answer me nothing, dear one, for I will prove him very shortly—send Margaret hither to array me, I will go speak with him forthwith—if he be honest, Marian, he is yours—and think not that I sacrifice myself, when I say this; for all the love I ever felt for him has vanished utterly away—if he is honest, he is yours—but be not over confident, dear child, for I believe he is not—and if not—why then, sweet Marian, can we not comfort one another, and live together as we used, dear, innocent, united happy sisters? Do not reply now, Marian—your heart is too full—haste and do as I tell you; before supper time to night all shall be ended, whether for good or evil, *he* only knows to whom the secrets of the heart are visible, e'en as the features of the face. Farewell—be of good cheer, and yet not over cheerful!”

Within an hour after that most momentous con-

versation Annabel sat beside the window in that fair summer parlor, looking out on the fair prospect of mead and dale and river, with its back ground of purple mountains—the very window from which she had first looked upon De Vaux. Perhaps a secret instinct had taught her to select that spot now that she was about to renounce him forever—but if it were so, it was one of those indefinable impulsive instincts of which we are unconscious, even while they prompt our actions. De Vaux was summoned to her presence, and Annabel awaited him—arbitrator of her own, her sister's destinies! “Ernest—” she said, as he entered, cutting across his eager and impetuous inquiries, “Ernest De Vaux, I have learned to-day a secret—” she spoke with perfect ease, and without a symptom of irritation, or anxiety, or sorrow, either in her voice, or in her manner—nor was she cold or dignified, or haughty. Her demeanor was not indeed that of a fond maid to her accepted suitor; nor had it the flutter which marks the consciousness of unacknowledged love—a sister's to a dear brother's would have resembled it more nearly than perhaps anything to which it could be compared, yet was not this altogether similar. He looked up in her face with a smile, and asked at once,

“What secret, dearest Annabel?”

“A secret, Ernest,” she replied, “which I cannot but fancy you must have learned *before*, but which you certainly *have* learned, as well as I, to-day. My sister loves you, Ernest!” The young man's face was crimson on the instant, and he would have made some reply, but his voice failed him, and after a moment of confused stuttering, he stood before her in embarrassed silence, but she went on at once, not noticing apparently his consternation. “If you did know this, as I fear must be the case, long long ago! most basely have you acted, and most cruelly, to both of us—for never! never! even if it had been a rash and unsought, and unjustifiable passion on her part, would I have wedded, knowingly, the man who held my sister's heart strings!”

“It was,” he answered instantly, “it was a rash and unsought, and unjustifiable passion on her part—believe me, oh! believe me, Annabel! that is—that is—” he continued, reddening again, at feeling himself self-convicted—that is—if she felt any passion!”

“Then you *did* know it—then you *did* know it—” she interrupted him, without paying any regard to his attempt at self-correction, “then you did know it from the very first—oh! man! man! oh! false heart of man—oh! false tongue that can speak thus of a woman whom he *loves!* yes! *loves!*!” she added in a clear high voice, thrilling as the alarm blast of a silver trumpet—“yes! loves—Ernest De Vaux—with his whole heart and spirit—never think to deny it—did I not see you, when you rushed to save her from a lesser peril, when you left me, as you must have thought, to perish—did I not see love, written as clearly as words in a book, on every feature of *your* face—even as I heard love crying out aloud in every accent of *her* voice?”

“What! jealous, Annabel? the calm and self-con-

trolling Annabel! can she be jealous—of her own sister, too?”

“Not jealous! sir—” she answered, now most contemptuously, “not jealous in the least, I do assure you—for though most surely love *can* exist without one touch of jealousy, as surely cannot jealousy exist where there is neither love, nor admiration, nor esteem, nor so much as respect existing.”

“How—do I hear you—” he asked somewhat sharply—“do I understand you aright? what have become, then, of your vows and protestations—your promises of yester even?”

“You do hear me—you do understand me—” she replied, “entirely aright—entirely! In my heart, for I have searched it very deeply—in my heart there is not now one feeling of love, or admiration, or esteem—much less respect for you, alas! that I should say so—alas! for me and you—alas! for one, more to be pitied twenty-fold than either!”

“Annabel Hawkwood, you have never loved me!”

“Ernest De Vaux, you never have known—never will know—because you are incapable of knowing the depth, the singleness, the honesty of a true woman's love. So deeply did I love you, that I have come down hither, seeing that long before you knew *me*, you had won Marian's heart—seeing that you loved her, as she loves you, most ardently—and hoping that you had not discovered her affections, nor suspected your own feelings until to-day—I came down hither with that knowledge, in that hope—and had I found that you had erred no further than in trivial fickleness, loving you all the while beyond all things on earth, I purposed to resign your hand to her, thus making both of you happy, and trusting for my own contentment to consciousness of rights and to the love of *THEM*, who, all praise be to Him therefore, has constituted so the spirit of Annabel Hawkwood, that when she cannot honor, she cannot, afterward forever, feel either love or friendship—you are weighed, Ernest De Vaux, weighed in the balance and found wanting—I leave you now, sir, to prepare my sister to bear the blow your baseness has inflicted—our marriage is broken off at once, now and forever—lay all the blame on me!—on me!—if it so please you—but not one word against my own or Marian's honor—my aunt I shall inform instantly, that for sufficient reasons our promised union will not take place at all—the reasons I shall lock in my own bosom. You will remain here—you *must* do so—this one night, to-morrow morning we will bid you adieu forever!”

“Be it so!”—he replied—“Be it so, lady—the fickleness I can forgive—but not the scorn! I will go now and order that the regiment march hence forthwith, what more recruits there be can follow at their leisure—and I will overtake the troops before noon, on the march, to-morrow,” and with the words he left the room apparently as unconcerned as if he had gone thence but for a walk of pleasure, as if he had not left a breaking heart behind him.

And was it true, that Annabel no longer loved him? True!—oh believe it not—where woman once has fixed her soul's affections there they will dwell

forever—principle may compel her to suppress it—prudence may force her to conceal it—the fiery sense of instantaneous wrongs may seem to quench it for a moment—the bitterness of jealousy may turn it into gall, but like that Turkish perfume, where love has once existed it must exist forever, so long as one fragment of the earthly vessel which contained it survives the wreck of time and ruin. She believed that she loved him not—but she knew not herself—what woman ever did?—what man?—when the spring-tide of passion was upon them. And she too left the parlor, and within a few minutes Marian had heard her fate, and after many a tear, and many a passionate exclamation, she too apparently was satisfied of Ernest's worthlessness—oh! misapplied and heartless term! She satisfied?—satisfied by the knowledge that her heart's idol was an unclean thing—an evil spirit—a false God!—she satisfied?—oh Heaven!

Around the hospitable board once more—once more they were assembled—but oh! how sadly altered—the fiat had been distinctly, audibly pronounced—and all assembled there had heard—though none except the sisters and De Vaux knew it—none probably, but they suspected—well was it that there were no young men—no brothers with high hearts and strong hands to maintain, or question—well was it that the only relatives of those much injured maidens, the only friends, were superannuated men of peace; the ministers of pardon, not of vengeance—and weak old helpless women—there had been bloodshed else—and as it was, among the serving men there were dark brows and writhing lips, and hands alert to grasp the hilt at a word spoken—had they been of rank one grade higher—had they *dared* even as they were—there had been bloodshed! Cold, cold and cheerless was the conversation, forward and dignified civilities in place of gay familiar mirth, forced smiles for hearty laughter, pale looks and dim eyes for the glad blushes of the promised bride—for the bright sparkles of her eye! The evening passed—the hour of parting came, and it was colder yet and sadder—Ernest De Vaux, calm and inscrutable, and seemingly unmoved, kissed the hands of his lovely hostesses, and uttered his adieu, and thanks for all their kindness, and hopes for their prosperity and welfare, while the old clergyman looked on with dark and angry brows, and the helpmate with difficulty could refrain from loud and passionate invective. His lip had a curl upon it, a painful curl, half smile, half sneer, as he bowed to the rest and left the parlor, but none observed that as he did so he spoke three or four words in a low whisper, so low that it reached Marian's ear alone of all that stood around him, yet of such import that her color came and went ten times within the minute, and that she shook from head to foot, and quivered like an aspen. For two hours longer the sisters sat together in Annabel's bedchamber, and wept in one another's arms, and comforted each other's sorrows, and little dreamed that they should meet no more for years—perchance forever! The morning broke like that which had preceded it, serene and bright, and lovely—the great sun rushed up the blue

vault in triumphant splendor, all nature laughed out his glory—but at a later hour, far later than usual, no smoke was seen curling from the chimneys of the hall, no sign of man or beast was visible about its precincts. The passionate scenes—the wild excitement of the preceding day, had brought about, as usual, a dull reaction; and sleep sat heavy on the eyelids, on the souls of the inmates. The first who woke up was Annabel—Annabel, the bereaved, the almost widowed bride. Dressing herself in haste, she sought, as usual, her mother's chamber, found her—oh happy! how happy in her benighted state, since she knew not, nor understood at all, the sorrows of those whom she once had loved so tenderly—found her in deep calm slumber—kissed her brow silently, and breathed a fond prayer over her, then hurried thence to Marian's chamber—the door stood open; it was vacant! Down the stairs to the garden—the door that led to that sweet spot was barred and bolted—the front door stood upon the latch, and by that Annabel passed out into the fresh young morning—how fair, how peaceable, how calm was all around her—how utterly unlike the strife, the toils, the cares, the sorrows, the hot hatreds of the animated world—how utterly unlike the anxious pains which were then gnawing at that fair creature's heartstrings! She stood awhile, and gazed around and listened; but no sound met her ears, except the oft-heard music of the wind and water—except the well-known points of that familiar scene—she walked—she ran—a fresh fear struck her, a fear of she knew not what—she flew to the garden—“Marian! Marian!”—but no Marian came! no voice made answer to her shrill outcries—back! back! she hurried to the house, but in her way she crossed the road conducting to the stables—there were fresh horse tracks—several fresh horse tracks—one which looked like the print of Marian's palfrey—without a moment's hesitation she rushed into the stable court, no groom was there, nor stable boy, nor helper—and yet the door stood open, and a loud tremulous neighing, Annabel knew it instantly to be the call of her own jennet, was wakening unanswered echoes. She stood a moment like a statue before she could command herself to cross the threshold—she crossed, and the stall where Marian's palfrey should have stood next her own, was vacant. The chargers of De Vaux were gone; the horses of his followers—she shrieked aloud—she shrieked till every pinnacle and turret of the old hall, till every dell and headland of the hills, sent back a yelling echo. It scarcely seemed a moment before the court yard, which, a moment since so silent and deserted, was full of hurrying men and frightened women—the news was instantly abroad that mistress Marian had been spirited away by the false lord. Horses were saddled instantly, and broadswords girded on, and men were mounting in hot haste ere Annabel had in so much recovered from the shock, as to know what to order, or advise—evil and hasty counsels had been taken, but the good vicar and the prebendary came down in time to hinder them. A hurried consultation was held in the house, and it was speedily deter-

mined that the two clergymen should set forth on the instant, with a sufficient escort, to pursue, and, if it should be possible, bring back the fugitive—and although Annabel at the first was in despair, fancying that there could be no hope of her being overtaken, yet was she somewhat reassured on learning that De Vaux could not quit his regiment, and that the slow route of a regiment on a long march could easily be caught up with, even by aged travellers. The sun was scarce three hours high, when the pursuers started—all that day long it lagged across the sky—it set, and was succeeded by night, longer still, and still more dreary—another day! and yet another! Oh the slow agony of waiting! the torture of enumerating minutes—each minute seemingly an age—the dull, heart-sickening suspense of awaiting tidings—tidings which the heart tells us—the heart, too faithful prophet of the future—cannot by possibility be good; while reason interposes her vain veto to the heart's decision, and hope uplifts her false and siren song. The third night came, and Annabel was sitting at the same window—how often it occurs that one spot witnesses *the* dozen scenes most interesting, most eventful to the same individual. Is it that consciousness of what has passed leads man to the spot marked by one event when he expects another? or can it be indeed a destiny? The third night came, and Annabel was sitting at that same window, when, on the distant highway, she beheld her friends returning, but they rode heavily and sadly onwards, nor was there any flutter of female garbs among them—Marian was not among them! They came—the story was soon told—they had succeeded in overtaking the regiment, they had seen Ernest, and Marian was *his wife*! The register of her marriage, duly attested, had been shown to her uncle in the church at Rippon, and though she had refused to see them, she had sent word that she was well and happy, with many messages of love and cordiality to Annabel, and promises that she would write at short and frequent intervals. No more was to be done—nothing was said at all. Men marvelled at De Vaux, and envied him! Women blamed Marian Hawkwood, and they too envied! But Annabel said nothing, but went about her daily duties, tending her helpless mother and answering her endless queries concerning Marian's absence, and visiting her pensioners among the village poor, seemingly cheerful and contented. But her cheek constantly grew paler, and her form thinner and less round. The sword was hourly wearing out the scabbard! The spirit was too mighty for the vessel that contained it.

Five years had passed—five wearisome, long years—years of domestic strife and civil war, of bloodshed, conflagration and despair throughout all England. The party of the king, superior at the first, was waxing daily weaker, and all was almost lost. For the first years Marian *did* write, and that, too, frequently and fondly to her sister; never alluding to the past, and seldom to De Vaux, except to say that he was all she wished him, and she herself more happy than she hoped or deserved to be. But gradually did the letters become less frequent and more

formal; communications were obstructed, and posts were intercepted, and scarce, at last, did Annabel hear twice in twelve months of her sister's welfare. And when she did hear, the correspondence had become cold and lifeless; the tone of Marian, too, was altered, the buoyancy was gone—the mirth—the soul—and though she complained not, nor hinted that she was unhappy, yet Annabel saw plainly that it was so. Saw it, and sorrowed, and said nothing! Thus time passed on, with all its tides and chances, and the old paralytic invalid was gathered to her fathers, and slept beside her husband in the yard of the same humble church which had beheld their union, and Annabel was more alone than ever. Thus things went on until some months after the deadly fight and desperate defeat at Marston. Autumn had come again—brown autumn—and Annabel was in her garden tending her flowers, and listening to her birds, and thinking of the past, not with the anguish of a present sorrow, but with the mellowed recollection of regret. She stood beside the stream—the stream that, all unchanged itself, had witnessed such sad changes in all that was around it—close to the spot where she had talked so long to Marian on that eventful morning, when a quick, soft step came behind her—she turned and Marian clasped her! Forced, after years of sufferance, to fly from the outrageous cruelty of him for whom she had thrown up all but honor, she had come home—home, like the hunted hare to her form, like the wounded bird to her own nest—she had come home to die. What boots it to repeat the old and oft-told tale, how eager passion made way for uncertain and oft interrupted gleams of fondness—how a love, based on no esteem or real principle, melted like wax before the fire—how inattention paved the way for neglect—and infidelity came close behind—and open profligacy and insult, and cool, maddening outrage followed. How the ardent lover became the careless husband, the cold master, the unfeeling tyrant, and, at last, the brutal despot. Marian came home to die—the seeds of that invincible disease were sown deep in her bosom—her exquisitely rounded shape was angular and thin, emaciated by disease, and suffering, and sorrow. A burning hectic spot on either cheek were now the only remnants of that once all-radiant complexion; her step so slow and faltering, her breath drawn sob by sob with actual agony, her quick, short cough, all told too certainly the truth! Her faults were punished bitterly on earth, and happily that punishment had worked its fitting end—these faults were all repented, were all amended now. Perhaps at no time of her youthful bloom had Marian been so sweet, so truly lovely, as now when her young days were numbered. All the asperity and harshnesses, the angles as it were of her character, mellowed down into a calm and unrepining cheerfulness. And oh! with what delicious tenderness did Annabel console, and pray with, and caress—oh! they were indeed happy! indeed happy for those last months, those lovely sisters. For Annabel's delight at seeing the dear Marian of happier and better days once more beside her in their old chamber, beside her in

the quiet garden, beside her in the pew of the old village church, had, for the time, completely overpowered her fears for her sister's health, and, as is almost invariably the case in that most fatal, most insidious of disorders, she constantly was flattered with vain hopes that her Marian was amending, that the next spring would see her again well and happy. Vain hopes! indeed vain hopes—but which of mortal hopes is other?

The cold mists of November were on the hills and in the glens of Wharfedale, the trees were stripped of their last leaves, the grass was sere and withered, the earth cheerless, the skies comfortless, when, at the same predestined window, the sisters sat watching the last gleam of the wintry sun fade on the distant hill tops. What was that flash far up the road? That sound and ringing report? Another! and another! the evident reports of musketry. And lo! a horseman flying—a wild, fierce troop pursuing—the foremost rides bareheaded, but the blue scarf that flutters in the air shows him a loyal cavalier; the steel caps and jack boots of the pursuers point them out evidently puritans; there are but twenty of them; and lo! the fugitive gains on them—heaven! he turns from the highroad, crosses the steep bridge at a gallop, he takes the park-gate at a leap, he cuts across the turf, and lo! the dalesmen and the tenants have mustered to resist; a short, fierce struggle—the roundheads are beat back—the fugitive, now at the

very hall doors, is preserved. The door flew open, he staggered into the well-known vestibule, opened the parlor door with an accustomed hand, and reeled into the presence of the sisters, exhausted with fatigue, pale from the loss of blood, faint with his mortal wounds; yet he spoke out in a clear voice—"In time, in time, thank God, in time to make some reparation, to ask for pardon ere I die!" and with these words De Vaux, for he it was, staggered up to his injured wife, and, dropping on his knees, cast his arms round her waist, and burying his head in her lap, exclaimed in faltering tones—"Pardon me, Marian, pardon before I die—pardon me as you loved me once!" "Oh! as I love you now, dear Ernest, fully, completely, gladly, do I pardon you, and take you to my heart, never again to part, my own dear husband."

Groaning she clasped him close, and in that act, And agony, her happy spirit fled.

Annabel saw her head fall on his neck, and, fancying that she had fainted, ran to relieve her, but ere she did so both were far away beyond the reach of any mortal sorrow—nor did the survivor long survive them—she faded like a fair flower, and lies beside them in the still bosom of one common tomb. The Hall was tenanted no more, and soon fell into ruin, but the wild hills of Wharfedale must themselves pass away before the children of the dalesmen shall forget the sad tale of THE SISTERS.

THE WALK AND THE PIC-NIC.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THE sky is a sapphire, the clouds pearly white,
The wind from the west winnows blandly and light,
Deep and rich is the gloss of the sunshine below—
The grass, leaves and flowers all rejoice in the glow;
The shadows, cast down by the air-skimming sails,
Are rippling o'er hill-tops and glancing o'er vales;
'Tis the day for our pic-nic; let's haste, or the sun
Will be dipping below e'er our long path is won.

At length, from all parts of the village, we throng—
O'er the maple-lin'd sidewalk we scatter along,
With baskets well stor'd; and so loud our delight,
That we start Taggett's team from Nate's store in affright:
We pass by the office—"Alf, why do you wait?"
To a laggard shouts Cady—"you're always too late!"
We turn the stone store—up the Pleasant Pond road:
Green richer the fields on each side never show'd;
We pass the flat rock, where we often found rest,
When, on our return-walk, gleam'd golden the west;
On the hill-brow we turn, the white village to view,
Its three modest steeples trac'd clear on the blue;
To the right Brownson's pond—now we enter the wood:
Its echoes leap out to our frolicsome mood;
The sweet ringing laugh of gay Martha is heard,
And Kate trips along with the grace of a bird;
To the wind's downy kisses bares Sarah her brow,
And Mary's black eyes were ne'er brighter than now,
While one, grave and thoughtful, to each proffers aid,—
My friend! sleeping now in the valley of shade,
As the cloud over sunshine, remembrance of thee,
My boyhood's companion! draws sadness o'er me.

"Alf, faster!" cries Cady, "and think where you are;
"Bring your thoughts from the clouds, or we'll never be there!"

We all move on speedily; down the descent,
With song, talk and laughter, our journey is bent:
"Alf, carry this basket!" says Wright, in a huff
At the speed of our way, "I've had trouble enough!"
"See that rose!" cries Louisa, and instant the stem
Is mourning the loss of its beautiful gem.
Our party has reach'd now the foot of the hill,
And we rest for a space on the trunk by the rill;
One twists from the hopple a chalice of green,
And stoops, for the lymph, the dense thicket between;
One whirls a thick branch, as a fine twanging sound
On the ear tells the hungry musketoe is round,
Whilst Wright, never loath, takes immediate seat,
Complaining in bass of the dust and the heat.

We leave the green spot, our swift journey resume—
The forest twines closer its cool verdant gloom;
Above, like an arbor, the green branches meet,
And the moss springs elastic, yet soft, to our feet.
The shade is so dense, the gray rabbit scarce fears
To show, o'er the fern clump, his long peering ears,
And the saucy red-squirrel, erect on his spray,
Were unseen, if his chatter-tongue did not betray;
A scatter of viands, with plunge in the brake,
As one stumbles o'er a coil'd root like a snake,
There's a laugh from the group, and a lofty perch'd crow
Lifts his foot, with a croak, and looks wisely below;
But onward we journey—we catch, as we pass

Through the vistas, quick glimpses of rock, stream and grass,

Then fitful we loiter by mounds plump with moss,
With sunbeams, like fluid gold, streaking across,
We peel the sweet birch bark, we pluck from the ground
The rich, pungent wintergreen growing around,
We taste the sour sorrel, in handfulls we pick
The bright partridge-berry sown crimson and thick,
We hear the near quail, from the rye stubble, call,
And we watch the black beetle on rolling his ball;
Then forward again, with new strength, on our way,
Our footsteps as light as our bosoms are gay,
A whirl—and, so sudden, the heart gives a bound,
The partridge bursts up from his basin of ground;
Three clear, fife-like notes—first, a low, liquid strain,
Then high, and then shrill—all repeated again,
'Tis the brown-thresher, perch'd on yon pine grim and dark,
Our sweetest of minstrels—our own native lark.

We pass the low sawmill—the bridge o'er the brook,
Where it glides, slow and deep, by each alder-cloth'd nook,
We toil up the hill—o'er the fields are the frames
Of hemlocks, scath'd black by the fierce fallow-flames,
Or girdled, with half naked trunks smooth and gray,
To catch the red lightning, or sink in decay.

Again the wood closes—still wend we along,
The robin is cheering our hearts with his song,
The black snake, warm basking, his sunlight forsakes,
As, at the loud beat of our steps, he awakes,
The trees shrink away—one more hill to our feet,
And our eyes, Pleasant Pond, in its beauty will greet;
There glitters the outlet—still, upward, we pass,
And there, spreads its smooth polish'd bosom of glass.
On the East, lifts a hill, low and rounded, its crown
With a slope, like a robe, on each side falling down,
All verdant with meadow, and bristling with grain,
From its top, to the edge of the bright liquid plain,
Thence the banks, sweeping round to the North and the West,

With clearing and field interspersed on their breast,
Are lost in the black frowning gloom of the wood
That hides, with its shadows, the Southernmost flood.

How quiet, how peaceful, how lovely, the scene!
The glossy black shades, from yon headlands of green,
That sheet of bright crystal, which spreads from the shore,
Now dark'ning, as lightly the breeze tramples o'er,

Those shafts of quick splendor—these dazzles of light—
So painful, so blinding, eyes shrink from the sight;
And still, to our fix'd gaze, new colors reveal,
Here, gleaming like silver—there, flashing like steel.

We hear, in the stillness, the low of the herd,
The sound of the sheep-bell, the chirp of the bird,
All borne from the opposite border—and hark!
How the echoes long mimic the dog's rapid bark!
See that white gleaming streak—'t is the wake of the loon
As she oars her swift passage—her dive will be soon;
She's vanish'd—but upward again to the sight,
Her dappled back lit by a pencil of light,
But the bark has arous'd her—she's seeking to fly;
She stretches her neck, with shrill, tremulous cry,
She flounders in low heavy circles just o'er,
Till nerv'd by the loud hostile sounds from the shore
Uprising, she shoots, like a dart, to her brood
Close hid in the water-plants edging the wood.

On this lap of green grass, the white cloth is display'd,
A maple sheds over its golden streak'd shade,
We place cup and trencher—the viands are spread,
Whilst a pile of pine-knots flame a pillar of red,
We slice the rich lemon—the gifts of the spring
Bubbling up in its gray sandy basin, we bring
The white glistening sugar—the butter, like gold,
And the fruits of the garden, our baskets unfold,
The raspberry bowl-shap'd—the jet tiny cone
Of the blackberry, pluck'd from the thickets are strown,
All grace the grass-table—our cups mantle free
With the dark purple coffee, and light amber tea,
Wood, water, and bank tongue the laugh, and the jest,
And the goddess of mirth reigns supreme in each breast.

The sunset is slanting—a pyramid bright
Is traced on the waters, in spangles of light,
A gray blending glimmer then steals like a pall,
Gold, leaves hill and tree-top—brown, deepens o'er all
The bat wheels around—sends the nighthawk his cry,
And the cross-bill commences her sweet lullaby,
In the grass chirps the cricket—the tree-toad crows shrill,
And the bark of the watch-dog sounds faint from the hill,
We smile at the hoarse heav'd-up roar of the frog,
And his half smother'd gulp as he dives from his log,
And then hasten homeward, fatigu'd, but still gay,
With the moon's lustrous silver to brighten our way.

TO FANNY H***.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

CARELESS maiden, careless smiling,
Tossing back thy raven hair,
Guileless thou, though all beguiling,
Scarcely conscious thou art fair.

Playful words with music ringing
Lightly falling from thy tongue—
Snatches of old minstrels singing,
Telling that thy heart is young—

Flashing now thy radiant eyes
Liquid with the light of youth,
Stealing gladness from the skies
Only known to souls of truth—

Maiden, on thy heart hereafter
Will a holier spell be wrought,
That shall mellow down thy laughter,
Deepen every inmost thought.

Then thine eye shall droop in sadness,
Shielding thus the fount within—
Hope, now speaking in its gladness,
Then shall be to fear akin.

And a spell shall be around thee—
Love thy spirit shall control—
Yet rejoice when it hath bound thee—
Love creates for thee a Soul.

BEN BLOWER'S STORY;

OR HOW TO RELISH A JULEP.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"ARE you sure that's THE FLAME over by the shore?"

"Certing, manny! I could tell her pipes acrost the Mazoura."*

"And you will overhawl her?"

"Won't we though! I tell ye, Strannger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that that last tar bar'l I hove in the furnace has put jist the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off The Flame from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a bystander who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler-room, I've chosen a nice place to see the fun near this infernal powder barrel!"

"Not so bad as if you were in it!" coolly observed Ben, as the other walked rapidly away."

"As if he were in it! in what? in the boiler?"

"Certing! Do n't folks sometimes go into bilers, manny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at once't; but wait till we get through this brush with the old Flame and I'll tell ye of a regular fixin scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it—as sure as my name's Ben Blower."

"You have seen the Flame then afore, Stranger? Six year ago, when new upon the river, she was a raal out and outer, I tell ye. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the 'Go-liar.' You've heern, mayhap, of the blow-up by which we lost it? They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fiz of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosened a biler plate or two, and let out a thin spirting upon some niggers that had n't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the 'Go-liar' took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages, and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenter's work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off jist as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we need n't do any thing more jist now—

we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airy, and we'd all come out *new*. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up every thing, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'manhole,' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler,) through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it, the moment I recovered from this stunning effect and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer, I would have had all that man could desire; as it was, I slept and slept soundly.

"I should mention though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farther end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could

* The name "Missouri" is thus generally pronounced upon the western waters.

bear to be shut up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, Stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church, if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather—much worse. Men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to anything, yet so soft-like and contradictory in their natures that you might lead them anywhere so long as they did n't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world! and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white-men here out west. But I have seen folks upon this river—quiet looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so teetotally *cayankterankerous* that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, just out of spite, when told they *must* get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you or I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life, if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds, too, to tell that it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air in—why—why—he'd a *sworn*—*ded* right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own it to no white-man."

The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep. —Yes I slept, I know *that*, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap o' things afore I awoke—there is but one dream, however, that I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting place through the night had been, as I have told you, at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open—and, what seems curious, rather than laughable, if you take it in connection with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening before, that they now reached the whole length of the boiler and extended through the opening.

"At first, (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I felt the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbness gradually extended upward to other parts of my body. It seemed, how-

ever, that it was only the under side of my person that was thus strangely visited. I laid upon my back, and it must have been a species of nightmare that afflicted me, for I knew at last that I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse myself. A violent fit of coughing restored, at last, my powers of volition. The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed into my mouth; I awoke to hear the rapid strokes of the pump which was driving it into the boiler!

"My whole condition—no—not all of it—not yet—my *present* condition flashed with new horror upon me. But I did not again swoon. The choking sensation which had made me faint, when I first discovered how I was entombed, gave way to a livelier, though less overpowering, emotion. I shrieked even as I started from my slumber. The previous discovery of the closed aperture, with the instant oblivion that followed, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place—yes, looked for it, and felt for it, though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed—a second time brought home to me—which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have tenfold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shrieked again and again—imploringly—desperately—savagely. I filled the hollow chamber with my cries till its iron walls seemed to tingle around me. The dull strokes of the accursed pump seemed only to mock at while they deadened my screams.

"At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave myself up and then I grew calm!

"I was resigned to die—resigned even to my mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new after all as to awaken unwonted horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels—beating themselves against the battened hatches—dragged down from the upper world shrieking, not for life but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I *could* meet such a death. I said so—I thought so—I felt so—felt so, I mean, for a minute—or more; ten minutes it may have been—or but an instant of time. I know not—nor does it matter if I could compute it. There *was* a time then when I was resigned to my fate. But, good God! was I resigned to it in the shape in which next it came to appal? Stranger, I felt that water growing hot about my limbs, though it was yet mid-leg deep. I felt it, and, in the same moment, heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could get deep enough to drown one!

"You shudder—It *was* hideous. But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron floor, and lose my senses in that horrid agony of fear?—No!—though my brain swam and the life-blood that curdled at my heart seemed about to stagnate there forever, still I *knew*! I was too hoarse—too hope-

less, from my previous efforts, to cry out more. But I struck—feebly at first, and then strongly—frantically with my clenched fist against the sides of the boiler. There were people moving near who *must* hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustle of a rope, hear them all, within a few inches of me? I did—but the gurgling water that was growing hotter and hotter around my extremities, made more noise within the steaming caldron than did my frenzied blows against its sides.

"Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made me plash to and fro; lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something—it was a mallet!—a chance tool the smith had left there by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my first blows with it against the walls of my prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for a moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was fully crammed.

"Had I yet a hope? I had, but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death—Yes! when I thought of that furnace with its fresh-fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood—a more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet but a short time sooner—but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only expedient now left.

"It was this—I remembered having a marline-spike

in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hinting at the consequences of thus using it, I had made an impression upon the sides of the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gushed through the aperture—would they see it?—No, the jet could only play against a wooden partition which must hide the stream from view—it must trickle down upon the decks before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole to make that leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished—so hot had become that which remained—should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet?

"Ah! there is a movement—voices—I hear them calling for a crowbar—The bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it!—Good God! why do they not first dampen the fire?—Why do they call for the—the—

"Stranger, look at that finger! it can never regain its natural size—but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member—*Sir, that hole would have been plugged up on the instant, unless I had jammed my finger through!*

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it without—the shout to drown the fire—the first stroke of the cold water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me out—but I—I remember nothing more till they brought a julep to my bed-side afterwards, *And that julep!*"

"Cooling! was it?"

"STRANGER!!!"

Ben turned away his head and wept—He could no more.

"YOU CALL US INCONSTANT."

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

You call us inconstant—you say that we cease
Our homage to pay, at the voice of caprice;
That we dally with hearts till their treasures are ours,
As bees drink the sweets from a cluster of flowers;
For a moment's refreshment at love's fountain stay,
Then turn, with a thankless impatience, away.

And think you, indeed, we so cheerfully part
With hopes that give wings to the o'erwearied heart,
And throw round the future a promise so bright
That life seems a glory, and time a delight?
From our pathway forlorn can we banish the dove,
And yield, without pain, the enchantments of love?

You know not how chill and relentless a wave
Reflection will cast o'er the soul of the brave—
How keenly the clear rays of duty will beam,
And startle the heart from its passionate dream,
To tear the fresh rose from the garland of youth,
And lay it, with tears, on the altar of truth!

We pass from the presence of beauty, to think—
As the hunter will pause on the precipice brink—
"For me shall the bloom of the gladsome and fair
Be wasted away by the fetters of care?
Shall the old, peaceful nest, for my sake, be forgot,
And the gentle and free know a wearisome lot?"

"By the tender appeal of that beauty, beware
How you woo her thy desolate fortunes to share.
O pluck not a lily so sheltered and sweet,
And bear it not off from its genial retreat.
Enriched with the boon thy existence would be,
But hapless the fate that unites her to thee!"

Thus, dearest, the spell that thy graces entwined,
No fickle heart breaks, but a resolute mind;
The pilgrim may turn from the shrine with a smile,
Yet, believe me, his bosom is wrung all the while,
And one thought alone lends a charm to the past—
That his love conquered selfishness nobly at last.

DE PONTIS.

A TALE OF RICHELIEU

(Continued from page 68.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER II.

De Pontis was now despairing—it was evident Richelieu was in the highest displeasure at the disposal of the *droit d'aubaine* without his knowledge—the cardinal's seal was affixed to the ware-rooms, from which there had been removed only the royal present, and a few articles of minor value; and the king had at best but a negative power in protecting his old servant.

The minister returned to Paris, and the veteran made two ineffectual attempts to gain another audience. "Ah! my old friend the Sieur De Pontis!" or the ominous "*serviteur très-humble!*" was all he gained by placing himself in the path of a man before whom the bravest quailed.

An old campaigner, he would not abandon the contest; the royal word had been pledged that it would stand by the royal act; so Monsieur merely changed his tactics, acting on the defensive, and awaiting the issue with calmness; whilst Marguerite trembled and wept the day long, expecting each hour to see her father dragged to the Bastille.

By chance rather than prudential dictates, he had removed several of the account-books of the deceased Spaniard, ere the cardinal's seal was affixed. This trifling act—at least so deemed by the soldier—was, in the sequel, of much import.

After a delay of several days, in which De Pontis could learn no tidings of the minister's intentions—and a visit to the Tuileries, he was well aware, would compromise his majesty without forwarding the object in view—he received a citation from the *Cour Royale* to accompany its officers in an inspection of the ware-rooms. Obeying the summons, an inventory of the goods was taken, and which was found to tally with the stock-book, with the exception of the rich bed and hangings sent to the Tuileries, and the articles taken to his own use.

Next day came a legal document from another of the parliamentary courts of justice, by which it appeared that a suit had been commenced against De Pontis, by one Pedro Olivera, claiming to be the creditor of the deceased to a very large amount—in deed, to such an extent that, by appraisement of the inventory, including the debts owing the deceased at the time of his death, and deducting what amounts were due to creditors of the estate, so far from being a wealthy man he died insolvent.

In consternation, De Pontis carried his papers as well as the Spaniard's books to an advocate, a distant kinsman. The advocate shook his head ominously at the recital.

"Having possessed himself of the effects," said the lawyer, "Monsieur has made himself responsible for the debts of the deceased. And that portion of the estate which has travelled to the *Palais* cannot of course be recovered—so that he cannot even put affairs in the posture in which they stood at the time of the Spaniard's death."

Looking cautiously round the office, opening the door, to make certain there were no eaves-droppers, he shut it again, and approaching the ear of his kinsman, said in a low tone—

"I know not how to trust even the very walls with my voice! Without doubt, Monsieur De Pontis, the claim is a fabrication—at least I cannot believe the deceased could owe such an amount, nor that this Olivera was in a condition to trust him. I will examine these books carefully, and, meantime, respond to the suit in the usual course. I will not desert a kinsman, even though he be in the toils of the tyrant. Farewell!"

The same day, De Pontis was arrested on the plea of having fraudulently appropriated the property before ascertaining the amount of the deceased's debts, and providing for the same. There had, of course, been no time for the court to grant any decree in Olivera's suit. The arrest was dated from the *Cour Royale*, a distinct court from that in which Pedro's suit originated—he being charged by the *procureur-général*—the attorney-general of France—with having made away with effects which of right belonged to the estate. He was thus, at the same time, charged by an officer of the crown in the *Cour Royale* with a penal offence, and sued in a civil court for restitution by a private creditor.

Lodged in the *Conciergerie du Palais*, it was intimated that the only chance of release was by finding surety to the amount of property abstracted. And how could he do that? The bed and hangings alone were estimated at the value of two hundred thousand livres, and had been made for the kinswoman of Louis, now the wife of Charles the First of England, who was obliged to countermand the luxurious article, on account of the troubles which had broken out in that kingdom.

And thus our poor veteran was indeed, as the

advocate Giraud truly affirmed, in the toils of Richelieu, who held all the strings of government and justice in his own hands, and could guide them as he wished. Deprived of the opportunity of self-exertion, restricted in intercourse with the advocate, his affairs might have fallen into irretrievable ruin but for the courage and energy of the fair Marguerite. In the first paroxysm of despair, she had solicited the boon of sharing the confinement of De Pontis—this was refused. Her next application was made to the king, throwing herself at his feet as he was about proceeding to mass, and asking permission to attend her father daily, as she was not permitted to make the *Conciergerie* her home. Louis said aloud, that the request ought to be made through the proper channel, at the bureau of the Cardinal Richelieu, and recommended her to make the appeal—and that it would be time enough for the royal clemency to interfere when ordinary means had failed. Such was the sole answer it was supposed she departed with—but under pretence of raising the maiden, for she had thrown herself on her knees, he whispered a few words of comfort—that he would not abandon her father.

The terror in which the cardinal was held so great, his power exercised so arbitrarily, that in this extremity Marguerite was almost friendless. They looked on the father as a doomed man, and condemned his rashness—the daughter they pitied, but shrank from offering her aid. There was one exception.

Returning to the lodging in the *Rue St. Denis*, she found Monsieur Giraud waiting her arrival. He had heard from the lips of their old domestic, of the maiden's intention to throw herself at the king's feet, and anxiously awaited the issue. Gently chiding Mademoiselle for not putting confidence in her father's friend, he offered to accompany her on the morrow to the abode of his eminence.

The application was successful, and as they returned from the *Palais Cardinal*, the magnificent abode of the prelate, with an order permitting Mademoiselle ingress and egress, from morn till eve, to and from the *Conciergerie*, the advocate expressed a conviction that the king had kept his word, for it was an unusual privilege.

Little of importance transpired in the affairs of De Pontis till the day previous to that in which we introduced to the reader our heroine, waiting admission at the portal of the *Conciergerie*.

In the morn there was a consultation in the prisoner's chamber, between the advocate, who had obtained an order from the bureau for that purpose, and father and daughter. The worthy Giraud was desponding—the civil suit, he said, thanks to the dilatoriness of the courts! was creeping slowly enough, though much faster than the ordinary routine of practice; but the *procureur-général* had hastened the penal suit, driving it through the court at such a race-horse speed, that there was great danger of his obtaining a decree of sequestration—utterly ruinous to De Pontis—unless an appeal to cardinal or king, praying for sufficient delay to prepare a defence,

were resorted to. It was useless applying to the presidents of the court—they were too much under the lash of Richelieu to do justice to the respondent in the suit.

So far as the Spaniard's books and accounts, which De Pontis had preserved, testified, there was no appearance of such a debt, nothing tending to confirm directly or indirectly Pedro Olivera's assumption, but much negative evidence to prove the falsity of his claim.

It was certain, continued the advocate, that a favorite of the cardinal was laying strong claim to the *droit d'aubaine*, and urging his patron to recover it. He had himself been informed that the party now applying such a pressure on his eminence to effect this unjustifiable, unworthy purpose, had long had an eye on the alien, and marked the property as his own. But the name of the individual intimated in this whisper of scandal, which floated about the precincts of the courts, was unknown to Giraud, nor had he the necessary influence to procure it.

"What matters the name of the minion if they are bent on ruining me?" exclaimed De Pontis.

"Much!" replied his friend, "but listen."

The advocate then proceeded to relate that among the papers of the deceased he found much correspondence of a peculiar character, some portion of which might even implicate individuals in a charge of treason—other portions related to financial matters, and showing that the Spaniard had been a lender rather than a borrower, and had supplied parties connected with the court with money. Much curious matter there was, even relating to this Pedro Olivera, who, however, figured in a subordinate capacity, certainly very different from what might be expected of one who could lend such a vast sum of money.

"I have my suspicions," answered Monsieur Giraud, "and if we could but discover the party whom the *droit* is intended for, I think I could find a shaft in the Spaniard's budget which would pierce him."

"And if I could find the party whom the *droit* is intended for," exclaimed the veteran, "and had him before me at rapier's length in the *pré aux clercs*, he would soon have to enter his cause in another court."

"I have no doubt if steel would do the business my agency would be useless," rejoined the lawyer, "but the Sieur De Pontis must remember he is now on the brink of total ruin, perhaps even of personal disgrace—that the net is spread on every side—if he retain the *droit d'aubaine*, this Pedro may recover a decree against him for more than the *droit* is worth—if Pedro by any chance is defeated, the *procureur* catches my friend on the penal suit, and sequesters *droit*, land and everything he has—and adds to it, most likely, imprisonment. All this may be effected without causing our generous king to violate his word."

"*Mort de ma vie!*" exclaimed De Pontis, starting up in a rage, "and is not all this done, Monsieur Giraud, to make an old soldier surrender the king's bounty? If I thrust this morsel of paper," displaying the sovereign's sign-manual, "in the fire to boil

our coffee, would not the gates open at once—aye! and Pedro's debt vanish like smoke?

"They would be glad to make such terms, undoubtedly," replied the advocate.

"Then, by St. Louis and all the saints!" exclaimed the *militaire*, raising his arm and letting the clenched fist drop on the board with a bound which did much damage to the breakfast service, "so long as his gracious majesty promises not to abandon his old servant, so long will I resist all the priests and cardinals in France."

"And will end your days in the Bastille," uttered Giraud.

"No! no!" cried Marguerite, bursting into tears, "Father! Monsieur Giraud! I will go to the cardinal this morning, and implore him to stay the *procureur's* proceedings till we can prepare our defence."

The idea pleased the advocate much. There was but little refinement or delicacy of feeling in his nature—but he possessed warmth and generosity, and overlooking the trials, and perhaps insults, which a female may undergo in seeking such an audience, he thought good might accrue to the family from the attempt. It was of pressing moment that the *procureur* should not yet obtain the decree, and no scheme be abandoned which promised to obtain such a result.

"And if Mademoiselle could but obtain an audience of the king, his majesty might know the party whom the cardinal is fighting so hard for," added the lawyer, "and then I may perhaps spring a mine which will make some people tremble."

"Why, what do you take my daughter for?" cried the old soldier; "Can she change her sex? You will next wish her to plead in court!"

"She may drag you from ruin, which you would never have saved yourself from," replied the advocate.

"Well, Monsieur Giraud," said Marguerite, in a livelier tone than she had for a length of time assumed, "as you have spoken so flatteringly of me, allow me to compliment you on your sagacity. I think there is much truth in what you hint about the unfortunate Spaniard's papers. Since my father has been in prison, our lodging has been searched and every thing in the shape of written paper examined. It strikes me that the documents which you possess have been missed."

"And this is the first word I have heard of it!" cried De Pontis, darting an angry glance at Marguerite. "What, another search? They ransacked our lodging when they took me—and I could not have believed they would trouble my house again."

"I did not wish to distress you, father," said the maiden, deprecating the resentment expressed in his looks.

"Mademoiselle was quite right," said the advocate, "but she ought to have acquainted me with the fact."

"I thought it an ordinary proceeding, and was prepared for such visits," remarked the damsel.

"You alarm me," said Giraud, "they will visit me next. I must go home and make all secure. I will then escort Mademoiselle to the *Palais Cardinal*."

After some further remarks, the advocate, accompanied by Marguerite, left the apartment of the prisoner, who muttered to himself as they closed the door—

"Well, Giraud is a stanch, bold man and a true friend, but he has not as much delicacy and regard for a lady's feelings as my hack *Millefleurs* could boast of. I taught the brute to kneel when my poor wife touched his bridle, and he was quiet as a lamb when he carried her. Hang all scoundrels, and may purgatory have the scarlet ones! They fastened on me when I was young, and they are now sucking the blood of my old age. Not so old, though—not so old, but I could pin that scarlet-robed priest to a tree!"

We have now brought the history of De Pontis to that period when Marguerite, having left the prison with the intention of seeking an interview with Richelieu, to stay the proceedings of the *procureur*, so indecently hurried through the courts, did not repair till the following morn to the *Conciergerie* to report her want of success.

There was, indeed, no hope yet, as she had remarked so despondingly to her father. Nearly the whole day had she spent in a waiting-room of the *Palais Cardinal*, flattered with the expectation held out by the secretaries, that the cardinal would be visible when the important affairs of state were despatched; but, to her infinite grief, there came at length an official to say there would be no audience that day, for his eminence was sent for in a hurry to repair to the Tuileries. Giraud was distracted with the intelligence—he plainly foresaw the predetermined ruin of the veteran, and advised the damsel to throw herself once more at the feet of Louis—it was her only resource.

Marguerite, in her lone chamber that night, prayed to the Holy Virgin for help—for strength to undergo the trials which awaited her—for fortitude to bear up against the contumely and rebuffs to which she was exposed. She prayed not to be relieved of the task, but for energy to meet it. From whatever source came the confidence, there was a secret prompting of the heart, urging her to persevere. Her father had been ever unlucky so long as his affairs were under his own management. Why should there not be a change when he was bereft of the power either to mend or mar his fortunes? His destiny in other hands, perhaps that would be vouchsafed to the daughter which was denied the parent. These might be fancies, but they lulled her to a quiet repose.

"And what must be done," said De Pontis, "with the *procureur*? It is hard that a king's servant, in the name of his master, should be employed to oppress a king's servant, against the royal inclination. What does Giraud mean to do now?"

"Leave all to me," replied Marguerite, with a smile. "I am making great proficiency in my new profession—and though I am very wretched and heart-broken at times—yet I feel a strange courage. But you must not expect to see me before to-morrow morning, for there is much to be done to-day."

Affairs were in that state, that the veteran himself was a cipher—he felt it, and made no reply. His daughter soon after left the prison, and De Pontis had to struggle with the terrible *ennui* of the solitary chamber, and the deprivation of the usual means of passing the hours.

CHAPTER III.

THE advocate's opinion was in favor of Marguerite once more approaching the monarch; further application to Richelieu he deemed useless—not so the maiden. She resolved to make another appeal to the cardinal—it might be as was affirmed, that he had intended to hear her suit, and been summoned unexpectedly to the Tuileries; and if so, would it not be an exhibition of contempt to the minister, to fly to the king, before she could possibly know whether her prayer would be refused or granted at the *Palais Cardinal*? Thus reasoned Marguerite De Pontis, and we think not unwisely. The zealous advocate looked only at conclusions; he judged unfavorably of the minister's clemency, and his hopes instantly pointed to another quarter.

Behold her once more on the way to the cardinal's palace, in the *Rue St. Honoré*! It was the earliest hour at which his eminence gave audience, yet were the ante-chambers of the minister filling rapidly. Ascending the grand staircase, herself, "the observed of many observers," yet shrinking from the gaze her beauty attracted, the door above was opened by an usher, and she entered a chamber, the first of a long suite which terminated with the cardinal's reception-room and closet of audience.

The modes of approaching the minister were various, according to the rank and mission of the visitor. Strangers of humble quality, and others who, either through timidity or other cause, judged that they would not be permitted the *entrée* of the reception-room, or who dare not venture so far, loitered in the more distant saloons till the illustrious man, issuing forth to pay respects to majesty, gave opportunity for a moment's audience or parley, or presentation of petition. The individuals of the privileged class who rejoiced in free access to the reception-chamber, watched narrowly each opening of the closet-door, that they might catch the eye of the prelate on his entry; whilst deeper anxiety was visible in the countenances of those who had requested audience through the agency of the gentleman-usher stationed at the door. The private interviews terminated, Monseigneur stepped forth, and tarried awhile in the reception-room, bestowing a bow on one, a nod to another, and making a third happy—and the envied of the chamber—by six or more significant words.

As all the executive power centred in Richelieu, it could not happen otherwise, but that suppliants and petitioners were numerous, and from all parts of the kingdom, and that among the number should be many of the fair sex. The *politesse* of the court permitted not such guests to be kept waiting exposed to the

observation of the frequenters of the levee. The ladies were ushered into the secretary's apartment, and that functionary having taken note of their object or petition, carried the same to Monseigneur to receive his commands thereon. If, as too often happened with one whose shoulders bore the burthen of the state, and who was appealed to at the same time by an envoy from Turkey claiming alliance, and by some poor widow or orphan from the Pyrenees with a tale of wrong—there was any delay in granting an interview, or giving a decision on the merits of the case, the fair suppliant was delegated to a waiting-room to attend the minister's leisure.

Here sat, for many tedious hours on the former occasion, our heroine Marguerite—and as she now stated her name and object to the usher whose duty it was to conduct her to the secretary, she vainly endeavored to decipher a chance of better fortune in the impassive countenance of the official, as though it were possible his face would reflect a ray or emanation of the master's will.

The waiting-room was again her sad lot—the cardinal was busily engaged with a German plenipotentiary—but the audience, as the secretary assured her, with a smile, could not last forever. It was but to ask for delay in the prosecution of the penal suit in the *Cour Royale*, that her father might prepare his defence, and prove the innocence of his intentions. It was not even necessary that she should see his eminence—one word to the *procureur* would oblige him to this act of justice—he was the servant of the king, and must obey the commands of the kingly authority in the person of Monseigneur.

So spoke the maiden hesitatingly, but with precision and clearness, yet the secretary—it was De Lionne, not the most heartless man of that age—could only do, as secretaries are wont on such occasions, smile, bow, and, as marking his sense of the justness of her claims to attention, conduct her himself to the door of the drear chamber.

Marguerite at length began to despair, and regret she had not taken the advice of Giraud. The sensation of utter weariness, of which De Pontis so often complained to his daughter in the narrow prison-abode, was now experienced by herself. Solitude was only broken by the occasional sound of footsteps—delusive hope!—they paused not at her door.

The shout of merry voices was heard from the court-yard in the interior of the palace. The gay, richly dressed pages of his eminence, whose turn of duty had terminated or not arrived, were amusing themselves in the youthful sports practised in the household of princes. Personal rencontres and duelling were such frequent occurrences, that proficiency in the use of the rapier was an indispensable accomplishment. Marguerite, venturing to the window, became sensibly amused and interested by the adroitness of a youth, who, challenging all his compeers successively with the foil, remained victor. Cap and mantle thrown aside, his attitude of defence displayed to advantage a tall symmetrical form—the long curling hair falling on the shoulders bespoke a very youthful age, but the compressed lip, and stern,

fiery eye bent on the adversary, belonged to manhood.

Without an equal, he retired from the arena to become a spectator of the skill of companions more equally matched. Marguerite continued at the window, till of a sudden, being aware that she was herself the object of the youth's regard, she withdrew in confusion.

There was not much to interest within the chamber. A map of France, and several battle-pieces, sadly out of perspective, helped to while away the time. Looking closely over Limousin, endeavoring to find the barren waste denominated De Pontis—without hearing footstep, or other notice of a stranger's approach, an arm encircled her waist, and the dark eye of the page was close to her own.

"Is there nothing?"—said the intruder—"more amusing to a lady in the *Palais-Cardinal* than poring over a mouldy map? Well! if such be the taste of Mademoiselle, may I not be her preceptor? I am accounted an excellent mathematician!"

Marguerite had been surprised so suddenly as to be for the moment bereft of speech. Springing from his grasp, her eyes flashing indignation, she flew to the door.

The page perceiving the intention, had barely time to place his hand on the latch, and the foiled maiden dreading close contact with the insolent intruder, retreated a few paces, threatening an appeal to the Cardinal Richelieu.

"Mademoiselle has more power over me than his eminence," said the page, half smiling.

"Then prove it by allowing me to quit the apartment without suffering further insolence;" exclaimed the damsel firmly.

"It is a hard command—and insolence is a harsh term," said the youth, thoughtfully, "but I deserve it! Believe me, Mademoiselle, when I say how much I was deceived in the quality of her whom I approached so foolishly—we are apt to abuse the license of—"

"License!" exclaimed Marguerite, still trembling with vexation and anger, "meet behavior for a cardinal's palace—but make way, sir, and you shall hear no further of it."

The page, who evidently by his manner as well as declaration, had committed the very grave error of acting towards a lady of quality, with a freedom which the gay youth of Paris affected in their chance meeting with females of humbler rank, had, since his first address, appeared deeply struck with the beauty and grace of Marguerite. Even sense of the offence seemed lost and absorbed in his admiration.

Leaving her free to depart, he again expressed sorrow for the rudeness—and in a tone, and with language, courteous, yet grave and sustained, more than could have been expected from one of his years, and of the thoughtless class to which he belonged—reminded her that he was one of the pages of the Cardinal De Richelieu; that if her visit to the palace had reference to any of the household, he would go immediately in quest of the party, or if she sought

higher audience, his services were at command, though they would not, perhaps, avail much.

The frankness of this declaration rather won upon the maiden, and tended much to subdue her anger. Might she not be carrying indignation too far against one who expressed such contrition for his offence? Thoughts of her father, of the *Conciergerie*, of Giraud and the implacable *procureur général*, rushed through the mind. Perhaps the youth was thrown in her path even providentially? Ruin hung suspended by a slight thread over the family, and could only be averted by extraordinary and unusual aid.

It was with these feelings, that she declared herself Marguerite De Pontis, waiting audience of the cardinal—if he could pleasure her so far as to ascertain what chance there remained of seeing the prelate that day, she would accept his services as atonement for his rudeness.

"De Pontis!" exclaimed the youth, with an abstracted air.

"The same," exclaimed the maiden, rather impatiently, seeing that he made no effort to depart, "have I imposed a task too heavy?"

"De Pontis!—he is in the *Conciergerie du Palais*," said the page.

"Alas! I know it too well," cried the maiden, "but why remind me of it? I fear that I have been wrong myself, in putting trust in a stranger."

"No! no! Mademoiselle," said the page, "not in putting trust in me, though perhaps I am too humble to be of service. You appear impatient because I do not fly, like knight of old, on fair lady's service—but truly, I have been weighing between duty and inclination, and duty, after a hard battle, has been vanquished. I know the cardinal will hold himself invisible to Mademoiselle till the decree of sequestration is obtained. There! it is out now!—and I have earned my passport to the Bastille!"

"I trust not," replied Marguerite, mournfully, "it is enough our family is obnoxious to misery in their own persons, without bringing it on others."

These words seemed lost on the page—he paced the chamber like one irresolute of action—his dark eye flashing brightly, and then sunk in gloom. Suddenly approaching the lady with a vehemence and hastiness which startled her, he exclaimed abruptly, though in a low tone—

"Chance, and the employment which falls to my lot, have made me acquainted with the proceedings against Monsieur De Pontis, even more than is suspected by the cardinal. I owe you atonement, and you must confess that I risk life, or liberty, or both, in making the reparation I offer—but I deem no task too heavy or too perilous, which will assist the hopes of Mademoiselle De Pontis."

There was a warmth in this declaration, an earnestness of gaze and speech which caused Marguerite's eyes to seek the ground.

"I cannot accept services bestowed at such risk," said the maiden faltering.

"Then my safety has interest in your eyes—or do I flatter myself too much?" asked the page.

The roses blushed deeply in the cheek of Margue-

rite—there was a flutter at the heart—a confusion which took away the power of reply. With much to offend delicacy, could she take offence at an offer which bore the impress of sincerity? Could she sacrifice the proffered aid to her parent? Might he not be in possession of the information so coveted by Monsieur Giraud, information so much more valuable since she had learned the intention of the cardinal to avoid granting an audience? But was she justified in receiving intelligence conveyed at such peril by the rash youth?

These thoughts chasing each other, produced a state of mind favorable to the ardent wishes of the page. He saw her irresolution, and in the recklessness of the sudden passion he had conceived for the damsel, was resolved to risk fortune, character and liberty in her service. Higher aims and loftier destinies than a page's state, have been flung away for the favoring smile of woman's eye! He had the art to avoid all allusion to his passion, and dilating only on the pity felt for the unfortunate veteran, and the distress his imprisonment must have caused the daughter—his own indignation at the artifices used and still in store to deprive the warrior of the well-earned bounty of royalty—he thus removed the obstacles which the maidenly delicacy of Marguerite would have interposed in the acceptance of a stranger's services—and whose first introduction afforded little promise of gentle feelings and regard for her own sex.

François De Romainville, in devoting himself to the service of Marguerite with such total disregard of the dreaded Richelieu, gave one more proof of a headlong career. He had been twice imprisoned in the *Palais* for disobedience of the cardinal's orders, and retained his post only through superior activity and intelligence, qualities of which the potential minister had much need. The indignity he suffered, or believed that he suffered, by the confinement, had created a bitter animosity against his master.

The scandalous injustice exercised towards De Pontis, to which he was privy, tended to paint the tyrant—as he secretly called him—in blacker colors. Could he serve the veteran, he revenged his own wrong on the oppressor—and might win the love of a maiden for whom he had conceived a passion whose intensity resembled what he had never experienced, but oft read of in the pages of romance.

There was much danger in every step—even in the present interview, he ran the risk of being either surprised by his companions from whom he had unperceived stolen away, on beholding a pretty face at the window above; or incurring the suspicion of De Lionne, should he send for or seek Mademoiselle, and find who was in her company. As it was, he had already rendered himself obnoxious to a severe reprimand, by intruding into a chamber to which he had not the privilege of access, unless under command of his eminence, and though this prohibition would probably prevent search in such a quarter by his more prudent compeers, yet the momentary peril of a visit from usher or functionary attached to the secretary's bureau, was great. The best chance of

escape arose from the fact—so distressing to Marguerite—that the cardinal had no intention of seeing the maiden, till the intercession she craved would be of no avail.

With this consolation, and the last resource in store of flight unperceived by the back staircase which had led him so quietly to the chamber, he gradually induced Marguerite to make him a confidant in the affairs of her father.

"It is the Count De Fontrailles," remarked the page, "for whom the *droit d'aubaine* is intended, and he lays close siege to it. The count has made himself necessary to his eminence—he has, what is called in the language of the bureau, a talent for affairs. He must have money, is his constant cry—he spends so much—he had often borrowed of the Spaniard, and had an eye to the estate on his death—perhaps he poisoned him!"

"Merciful Heaven! I hope not!" exclaimed the maiden in great terror, shocked at the idea of the crime, and more so at the careless manner in which it was surmised.

"What more likely? He might have had to wait many years otherwise," replied the page smiling at her fears, "but I beg pardon of Mademoiselle—she must teach me to speak in a way better suited to a lady's ears. I am the most rude and abrupt of men."

It was now the maiden's turn to smile.

"Mademoiselle will find that I have a man's heart though not his beard," cried François, with a slight curl of the upper lip; "there are few, calling themselves men, would dare oppose the cardinal as I have done. M. De Pontis and myself are well matched, and I sympathize with his spirit."

He then proceeded to relate that the cardinal and Fontrailles were much annoyed at the obstinacy of the old soldier; the necessities of the latter were outraged by the *droit* being jeopardized and withheld from his clutch; the former, displeased at what he called the impertinence of an old *moustache*, in taking such sudden advantage of the king's good-nature. It had been the occupation of François to carry messages and commands to the creature named Pedro Olivera, a Spaniard by birth, long resident in France, and a tool or subordinate emissary of the courtly Fontrailles.

There was much inquiry about certain papers, as the page affirmed to Marguerite. Pedro had been also a borrower from the deceased Spaniard, and had placed with him, as security for repayment, a statement of claims on his master, Fontrailles, for obscure and perhaps disreputable services. This was missing, also a portion of the books and accounts, and it occasioned, as François happened to know, a domiciliary search in the lodging of Monsieur De Pontis.

"If these papers and documents were in existence—and I suspect by her looks," said the page, concluding his narrative, "that she knows something about them—they could be brought to bear against Fontrailles and Olivera by a skilful advocate. But let Mademoiselle De Pontis remember, that I have placed my life in her hands—a life of value to the owner if he be permitted to continue in her service."

The color flew to the face of Marguerite—she looked confused, but not displeased—he took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"But the decree, Monsieur François," said the damsel timidly, "the advocate fears the *procureur* will obtain it to-morrow if he is not restrained."

"True! too true!" exclaimed the page.

He considered a few moments, and then told her that the only remedy was to gain audience of Richelieu by stratagem. It was useless her waiting in the chamber, he was aware, nor would the cardinal be met with on his departure from the *Palais*, in the public suite of saloons. He knew the hour of his going abroad, and it would be necessary that Mademoiselle should repair to the palace garden, wait in a particular avenue which he indicated, and lie in ambush for his eminence.

"He will not, he cannot resist your appeal for delay," exclaimed François, in a passionate tone, "Monseigneur proves his want of courage by flying the field! I wish his eminence had my heart, for Mademoiselle I find irresistible."

Again pressing the fair hand to his lips, he escaped by the entrance which conducted to the back-stairs, but presently returning, said—

"If François, the *houblier*, travels the *Rue St. Denis* this evening, he will not fail to ring his bell for customers to attend!" and so saying, again disappeared.

The *houbliers*, or dealers in wafers, a sort of

cake, were accustomed to ring a hand-bell to give notice of approach in their passage through the streets; and Marguerite could only construe the page's enigma, that he intended visiting her abode so disguised.

Obedying the directions, she resorted without delay to the palace gardens, and with fear and trembling took up the station pointed out. A few minutes after the hour mentioned, chimed by the clock, two ushers passed the bench where the maiden was seated—she arose instantly, and the cardinal duke was close at hand, almost surrounded by a group of gaily dressed gentlemen.

Her courage forsook her—but it was too late to retreat—she stood conspicuous in the avenue, and the great man's train, accustomed perhaps to similar rencontres, falling back a few paces, though within hearing, she confronted the lion in his path. A slight, almost imperceptible shade crossed his features, but he stopped, and with princely serenity listened to the faltering pleading.

"And if the wheels of justice of a mighty kingdom are arrested for one week, will it content such a faithful servant of the king?" asked the cardinal.

"I hope it will afford time to prove my father's innocence, Monseigneur," replied the maiden.

"Then Mademoiselle's wishes shall be the law of France," rejoined the minister. Bowing with dignity to the maiden, he passed onward with his suite, and she was again alone in the avenue.

THE HAUNTED HEART.

BY MISS MARY L. LAWSON.

'Tis true he ever lingers at her side,

But mark the wandering glances of his eye :

A lover near a fond and plighted bride,

With less of love than sorrow in his sigh!

And well it is for her, that gentle maid,

Who loves too well, too fervently, for fears,

She deems not her devotion is repaid

With deep repinings o'er life's early years.

For oft another's image fills his breast,

E'en when he breathes to her love's tender vow;

While her soft hand within his own is prest,

And timid blushes mantle her young brow,

Fond memory whispers of the dreamy past,

Its hopes and joys, its agony and tears;

In vain from out his soul he strives to cast

One shadowy form—the love of early years.

Ne'er from his heart the vision fades away;

Amid the crowd, in silence, and alone,

The stars by night, the clear blue sky by day,

Bring to his mind the happiness that's flown;

A tone of song, the warbling of the birds,

The simplest thing that memory endears,

Can still recall the form, the voice, the words

Of her, the best beloved of early years.

He dares not seek the spot where first they met,

Too dangerous for his only hope of rest,

His strong, but fruitless effort to forget

Those scenes that wake deep sorrow in his breast;

And yet the quiet beauty of the grove

All plainly to his restless mind appears,

Where, as the sun declined, he lov'd to rove

With her, the first fond dream of early years.

He sees the stream, beside whose brink they strayed,

Engross'd in converse sweet of coming hours,

And watch'd the rippling currents as they played,

In ebb and flow, upon the banks of flowers:

And the old willow, 'neath whose spreading shade

She own'd her love—again her voice he hears,

He starts—alas! the vision only fades

To leave regretful pangs for early years.

It was his idle vanity that changed

The pure, deep feelings of her trusting heart,

Whose faithful love, not even in thought had ranged,

But worship'd him, from all the world apart;

Now cold and altered is her beaming eye,

And no fond hope his aching bosom cheers

That she will shed one tear or breathe one sigh

For him she lov'd so well in early years.

He feels she scorns him with a bitter scorn,

He questions not the justice of his fate,

For long had she his selfish caprice borne,

And wounded pride first taught her how to hate.

Oh! ye who cast away a heart's deep love,

Remember, ere affection disappears,

That keen reproachful throbs your soul may move

Like his who lives to mourn life's early years.

SHAKSPEARE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

NO. VII.—MACBETH.

A FEW more words on Macbeth as a work of art. There is a scene so trifling that, to such as are not prepared to look for meaning in our poet's lightest word, it might seem almost superfluous. The "noble Macbeth" has returned from the battle where his victorious arm has saved his king and country. His heart is opened by the dangerous influence of prosperity, amid the high-beating joys of which the enemy of mankind has insinuated hopes of a deeper, more audacious, and guilty nature; but as yet they are but as hidden serpents beneath the flowers. The two scenes of the witches have been thrown in—like sublime strains of music from which an opera is to take its character, chilling the mind with vague and startling apprehensions. All this is done with a few strokes from the terrible master-hand.

A part of the effect produced by the commencement of this immense tragedy is owing to the contrast of the two mighty antagonist principles of human life—earthly good, on the one side, smiling in the sunshine, and allowing all who trust it to a full and fatal confidence, and, on the other, *evil* which an omnipotent and inscrutable Deity has placed in a mysterious juxtaposition, like a huge Maelstrom, and from which arises the necessity of ceaseless watchfulness and the energetic exercise of the moral faculties. We have all that, to an earthly mind, is noble, great, exciting and beautiful. Military glory is the idol which mankind has the most blindly worshiped. It has no good effect on the moral nature, but, on the contrary, has a tendency to inflate the soul with vain confidence and to give the man that most paltry and foolish of all weaknesses—a pompous idea of his own greatness. Military glory, then, at its height, appears to us at the outset of Macbeth. The brave, patriotic warrior has crushed the rebel and hurled back the invader from his country's shore. The acclamations of the multitude hail the victor as he returns. He is for the moment invested with the moral glory of a Washington or a Cincinnatus. Not only does the nation he has saved regard him with delight and affection, but the king himself has no words to express his gratitude, and heaps him at once with thanks, honors and promises.

What a noble picture! The storm of war broken and passed away, leaving the political sky clearer than before—the good and venerable old king, whose great age does not permit him to share the dangers and glory of the actual combat, protected

by the generous and brave hand of a faithful subject! The people's apprehensions subside—the soldier returning to his field, the father embracing once more his wife and children—the hills and plains about to wave again with a plentiful harvest—the king left in safety and peace to form new benevolent plans for the security and happiness of his affectionate people—and Macbeth himself—at the pinnacle of a subject's happiness—accompanied to his beautiful castle by his royal and grateful master—promoted in rank—improved in fortune—the favorite of his king—the savior of his country—what could Providence bestow more to make the world an Eden.

At this moment (Oh Earth! how true a shadowing forth it is of thy delusive and fatal snares!) the audience hear the tones of another world—the finger of another destiny, as unlike that which has charmed the minds of the multitudes whom we may suppose to have welcomed the conquering Macbeth, as was the hand which traced the *writing on the wall* at the feast of Belshazzar. At this moment, hovering in the air, the shadow gathers, and the destructive, the corrupting principle, inherent in human things—and which man was sent on earth to watch for and to cope with—falls across the path of the hero; dark and obvious enough to have betrayed to him his danger, had he been a pure and a pious man, but, through its withered and hideous disguise, appealing to his weakness—to his worst passions—with a fascinating power and a bewildering and intoxicating promise.

The colossal dimensions of this tragedy are one of its awful features. In it, Inverness is the world, the witches are sin, and Macbeth is the proud, aspiring representative of weak mortality, when unsupported by religion. The scene to which I have alluded above, and to which I call the reader's attention, comes in amidst massive interests with such a minuteness of finish, and playfulness and sweetness of fancy, that one is struck with it as with some of those accidents accompanying great events in real life, and from their very insignificance contrasting with a tremendous power—a bird warbling—a violet blowing—or a limpid brook singing on its happy journey where a great battle is about to be fought; or an infant unconsciously smiling on the bosom of a dying father.

Macbeth has seen the weird sisters, has listened to their prophecy, has found one of their predictions verified. He is Thane of Cawdor! He has caught

the dazzling dream of royalty with an eager and a determined hand. He has begun to weave in his ambitious brain the web of his vast designs. He has not only conceived—he has *yielded* to the dire suggestion whose horrid image unfixed his hair and made his “seated heart knock at his ribs,” against the use of nature. He has invoked the stars to hide their fires, that “light” may not see his “black and deep desires.” He has met his sinful and earthly wife, and in the interchange of a few portentous words, understood even before spoken, (for there is a freemasonry of guilt as well as of innocence and honor) he has resolved upon deep hypocrisy, prompt action, and the most tremendous guilt. That very night is to become memorable in the history of their lives and of the world, by a deed of eternal woe. The sun, now rolling calmly and brightly to his golden rest, is never to behold again the forth-going of the silver-haired old monarch, who, with his happy and triumphant suite, approaches the sweet castle of Inverness; and the raven has been, (by the deep conjuration of the blackest of human hearts,) supposed *hoarse* with ominous croakings at the sight of the happy and confiding king entering beneath those battlements.

With what consummate skill these innumerable ideas are presented to our imagination, and then (and here is the passage) what a transition from the gloomy and horrid depths of the corrupt human heart, to the perfume, radiance, tranquillity, picturesqueness, and ever-soothing routine of external nature.

SCENE VI. *Before the castle.*

Hautboys, servants of Macbeth attending. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and attendants.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer, The temple-haunting martlet, does approve, By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath Smells wooingly here: no juttie frieze, Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Duncan. See, see! our honor'd hostess! The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you, How you shall bid God yield us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service, In every point twice done, and then done double, Were poor and single business, to contend, Against those honors, deep and broad, wherewith Your majesty loads our house: for those of old, And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose To be his purveyor: but he rides well; And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him To his home before us: fair and noble hostess, We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand: Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess.

When I read the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth, I think that the most perfect piece of writing ever seen in profane literature. When I fall upon the above, it appears to me that is the most delicate and exquisite in the whole range of our author's works. Is it possible that the same tremendous hand which painted the royal tigress, at length cowed by the aspect of another world, has drawn, with a pencil of air, this lovely and inexpressibly soft scene, where the perfume of a balmy atmosphere is fresh and soothing on your forehead, and in your nostril, and where the eye as well as the smell and ear (for I can hear the breeze murmur among the green branches, and the screams of joy uttered by those temple-haunting birds as they chase each other down the air,) is filled with delight. What a warm and living picture it is, with the fewest possible words! An old castle pleasantly situated—its massive turrets look down over a peaceful, rural scene, the pure-scented air recommending itself sweetly and nimbly to our gentle senses! Who that has spent six or eight hours of the early morning at a sedentary occupation, in a room, till the senses were wearied and the limbs ached with sitting—and the lungs played languishingly and the blood moved sluggishly—and the pulse beat feebly with exhaustion—who has not, on going forth, felt this soothing sensation, as some pleasant landscape spread its tranquil and soft-colored beauties before his eye, some picturesque building broke the sameness of the picture by its bold outlines in the foreground, the ever happy birds darting about the house eaves—and the life-breathing, cool, odorous air filling his veins with sweet impulses, stirring all that is agreeable in his heart, cooling the fever of the heated brain, and sending off, with its benign blessing, a world of sad feelings or melancholy forebodings.

In three lines we have this effect; and further, who expresses this pleasing, living thought—*Duncan!* the doomed victim of the assassin's dagger. Yes, he feels the sweetness of nature, and he feels it for the last time. Look around thee, old man; those swells of verdant ground, those murmuring and soft waving trees, those shadows thickening and blackening as the eye pierces into the wood, this blue and bending sky with a few sleeping, fleecy clouds, thou shalt never see them more. Nature, always so tender and exquisite, has new and unutterable charms when we are never to behold it again.

Then *Banquo* acknowledges the softening influence of the scene.

Banquo. This guest of summer, The temple-haunting martlet, does approve, By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath Smells wooingly here: no juttie frieze, Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle: Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, The air is delicate.

Here is a picture which the reader sees as if by mere accident, and the imagination follows out each hint and goes from one salient point to another till the life-like scene rises before it. The luxuriance and blandness of summer, the beautiful martlets filling the air as we have watched them with boyish

delight a thousand times, with their noisy joy. They never appear so pretty as when coming in and out of their nests under the eaves of a house or barn, and still more in the buttresses and angles of an old castle. "Their loved mansionry" gives an additional impression of the beauty their "pendent beds and procreant cradles" add to the rough old castle which itself is brought finely out from the canvass by the light reflecting from each jutting frieze, buttress and coigne of vantage.

Banquo continues the remark with a thought expressive of an observing, nature-loving mind returning, with new pleasure, to the repose of peace and the thoughts and the occupations which there have room to unfold themselves, after the bloody tumult of brutal war.

I do not know, but I suppose it must be a truth in natural history, that the birds spoken of generally build their nests where the air is purest. See, also, the superior charm which the little observation possesses, from the lips of this noble soldier, dropped in a peaceful, sunshiny moment, skilfully thrown in after the furious storms of war, and before the yet more frightful tempest of guilt which is speedily to fall like a thunderbolt upon this group of human beings, apparently so far removed from danger, and about to commence a new era of contentment.

Remark here the people collected in a circle beneath the dark frowning battlements of the warlike castle now bathed in summer light, and in the natural ease and gentle satisfaction of their hearts discussing such beautiful trifles as, however graceful and soothing, the busy warriors of those rude times had but small time to occupy themselves with. Who are they? what are their fates? Alas they are but too striking types of their fellow creatures who in the midst of life are in death. Duncan's hours are numbered. Beneath the walls of the castle which his aged eyes survey with such admiration—whose strong turrets and picturesque buttresses are now painted with the golden light of a calm summer afternoon—which he expects to enter to a banquet, and from which he intends to go forth in the morning with renewed hope and happiness—beneath those dire walls in a few hours is to take place a scene, the farthest possible removed from his suspicions, and he is to be called, like Hamlet, without any reckoning, into the presence of his God. Thus under the crushing and unpausing hand of Destiny the good and the bad go down alike in a world through which he will pass most easily who builds his hopes elsewhere.

Banquo too is a good man. You even perceive, in those few words, that he has a delicacy of nature which has perhaps preserved him pure from contaminating influences and illusive temptations. He too is marked, without demerit of his own, to go down beneath the wheels of the dreadful impending event.

He too, in a few brief days, is doomed to be cut off—thrust headlong into eternity, while guilt remains unhurt and triumphs in the successful execution of all its plans.

For Macduff—the pious—lion-hearted—affectionate

Macduff, is prepared a fate, if possible, yet more awful. His castle—the scene of many a happy hour, many a fond and merry family sport, is about to be surprised. His wife, his babes "savagely slaughtered,"

"wife, children, servants,"

all that could be found, fiercely drawn down into the general ruin which the sinful heart of one man spreads around him. How truly is mortality painted in these events! How plainly we see what stuff life is made of! and how sternly are we taught the folly of supposing the end of man to be "here, on this bank and shoal of time."

Malcolm, Donalbain, Rosse, and Angus, driven from their country by terror of the bloody tyrant—(now the beloved and trusted of all)—and lastly Lenox, whom we find at a later period in attendance on Macbeth, and the witness of his bursts of guilty and ferocious desperation, but at length joined with the advancing enemy.

Into the midst of this circle, on the brink of ruin when they think themselves most secure, enters *Lady Macbeth*. Her mere appearance touches a chord of terror in the soul of the reader, although they whom she addresses view her with very different feelings. The unsuspecting king greets in her his "honored hostess," and pours out upon her a heart full of gratitude and love. The cruel hypocrite—so firm in the anticipation of guilt, so haughtily superior to all the prejudices of superstition—all the *idle dreams of religion and a Providence*—yet so ignorant of their real nature and destined to be so thoroughly wrecked in the tempest her rash hand is so eager to raise—replies with shameful effrontery and mature wickedness:

"all our service,

In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honors deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house."

In the concluding part of the scene remark how admirably are drawn the profound hypocrisy of Lady Macbeth and the entire confidence and deeply deceived friendship of the unsuspecting king.

"Where's the Thane of Cawdor?"

We cursed him at the heels and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him."

Thus it is with man. All around us is deceit. We know not how to distinguish the false from the true. Duncan must have had more than human sagacity to suspect wile in the chivalric soldier who had just risked his life in his defence, or in the "fair and noble hostess" who received him beneath her roof with such apparent love, gratitude and veneration.

THE LADY ALICE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the early morning hour,
When the dew was on the flower,
From her fragrant couch arose
Lady Alice, bright and fair !
Free around her as the air,
Spotless as the mountain snows,
Garments in the night-time worn,
Floated in the light of morn.

Music, soft as angels hear,
O'er the quiet waters came,
And the voice, that met her ear,
Warbled one beloved name.
By her lattice, hushed she stood
In a leaning attitude.
Nothing lovelier to behold
Ever greeted mortal eyes—
Saintry pictures, famed of old,
Gems of genius, set in gold,
Matchless forms in shape and size !

Nearer now the strain is heard—
Starts she, like a frightened bird ;
'T is for her the song is sung,
And for her, across the sea,

Waves the signal merrily,
From her lover's pinnace flung !
'T is the hour, the promised hour,
She should leave her maiden bower.

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She has donned her rich attire,
She has left her father's palace—
Has love so quenched her spirit's fire ?
Is this the haughty Lady Alice ?
She, whose looks of high disdain
Banished nobles from her train ?
See, adown the marble stairs,
To the wave, the lady steal ;
Nothing now for pride she cares—
Love has taught her heart to feel.

Idly rocks the slender mast
O'er the silver billows now,
But anon the foam will cast
Jewels from the speeding prow ;
Soon, from vain pursuit afar,
Softly will that pinnace glide,
And the evening's golden star
Smile upon a happy bride.

THE SUNSET STORM.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

THE summer sun has sunk to rest
Below the green-clad hills,
And through the skies, careering fast,
The storm-cloud rides upon the blast,
And now the rain distills !
The flash we see, the peal we hear,
With winds blent in their wild career,
Till pains the ear.
It is the voice of the Storm King
Riding upon the Lightning's wing,
Leading his bannered hosts across the darkened sky,
And drenching with his floods the sterile lands and dry.

The wild beasts to their covers fly,
The night birds flee from heaven,
The dense black clouds that veil the sky,
Darkening the vast expanse on high,
By streaming fires are riven.
Again the tempest's thunder tone,

The sounds from forests overthrown,
Like trumpets blown
Deep in the bosom of the storm,
Proclaim His presence, in its form,
Who doth the sceptre of the concave hold,
Who freed the winds, and the vast clouds unrolled.

The storms no more the skies invest,
The winds are heard no more ;
Low in the chambers of the west,
Whence they arose, they 've sunk to rest ;
The sunset storm is o'er.
The clouds that were so wildly driven
Across the darkened brow of heaven
Are gone, and Even
Comes in her mild and sober guise,
Her perfumed air, her trembling skies,
And Luna, with her star-gemmed, glorious crown,
From her high throne in heaven, upon the world looks down.

WASTE PAPER;

OR "TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Good bye, Vivian, don't fall in love till you see Miss Walton. God bless you, my dear boy!" And Vivian Russell shook his kind uncle warmly by the hand and sprung into the stage coach, which was waiting for him at the gate. "All right!" said the guard—the bluff coachman smacked his whip, and away they sped along the road to London.

They will not fly so fast, but that you and I, sweet reader, can overtake them when we list, though the swift steeds of Fancy must be harnessed for the purpose. So please you, then, we will follow them anon. In the mean time, sit you down by my side on this sunny bank, opposite the gate, where Vivian's uncle still stands and gazes after the fast receding vehicle, and I will tell you all I know about him. You had time to see, ere he took his seat in the coach, that he was a tall, nobly formed youth, possessing, in an eminent degree, what the French call, "*Un air distingué*." You could not but notice the thin silky intellectual looking curls, which waved on his classical head, (don't laugh at the word "intellectual!") Think a moment! Is there not expression even in hair? Does not thick, bushy, *stubby* hair, especially if it curl, give you an idea of dullness, sensuality and want of refinement? If it does n't, my precious reader, take my word for it, you don't see with your "mind's eye," or at any rate, with *my* mind's eye. Did you observe *his* eyes? They are black, brilliant and expressive, full of that great rarity, in this whig and tory world, soul. His complexion is glowing and slightly brown by exposure. There is a dimple in his chin, his nose is just like that of the Apollo Belvidere, and his forehead, how shall I describe its beauty? broad, white, spiritual, beaming with thought, I cannot do it justice. There is the least perceptible curl on his beautiful lip; but you cannot see it when he smiles; for his smile is tenderness itself. In his manly bearing too, there is, perhaps, a dash of aristocratic haughtiness, at first, but it soon wears away upon acquaintance. The difficulty is to *become* acquainted with him; I defy a dull or a vulgar person to do it.

The cheerful, healthy looking old gentleman, who is just turning from the gate towards that white house among the trees, is, as I told you, his uncle. Vivian's parents died during his childhood, and left him to this uncle's care. He has just returned from abroad, come of age,—taken possession of his paternal estates,—left the old gentleman to look after it, in

his absence, and gone for the first time to pass a month or two amid the gaities of the metropolis. And now let us after him with what speed we may.

See! there is my friend, Fancy; just in time! descending in her opal chariot, drawn by a score of peacocks, which fly or creep, as the wayward goddess wills. Her rainbow scarf flutters in the air, her wild blue eyes sparkle with excitement, as she beckons us towards her. Give me your hand, sweet reader! so, one bound, and we are safe by her side; and now we too are on our road to London, and our vehicle glances like a meteor through the air. Since then we are so comfortably *en route*, let me just explain my motive for having been, as some will think, unnecessarily minute in my description of our hero. It was because I wished my young lady readers,—for whom this story is especially intended, to be interested in him, and I thought the surest way of making them so, was to let them trace, in his person as well as mind, a remarkable resemblance to some favored acquaintance of their own. Have I succeeded? Mary, Caroline, Julia, Isabel! Is he not the "perfect image" of—you know who? There—don't blush, dear! I won't tell. "*Revenons à nos moutons*." Hey day! what have we here? A traveling chariot broken down in the road! Our friend Vivian bearing a lady in his arms towards the neighboring inn, which the stage coach has already reached! An old gentleman, probably her father, staring and hurrying after them as fast as the gout will let him, and the servants, postilions &c., busy in untackling the horses and righting the injured vehicle. We won't stop to inquire the cause of the accident. Fancy will tell us that at her leisure. Let us enter the inn.

CHAPTER II.

"My dear Margaret, are you well enough to proceed?" said the old gentleman to his daughter. "Oh! yes—papa!—quite well—" and she rose to tie on her bonnet. "But, papa!"—Margaret hesitated and blushed—"well, child! what now?" "Don't you think before we go, we should thank the young man, who so politely assisted me?"

"Fudge! we shall have time enough to thank him,—we must go in the same coach. I can't stay here all night to have the chariot repaired. Come, child!"

They took their seats in the coach; Vivian entered after them and found himself opposite the dark-eyed girl, who had been thrown from the chariot, fortunately without injury, and whom he had carried half fainting to the inn. By her side was her father, and by Vivian's side, a spruce and fidgety youth, a would-be exquisite, daintily arrayed as that peculiar race are wont to be.

The refreshed horses galloped steadily forward; the first mile-stone was passed; and poor Margaret's graceful neck really began to ache,—she had looked so long out of the opposite window, to avoid Vivian's earnest, though half furtive gaze. So she calmly drew from her pocket a suspicious looking twist of a billet, and, drooping her dark lashes, began gravely and assiduously to tear it into small bits, placing them carefully in a bag which hung upon her arm.

And now Vivian could indulge his passionate fondness for the beautiful to his heart's content; for the old gentleman was fast asleep, and Margaret only once raised her eyes, and, meeting his, dropped them again to her work, while a swift, bright blush stole up for a moment to her cheek, and left it pale as before. Her countenance was singularly beautiful. It was not dark, but there was a soft, mellow, sunny tone all over it, which, with her glossy, raven braids, rosy mouths, and long black lashes, produced a strangely rich effect. She wore a dark and very elegant traveling habit fitting closely to her beautiful bust; while a bonnet of ruby velvet formed a striking contrast with her deep, bright eyes and almost colorless cheek.

As she continued her employment, drawing from her pocket and disposing of note after note, Vivian could not but watch and admire the wonderful play of expression on the lip, brow and cheek before him.

It seemed to him, that he could trace, on that ever changing and ever eloquent countenance, the shadow of each succeeding thought, as it passed from her mind. Its prevailing expression was that of endearing tenderness and sweetness; but ever and anon,—a sudden arching of the lovely lip, a starry gleam of dimples on the cheek, and a momentary flash of irrepressible merriment through the fringing lashes of the half raised hazel eyes, betrayed that mirth was making holiday in her heart. But why? And to whom was that sportive glance directed? Not to Vivian, alas! but to the stranger at his side; and though he had never seen the lady before—had not been introduced, and was ignorant even of her name, a pang of jealousy shot like an icicle through his heart, at the thought. But when he turned to look upon the object of the fair girl's evident enjoyment—he too smiled involuntarily. Nearly all the scraps of paper, that escaped from the slight fingers of Margaret, had alighted on the precious habiliments of the beau, who, when Vivian turned, was busily employed in brushing them off, with a look of solemn distress, that was irresistibly ludicrous. Alas for the dandy! His was an endless task. He had no sooner succeeded in disengaging the intruders from one part of his dress, than they flew to another, and at

last dared to settle even in those shining and scented locks, which he had taken off his hat to display. This was too much. He put up both his hands. He shook himself. He tried to look up to his own hair! As a last resource, he contrived to raise his enormous mouth and blow upwards into his curls! Imagine, reader, that long and stupid face, in the awkward position I have described! The head bent, the almost white eyebrows elevated, the chin depressed, the under lip protruded and the lugubrious looking youth puffing with all his might! It was all in vain, and growing desperate, the hapless dandy meekly leaned towards Vivian, and said—"May I trouble *you*, sir?" Our hero returned his imploring look with one of petrifying hauteur.—"Did you address yourself to me, sir?" "Yes, sir!—I—I—would you be so good, sir, as to—to—"

"Well, sir?"

"In short, sir, will you have the goodness to release my hair from the white favors, with which the young lady opposite has been so kind as to honor me?" Vivian bowed low and replied with equal solemnity, "Sir, I beg to inform you, that I have never been so thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of a barber's vocation, as to do justice to your hyacinthine ringlets." So saying, the haughty youth turned once more to gaze at his lovely *vis-a-vis*.

She was looking very demure, pursing her pretty mouth, and quietly bending her dark eyes upon the paper, which, she took care, should no longer annoy her fellow traveler. Vivian gazed at her with mingled surprise and admiration. What could be the meaning of her strange occupation? He would not condescend to feel inquisitive; yet he could not help fancying it was some clandestine correspondence, which she was ashamed to have known, but with which she could not bear to part altogether. When once this idea had taken possession of his mind, he could not dismiss it, and he was just working himself up into a most unreasonable fit of anger with his unconscious and unoffending companion, when, to his dismay, the coach stopped at the Saracen's Head in London, and he was obliged to bid the lady a reluctant good-morning, without a hope of ever seeing her again.

The truth is, he was desperately in love for the first time in his life, and a thousand times did he lament his carelessness, in not having endeavored to discover her name and residence in town. All the information he could gather from her conversation with her father was, that they were hurrying home from the country in expectation of a visit from a friend.

The first fortnight after his arrival was spent in vain inquiries among his friends about the fair engrosser of his thoughts. As he was ignorant of her name, he could of course obtain no information with regard to her.

One morning, at breakfast, he received a letter from his uncle; but before I apprise my reader of its contents, I must state a fact which has hitherto been forgotten, namely, that one object of our hero's journey had been to fulfill an engagement, which his

uncle had made for him, to pass a few weeks in the neighborhood of London, at Walton Hall, the residence of an old friend of his father's, whom he had never seen. He had half promised his uncle that he would give but three days to the novelties of the metropolis, previous to the promised visit. The following is an extract from the old gentleman's letter.

"My dear boy, I have just received a letter from my old friend Walton, in which he expresses his surprise that you have not yet made your appearance at Walton Hall. I am anxious and disappointed at this, for I have been fancying you already deeply in love with my pet Maggie, and indeed I dreamed last night that I saw you together," etc., etc.

One of Vivian's virtues was decision, and another was energy. Without the latter, the first would be almost valueless. Ere two hours had elapsed, he was seated in the drawing-room at Walton Hall, awaiting the appearance of its owner. He recalled, with some misgivings, the contents of his uncle's letter. "He has set his heart upon my marriage with Miss Walton, and I have set mine upon this bewitching unknown. My poor, kind uncle! I regret his disappointment. I dare say Miss Margaret is a very nice, well-behaved young person, but my affections are irrevocably devoted to another, and it can never be!" Just as he came to this sublime conclusion, he heard a far off voice, the very first tone of which he could not help loving, it was so sweet, so rich, and seemed so fresh from the heart. It was warbling snatches of a simple ballad, one only sentence of which he could distinctly hear; but that sentence he never forgot—

One only she loved, and forever!

She wore an invisible chain

That Pride wildly struggled to sever;

And daily more deep grew the pain!

"Ah, vain," she would sigh, "each endeavor!"

And Echo still answered "in vain!"

And as the voice sang, it came nearer and nearer, and did not cease till the singer, a beautiful girl, tripping gaily into the room, beheld and, blushing deeply, curtsied to our hero. Could he believe his eyes? "It is—it is—" "Miss Walton," said the lady, finishing the sentence for him, and recovering instantly her self-possession.

"You wish to see my father? I will send him to you immediately," and she glided from the room, leaving poor Vivian in doubt whether he were dreaming or awake. If awake, then were the half-dreaded Miss Walton and the lovely unknown of the stage-coach one and the same person! And he had wasted a whole precious fortnight, that he might have passed in her society! Well, he would make the most of his *present* visit at any rate; and so thinking, he made his best bow to Mr. Walton, who now entered, and who, most cordially shaking hands with him, welcomed him to Walton Hall, as the son of his oldest and dearest friend.

"When you sent up your card," continued he, "I little thought that I should find in Vivian Russell the youth who so kindly assisted my daughter when our chariot was overturned. I regret that we did not know you then; but we must make up for lost time.

Your uncle promised me a long visit from you, and I trust you have come to fulfill the promise." After a short conversation, Vivian agreed to return in time for breakfast the next day, and remain for several weeks.

CHAPTER III.

"Down, Vivian, down!" exclaimed Margaret Walton, as she entered the breakfast room, from the lawn, and gracefully welcomed Mr. Vivian Russell to the Hall. The dog had been named and presented to her father, by our hero's uncle, a short time before; and Vivian thought he had never known the music of his own name, till now, when pronounced by that sweet and playful voice. Margaret seemed to him lovelier than ever, in her plain white robe, her color heightened by exercise, and a few wild flowers, carelessly wound into the soft braids of her hair.

"Papa is a late riser, Mr. Russell, and we must wait breakfast for him; but he will soon be down now—" as she spoke, she seated herself, and began, with an arch, sidelong glance at Vivian, who could not repress a smile—yes! actually began, to tear in pieces another of those tormenting little notes!

"Hum!" said Vivian to himself, "the clandestine correspondence goes swimmingly on, it seems. I will think of her no more."

"Think of her no more!" He thought of nothing else all that day and the next and the next; and each day with a more fervent and impassioned devotion! She was so mild, yet so noble!—so tenderly beautiful! he half worshiped her already. And yet those papers. He detested deceit from his soul. Falsehood, equivocation, deception of any kind, from a child he had been too proud to stoop to them; and here he was, irretrievably in love with one who had evidently something wrong to conceal.

One day, the servant brought her a note—"From Sir George Elwyn, Miss." A smile dimpled her cheek as she read, and then it shared the fate of many that had gone before it, and the bits were preserved as usual in the little basket by her side.

"This then," thought Vivian, "is the secret! This Sir George, confound him! is the lover—the beloved!" And for three whole days after this wise conclusion did our hero sulk in silent misery; and for three whole days did the wondering Margaret weep, when alone, for his waywardness, and, when in his presence, laugh more gaily than ever, or curl her sweet lip, in maiden pride, at his moody replies to her attempts at conversation.

The third day was the sabbath, and as they walked home from church, a fine-looking young man passed on horseback, and bowed, with an air of "empressment," to Miss Walton and her father. "He's a confounded handsome fellow! don't you think so, Vivian?" said Mr. Walton.

"Who, sir?" said Vivian with an abstracted air.

"The young man, who just passed, Sir George Elwyn. He is to dine with us, to-day." Vivian started at the name and gazed earnestly at Margaret, who, of course, blushed as was her wont. That

blush decided him. "I was right!" he exclaimed internally, and making a hurried excuse to leave them, he hastened by a shorter path to the house—wrote a note, in which, disclaiming dissimulation, he only begged his kind host to forgive his abrupt departure from the Hall, left it on his dressing-table, mounted his horse, and galloped back to town, thinking himself the most miserable fellow in existence.

CHAPTER IV.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he read the farewell billet of our hero—"Margaret,"—and he suddenly looked enlightened on the subject—"I hope *you* are not the cause of this!"

"I, sir! I the cause?" replied the conscious girl, with a very demure look of surprise—"What have I done?"

Her father could not well say *what* she had done, so he said nothing; but he looked annoyed and sorry, and he found fault with the dinner.

That night Vivian Russell had a strange, and, as he thought, a very provoking dream. He thought he was toiling over brake and brier, in pursuit of Margaret's paper basket, which hovered like a "will o' the wisp" before him, and enticed him into all sorts of dangers, up hill and down, through bog and stream, till at last, when, on the top of a high mountain, he thought it just within his grasp, an angel-face gleamed for a moment from a low cloud close by, and a white arm, reaching out, snatched the treasure from his outstretched hand, and vanished with it from his sight!

For a week afterwards, our hero, wretched and restless, tried hard to forget the maiden and her folly, as he chose to term it; but her image would not leave him. Sleeping or waking, he saw her destroying, to conceal yet preserve, the billet-doux of the happy and handsome Sir George Elwyn.

"What a shameful waste of time!" he exclaimed one day in a sudden fit of virtuous indignation. "To be sure, she does a great deal else: She writes, reads, draws, sews for the poor, &c., &c.; but then many a moment, which might be more profitably employed, is squandered in this preposterous occupation, which she really seems to make a business of."

"What a shameful waste of time!" whispered conscience in return. "To be sure you ride, lounge, sleep, eat, &c. &c., but then many a moment, which might be more profitably employed, is squandered in these preposterous reveries, which you really seem to make a business of."

In one of his daily rides, Vivian felt himself irresistibly impelled towards the Hall, and after wandering for some time within sight of the house, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of its fair inhabitant, he strolled without any definite object into the village.

As he approached a low cottage, he saw a form,

which he could not mistake, entering the door, followed by a footman. The door closed after them; but the window was open, and Vivian glanced in. It was Margaret! She was in the act of taking a pillow from the hand of her attendant. "See!" she said to the poor woman of the cottage, who was lying on a bed, looking very ill, "I have brought you another pillow. I hope it will ease your poor shoulders; it is softer than the last, for I tore the papers, with which it is stuffed, much finer;" and tenderly raising the invalid, she placed the pillow beneath her.

"The papers, with which it is stuffed! and this, then, is their destination! and Sir George's note is in the old woman's pillow! And I called it a waste of time!"

Vivian was half wild with joy and surprise. He staid to hear no more, but flew rather than walked back to the Hall, and contrived to make his peace with Mr. Walton, and accept an invitation for dinner, before the unconscious Margaret had returned from her errand of benevolence. As he saw her approach from the window, he hurried out to meet her, his face glowing with the joyous excitement of his discovery, and, hastily drawing her arm through his, exclaimed,—*"I'm so happy! It is all right! I was quite mistaken; I'm so happy!"* When she first recognized him, Margaret's beautiful features lighted up, for a moment, with irrepressible joy; but the glow faded as she recalled the discourteous manner of his departure, and though she did not withdraw the arm he had taken, she received his protestations of happiness at their meeting, with a quiet dignity and reserve, which amply punished our impetuous lover for his fault. But though she would not deign to inquire in *what* he was mistaken, by degrees the reserve wore off beneath the genial and irresistible influence of Vivian's frank and joyous demeanor, and for the rest of the day she allowed herself to be as happy as her heart bade her.

As our hero sat by her work-table after tea, a sudden thought came into his head. "I will see if my writing will share the fate of others," said he to himself. And scribbling, upon some paper, the verse he had heard her sing on his first visit—beginning with, "One only I love and forever," he cut it into small pieces and placed it on the table before her, at the same time laughingly pointing to the fatal basket. Margaret began to join the pieces, succeeded in the first line, colored, smiled as she read, and making a playful feint of putting them in the basket, threw them at last, with would-be carelessness, into a book, which lay open on the table.

Vivian's heart beat high! and higher still, when, gently taking his pencil from his hand, she wrote on a card, and cut to pieces, the following lines, which after much puzzling he placed correctly together. "I sincerely congratulate the 'one only.' He or she, whichever it may be, will be happy certainly in the *invariable* devotion you display."

Vivian bit his lip at the word "*invariable*;" for he remembered his fit of ill-humor. But he did not despair, he wrote again, as follows,—

Nay ! if this heart's devotion changes,
 'Tis only as the needle turns,
 With trembling truth, howe'er it ranges,
 To where the pole-star beams and burns :
 Star of my life ! howe'er I flee,
 So Fate has linked *my* love to thee !

Margaret seemed to become suddenly sensible that this at least was a clandestine correspondence; for blushing again more deeply than before, she rose and left the room, with the paper still in her hand. She did not return that evening, and our hero began to fear that his half playful, half in earnest declaration had offended her. They met at breakfast, however, and save a slight additional shade of reserve, her manner was the same as usual.

Vivian knew not what to think. He pined to be relieved, but he would not, without further encouragement, hazard another and more formal declaration.

Awaking from his reverie, he found himself alone in the breakfast-room, turning, unconsciously, the key of Margaret's work-box. Suddenly a little secret door sprang open at his accidental touch, and there, on a tiny shelf, lay a paper with "Vivian," written on the outside, in a delicate female hand! Bewildered with love and hope, he opened it ere he thought of the dishonor of so doing, and found—(yes! it was no dream and he was the happiest of the happy!)—the very bits of paper, which he had laid before her the night previous, and which she had thrown so carelessly into a book! Forgetting, in his passionate delight, the impropriety, the indelicacy of allowing her to know that her secret was betrayed, he hurriedly penciled on a card—"Dearest Margaret; by a blessed accident, I have discovered the secret shelf—its contents are a token to me that you have rightly construed my earnest devotion of word and manner. Dare I imagine it also a token that you approve that devotion? Tell me, sweet Margaret, say but one word, but let that word be 'yes,' and I am yours only and forever, VIVIAN."

He placed it on the shelf, hastily closed the little door, and left the house; after meeting Mr. Walton on the stairs, and promising to call the next day.

CHAPTER V.

Vivian was punctual to his appointment; but Miss Walton received him with a cold and quiet dignity, for which he could not account. Her cheek was flushed, and she looked as if she had been weeping bitterly. She was slowly tearing a note. As soon as she had finished, she touched the spring of the secret door, and, taking from the shelf the unfortunate card, deliberately tore it into atoms, and placed

the bits in the basket. Vivian gazed upon her in mingled astonishment and despair.

"Wont they hurt the poor woman's head?" asked he, attempting to smile.

"Not so much as they have hurt *my heart*," replied Margaret in a low tone, and rising as she spoke, she was gone before he had time to reply. He resolved to ask an explanation, and simply writing, "How have I offended you?"—he again used the secret shelf as a repository for his thoughts.

The next day he called again. The box was still on the table, but the little door, the shelf, the note, had vanished, and only a hollow space disfigured our heroine's beautiful India work-box. It seemed she was determined to have no secret correspondence, either with him or any one else. Vivian thought himself alone, and, leaning his head on the box, sighed deeply. His sigh was echoed, and, looking up, he caught Margaret's eyes bent mournfully upon him—blushing she turned away. He sprang up, caught her hand, drew her gently to the sofa, and pointing to the box, looked imploringly, but silently, in her face.

"Oh!" she said, in a faltering voice, "how could you so humble me in my own eyes, as to let me know that you had discovered the only secret I ever had in my life?"

A sudden light flashed upon Vivian's mind!

"Was that it, dearest Margaret? It *was* wrong, it was indelicate; but I did not think of it then, I was so happy, and Heaven knows I have suffered enough for my fault! Forgive me! you *will* forgive me?"

"I have already forgiven you, Vivian."

"But that is not enough; you must do more than forgive, you must love me, dear one!" he murmured, drawing her tenderly towards him.

"Must I?" said Margaret playfully; "Well, then, if I must, I must! I have always been a pattern of obedience—have I not, papa?" and Mr. Walton entering, as she spoke, the happy but embarrassed girl escaped from Vivian's ardent thanks, and flew to her chamber, to recall his every look and tone, and to live over again in fancy the joy of that delightful interview.

An hour afterwards, he joined her in her walk, and gave her the whole history of his love, his suspicions and his jealousy.

"And so, Mr. Vivian Russell," said the lady, when he had concluded, "those harmless atoms of paper have been the cause of all this misunderstanding and estrangement. Truly, indeed, said the bard that,

"Trifles light as air

*Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
 As proofs of holy writ."*

SEPTEMBER WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice or solo instrument. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The word "Fine" is written above the bass staff in the second system. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs in the final system.

System 1: Treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The word "Fine" is written above the bass staff in the second system.

System 2: Treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a quarter note C4, followed by a quarter note B3, and a quarter note A3. The word "Fine" is written above the bass staff in the second system.

System 3: Treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The word "Fine" is written above the bass staff in the second system.

System 4: Treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a quarter note C4, followed by a quarter note B3, and a quarter note A3. The word "Fine" is written above the bass staff in the second system.

System 5: Treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The word "Fine" is written above the bass staff in the second system.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poems of Alfred Tennyson. Two vols. 12mo. Boston, William D. Ticknor. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Of the works of cotemporary English poets of the second class, perhaps none have been more commented upon or less read in America than those of Alfred Tennyson. The chief reason may be that never until now having been reprinted here, and a very small number only of the first English impression having been imported, they have not been accessible to many whom the praises of the reviewers would have led to examine into their pretensions. The Cardinal de Richelieu, it is said, fancying himself as skilled in poetry as in diplomacy, wrote a tragedy, which having been damned on its anonymous presentation to the critics, he tore into atoms and burned. For like cause Mr. Tennyson, soon after the publication of his "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," committed all the copies of them he could regain to the fire. But the cardinal and our cotemporary erred. Time, not fire, is the trier of verse. Upon the surface of the stream of ages the good will at some period rise to float forever, the middling for a while live in the under current of the waters, and in the end, with the utterly worthless, sink into the oblivious mire at the bottom. To this conclusion Mr. Tennyson seems now to have been brought, for he has this summer republished his early poems, with many new ones which, though free from some of the more conspicuous faults of his first productions, generally lack their freshness, beauty and originality. We look in vain in the second volume of the edition before us for pieces surpassing his Mariana, Oriana, Madeline, Adeline, Margaret, The Death of the Old Year, or parts of The Dream of Fair Women. He excels most in his female portraits; but while delicate and graceful they are indefinite; while airy and spiritual, are intangible. As we read Byron or Burns, beautiful forms stand before us, we see the action of their breathing, read the passionate language of their eyes, involuntarily throw out our arms to embrace them; but we have glimpses only of the impalpable creations of Tennyson, as far away on gold-fringed clouds they bend to listen to dreamlike melodies which go up from fairy lakes and enchanted palaces.

Tennyson has been praised as a strikingly original poet. He has indeed a bold and affluent fancy, whereby he tricks out common thoughts in dresses so unique that it is not always easy to identify them; but we have not seen in his works proofs of an original mind. He certainly is not an inventor of incidents, for most of those he uses were familiar in the last century. Dora he acknowledges was suggested by one of Miss Mitford's portraits, and the Lady Clare by Mrs. Farrar's Inheritance; The Day Dream, The Lady of Shalott, and Godiva, are versions of old tales, skilfully made, but showing no creative power. There is a statue-like definiteness and warmth of coloring about the following stanzas from the first of these poems which we have not elsewhere observed in his writings:

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Year after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purpled coverlid,
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown.
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever; and, amid
The full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Gloweth forth each softly-shadow'd arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps! her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart,
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

There is also a beautiful passage in *Godiva*, which we cannot forbear to quote:

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclassed the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud; anon she shook her head
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on, and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar until she reached
The gateway.

A specimen of description, graphic, but not very poetical, is the following from the *Miller's Daughter*:

I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile, that round about
His dusty forehead daily curled,
Seemed half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world.

In *The Day Dream*, from which we have already quoted, the following lines will suggest to the reader's mind the story of *Rip Van Winkle*, of *Sleepy Hollow*:

And last of all the king awoke,
And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,
"By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

Tennyson frequently exhibits a rare sense of the beautiful, "a spirit awake to fine issues," and, in his own language,

does love Beauty only
In all varieties of mould and mind,
And Knowledge for its beauty, or if Good,
Good only for its beauty.

Yet this sense is sometimes dead in him, and he exhibits as little taste as is possessed by ante-diluvian McHenry. A critic for whose judgment we have great respect, and who seems determined to believe Mr. Tennyson "the first original English poet since Keats, perhaps the only one of the present race of verse writers who carries with him the certain marks of being remembered hereafter with the classic authors of his language," points to *St. Simeon Stylites* as the finest of his productions. It is not his worst, but if he had not written better we should desire none of his companionship. In the opening lines a devotee prays, in the very language of old cloister legends—

Altho' I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of sainthood, and to clamor, mourn and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.

Recounting his mortifications, he says—

O take the meaning, Lord : I do not breathe,
Not whisper, any murmur of complaint.
Pain heap'd ten hundredfold to this, were still
Less burthen, by ten hundredfold, to bear,
Than were those lead-like tons of sin, that crush'd
My spirit flat before thee.

O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my soul,
Who may be saved ? who is it may be saved ?
Who may be made a saint, if I fail here ?
Show me the man hath suffer'd more than I.
For either they were stoned or crucified,
Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or sawn
In twain beneath the ribs ; but I die here
To-day, and whole years long, a life of death.
Bear witness, if I could have found a way
(And heedfully I sifted all my thought)
More slowly painful to subdue this home
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and hate,
I had not stunted practice, O my God.

For not alone this pillar-punishment,
Not this alone I bore ; but while I lived
In the white convent down the valley there,
For many weeks about my loins I wore
The rope that hal'd the buckets from the well,
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose,
And I spake not of it to a single soul,
Until the ulcer, eating through my skin,
Betray'd my secret penance, so that all
My brethren marvel'd greatly. More than this
I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest all.

Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee
I lived up there on yonder mountain side.
My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay
Pent in a roofless close of ragged stones,
Inswath'd sometimes in wandering mist, and twice
Black'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes
Sucking the damps for drink, and eating not
Except the spare chance-gift of those that came
To touch my body and be heal'd, and live.
And they say then that I work'd miracles,
Whereof my fame is loud amongst mankind,
Cured lameness, palsies, cancers. Thou, O God,
Knowest alone whether this was or no.
Have mercy, mercy ; cover all my sin.

Then, that I might be more alone with thee,
Three years I lived upon a pillar, high
Six cubits, and three years on one of twelve ;
And twice three years I crouch'd on one that rose
Twenty by measure ; last of all, I grew,
Twice ten long weary, weary years to this,
That numbers forty cubits from the soil.
I think that I have borne as much as this—
Or else I dream—and for so long a time.

At length the miserable fool, with no rebuke for the heaven thought that God is moved by penances like these instead of active efforts to promote His cause and human happiness, working miracles such as the earliest saints performed, climbs up into his airy home and there "receives the blessed sacrament." Where is Mr. Tennyson's "high, spiritual philosophy," and "transcendental light?" The ideas, imagery and style of expression in this poem are familiar to all readers of monkish stories, and from the beginning of it to the end there are not half a dozen lines to be remembered when the book is closed.

We cannot foretell to what degree of popularity these poems will attain in America. The fewness of the copies here, before the appearance of the present edition, enabled some persons to steal the author's livery and achieve great reputation among a class who will now transfer their admiration to him who "stole at first hand from Keats." That Tennyson has genius cannot be denied, but his chief characteristics pertaining to style, they will not long attract regard. We have better poets in our own country—Bryant,

Longfellow, and others—who put "diamond thoughts in golden caskets;" and all true critics will prefer their simple majesty or beauty to the fantastic though often tasteful and brilliant displays of Tennyson. The difference between them is like that which distinguishes the sparkling frost that vanishes in the sun from ingots of silver that may be raked into heaps and will last forever.

Our attention has been directed to resemblances between the poems of Tennyson and those of our own quaint and felicitous humorist, Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. We have not space for a parallel. The first is a man of fortune who has given twenty years to the poetic art; the last a young physician who, devoting all his time to a laborious profession, has little leisure for dalliance with the muse, and no ambition to win "a poet's fame." Yet even as a versifier Holmes is equal to Tennyson, and with the same patient effort and care, he would in every way surpass him as an author.

Forest Life: By the author of "A New Home—Who'll Follow?" Two Vols. 12mo. New York, Charles S. Francis. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

These are charming volumes, written with a freshness and spirit that delights and would surprise us were we not familiar with the first work of their author. Mrs. Kirkland has opened a new vein in our national literature. Her sketches of forest scenery and wood-craft, with all its varied details, are not less true than graphic. We Americans are probably inclined to think too lightly of the vigor and intelligence displayed in them; that bad old adage about the estimate of a prophet in his native land unfortunately applies with force to Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Brooks and some other writers of this country whose works, while they excite comparatively little attention here, are passing through numerous editions abroad. All the world has read the pleasant stories in "Our Village," by Miss Mitford. We institute no comparison between her and our own "Mary Clavers," but we think our countrywoman has exhibited powers infinitely superior to those of the popular delineator of English rural life. She is sometimes *extravagant*, indeed; but a tendency to extravagance has its foundation in nature, and is necessary in all works of art, from pen or pencil, to produce a true impression. Having made a pedestrian tour through the country about "Montecute," a few years ago, and gained by observation some knowledge of its inhabitants, we thought after glancing at a few of Mrs. Kirkland's chapters that she had exaggerated too much their peculiarities; but on closing her volumes we are as confident of their truth as of their extreme cleverness. One or two of Miss Mitford's stories may be read with pleasure, and a philosopher can endure a third; but the fourth invariably induces sleep or weariness. There is, however, no monotony to pall in "Mary Clavers;" the tragic and the comic, the pathetic and the droll, succeed each other so rapidly in her works that they are as various in their tone as the inimitable "Don Juan."

We might find some faults in "Forest Life," but its good qualities so predominate that the task becomes both difficult and ungracious. We will allude to one only—the too frequent introduction of French words and phrases—not, certainly, from vanity, for no woman has less affectation than our author—but doubtless from habit and a desire of condensation. A pithy French phrase of three words, to those who understand the language, will frequently convey more meaning than half a dozen English lines; but, Mrs. Clavers, there are in this world a vast number of very decent people who know as little of French as a politician does of honesty.

The American in Egypt, with Rambles through Arabia Petraea and the Holy Land, during the Years 1839 and 1840. By James Ewing Cooley. Illustrated with numerous Steel Engravings, and Etchings by D. C. Johnston. One vol. 8vo., pp. 610. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1842.

We have seen few American books comparable to this in elegance of paper, typography and embellishments. The richest productions of the printers of London and Paris do not surpass it. Of its literary character—having read but a few chapters—we can speak with less confidence. The author, with his family, we believe left New York in the autumn of 1838, and making pleasure the principal object of his pursuit, passed through the most interesting portions of Europe, Africa and Asia. He was in Egypt during an important period, and enjoyed there all the facilities he could well desire for the acquisition of information. But so numerous are the works relative to that country, which have been published within a few years, that little in regard to its antiquities or social condition was left to be discovered, and instead, therefore, of presenting familiar statistics and minute descriptions of fallen columns and crumbling arches, Mr. Cooley has given us a gallery of character-sketches in which the various classes of travelers, exiles, and other "Franks," encountered on the banks of the Nile, on the deserts and among the ruins, are exhibited. We cannot tell to what degree of confidence these portraits are generally entitled, but we fancy the English tourists are not truly represented in his "Wrinklebottoms" and "Sneezebiters;" and we are sure our intelligent consul at Cairo, Mr. Gliddon, is not the real original of the picture which bears his name. Mr. Cooley sometimes writes carelessly and incorrectly; such phrases as "fellow-townsmen" and some others in the volume before us, may pass without reproof in hasty conversation, but it is not easy to excuse their appearance in a printed book. Though far from faultless, "*The American in Egypt*!" is an instructive and amusing record of travels and observations.

A History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince, and of various Events connected therewith, which occurred during the Reign of Edward III., King of England. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "*Daruley*," "*Richelieu*," "*The Gipsy*," etc. Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Mr. James has probably written more than any other living English author. We have not now a list of his works, but a London bookseller advertises a set of them, as "nearly complete," containing *one hundred and twenty-three volumes*. Many of them are historical, and one is poetical; but the greater number is composed of novels and romances. These last have some excellent qualities which distinguish them from nearly all other works of their kind, especially from the romances of Walter Scott. They are truer as histories than the chronicles and biographies of the author of Waverley. Whatever incidents he may invent, Mr. James draws his real characters with scrupulous fidelity. Philip Augustus, Richelieu, and Henri IV. are great historical pictures, of which the details are imaginary, but the general impression given so correct that a man may learn nearly as much by reading them as from Sismondi's History of France for the periods to which they relate. While Scott's histories are as unworthy of credit as his novels, James, in his historical writings, is singularly careful as well about their minutest incidents as their principal effect, so that he is in a way one of the best of living historians. Of *The Life of Edward the Black Prince*

we have not space for a review; but we have found it exceedingly interesting, and we gladly commend it to the favorable attention of our readers.

The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times. By R. R. Madden, M. D., author of "*Travels in the East*," "*Infirmities of Genius*," etc. Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

Any work descriptive of the characters and events of the great Irish rebellion of 1798, must possess considerable interest. The volumes before us, while they are written with a kindness and candor which distinguish few of the chronicles of the stormy period to which they relate, are constructed so carelessly, are so destitute of continuity and method, as to deserve little praise for their literary execution. The notices of Emmett, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the brothers John and Henry Sheares, to whose fate the indignant eloquence of Curran imparted such interest, and many others will, however, enchain the reader's attention and well reward him for laboring through the more heavy passages. It is estimated by the most moderate judges that the number of persons slain during the rebellion was not less than seventy thousand; twenty thousand on the side of the government, and fifty thousand on that of the insurgents; and it is generally admitted that more were murdered in cold blood than fell on the fields of battle. The judicial investigations which followed were mere mockeries, and the whole conduct of the triumphing government so atrocious as to shock the sensibilities of the whole civilized world. The history of these scenes cannot yet be written. Doctor Madden has but added material to the accumulating stores which await some laborious and skilful writer of the next century. His work will fulfill its office by attracting a momentary attention to the subject, and afterward by appearing as an authority in quotations on the margins of a successor's pages.

The Man of Fortune, and other Tales. By Mrs. Gore, Author of "*Greville*," "*Preferment*," "*The Lover and the Husband*," etc. Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

Female writers have generally a superior tact in painting manners; a discerning eye for the lights and shadows of social life; and their pictures of the family or the ball are marked by a certain detail which we seldom find in the writings of the other sex. Mrs. Charles Gore has an excellent reputation for this kind of ability. Her characters are well drawn, the interest of her stories is well sustained, and their moral is always correct. Of the volumes before us we have read but a moiety, though enough to see that they are worthy of their author. The first contains *The Man of Fortune*, and *Ango*, or *the Merchant Prince*; and the second, *The Queen's Comfit Maker*; *A Legend of Tottenham Cross*; *The Young Soldier*, or *Military Discipline*; *A Lucky Dog*; *The Fatal Window*; *The Railroad*; *The Mariners of the Pollet*; *The Wife of an Aristocrat*; *Neighbor Grey and her Daughter*; and *The Jewess*.

Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth, or Sketches of Life from the Byways of History. Edited by William Cooke Taylor, LL. D., Author of "*Natural History of Society*," etc. Two vols. 12mo. Philad. Lea & Blanchard.

We have room only to announce the appearance of an American edition of this work, and to remark that it is a collection of the most entertaining memoirs in our language.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON BOGART.—Our attention was not long ago called to this name by the number of elegiac verses and eloquent obituary paragraphs upon "the admired and lamented young Bogart," which we found in an old file of Albany papers, while referring to them for other matters connected with some researches in which we were at the time engaged. On inquiring in his native city for the productions of one whose early death had caused so general a sensation in the community of which he was a member, we found that he was still remembered, and still deplored. His literary abilities, not less than his personal character, seemed to have left a profound impression on all who knew him; but of his writings we could recover scarcely any, and those we obtained were principally of a fragmentary character. Yet these fragments, though their local and personal allusions were lost upon us, as they would be upon most of our readers, had in them veins of sentiment and humor that sufficiently proved the easy and versatile genius of their author, and inspired the regret that a man evidently so gifted had not left his countrymen some more finished mementos of his genius. Mr. Bogart was a native of the city of Albany, where, at the early age of twenty-one years, he died, in 1826. He was engaged in the study of the law at the time of his decease, and, as we have learned from an eminent member of the bar in that city, gave the highest promise of professional reputation, when his studies were interrupted by the illness which terminated in his death. In an interval of that illness, he is said to have destroyed such of his writings as were within his reach. The following spirited song, being happily in the hands of a friend, escaped with the fragments we have already alluded to, and, judging by them, is a characteristic specimen of his verse.

ANACREONTIC.

The flying joy through life we seek
For once is ours—the wine we sip
Blushes like beauty's glowing cheek,
To meet our eager lip.

Round with the ringing glass once more!
Friends of my youth and of my heart;
No magic can this hour restore—
Then crown it ere we part.

Ye are my friends, my chosen ones—
Whose blood would flow with fervor true
For me—and free as this wine runs
Would mine, by heaven! for you.

Yet, mark me! When a few short years
Have hurried on their journey fleet,
Not one that now my accents hears
Will know me when we meet.

Though now, perhaps, with proud disdain,
The startling thought ye scarce will brook,
Yet, trust me, we'll be strangers then
In heart as well as look.

Fame's luring voice, and woman's wile,
Will soon break youthful friendship's chain—
But shall that cloud-to-night's bright smile?
No—pour the wine again!

Mr. Bogart composed with singular rapidity, and would frequently astonish his companions by an improvisation

equal to the elaborate performances of some poets of distinguished reputation. It was good-naturedly hinted on one occasion that his impromptus were prepared beforehand, and he was asked if he would submit to the application of a test of his poetical abilities. He promptly acceded, and a most difficult one was immediately proposed. Among his intimate friends were the late Colonel John B. Van Schaick and Charles Fenno Hoffman, both of whom were present. Said Van Schaick, taking up a copy of Byron, "The name of *Lydia Kane*"—a lady distinguished for her beauty and cleverness, who died a year or two since, but who was then just blushing into womanhood—"the name of *Lydia Kane* has in it the same number of letters as a stanza of 'Childe Harold;' write them down in a column." They were so written by Bogart, Hoffman and himself. "Now," he continued, "I will open the poem at random; and for the ends of the lines in *Miss Lydia's acrostic* shall be used the words ending those of the verse on which my finger may rest." The stanza thus selected was this:

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valor acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?

The following stanza was composed by Bogart within the succeeding ten minutes—the period fixed in a wager—finished before his companions had reached a fourth line, and read to them as we print it—

L	ovely and loved, o'er the unconquered	brave
Y	our charms resistless, matchless girl, shall	reign!
D	ear as the mother holds her infant's	grave
I	n Love's own region, warm, romantic	Spain!
A	nd should your Fate to court's your steps	ordain,
K	ings would in vain to regal pomp	appeal,
A	nd lordly bishops kneel to you in	vain,
N	or Valor's fire, Law's power, nor Churchman's zeal	
E	ndure 'gainst Love's (time up!) untarnished	steel!

We need not inform the reader that few of the most facile versifiers could have accomplished the task in hours. Bogart nearly always composed with the same rapidity, and his pieces were marked by the liveliest wit and most appropriate illustration. Of how many young Americans who, like him, died as the bud of their promise was unfolding, have we heard! "Whom the gods love, indeed die young."

THE ANNUARIES.—The Gift may be regarded as a dial by which to learn the progress of the arts in America. The best of our painters and engravers are engaged in its embellishment, and in pictorial beauty as well as literary character every new volume surpasses its predecessor. The Gift for 1843 will be issued in a few days, with pictures from Malbone, Huntington, Inman, Chapman, Sully, and others, and prose and verse by Herbert, Simms, Miss Gould, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Sigourney, and some half dozen beside. The Token, published for fourteen years in Boston, will not again be issued.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, the wealthiest citizen of the United States, has with enlightened liberality devoted three hundred thousand dollars to the establishment of a public library in New York, an elegant and durable edifice is being built in the most pleasant part of the city for its reception, and Doctor Cogswell, a gentleman of taste and sound learning, is engaged in the purchase of books for it. There are a large number of libraries in America, owned by societies and individuals, but none yet for the public, and none that, if they were free like the great libraries of the old world, would be of much use to men of science or letters. To so many of the million as can buy shares in them those of Boston, New York and Philadelphia will afford sufficient means of amusement, but if a man wishes to explore any department of science, moral, political, or historical, and resorts to them, he will soon be compelled to abandon his researches or to go abroad for their prosecution. Indeed, except the library of Congress, which is not half so good as an intelligent *bibliophile* with the requisite means might make it in six months, there is in this country no collection of books relating to our own history comparable with several collections in England, and for works by American authors, for our national literature, such as it is, the very last place to look is in an American library. Stepping a few days since into an extensive bibliographical establishment in this city, we were shown an order for American books, by catalogue, amounting to several thousand dollars; with great difficulty they had been found among the book-stalls and other out-of-the-way places, and shipped to London, to be added to a collection probably already as large as any existing here, except two or three owned by governments and societies, and a few in the hands of private individuals. We have examined carefully most of the libraries of any consequence in the United States, and know something of their condition. Small as they are, compared with the libraries of Europe, they are made up in a great degree of duplicate copies of worthless books, and are most poorly supplied with works by our countrymen or relating to our history and institutions. They are managed by persons incompetent to discharge their duties; have librarians who cannot comprehend the title pages of half the books mentioned in their catalogues; and add very little indeed to the means of obtaining knowledge which have an independent existence. The Astor library will be different. The large amount of money appropriated by its founder, the ability of his actuary, and the system which has been proposed for its government, give promise that we are to have at length the nucleus, gradually and surely to be enlarged into a really good American library, to which scholars may resort with such hopes of advantage as now prompt them to visit England, Germany, Spain, or France.

MR. FRANCIS J. GRUND, our Consul at Bremen, and author of "Aristocracy in America," "The Americans in their Moral, Social and Political Condition," etc., has nearly ready for press a work on the state and prospects of Germany, which will be published in a few weeks by Longman, Reese, Orme, Browne & Longman, of London. It will of course be reprinted in this country.

DOCTOR MARSH.—We learn with great pleasure that Professor TORREY, of the University of Vermont, is preparing for publication the writings, religious, philosophical and literary, of the late President Marsh, the greatest American who has died in this decade.

MR. FAY'S NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.—The series of articles by Mr. Theodore S. Fay, on the writings of Shakespeare, which we are publishing in this Magazine, prove that the subject, however ably or frequently it has been treated, is not exhausted. Shakespeare's works will probably continue through all future time to be more read than any other productions save the inspired books which compose the Holy Bible. They contain peculiarities which distinguish the author from every other writer, and have made him for two centuries the object of the world's attention and admiration. With all the praise awarded to him by the greatest critics of all nations, we believe with our correspondent that he is not even yet generally understood, and that many thousands read his plays, and see them performed, without a true idea of their particular beauty and profound meaning. The system of the German critic, Ulrici, alluded to by Mr. Fay, is highly interesting, and this entire series of papers—which will be completed in four or five more numbers—without being so studied as the critiques of Schlegel and Hazlitt, is well calculated to call the popular attention to beauties which have not generally been observed, and many of which we do not remember having seen pointed out before at all.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.—Few subjects have recently attracted more attention than that of the discovery of the vast remains of ancient cities in the southern part of this continent. The "hand book" of Mr. John L. Stephens, descriptive of his hasty journey through Central America, though it contains little new information, and none of the curious learning which we look for in the chronicle of an antiquary's researches, has been read with avidity in this country and in Europe, and is soon to be followed by an account of a second visit to the same scene. Since the return of Mr. Stephens, Mr. Norman, an intelligent and careful explorer, has passed several months in Yucatan, visiting Techechuan and other places not discovered by former travellers, and abounding in interesting relics of an aboriginal race, and monuments, yet undecayed by time, which show that their builders were far advanced in civilization. Mr. Norman is now preparing for this magazine a series of articles on the ruins of Yucatan, the first of which, with illustrative engravings by Butler, from original drawings, will probably appear in our next number.

NATIONAL SONGS.—Among the new works to be published in Philadelphia, during the autumn, is "A Collection of American Patriotic, Naval and Military Songs, in three volumes," by the veteran bookseller, Mr. McCarty. It will be curious and unique.

THULIA, A TALE OF THE ANTARCTIC, is the title of a beautiful poem by J. C. Palmer, U. S. N., written while the author, attached to the Exploring Expedition, was in the Southern seas, which will soon be published in New York, with illustrations engraved by Adams, from designs by Agate.

THE SMUGGLER'S SON, WITH OTHER TALES AND SKETCHES, IN PROSE AND VERSE, is the title of a volume from the pen of a lady of Tennessee, soon to be published by Herman Hooker, of this city.

MR. ALFRED B. STREET, one of the most graphic and natural of the poets who have attempted the description of external nature, we learn has a collection of his writings in press.







PAINTED BY W. BRIDGMAN

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN

The Young Girl

Engraved expressly for the Young Magazine



The Old Man

Engraved on copper by J. W. L. 1848



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1842.

No. 4.

RICHARD SOMERS.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "THE PIONEERS," ETC.

Few men in this country have left names as distinguished as that of Somers, around whose personal history there remains so much doubt. Had he not given up his life in the service of his country, he would most probably have now been living, in a green old age. While many of his friends and shipmates still survive to bear testimony to his bravery and his virtues, yet no one seems to possess the precise information that is necessary to a full and accurate biographical sketch of more than his public services. The same mystery that has so long clothed the incidents of his death, appears to have gathered about those of his early life, veiling the beginning and the end equally in a sad and uncertain interest.

The family of Somers emigrated from England to America in the early part of the eighteenth century, establishing itself at Great Egg Harbor, Gloucester county, New Jersey. Here the emigrant became the proprietor of a considerable landed property, most of which still remains in the hands of his descendants, the place bearing the name of Somers' Point. This Point forms the southeastern extremity of the county, being separated from that of Cape May merely by the Harbor. Gordon, in his gazetteer of New Jersey, thus describes the spot, viz:—"Somers' Point, post-office and port of entry for Great Egg Harbor district, upon the Great Egg Harbor bay, about 43 miles S. E. from Woodbury, 88 from Trenton, and, by post-route, 196 from Washington. There is a tavern and boarding-house here, and several farm-houses. It is much resorted to for sea bathing in summer, and gunning in the fall season."

It is believed that the Christian name of the emigrant was John, and as this was also the baptismal designation of the celebrated jurist, who came from the middle class of society, the circumstances, taken

in connection with the fact that the family was known to have been respectable in England, leaves the strong probability that the parties had a common origin. At all events, this John Somers, by his possessions and position, must have been of a condition in life much superior to the great body of the emigrants to the American colonies. Report makes him a man of strong English habits and character, while there is a tradition among his descendants of the existence of a mother, or of a mother-in-law, who was of French extraction, and a native of Acadie. This person may have been the mother of the wife of the emigrant, however; but the circumstance is not without interest, when it is remembered that the regretted Somers himself, like his intimate friend, Decatur, had more of the physical appearance of one descended from a French stock, than of one who was derived from a purely Anglo-Saxon ancestry.

The property at Somers' Point descended principally, if not entirely, to the two sons of the emigrant, John and Richard. John, the eldest, lived and died on the estate, where his descendants are still to be found. Richard, the youngest, married Sophia Stillwell, of the same part of his native province, by whom he had three children, Constant, Sarah and Richard.

Constant Somers married Miss Leaming, of Cape May county, and died young, leaving a son and a daughter. The former, who bore his father's name, was accidentally killed at Cronstadt, in Russia, while yet a youth, and the daughter married a gentleman of the name of Corsen, also of Cape May county, and has issue. These children are the only descendants, in the third generation, of Richard Somers, the second son of the emigrant.

Sarah Somers married Captain Keen, of Phila-

delphia, and still survives as his widow, but has no children. Richard, the youngest child, is the subject of our memoir.

Richard Somers, the elder, would seem to have been a man of considerable local note. He was a colonel of the militia, a judge of the county court, and his name appears among those of the members from his native county in the Provincial Congress, for the year 1775; though it would seem that he did not take his seat. Col. Somers was an active whig in the Revolution, and was much employed, in the field and otherwise, more especially during the first years of the great struggle for national existence. His influence, in the part of New Jersey where he resided, was of sufficient importance to render him particularly obnoxious to the attacks of the tories, who were in the practice of seizing prominent whigs, and of carrying them within the British lines; and Great Egg Harbor being much exposed to descents from the side of the sea, Col. Somers was induced to remove to Philadelphia with his family, for protection. As this removal must have been made after the town was evacuated by Sir Henry Clinton, it could not have taken place earlier than the summer of 1778; and there is good reason for thinking it occurred two or three seasons later. Here Col. Somers remained for several years, or nearly down to the period of his death.

Richard Somers, the son of Richard, and the grandson of the emigrant, it is believed was born in 1779, and it is known that his birth took place prior to the removal of his parents to Philadelphia. As his father was born November 24, 1737, it determines two facts: first, that the family must have emigrated at least as early as 1730, if not some years earlier; and, secondly, that Col. Somers had reached middle age when his distinguished and youngest child drew his earliest breath. Somers first went to school in Philadelphia, and was subsequently sent to Burlington, where there was then an academy of some merit for the period. At the latter place the boy continued until near the time of the death of his father, if not quite down to the day of that event.

Col. Somers died in 1793 or 1794; two records of his death existing, one of which places it in the former, and the other in the latter year.

There is even some uncertainty thrown around the precise period when Somers first went to sea. His nearest surviving relative is of opinion that he had never entered upon the profession when he joined the navy; but this opinion is met by the more precise knowledge of one of his shipmates in the frigate in which he first served, who affirms that the young man was a very respectable seaman on coming on board. The result of our inquiries is to convince us that Somers must have gone to sea somewhere about the year 1791, or shortly after the death of his father, and when he himself was probably between fifteen and sixteen years of age. The latter period, indeed, agrees with that named by the relative mentioned, as his age when he went to sea, though it is irreconcilable with the date of the equipment of the man-of-war he first joined, and that of his own war-

rant in the navy. From the best information in our possession, therefore, we are led to believe that the boy sailed, first as a hand and then as a mate, if not as master, on board a coaster, owned by some one of his own family, of which more than one plied between Great Egg Harbor and the ports of New York and Philadelphia. This accords, too, with his known love of adventure and native resolution, as well as with his orphan condition; though he inherited from his father a respectable property, including a portion of the original family estate, as well as of lands in the interior of Pennsylvania.

In his boyhood and youth, Somers was remarkable for a chivalrous sense of honor, great mildness of manner and disposition, all mingled with singular firmness of purpose. His uncle, John Somers, who was the head of the family, and as such maintained an authority that was more usual in the last century than it is to-day, is described as an austere man, who was held in great awe by his relatives, and who was accustomed to meet with the greatest deference amongst his kindred, not only for all his commands, but for most of his opinions. The firmness and decision shown by his nephew Richard, however, in a controversy about a dog, in which the uncle was wrong and the boy right, are said to have astonished the whole family, and to have created a profound respect in the senior for the junior, that continued as long as the two lived. Richard could not have been more than twelve when this little incident occurred.

Somers received his warrant as a midshipman in the spring of 1798. This was, virtually, at the commencement of the present navy, the *Ganges* 24, Capt. Dale, the first vessel that got out, being ordered to sea May 22d of that year. The *Ganges* was soon followed by the *Constellation* 38, and *Delaware* 20, the three ships cruising on the coast to prevent the depredations committed by French privateers. The next vessel out was the *United States* 41, bearing the broad pennant of Com. John Barry, the senior officer of the service. To this vessel Somers was attached, making his first cruise in her.

The *United States* was then, as now, one of the finest frigates that floats. Equipped in Philadelphia, then the capital of the country, and the centre of American civilization, and commanded by an experienced and excellent officer, no young man could have commenced his professional career under more favorable auspices than was the case with Somers. The ship had for lieutenants, Ross 1st, Mullooney 2d, Barron 3d, and Stewart 4th. The two latter are now the senior officers of the service. Among his messmates in the steerage, Somers had for friends and associates Decatur and Caldwell, both Philadelphians. It is a proof that Somers had been previously to sea, that, on joining this ship, he was named as master's mate of the hold, a situation uniformly given, in that day, to the most experienced and trustworthy of the midshipmen. It was while thus associated, that the close connection was generated between Somers and Decatur, which, for the remainder of their joint lives, rendered them generous professional rivals and fast personal friends.

The United States sailed on her first cruise early in July, 1798, going to the eastward, where she collected a small squadron, that had come out of the ports of New England, and with which she soon after proceeded to the West Indies. She remained cruising in those seas for the remainder of the year, as the commanding vessel; Com. Barry having collected a force of some twenty sail under his orders by the commencement of winter. Shortly after Mr. Ross left the ship, and Messrs. Mulowney and Barron were promoted. This occurred in the spring of 1799, when Mr. Stewart became 1st lieutenant of the frigate, Mr. Edward Meade 2d, Somers 3d, and Decatur 4th. Thus the service of Somers, as a midshipman, could not have exceeded a twelvemonth: conclusive evidence of his having been at sea previously to joining the navy, were any other testimony required than that of his shipmates. In the autumn of 1799, the United States sailed from Newport, Rhode Island, for Lisbon, having on board, as commissioners to the French republic, the gentlemen who subsequently arranged the terms of peace. It is probable that Somers, whose previous experience had been in the American seas, crossed the Atlantic for the first time in this cruise. Mr. Stewart being placed in command of the Experiment 12, in the year 1800, Somers ended the war as second lieutenant of the ship he had joined as a midshipman about three years before.

The war of 1793 allowed but few opportunities for officers to distinguish themselves. But two frigate actions were fought, and, singularly enough, on the side of the Americans, both fell to the share of the same commander and the same ship, Truxton and the Constellation; leaving nothing but vigilant watchfulness and activity to the lot of the other officers and vessels. While the United States had no chance for earning laurels, she was always a model cruiser for discipline and seamanship, and the young men who served in her during the quasi-war, had no grounds of complaint on the score of either precept or example. They had been in an excellent school, and the "Old Wagoner," as this vessel was afterwards called, turned out as many distinguished officers as any vessel of the day.

At the formation of the peace establishment, in 1801, Somers was returned as the twelfth lieutenant, in a list that then presented only thirty-six officers of that rank. The rapid promotion which marked the first few years of the existence of the present marine, belongs to the history of the day, and must be ascribed to the occurrence of two wars in quick succession, and to the wants of an infant service. The list alluded to forms a subject of melancholy and yet of proud interest to every American who is familiar with this branch of the republic's annals. It is headed by the name of Charles Stewart, and it closes with that of Jacob Jones. Hull, Shaw, Chauncey, and Smith precede Somers on this list; Decatur stands next to him; and Dent, Porter, the elder Carsin, Gordon and Caldwell follow. A long list of names that have since become distinguished, including those of McDonough, Lawrence, the younger Biddle,

Perry, the younger Carsin, Trippe, Allen, Burrows, Blakely, Downes, Crane, Morris, Ridgely, Warrington, the elder Wadsworth, &c. &c., was then to be found among the midshipmen. Not a name below that of the seventeenth captain of the present day (Woodhouse,) was then to be found in the navy register at all; that of Sloat, now the thirty-third captain, having lost its place in consequence of a resignation. When Commodores Stewart and Hull examine the present register, they find on it but eleven names, besides their own, that were there even when they were made commanders. They both remain captains themselves to this hour!

The United States was laid up in ordinary at the peace of 1801, and there was this noble frigate suffered to remain, until she was again commissioned for the coast service, a few months previously to the war of 1813. Among the vessels that were built to meet the emergency of the French struggle, was a frigate called the Boston, a vessel that it was usual then to rate as a thirty-two, but which was properly a twenty-eight, carrying only twenty-four twelves on her gun deck. This little ship had fought a spirited action with a heavy French corvette called the Bercean, in the war that had just terminated, and had brought in her antagonist. This circumstance rendered her a favorite, and she was kept in commission at the termination of hostilities, under the command of Captain Daniel M'Niell, an officer of whose eccentricities there will be occasion to speak, when we come to the record of his extraordinary career. Somers, on quitting the United States, was transferred to the Boston as her first lieutenant. The ship sailed from New York in the summer of 1801, for L'Orient, in France, having on board Chancellor Livingston and suite, the newly appointed legation to that country. After landing the minister, the Boston proceeded to the Mediterranean. The cruise of this ship was remarkable for its entire independence. Capt. M'Niell had been ordered to join the Mediterranean squadron, then under the pennant of Com. Dale; and, although he was in that sea during parts of the commands of that officer and his successor, Com. Morris, he so successfully eluded both as never to fall in with them; or, if he met the latter at all, it was only for a moment, and near the end of his own cruise. Capt. M'Niell, notwithstanding, wanted for neither courage nor activity. He visited many ports, gave frequent convoys, and even went off Tripoli, the scene of the war; but, from accident or design, all this was so timed as to destroy every thing like concert and combination. In this cruise Somers had an opportunity of seeing many of the ports of Italy, Spain, and the islands, and doubtless he acquired much of that self-reliance and experience which are so necessary to a seaman, in his responsible station of a first lieutenant. He was then a very young man, not more than twenty-three; and this was a period of life when such opportunities were of importance. Nor does he seem to have neglected them, as all of his cotemporaries speak of his steadiness of character, good sense, and amiable, correct deportment, with affection and respect. The

Boston returned home at the close of 1802, when Capt. M'Niell retired from the service, under the reduction law, and the ship was laid up, never to be employed again. The commander subsequently returned to the seas, in the revenue service, but the frigate lay rotting at Washington, until she was burned at the inroad of the enemy, in 1814, a worthless hulk.

At the reduction of the navy in 1801, but one vessel below the rate of a frigate, the *Enterprise* 12, was retained in the marine. Most of the sloops that had been used in the French war were clumsy vessels with gun-decks, that had been bought into the service. They were not fit to be preserved, and the department was not sorry to get rid of them. By this time, however, the want of small vessels was much felt in carrying on the Tripolitan war, and a law providing for the construction of four vessels of not more than sixteen guns, passed in the session of 1802-3. These vessels were the *Siren* 16, *Argus* 16, *Nautilus* 12, and *Vixen* 12. As the country at that day had no proper yards, it was customary to assign certain officers to superintend the building and equipment of vessels on the stocks, the selections being commonly made from those who it was intended should subsequently serve in them. On this occasion *Decatur* was attached to the *Argus*, it being understood he was to take her to the Mediterranean and give her up to *Hull*, receiving the *Enterprise* from the latter in exchange, as the junior officer. *Stewart* was given the *Siren*, as his due; *Smith* got the *Vixen*; and *Somers* the *Nautilus*. By this time, or in the spring of 1803, owing to resignations, the latter stood seventh on the list of lieutenants, *Smith* being one before him, and *Decatur* one his junior. *Stewart* and *Hull* headed the register. Of the thirty-six officers of this rank retained under the reduction law, but twenty-five then remained in service. To-day their number is lowered to three, viz : *Stewart*, *Hull* and *Jacob Jones* !

The *Nautilus*, the first and only command of *Somers*, was a beautiful schooner of about 160 or 170 tons, and mounted twelve 18 lb. carronades, with two sixes, having a crew of from 75 to 95 souls. This was a handsome situation for a young sailor of twenty-four, who had then followed his profession but about nine years, and who had been in the navy but five, having commenced a midshipman. In that day, however, no one envied *Somers*, or believed him unduly favored, for he was thought to be an old officer, though he had not been half the time in service which is now employed in the subordinate situations of midshipman and passed midshipman.

The Mediterranean squadron, which sailed in the summer and autumn of 1803, was that which subsequently became so celebrated under the orders of *Preble*. It consisted of the *Constitution* 44, *Preble's* own ship; the *Philadelphia* 38, Capt. *Bainbridge*; *Argus* 16, first Lieut. Com. *Decatur*, then Lieut. Com. *Hull*; *Siren* 16, Lieut. Com. *Stewart*; *Vixen* 12, Lieut. Com. *Smith*; *Enterprise* 12, first Lieut. Com. *Hull*, then Lieut. Com. *Decatur*; and *Nautilus* 12, Lieut. Com. *Somers*. These vessels did not proceed their station in squadron, but they left home as

they got ready. The *Enterprise* was already out, but, of the ships fitting, the *Nautilus* was the first equipped, and the first to sail. *Somers* left America early in the summer, and anchored in Gibraltar Bay on the 27th July. The remaining vessels arrived at different times, between the last of August and the first of November. After a short stop at Gibraltar, the *Nautilus* went abaft, giving convoy when required, returning to the Rock in time to meet the commodore in September.

The relief and the homeward bound squadrons, or at least that part of the former which had then arrived and was below, and the return ships under Com. *Rodgers*, met at Gibraltar early in September. The state of the relations with Morocco being very precarious, Com. *Preble* determined to make an effort to avert a new war, and Com. *Rodgers* handsomely consenting to aid him, the former proceeded to Tangiers with all the force he could assemble. Here he succeeded in awing the Emperor into a treaty, and in putting a stop to a system of depredations which the subjects of that prince had already commenced. The *Nautilus* formed a part of the force employed on this occasion, and was particularly useful on account of her light draught of water.

After arranging the difficulty with Morocco, *Preble* made a formal declaration of the blockade of Tripoli, before which town he believed that the *Philadelphia* and *Vixen* were then cruising; though, unknown to him, the latter had been temporarily detached, and the *Philadelphia* was in possession of the enemy. From this time until the succeeding spring, the *Nautilus* was employed in conveying, or in carrying orders necessary to the preparations that were making for the coming season; but in March she formed a part of the blockading force in front of Tripoli. In consequence of the captivity of Capt. *Bainbridge*, Lieut. Com. *Stewart* was the officer second in rank in the squadron, and he was consequently kept much upon the coast in command, while *Preble* was carrying on the negotiations by means of which he obtained the gunboats and other supplies necessary to the attacks he contemplated. In March, 1804, while the *Siren* and *Nautilus* were alone maintaining the blockade, the two vessels had been driven to the eastward of their port by a gale, and early in the morning, while returning, they made a warlike looking brig lying to off the place, with which she was evidently in communication. Signal was made to the *Nautilus* to stand close in, and watch the gunboats, while the *Siren* ran alongside of the stranger, who was captured for a violation of the blockade. The prize proved to be a privateer called the *Transfer*, with an English commission. She carried 16 guns and 80 men, and hailed from Malta, but, in fact, belonged to the Bashaw of Tripoli; her papers having been obtained through the Tripolitan consul in Malta, who was a native of that island. This vessel was appraised, equipped by the squadron, and used in the war, having had her name changed to the *Scourge*. Owing to certain scruples of Mr. Jefferson on the subject of blockades, the vessel was not condemned until the war of 1812, nor were the captors

paid their prize money until Somers had been dead nearly eleven years.

Between the time of the capture of the *Transfer* and the month of July, the *Nautilus* was much employed by the commodore, going below and visiting different ports in Sicily. On the 20th of that month, Somers sailed from Malta, in company with the *Constitution*, the *Enterprise*, two bomb ketches and six gunboats that had been obtained from the Neapolitans, bound off Tripoli. On the arrival of the commodore, his whole force was collected, and that series of short but brilliant operations commenced, which has rendered the service of this season so remarkable in the history of the American navy.

A spirit of high emulation existed among the young commanders by whom Preble now found himself supported. Hull was the oldest in years, and he had hardly reached the prime of life, while Stewart, Smith, Somers and Decatur were all under five-and-twenty. With the exception of the commodore, no commanding officer was married, and most of them were bound together by the ties of intimate friendships. In a word, their lives, as yet, had been prosperous; the past left little to complain of, the future was full of hope; and there had been little opportunity for that spirit of selfishness which is so apt to generate quarrels, to get possession of minds so free and temperaments so ardent.

This is the proper place to allude to a private adventure of Somers', about the existence of which there would seem to be no doubt, though like so much that belonged to this interesting man its details are involved in obscurity. While at Syracuse, where the American vessels made their principal rendezvous, he was walking in the vicinity of the town in company with two brother officers, when five men carrying swords, who were afterwards ascertained to be soldiers of the garrison, made an attack on the party, with an intent to rob. One of the gentlemen was provided with a dirk, but Somers and the other were totally unarmed. The officer with the dirk used the weapon so vigorously as soon to bring down one assailant, while Somers grappled with another. In the struggle Somers seized the blade of his antagonist's sword, and was severely cut in the hand by the efforts of the robber to recover it, but the latter did not succeed, the weapon being wrested from him and plunged into his own body. This decided the matter, the three remaining robbers taking to flight. The dead bodies were carried into the town and recognized. This adventure is believed to have occurred while the *Nautilus* was absent on her last visit to Sicily, though it may have been of older date; possibly as old as the time when Somers was in the Boston. We think the latter improbable, however, as the circumstance seems to be unknown to his nearest relatives in this country, which would hardly have been the case had it taken place previously to his last visit to America. Our information comes from an intimate friend, who received the facts from Somers himself, but who was not at Syracuse at the moment the attempt to rob occurred.

A gale of wind prevented the American vessels

from commencing operations before the 3d of August. On that day Com. Preble stood in within a league of Tripoli, with a pleasant breeze from the eastward. Here he wore ship, with his head off the land, and signaled all the vessels to pass within hail of the *Constitution*. As the brigs and schooners passed the frigate each commander was ordered to prepare for an attack. Every thing was previously arranged, and the ardor of the young men under the orders of Preble being of the highest character, in one hour every man and craft were ready for the contemplated service.

The harbor of Tripoli lies in a shallow indentation of the coast, being tolerably protected against easterly and westerly gales by the formation of the land, while a reef of rocks, which stretches for a mile and a half in a northeasterly course, commencing at the town itself, breaks the seas that roll in from the northward. This reef extends near half a mile from the walls, entirely above water, and is of sufficient height and width to receive water batteries, containing the Lazaretto and one or two forts. It is this commencement of the reef which constitutes what is usually termed the mole, and behind it lies the harbor proper. At its termination is a narrow opening in the reef which is called the western entrance, through which it is possible for a ship to pass, though the channel is not more than two hundred feet in width. Beyond this passage the rocks reappear, with intervals between them, though lying on shoals with from one half to five and a half feet of water on them. The line of rocks and shoals extends more than a mile outside of the western entrance. Beyond its termination is the principal entrance to Tripoli, which is of sufficient width though not altogether free from shoals. The distance across the bay, from the northeastern extremity of the rocks to what is called the English fort, on the main land, is about two thousand yards, or quite within the effective range of heavy guns. In the bottom of the bay, or at the southeastern angle of the town, stands the bashaw's castle, a work of some size and force. It lies rather more than half a mile from the western entrance, and somewhat more than a mile from the outer extremity of the reef. Thus any thing within the rocks is commanded by all the water defences of the place, while shot from the castle, and more especially from the natural mole, would reach a considerable distance into the offing. Some artificial works aided in rendering the northwestern corner of the harbor still more secure, and this place is usually called the galley mole. Near this is the ordinary landing, and it is the spot that may properly be termed the port.

The Tripolitans fully expected the attack of the 2d of August, though they little anticipated its desperate character, or its results. They had anchored nine of their large, well-manned gunboats just outside of what are called the Harbor Rocks, or the northeastern extremity of the reef, evidently with a view of flanking the expected attack on the town, which, lying on the margin of the sea, is much exposed, though the rocks in its front were well garnished with heavy guns. Accustomed to cannonad-

ing at the distance of a mile, these gunboats expected no warmer service, more especially as a nearer approach would bring their assailants within reach of the castle and batteries. In addition to the nine boats to the eastward, there were five others which also lay along the line of rocks nearer to the western entrance, and within pistol shot of the batteries in that part of the defences. Within the reef were five more gunboats and several heavy galleys, ready to protect the outer line of gunboats at need, forming a reserve.

Com. Preble had borrowed only six gunboats from the King of Naples, and these were craft that were much inferior in size and force to the generality of those used by the enemy. Each of these boats had a few Neapolitans in her to manage her on ordinary occasions, but, for the purposes of action, officers and crews were detailed from the different vessels of the squadron. These six boats were divided into two divisions; to the command of one was assigned Lieut. Com. Somers, while Lieut. Com. Decatur led the other. Somers was thought to be the senior lieutenant of the two, though Decatur was at this time actually a captain, and Somers himself was a master commandant, as well as Stewart, Hull and Smith, though the intelligence of these promotions had not yet reached the squadron. The three boats commanded by Somers were

No. 1. Lieut. Com. Somers, of the Nautilus.

No. 2. Lieut. James Decatur, of the Nautilus.

No. 3. Lieut. Blake, of the Argus.

Decatur had under his immediate orders,

No. 4. Lieut. Com. Decatur, of the Enterprise.

No. 5. Lieut. Joseph Bainbridge, of the Enterprise.

No. 6. Lieut. Trippe, of the Vixen.

Somers had with him in No. 1 a crew from his own schooner, and Messrs. Ridgely and Miller, midshipmen; the former being the present Com. Ridgely. Decatur had the late Lieut. Jonathan Thorn, who was subsequently blown up on the Northwest Coast of America, and the modest, but lion-hearted, McDonough. Trippe had with him in No. 6 the late Com. J. D. Henley and the late Capt. Deacon, both then midshipmen. Of all these gallant young men Ridgely alone survives!

It was the intention of Preble to attack the eastern division of the enemy's boats with his own flotilla, while the ketches bombarded the town, and the frigate and sloop covered both assaults with their round and grape. With this object in view, the whole force stood in towards the place at half past one, the gunboats in tow. Half an hour later the latter were cast off and formed in advance, while the brigs and schooners, six in number, formed a line without them, and the ketches began to throw their shells. The batteries were instantly in a blaze, and the Americans immediately opened from all their shipping in return.

Circumstances had thrown the division of gunboats commanded by Somers to leeward of that commanded by Decatur. It was on the right of the little line, and, under ordinary occurrences, it would have been the most exposed, being nearest to the

batteries and the weight of the Tripolitan fire, but Decatur gave a new character to the whole affair by his extraordinary decision and intrepidity. The manner in which this chivalrous officer led on in a hand-to-hand conflict will be related in his own biography, but it may be well to state here that he was sustained only by Trippe, in No. 6, and his brother James, in No. 2; the latter being far enough to windward to fetch into the easternmost division of the Tripolitan boats, though belonging to the division commanded by Somers. No. 5, Lieut. Bainbridge, was disabled in approaching, though she continued to engage, and finally grounded on the rocks. Deprived of the support of No. 2, by the successful effort of her gallant commander to close with the easternmost division, and of that of No. 3, in consequence of a signal of recall that was made from the Constitution, which arrested the movements of that boat though it was either unseen or disregarded by all the others, Somers found himself alone, within the line of small vessels, and much exposed to the fire of the leeward division of the enemy's boats, as well as to that of the nearest battery. The struggle to windward was too fierce to last long, and Preble fearing that some of the gunboats might be pushed into extreme peril, made the signal of recall, at least an hour before the firing ceased, No. 1 with Somers and his brave companions being all that time in the very forlorn hope of the affair so far as missiles were concerned. As soon as it had been ascertained that he could not fetch into the most weatherly division of the enemy, Somers had turned like a lion on that to leeward, and engaged the whole of that division, five in number and at least of five times his own force, within pistol shot; one party being sustained by some of the vessels outside, and the other by the batteries and the craft within the rocks. In consequence of the direction of the wind, the only means, short of anchoring, that could be devised to prevent No. 1 from drifting directly down, as it might be, into the enemy's hands, was to keep the sweeps backing astern, while the long gun of the boat delivered bags of musket balls filled with a thousand bullets each. In the end, the enemy was obliged to make off, and Somers was extricated from his perilous position by the approach of the Constitution, which enabled him to obey the commodore's signal and bring out his boat in triumph.

Although the extraordinary nature of the hand-to-hand conflict in which Decatur had been engaged threw a sort of shade over the efforts of the other vessels employed that day, the feeling of admiration for the conduct of Somers, in particular, was very general in the squadron. Apart from the struggles with the pike, sword and bayonet, his position was much the most critical of any vessel engaged in the attack, and no man could have behaved better than he was admitted to have done. In short, next to Nos. 4 and 6, No. 1, it was conceded, had most distinguished herself, although No. 2, under James Decatur, did as well as the circumstances would allow. One of the best evidences which can be given of the spirit of this attack is to be found in the trifling

nature of the loss the Americans suffered. But fourteen men were killed and wounded in all the vessels, and of these thirteen were on board the gunboats. No. 4, notwithstanding her great exposure, had only two casualties.

The Americans employed themselves, between the 3d and 7th of August, in altering the rigs of the three boats they had taken in their first assault, and in equipping them for service. They were all ready by the morning of the last day, and were taken into the line as Nos. 7, 8 and 9. At half past 2, the ketches began again to throw their shells, and the nine gunboats opened a heavy fire, still in two divisions commanded as before, though the enemy this time kept his small vessels too far within the rocks to be liable to another attempt at boarding. While No. 1 was advancing to her station, on this occasion, Somers stood leaning against her flag-staff. In this position he saw a shot flying directly in a line for him, and bowed his head to avoid it. The shot cut the flag-staff, and on measuring afterwards, it was rendered certain that he escaped death only by the timely removal. The boats were under fire three hours in this attack; one of them, commanded by Lieut. Caldwell, of the *Siren*, having been blown up. Between 5 and 6 P. M., the brigs and schooners took the lighter craft in tow, and carried them beyond the reach of the batteries. In this affair Somers' boat was hulled by a heavy shot, and was much exposed.

A strange sail hove in sight near the close of this attack, and she proved to be the *John Adams* 28, Capt. Chauncey, last from home. This ship brought out the commission already mentioned, as having been issued some time previously. By this promotion, Somers became a master commandant, or a commander, as the grade is now termed; a rank in the navy which corresponds to that of a major in the army, and which entitles its possessor to the command of a sloop of war. Several of these commanders were made at this time, of whom Somers ranked as the seventh, which was precisely the number he had previously occupied on the list of lieutenants. There was a peculiarity about this promotion which is worthy of comment, and which goes to show the irregularities that have been practised in a service which is generally understood to be governed and protected by the most precise principles and enactments.

Certainly some, and it is believed that *all* the commissions of commanders, bestowed upon the service in 1804, were issued without referring the nominations to the Senate for confirmation. We have examined one of these commissions, and find that it contains no allusion to that body, as is always done in those cases in which a confirmation has been had; and the omission raises a curious question as to the legality of the appointments. As the rank of commander in the navy has never been declared by law to be one of those offices in which the appointing power is exclusively bestowed on the president, or a head of a department, it follows that it comes within the ordinary provision of the constitution. Now, in all the latter cases, the power of the executive to

appoint is confined to that of filling vacancies which occur in the recess of the Senate, and the commission issued, even under this strictly constitutional authority, is valid only until the expiration of the succeeding session of that body. Thus three questions present themselves as to the legality of these commissions. First, that the grade of masters and commanders had been indirectly, if not directly, abolished by the reduction law of 1801; and, such being the fact, the constitution giving to Congress full powers to pass laws for the government of the army and navy, it may well be questioned if the president and Senate united had any legal right to re-establish the grade by the mere use of the appointing power. Second, whether such a vacancy existed as to authorize the president to fill it in the recess of the Senate, had Congress renewed the rank by law, which, however, is believed not to have been the fact; and, third, whether the commissions actually granted, being without the advice and consent of the Senate, could be legal, after the close of the succeeding session of that body, under any circumstances. As to the last objection, it is understood all the gentlemen who received these commissions continued to serve under them until they died, resigned, or were promoted.

The grave considerations connected with courts martial, commands, and other legal consequences, which unavoidably offer themselves when we are made acquainted with so extraordinary a state of facts, are materially lessened by the circumstances that all the gentlemen thus irregularly promoted were officers in the navy under their former commissions, and that no relative rank was disturbed. Then if Messrs. Stewart and Hull were not legally the two oldest commanders in the service, they were the two oldest lieutenants, and all the other commanders being in the same dilemma with themselves, their relative rank remained precisely as it would have done had no new commissions been granted. So also as regards courts; the judge having a right to sit as a lieutenant, unless, indeed, the informality of annexing a wrong rank to the orders might raise a legal objection.*

That so gross an irregularity should have arisen under a government that professes to be one purely of law, excites our wonder; and this so much the more, when we remember it occurred in a service in which life itself may be the penalty of error. The explanation is to be found in the infancy of the

* There are so many modes for evading the simplest provisions of a written constitution, when power feels itself fettered, that it is not easy to say in what manner the difficulties of this case were got over. The reduction law said that there should be only nine captains, thirty-six lieutenants, and one hundred and fifty midshipmen *during peace*, and, as the country was at war with Tripoli in 1804, there was a show of plausibility in getting over the force of this particular enactment. Still the appointments of the commanders were not to fill vacancies, under any common sense construction of their nature; and, even admitting that political ingenuity could torture the law of Congress to build four vessels like those actually put into the water, into an obligation to appoint proper persons to command them, these appointments could have no validity after the termination of the next session of the Senate. Of the facts of the case we believe there can be no doubt.

establishments, and in practices in which principles remained to be settled, aided by the known moral courage and exceeding personal popularity of the statesman who then presided in the councils of the republic. While Jefferson affected, and probably felt, a profound respect for legality, he is known to have used the power he wielded with great political fearlessness, and to have considered himself as the head of a new school in the administration of the government, which did not always hesitate about the introduction of new rules of conduct. To these remarks, however, it must in justice be added, that no party or personal views could have influenced the appointments in question, which, apart from the irregularity of their manner, were certainly recognized equally by justice and the wants of the service, and which were made in perfect conformity with the rules of promotion as observed under the severest principles of military preferment. They prove even more in favor of the statesman, as they show that he did not deserve all the accusations of hostility to this branch of the national defences that were heaped upon him; but rather that he was disposed to stretch his authority to foster and advance it. The introduction of a new class of vessels, too, required the revival of a class of officers of a rank proper to command them; and, though we wish never to see illegality countenanced in the management of interests as delicate as those of a marine, it is desirable to see the proper authorities of the country imitate this feature of the case, now that the republic has fleets which flag officers alone can ever lead with a proper degree of dignity and authority.

It was the 28th of August before another attack was made on Tripoli, in which Somers participated. The ketches bombarded it on the night of the 24th; but finding little impression made by this mode of assault, Com. Preble determined to renew the cannonading. On this occasion Capt. Somers led one division of the gunboats, as before, while Capt. Decatur led the other; the latter having five of these craft under his orders, and the former three. The approach was made under the cover of darkness, all the boats anchoring near the rocks, where they opened a heavy fire on the shipping, castle and town. The brigs and schooners assisted in this attack, and at daylight the frigate stood in, and opened her batteries. The Tripolitan galleys and gunboats, thirteen in all, were principally opposed to the eight American gunboats, which did not retire until they had expended their ammunition. One Tripolitan was sunk, two more were run on shore, and all were finally driven into the mole by the frigate.

On the 3d of September, a fourth and last attack was made on Tripoli by the gunboats, aided by all the other vessels. The Turkish boats did not wait, as before, to be assaulted off the town, but, accompanied by the galleys, they placed themselves under Fort English, and a new battery that had been built near it, with an intention to draw the American shot in that direction. This change of disposition induced Preble to send Captains Decatur and Somers, with the gunboats, covered by the brigs and schooners,

into the harbor's mouth, while the ketches bombarded more to leeward. On this occasion, Somers was more than an hour hotly engaged, pressing the enemy into his own port.

The season was now drawing near a close, and the arrival of reinforcements from America had been expected, in vain, for several weeks. It was during this interval that a plan for destroying the enemy's flotilla, as it lay anchored in his innermost harbor, was conceived, and preparations were soon made for putting it in execution. The conception of this daring scheme has been claimed for Somers himself, and not without a share of reason. There existed between him and Decatur a singular professional competition, that was never permitted, however, to cool their personal friendships. The great success of the latter, in his daring assaults, stimulated Somers to attempt some exploit equally adventurous, and none better than the one adopted then offered. The five attacks made on Tripoli, with the vigorous blockade, had produced a sensible effect on the tone of the bashaw, and it was hoped that a blow as appalling as that now meditated, might at once produce a peace. The delicacy that a commander would naturally feel about proposing a service so desperate to a subordinate, renders it highly probable that the idea originated with Somers himself, who thus secured the office of endeavoring to execute it. It is proper to add, however, that Com. Preble says the project had long been in contemplation, though he does not say who suggested it. The plan was as follows: The ketch that had originally been taken by Decatur in the *Enterprise*, and in which he had subsequently carried the *Philadelphia* frigate, was still in the squadron. She had been named the *Intrepid*, for the brilliant occasion on which she had first been used, but had since fallen from her high estate, having latterly been employed in bringing water and stores from Malta. This craft had been constructed for a gun vessel by the French, in their expedition against Egypt; from their service she had passed into that of Tripoli; had fallen into the hands of warriors from the new world; by them she had been used in one of the most brilliant exploits of naval warfare, and was now about to terminate her career in another, of the most desperate and daring character. It was proposed to fit up the ketch in the double capacity of fire-ship and infernal, and to send her into the inner harbor of Tripoli, by the western passage, there to explode in the very centre of the vessels of the Turks. As her deck was to be covered with missiles, and a large quantity of powder was to be used, it was hoped that the town and castle would suffer, not less than the shipping. The panic created by such an assault, made in the dead of night, it was fondly hoped would produce an instant peace, and, more especially, the liberation of the crew of the *Philadelphia*. The latter object was deemed one of high interest to the whole force before Tripoli, and was never lost sight of in all their operations.

Com. Preble having determined upon his plan, Somers received the orders to commence the preparations; a duty in which he had the advice and

assistance of Decatur, Stewart, and the other commanders of the squadron, for all these ardent and gallant young men felt a common sympathy in his daring, and an equal interest in his anticipated triumph. The first step was to prepare the ketch for the desperate service in which she was to be engaged. With this object a small apartment was planked up in the broadest part of her hold, or just forward of the principal mast; this was rendered as secure as was believed necessary against accidents. Into this room a hundred barrels of gunpowder were emptied in bulk. A train was led aft to a cabin window, through a tube, and, by some accounts, another was led into the fore-peak. A port-fire, graduated to burn a certain number of minutes, was affixed at the end of the train, and a body of light, splintered wood was collected in another receptacle abaft the magazine, which was to be set on fire, with the double purpose of making certain of the explosion and of keeping the enemy aloof under the apprehension of its flames. On the deck of the ketch, around the mast and immediately over the magazine, were piled a quantity of shells of different sizes with their fuses prepared, in the expectation that the latter would ignite and produce the usual explosion. The number of these shells has been variously stated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty, the size ranging from nine to thirteen and a half inches. The best information, however, would seem to place the number below two hundred. Some accounts give the quantity of powder as high as fifteen thousand pounds, which was probably near the truth.

Two boats were to accompany the ketch, one an exceedingly fast rowing four-oared boat, being lent for the purpose by the Siren, and the other was a six-oared cutter of the Constitution. The service requiring but few men, no more were employed than were necessary to pull the two boats. To have gone in with a single boat would have been unnecessarily hazardous, as a shot might have disabled her, while the chances of escape were nearly doubled by adding a second, at the same time that the additional men did not more than make an ordinary crew for a Mediterranean craft of the size of the Intrepid. A second officer, however, was thought necessary, and Lieut. Henry Wadsworth, of the Constitution, volunteering, his offer was accepted. Mr. Joseph Israel, of the same ship, who had just been promoted, was also anxious to be of the party, but Com. Preble deeming his assistance unnecessary, permission to go was refused him. Thus it was intended that the adventurers should be limited to twelve, of whom ten were common seamen, one a lieutenant, and the other a commander, or Somers himself.

It now became necessary to obtain volunteers for the Siren's boat, and a call for this purpose was made by Somers on the crew of his own vessel, the Nautilus. Notwithstanding the desperate character of the service, when the want was stated to the people of this little vessel every man in her offered himself to go. This compelled their superior to make a selection. The other six seamen were ob-

tained from the Constitution, and were chosen, it is believed, by Mr. Wadsworth, under the supervision of the ship's first lieutenant, who at that time was the late Capt. Gordon. The four men belonging to the Nautilus were James Simms, Thomas Tompline, James Harris and William Keith; all seamen rated. Mr. Wadsworth took with him from the Constitution William Harrison, Robert Clark, Hugh M'Cormick, Jacob Williams, Peter Penner and Isaac W. Downes, all seamen rated also.

Several days were necessary to complete all these arrangements, more especially to equip the ketch in the manner described, and the action of the 3d had taken place even after the Intrepid was ready. Somers made one or two attempts to go in before the night finally selected, but they were abandoned on account of the lightness of the air. At length there were appearances in and about the harbor that induced him to think that the movements of the fire-vessel were distrusted, and, fearful of detection, he decided to go in on the night of the 4th September, if the thing were at all practicable.

Several interviews had taken place between Preble and Somers in the course of the preparations for the attempt. On one occasion the commodore burnt a port-fire in order to ascertain its time, and when it was consumed he asked Somers if he thought the boats could get out of reach of the shells within the few minutes it was burning. "I think we can, sir," answered Somers. Preble looked intently at the young man a moment and then inquired if he should have the time reduced, or the port-fire made shorter. "I ask for no port-fire at all, sir," was the reply, firmly but quietly expressed.

After this interview, Somers expressed his determination not to allow himself to be captured. The commodore had felt it to be his duty to point out the great importance of not letting so large an amount of powder fall into the enemy's hands, the Tripolitans being thought to be short of ammunition, and all the circumstances united had a tendency to increase the feeling of stern determination in the minds of the two officers who were to go in. Both were singularly quiet men in their ordinary habits, perfectly free from any thing like noisy declarations or empty boastings of what they intended to perform, and their simple announcement of their intentions not to be taken appears to have made a deep and general impression among their brethren in arms.

On the afternoon of the 4th September, Somers prepared to take his final departure from the Nautilus, with a full determination to carry the ketch into Tripoli that night. Previously to quitting his own vessel, however, he felt that it would be proper to point out the desperate nature of the service to the four men he had selected, that their services might be perfectly free and voluntary. He told them he wished no man to accompany him who would not prefer being blown up to being taken; that such was his own determination, and that he wished all who went with him to be of the same way of thinking. The boat's crew gave three cheers in answer, and each man is said to have separately asked to be

selected to apply the match. Once assured of the temper of his companions, Somers took leave of his officers, the boat's crew doing the same, shaking hands and expressing their feelings as if they felt assured of their fates in advance. This was done in good faith, and yet cheerfully; and, of all the desperate service undertaken by that devoted squadron, none was ever entered on with so many forebodings of the fatal consequences to those concerned in it. Each of the four men made his will verbally; disposing of his effects among his shipmates like those who are about to die with disease.

It would seem that the Constitution's boat did not join the ketch until it was dusk. When the two crews were mustered, it was found that Mr. Israel had managed to get out of the frigate and to join the party; whether by collusion, or not, it is now impossible to say. Finding him on board, and admiring his determination to make one of the party, Somers consented to his remaining. One account says he was sent by Preble with a final order, but it is hardly probable Somers would have allowed him to remain under such circumstances. He was more likely to be smuggled in by means of the cutter, and to be kept when there was no boat by which he could be sent back. The night of the 4th was not particularly dark, though it could scarcely be accounted clear. The stars were visible, but there was a haze on the water that rendered objects more uncertain than they would otherwise have been. In this respect the light was favorable enough, as the rocks could be seen, while the real character of the ketch would not be so likely to be discovered from the shore. The wind was light, from the eastward, but fair.

Several of Somers' friends visited him on board the Intrepid before she got under way. Among them were Stewart and Decatur, with whom he had commenced his naval career in the United States. These three young men, then about twenty-five each, were Philadelphia-bred sailors, and had been intimately associated in service for the last six years. They all knew that the enterprise was one of extreme hazard, and the two who were to remain behind felt a deep interest in the fate of him who was to go in. Somers was grave, and entirely without any affectation of levity or indifference, but he maintained his usual tranquil and quiet manner. After some conversation, he took a ring from his finger and breaking it into three pieces gave each of his companions one, while he retained the third himself. As the night shut in, three gunboats were seen at anchor a short distance within the western entrance, by which the Intrepid was to pass, and Decatur, who felt a strong anxiety for the success of his friend, admonished Somers to take care they did not board him, as it was the intention to carry the ketch some distance within them. To this Somers quietly replied that the Turks had got to be so shy that he thought they would be more likely to cut and run on his approach than to advance and meet him.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before the Intrepid lifted her anchor; the Argus, Vixen and Nauti-

lus weighing and standing in, in company. The night was sufficiently advanced to cover this movement, and all four vessels stood down towards the rocks under their canvass. The last person who left the ketch was Lieut. Washington Reed, then first of the Nautilus. This officer did not quit his command until it was thought necessary for him to rejoin the vessel of which he was now in charge. When he went over the side of the Intrepid, all communication between the gallant spirits she contained and the rest of the world ceased. At that time every thing seemed propitious; Somers was cheerful, though calm; and perfect order and method prevailed in the little craft. The leave-taking was affectionate and serious with the officers, though the common men appeared to be in high spirits. This was about nine o'clock.

The Argus and Vixen lay off at a little distance from the rocks to attack the galleys or gunboats, should either attempt to follow the party out on their retreat, while the Nautilus shortened sail and accompanied the ketch as close in as was deemed prudent, with the especial intention of bringing off the boats. Lieut. Reed directed the present Com. Ridgely, then one of the Nautilus' midshipmen,* to watch the ketch's movements with a night-glass; and, as this order was strictly complied with, it is almost certain that this officer was the last person of the American squadron who saw the vessel. It was thought she was advancing slowly to the last moment, though the distance and the obscurity render this fact a little doubtful.

Preble had directed the Siren to weigh and stand in, shortly after the other vessels left him, and in obeying the orders he received Capt. Stewart kept more in the offing than the vessels which preceded him. As the direction of the western entrance and the inner harbor were known, every eye in this brig was riveted in that quarter in silent suspense. It was not long before the enemy began to fire at the ketch, which, by this time, was quite near the batteries, though the reports were neither rapid nor numerous. At this moment, near ten o'clock, Capt. Stewart and Lieut. Carrol were standing in the Siren's gangway looking intently towards the place where the ketch was known to be, when the latter exclaimed, "Look! see the light!" At that instant a light was seen passing and waving, as if a lantern were carried by some person in quick motion along a vessel's deck. Then it sunk from view. Half a minute may have elapsed when the whole firmament was lighted with a fiery glow, a burning mast, with its sails, was seen in the air, the whole harbor was momentarily illuminated, the awful explosion came, and a darkness like that of doom succeeded. The whole was over in less than a minute; the flame, the quaking of towers, the reeling of ships, and even the bursting of shells, of which most fell in the water, though some lodged on the rocks. The firing ceased, and from that instant Tripoli passed the night in a stillness as pro-

* Mr. Ridgely signed a letter to Preble just two months later as a lieutenant. He may possibly have been promoted at the time the Intrepid went in.

found as that in which the victims of this frightful explosion have lain from that fatal hour to this.

The *Nautilus* showed lights in hopes to guide the retreating boats to her side; all eyes in the squadron looked in vain for the expected signal; a moaning gun occasionally was heard from the frigate, a fitting knell for such a disaster, but in vain. No one ever came back from the ill-fated *Intrepid* to relate the history of her loss. The *Argus*, *Vixen* and *Nautilus* hovered near the rocks until the sun arose, but nothing was discovered to throw any light on the manner in which the ketch was lost. The gun-boats anchored near the pass had been moved; one, it was thought, had entirely disappeared, and two or three more were hauled ashore as if shattered.

In the American squadron the opinion was general that Somers and his determined companions had blown themselves up to prevent capture. In the absence of certainty, facts were imagined to render such a desperate step probable if not necessary. It was supposed that gunboats had advanced to board the ketch, and that Somers had fired the train in preference to falling into the hands of the Tripolitans, or allowing them to get possession of the powder. Such appears to have been the opinion of Com. Preble, who reported as much to the government; and the country, receiving its impressions from this source, has long entertained the same idea. A few, however, of the more thoughtful have always doubted, and subsequent discoveries have rendered these doubts more and more probable.

Among the American prisoners in Tripoli was a surgeon's mate of the name of Cowdery, now the oldest surgeon in the navy, who was permitted to go very much at large in the town, his professional services being found useful. From this gentleman, from Capt. Bainbridge's private journal, and from other sources equally credible, the following interesting facts have been obtained, leaving no question of their accuracy.

In the first place, neither the works, the town, nor the Tripolitans themselves, appear to have suffered any injury by the explosion. Captain Bainbridge, in his journal, where he speaks of this explosion, says:—"which unfortunate scheme did no damage whatever to the Tripolitans; nor did it appear even to heave them into confusion." The bashaw, being desirous of ascertaining how many Americans had been lost in the explosion, offered a dollar for each body that could be discovered. This produced the desired effect, and by the 6th, the dead were all brought up. The bottom of the ketch had drifted among the rocks, on the north side of the round battery, which is near the western entrance, and there it grounded. In the wreck, two bodies were found. The *Constitution's* cutter, or the six-oared boat, had drifted on the beach, a short distance to the westward of the town. One body was in it. Six more bodies were found on the shore to the southward, and the remaining four were discovered floating in the harbor. This makes the entire number of the thirteen who were lost in the ketch. Captain Bainbridge describes the six dead whom he saw as "being so

much disfigured, it was impossible to recognize any human feature to us, or even to distinguish an officer from a seaman." Those six bodies were the two found in the wreck, and the four floating in the harbor. But Mr. Cowdery was more successful. He selected three of the bodies as those of officers, being guided by some fragments of dress still remaining on them, and still more by the delicate appearance of their hands. As this was just the number of the officers who were actually lost, and the Americans in Tripoli were then entirely ignorant of the character of the party sent in, it leaves scarcely a doubt that this gentleman decided accurately. Indeed, if the palms of the hands were not much injured, it would not be easy to make a mistake in such a matter; and any portions of the dress would be almost as safe guides. The ten seamen were buried on the beach, outside the town and near the walls; while the three officers were interred in the same grave, on the plain beyond, or cable's length to the southward and eastward of the earth. Small stones were placed at the four corners of this last grave, to mark its site; but they were shortly after removed by the Turks, who refused to let what they conceived to be a Christian monument, disfigure their land. Here, then, lie the remains of Somers, and his two gallant friends; and it might be well to instruct the commander of some national cruiser to search for their bones, that they might be finally incorporated with the dust of their native land. Their identity would at once be established by the number of the skeletons, and the friends of the deceased might find a melancholy consolation in being permitted to drop a tear over the spot in which they would be finally entombed.

The facts related leave little doubt that Com. Preble was mistaken in, at least, a portion of his conjectures. That no Turks suffered, is shown by the direct testimony of Captain Bainbridge's journal, a record made at the time, and that, too, under circumstances which will not well admit of mistakes. This truth is also corroborated by other convincing testimony. Those who saw the explosion, saw no signs of any vessel near the ketch at the time it occurred, nor were the vestiges of any wreck, but that of the *Intrepid*, to be seen in the harbor. The officer who saw the ketch to the last moment, by means of the glass, is not understood to have seen any thing near her, and the thirteen bodies found, the precise number of the Americans known to have been lost, go to confirm the fact. It adds value to the testimony, too, that a written memorial of this very number of the dead was made, before the prisoners in Tripoli had any information concerning the force of the party sent in from the squadron.

Nor is there sufficient reason for supposing that the Americans blew themselves up, on this occasion. That Somers went in with a full determination to put in force this desperate expedient in the event of its becoming necessary to prevent capture, is beyond dispute; but there is no proof of the existence of the necessity. To suppose the *match* would have been applied, except in the last emergency, is to accuse him who did it, with a want of coolness; a virtue

that Captain Somers possessed in an eminent degree; and this emergency could hardly have existed without some of the enemy having been near enough to suffer by the explosion. The whole party was accustomed to fire, and it is scarcely possible that they could have been driven to this desperate step, by means of injury received in this manner, as they always had their boats for a flight, when required. There was a vague rumor that most of the bodies found had been perforated by grape-shot, and a conjecture was made that the survivors fired the train, in order to prevent the Turks from getting possession of the powder. But the report can be traced to no sufficient authority, and it is not probable that so many would have suffered in this way as to prevent the unhurt from using the boats and the train in the mode originally contemplated. But one man was found in the Constitution's cutter, and he, doubtless, was the boat-sitter, who lost his life at his post. This indicates any thing but hurry or alarm.

It is also certain that the splinter-room was not lighted, as its flame would have been both quick and bright; and, with a thousand anxious eyes on watch, it could not fail to have been seen. This circumstance goes further to show, that no gunboat or galley could have been approaching the ketch at the time she exploded, one of the purposes of these splinters being to keep the enemy aloof, through the dread of a fire-vessel. To suppose a neglect of using the splinter-room, in a case of necessity, would be to accuse the party of the same want of coolness as is inferred by the supposition of their blowing themselves up when no foe was near. Both were morally impossible, with such a man as Somers. Admitting that no Tripolitan vessel was near the Intrepid, and still insisting that the train was fired by the Americans, no reason can be given why the preparations for the safety of the latter's crew, should not have been used. The Constitution's cutter was found with its keeper alone in it, but of the Siren's boat we have no account. The latter was probably alongside the ketch and destroyed; it may have been sunk by a falling shell; or it may have been privately appropriated to himself by some Turk. That no one was in it, however, is shown by the twelve bodies that were found out of the boats; for, if manned, and a few yards from the ketch, the crew would have been blown into its bottom, and not into the water.

Abandoning the idea that the Intrepid was intentionally blown up, by Somers and his party, we have the alternatives of believing the disaster to have been the result of the fire of the enemy, or the consequences of an accident. The latter is possible, but the former appears to us to be much the most probable. The light seen by Captain Stewart and Lieutenant Carrol, taken in connection with the circumstance that the explosion occurred immediately after, and apparently at that precise spot, is certainly an incident worthy of our consideration, though it is not easy to see how this light could have produced the calamity. Accidents are much less likely to happen on board such a vessel, than on ordinary occasions, every care being taken to prevent them. As the inten-

tion was to fire the splinters, all caution was doubtless used to see that no loose powder was lying about, and that the flames should not communicate with the train, except at the right moment, and in the proper manner. Still an accident from this source *may* have occurred, through some unforeseen agency. If this light was really on board the ketch it was probably carried from aft, where it had been kept under the eye of the officers, to the main-hatch in order to kindle the splinters, a step that it was about time to take. Commodore Preble, in his official letter, adverts to the circumstance that this splinter-room had not been set on fire when the ketch blew up, as a proof that the party had been induced to act on an emergency; for he always reasoned as if they blew themselves up; believing that the Intrepid was surrounded, and that many of the enemy were killed. Reasoning on the same circumstance, with the knowledge we now possess that no Turks were near, or that any suffered, and it goes to show that the explosion occurred at a moment when it was not expected by Somers, who would not have neglected to fire this room, in any ordinary case. If the accident had its rise on board the ketch, it probably occurred in the attempt to take this preliminary step.

But the Intrepid may have been blown up, by means of a shot from the enemy. This is the most probable solution of the catastrophe, and the one which is the most consoling to the friends of the sufferers, and which ought to be the most satisfactory to the nation. Commodore Preble says, "on entering the harbor several shot were fired at her (the Intrepid) from the batteries." The western entrance, in or near which the ketch blew up, is within pistol shot of what is called the Spanish fort, or, indeed, of most of the works on and about the mole. Even the bashaw's castle lies within fair canister range of this spot, and, prepared as the Turks were for any desperate enterprise on the part of the Americans, nothing is more probable than that they jealously watched the movements of a vessel that was entering their harbor after dark, necessarily passing near, if not coming directly from the American squadron. Their batteries may even have been provided with hot shot, for any emergency like this. Gunboat No. 8, Lieutenant Caldwell, was blown up in the attack of the 7th August, and that very circumstance would probably induce the Turks to make a provision for repeating the injury. A cold shot, however, might very well have caused the explosion. The breaking of one of the shells on deck; the collision with a bolt, a spike or even a nail in passing through the hull, may have struck fire. It is possible a shot passed through the splinter-room, and exposed the powder of the train, and that in running below with a lantern to ascertain what damage had been done, the accident may have occurred. The moving light seen by the present Commodore Stewart, would favor such a supposition; though it must be remembered this light may also have been on board some vessel beyond the ketch, or even on the shore.

Only one other supposition has been made concerning this melancholy affair. It has been thought

that the ketch grounded on the rocks, in the western entrance, and was blown up there, to prevent the enemy from getting possession of her powder. That the Intrepid may have touched the rocks is not improbable, the pass being laid down in the most accurate chart of the harbor, as less than eighty fathoms wide, with shoal water on each side, the visible rocks being more than double that distance asunder; but grounding does not infer the necessity of blowing up the ketch's crew. To suppose that Somers would have destroyed himself through mortification, at finding his vessel on shore, is opposed to reason and probability; while it is doing gross injustice to a character of singular chivalry and generosity to believe he would have sacrificed his companions to any consideration so strictly selfish.

In this case, as in all others, the simplest and most natural solution of the difficulty is the most probable. All the known facts of the case, too, help to sustain this mode of reasoning. Those who saw the ketch, think she was advancing to the last moment, while it is agreed she had not reached, by several hundred yards, the spot to which it was the intention to carry her. By the chart alluded to, one recently made by an English officer of great merit, it is about eleven hundred yards from the western entrance to the bashaw's castle, and about five hundred and fifty to the inner harbor, or galley mole. Here, close to windward of the enemy's vessels, Somers intended to have left the ketch, and there is no doubt she would have drifted into their midst, when the destruction must have been fearful. God disposed of the result differently, for some wise purpose of his own, rendering the assailants the sole victims of the enterprise. It is only by considering the utter insignificance of all temporal measures, as compared with what lies beyond, that we can learn to submit to these dispensations, with a just sense of our own impotency.

All agree that the Intrepid blew up, in or quite near to the western entrance. This was the result of direct observation; it is proved by the fact that portions of the wreck and some of the shells fell on the rocks, and by the positions in which the Constitution's cutter and the bottom of the ketch were found. With the wind at the eastward, the wreck could not have "grounded on the north side of the rocks, near the round battery," as is stated in Commodore Bainbridge's private journal, had the Intrepid been any distance *within* the entrance; nor would the Constitution's boat have drifted past the intervening objects to the westward. The wind had probably a little northing in it, following the line of coast, as is usual with light airs, and, as is shown by the wreck's touching on the north side of the rocks, all of which goes to prove, from an examination of the chart, as well as from the evidence of those who were present, that the accident occurred quite near the place stated. Occurring so far out, with nothing near to endanger the party, it leaves the moral certainty that the explosion was the result of accident, and not of design; or, if the latter, of an attempt of the enemy to destroy the Intrepid.

Thus perished Richard Somers, the subject of our memoir, and one of the "bravest of the brave." Notwithstanding all our means of reasoning, and the greatest efforts of human ingenuity, there will remain a melancholy interest around the manner of his end, which, by the Almighty will, is forever veiled from human eyes in a sad and solemn mystery. In whatever way we view the result, the service on which he went was one of exceeding peril. He is known to have volunteered for it, with readiness; to have made his preparations with steadiness and alacrity; and, when last seen, to have been entering on its immediate execution, with a calm and intrepid serenity. There was an ennobling motive, too, for undertaking so great a risk. In addition to the usual inducements of country and honor, the immediate liberation of Bainbridge and his brave companions was believed to depend on its success. Exaggerated notions of the sufferings of the Philadelphia's crew prevailed in the squadron before Tripoli, as well as in the country, and their brethren in arms fought with the double incentive of duty and friendship. Ten minutes more would probably have realized the fondest hopes of the adventurers, but the providence of God was opposed to their success, and the cause, if it is ever to be known to man, must abide the revolutions that await the end of time, and the commencement of eternity.

In person, Somers was a man of middle stature—rather below than above it—but stout of frame; exceedingly active, and muscular. His nose was inclining to the aquiline, his eyes and hair were dark, and his whole face bore marks of the cross of the French blood that was said to run in his veins. It is a remarkable circumstance in the career of this distinguished young officer, that no one has any thing to urge against him. He was mild, amiable and affectionate, both in disposition and deportment, though of singularly chivalrous notions of duty and honor. It has been said by a writer who has had every opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that when a very young man he fought three duels in one day—almost at the same time—being wounded himself in the two first, and fighting the last, seated on the ground, sustained by his friend Decatur. Although such an incident could only have occurred with very young men, and perhaps under the exaggerations of a very young service, it was perfectly characteristic of Somers. There was nothing vindictive in these duels. He fired but once at each adversary—he wounded the last man—and was himself, in a physical sense, the principal sufferer. The quarrels arose from his opponents imputing to him a want of spirit for not resenting some idle expression of Decatur's, who was the last man living to intend to hurt Somers' feelings. They loved each other as brothers, and Decatur proved it, by offering to fight the two last duels for his friend, after the latter had received his first wound. But Somers fought for honor, and was determined that the men who doubted him, should be convinced of their mistake. Apart from the error of continuing the affairs after the first injury, and the general moral mistake of supposing that a moral

injury can be repaired in this mode at all, these duels had the chivalrous character that should ever characterize such meetings, if meetings of this nature are really necessary to human civilization.

Although it is scarcely possible that a warm-hearted young man, like Somers, should not have felt a preference for some person of the other sex, it is not known that he had any serious attachment when he lost his life. Glory appears to have been his mistress, for the time being at least, and he left no one of this nature behind him to mourn his early loss. He died possessed of a respectable landed property, and one of increasing value; all of which he bequeathed to the only sister mentioned.

Somers was thought to be an expert seaman, by those who were good judges of such qualifications. As a commander he was mild, but sufficiently firm. His education, without being unusual even in his profession at that day, had not been neglected, though he would not probably have been classed among the reading men of the service. A chivalrous sense of honor, an unmoved courage, and perfect devotion to the service in which he was engaged, formed the prominent points of his character, and as all were accompanied by great gentleness of manner and amiability of feeling, he appears to have been equally beloved and respected. The attachment which existed between him and Decatur had something romantic about it. They were rivals in professional daring, while they were bosom friends. As we have already said, it is by no means improbable that the exploits of Decatur induced Somers, through a generous competition, to engage in the perilous en-

terprise in which he perished, and on which he entered with a known intention of yielding up his life, if necessary to prevent the enemy's obtaining the great advantage of demanding ransom for his party, or of seizing the powder in the ketch.

Congress passed a resolution of condolence with the friends of the officers who died in the *Intrepid*, as well as with those of all the officers who fell before Tripoli. Of these brave men, Somers, on account of his rank, the manner of his death, and his previous exploits, has stood foremost with the country and the service. These claims justly entitle him to this high distinction. Among all the gallant young men that this war first made known to the nation, he has always maintained a high place, and, as it is a station sealed with his blood, it has become sacred to the entire republic.

It is a proof of the estimation in which this regretted officer is held, that several small vessels have since been called after him. Perry had a schooner, which was thus designated, under his orders on the memorable 10th September, 1813; and a beautiful little brig has lately been put into the water on the seaboard, which is called the Somers. In short, his name has passed into a watchword in the American navy; and as they who are first associated with the annals of a nation, whether in connection with its institutions, its arms, its literature, or its arts, form the germs of all its future renown, it is probable it will be handed down to posterity, as one of the bright examples which the aspiring and daring in their country's service will do well to imitate.

WINTERMOYEH.

A LEGEND OF MACKINAW.

BY GEORGE H. COLTON.

The incident related in the following lines is recorded of a young British officer, commanding at Fort Mackinaw, soon after the French war. His name was Robinson; and the cliff, from which the enraged Indian sprang with his daughter, rising to three hundred feet above the water, is called, to this day, ROBINSON'S FOLLY. They had been married about two weeks when the tragical event took place.

How glorious, gleaming o'er the wave,
Whereon the evening sun is shining,
With woods, and bannered fortress brave,
And chalky cliff, and scallop cave,
And vines o'er gray old rocks entwining,
Proud Mackinaw uplifts her form,
Unchanged by years of sun and storm!
Borne from afar, around her feet
The purple waters murmuring meet;
In milder beauty's dimpling smiles
Rise, pear, her deep-born sister isles,
And, winding wild, with forests green,
Low banks, and lonely coves unseen,
Stretch wide away, on either hand,
Shores fair as an enchanted land.

Ah, me! there is no spot of earth,
Though brightest with the smile of God,

Where'er the human heart hath birth,
Or human foot hath trod,
That doth no deed of terror know,
Or thought of unrecorded woe!
Nor ever hath the evening sun
Looked forth the rounded world upon,
And witnessed in no lovely place
Some scene of sin or dark distress!

Of all the sons of Tarke* none
In battle braver deeds had done,
Or mightier in the council sat
Where chieftains joined the deep debate,
Than proud Peechiki. He had trod
With Pontiac on the path of blood;

* "Tarke," the crane, was the totem, or animal chosen as the head and symbol of a Chippewa tribe, formerly resident along the St. Mary.

With Pontiac had at every chance
Still struggled for the love of France ;
With Pontiac in the battle's crash
Hewed down the hated Sagauash ;*
And when his last the Ottawa breathed,
To stern Peechiki was bequeathed
A hidden hatred—such as burns
Where Ætna's heart to ashes turns.

But suddenly a terror came,
A swift disease of fearful name.
All whom he loved, or could have wept,
One hour beheld to darkness swept—
All but his youngest, fairest child,
On which the mother dying smiled,
Sweet Wintemoyeh, sweetest flower,
Lone lingerer in his rifled bower,
The loveliest far of Tarke's daughters
Beside St. Mary's rushing waters.

And now beyond their empty home
No more the mourning sire would roam,
But all his moody hours employ
In hovering near his only joy.
So sweet to gaze upon her face,
Why should his foot the wild deer trace ?
So light her step green leaves among,
Why should he seek the warrior throng ?
Or where could tones so soft and clear
Make music to his aged ear ?
Oh ! thus to love can only be
Refined, absorbing misery !

But cloudy years were gathering fast,
And ere they should their shadows cast
Upon his grave, the sole, fair flower
He would might grace some chieftain's bower.
And when, to woo her for his bride,
The Children-of-the-Reindeer's pride,
Great Assiboin, his love gifts bore ;
From far Superior's farthest shore,
The father gave her youthful age,
With joy, to be his heritage.
For who like him could hunt the roe ?
Who track so fast a flying foe ?
Whose feet by lake and lonely glen
So oft had led his dauntless men
From Mississippi's haunted cave
To Saskatchewan's gloomy wave ?
Beloved by one so brave as he
How happy would her portion be !

In truth, he was a warrior bold,
But wedded, ugly, fierce and old,
To maiden's heart a terror, were
No brighter image worshiped there :
And ah ! the maid had chanced to see
A face that lived in memory !
The wild flowers of the early spring
Her gentle hands were gathering,
When lo ! before her gazing stood
A pale-face in the leafy wood.
And as she looked upon him there,
So young, so proud, so nobly fair,
A thrill of strange emotion stole
In tremblings through her timid soul.

Yet turned she not—and then he took
His seat beside her, where the brook
Ran rippling o'er its pebbly bed ;†
And soft and earnest things he said
With broken words and many a sign
That only Love could e'er divine.
He was a white man—hated race !
But ah ! what looks, what winning grace !
And who such gentle words could say ?
Her simple heart was stol'n away !

The hideous bridegroom comes at last—
The feast is gorged—the night is past—
At morn behold the father lie
In writhing, wildered agony !
He hastes the nuptials that his eyes
May see her blest before he dies :
Alas ! her father's couch of pain !
But how with such a spouse remain ?
Poor girl ! how sad the lot that laid
Such choice upon a guileless maid !
She trembles—flees—that gentle being—
Her lover clasps her—trembling—fleeing.

An April day was hers—so brief,
With tears and sunshine, joy and grief.
Upon the island's lofty verge,
That overhangs the chiding surge,
Within a sylvan bower, arrayed
Of cedars green and woven shade,
In festive mirth with comrades boon,
The lover sat, from radiant noon
Till shadowy eve : and by him smiled
Fair Wintemoyeh, now beguiled
Of thought by melting music wild ;
Love keeping watch in her dark eye,
How fast the speaking moments fly !

Now sank the sun, but lingering gave
Last looks of love each rising wave,
That wooed his smile—when suddenly
A rifle rang, and, bounding high
In baffled rage, as, with a yell,
By death-bolt at the lover sped,
Another than his victim fell,
The father, minister of dread,
Whom wrath had rescued from the dead,
Dashed through the revel—seized his child—
Yelled in her frightened ear “ defiled ! ”
At one stride bore her to the ledge,
Then, turning darkly on the edge,
His clenched hand shook. The lover sprung
To save his love. With whoop and whirl,
Far from the cliff exulting flung,
The savage bore the wretched girl ;
And as to every gazing eye
They gleamed, like meteor hurled from high,
Wild rose through mid air to the sky
His cry of triumph, hers of terror :
Down, down, careering, headlong borne,
Dashed on the rocks, disjointed, torn,
The chieftain found his vengeance sworn,
The maid atoned her first, last error.
The waves, the broken rocks that lave,
Received them to a restless grave,
Whose mangled forms, unclasping never,
Move with the moving tide forever.

* “ Sagauash is the Indian for “ English.”

DE PONTIS.

A TALE OF RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

(Continued from page 141.)

CHAPTER IV.

MARGUERITE had cause of self congratulation in the issue of the second interview with the all powerful Richelieu. Difficulties, which the imagination paints as an Herculean labor to remove, shrink to trifles when the will is resolute and stern necessity impels.

The dread audience over, she flew with the intelligence to the zealous and faithful advocate, but when the first tumult of the mind had subsided, there was much to ponder over ere she could meet Monsieur Giraud. What account could be rendered concerning the page? Would he not question, and perhaps tax her with imprudence, and misplaced confidence? And was there no one else, fair Marguerite, interested? No question to ask thy own heart?

Richelieu's page was daring, reckless, and seemingly a very unscrupulous youth, following the impulses of his will even to the periling of liberty and life! Yet her heart pleaded in his favor—the homage he paid was flattering—even the peril was incurred for her sake—and though their first rencontre was humiliating to her delicacy, and strangely indecorous on his part, yet, ere parting, it must be confessed that the rudeness had been forgiven, and his frankness and sincerity won favor. We will not say how far atonement was rendered easier in the culprit by the advantages of a handsome figure, youthful tresses and the fire of a proud dark eye!

Could she with honor, even with safety, expose his secret to the advocate? Nay, to confess that her intelligence was derived from a page in a confidential interview, would it not bring more blushes to the cheek than being exposed to the gaze of the score of cavaliers who envired Richelieu?

It could not be thought of—yet must the intelligence be communicated to the worthy Giraud—it was even so intended by François himself, although in terms so flattering to her discretion, he left the means to the maiden's own judgment, making no stipulation, merely the memento that life and liberty were in her hands. And ought they not to be held sacred? Yes! even the very shadow of his name should be secret, no allusion escape her lips, which might in the slightest degree compromise the youth, even to so trusty a friend as Giraud.

The advocate was at home, waiting anxiously her appearance, for to-morrow would the sharp *procureur*

pray for the decree of sequestration, and the venal president doubtless affirm it.

She had not taken his advice, but preferred a second appeal to the flinty cardinal rather than beseech the king's interference. Yet had she been successful! He was delighted, prayed that every particular might be narrated, exclaimed that no such maiden had graced the lineage of De Pontis these five centuries past.

Gravely bidding the learned man cool his ardor, and take repose in the easy chair, the oracular seat in which he gave audience to clients, she detailed the circumstances of the meeting with the cardinal in the garden.

But who pointed out to Mademoiselle the locality? Who dictated the stratagem—for such it appeared to be—as the garden was not the usual gate of egress to the minister?

These questions the maiden solemnly declared that she must not answer—under whosever guidance she had acted, Monsieur Giraud might perceive that it had been successful. He must not even make further inquiries, or she would withhold secrets yet in store. It was not perhaps delicate or befitting, that one of her age should obtain intelligence from sources which she dare not reveal to her father, or her father's friend—yet Monsieur Giraud must remember that the *rôle* she played in the affair was altogether unsuitable to her sex, and parental affection alone had stimulated her to endure what she had undergone. As the advocate had encouraged the resolution, he must not complain of an inevitable consequence—as she had ventured on a business, and strayed into baunts fitting only a man to explore, it must be permitted her to retain a privilege of manhood—the keeping her own secret.

There was no answering this positive declaration, so the wondering, but good natured lawyer, shifted ground, and requested a recital of such secrets as he might be permitted to hear. At the mention of the Count De Fontailles, a flush overspread his pale face, and when Mademoiselle had concluded the narration, he sat awhile in deep thought. "Fontailles!" cried the advocate, breaking silence, "he was one of three whom I suspected—but I am glad he is the man, for if I mistake not, I hold that which will ruin him with the cardinal. Shall we consult with Monsieur De Pontis to-morrow morning? I

might obtain an order at the bureau this evening. No! he is useless to our plans. Mademoiselle and myself, and," he added, looking significantly at the maiden, "her unknown friend, with his budget of secrets, are a trio equal to the emergency. But tell me, Marguerite, have you not been to the Tuileries to-day?"

She assured him that she had not.

"Then my conjectures are all vain," cried Giraud, "but let us to council."

He pointed out with clearness the position in which the affairs of De Pontis now stood in relation to all the parties with whom he was unfortunately engaged. The suit of Pedro Olivera gave but little concern. If all the presidents of that court were not biased, he thought he should be able to disprove the equity of Pedro's claim, through documents in his possession, or failing this he could produce many sets-off, moneys lent to the claimant of which he acknowledged no account, of itself tending to cast suspicion on the suitor, and at any rate convict him of dishonesty.

But it mattered little what became of Pedro's suit, if the estate of De Pontis, together with the *droit d'aubaine*, were sequestered by the *procureur's* decree in the meanwhile. The week's grace would afford the opportunity wanted to arrange a plan of operations.

"But if Monsieur should lay these papers before the cardinal, is he sure that it would effect the count's ruin?—he may be so necessary, that his eminence cannot part with him," remarked the damsel.

"A very pertinent question," cried Giraud, "but still betraying ignorance of a proper procedure with Fontrailles. If I went to his eminence, and succeeded in ruining the favorite, that would not likely stop Pedro's suit, or the *procureur's* proceedings, as the cardinal is now embittered personally against Monsieur De Pontis, and might divert the *droit d'aubaine* to some other channel than the treacherous count, Mademoiselle's unknown friend for instance, whom I am persuaded holds the keys of the cardinal duke's cabinet."

Marguerite blushed, but made no reply, and the advocate continued.

"Effectually to serve my good friend, I must make Fontrailles so tremble in his shoes at the very idea of the ruin I hold over his head, that he shall himself intercede with Richelieu to cancel all the court's proceedings, and leave your father in peaceful possession of the *droit*. These are the terms I shall offer!"

"But how will the count get over the surprise of his eminence at what will appear such extraordinary conduct on his part?" asked Marguerite.

"When Mademoiselle has had longer experience in the haunts into which she strayed," replied the advocate, "more communings with her all-wise secret friend, she will not need be told that when a man of Fontraille's stamp has chosen a line of conduct, nothing is easier than to assign a motive for it. I have no positive objection, if he need such aid, that we should give the count a helping hand on that point."

"And what remains to be done?" asked Marguerite.

"Nothing but for your humble servant to arm himself for conflict with the dark-souled intriguer," replied the advocate, smiling; "it will be a desperate strife, I can assure Mademoiselle, a hard struggle ere the count, overwhelmed with debts, and panting for the rich effects of the Spaniard, will yield the prey!"

"And what part shall I take in the contest?" said the maiden, "how can I aid Monsieur?"

"I have little doubt," replied the advocate, taking the damsel's hand, and raising it to his lips with an air of gallantry, "that this soft hand has been pressed before to-day, but if a grave man in years, like myself, were to repeat the foolish things that were said over it, as for instance, that to press such a treasure to my lips, were overpaying me for all the secrets I disclosed, I have little doubt that for me to say so, would look very silly! You blush, Marguerite, it is very hard to deceive an old advocate, our profession is learned in the world's ways. But beware, Mademoiselle! beware! danger lurks in the precincts of courts."

"Has Monsieur faith in my discretion?" asked Marguerite, smiling through her blushes.

"I have," replied Giraud with earnestness, "and I am about to afford such proof of it, as might with many men rank me as one capable of acting with deliberate folly."

He then informed Marguerite, what had not before struck her, that in attacking Fontrailles, he ran risk in many shapes, even of personal danger; he might lose his life in bearding the count in his own hotel. Every species of menace and intimidation would be undoubtedly employed to silence one armed, like the advocate, with documents threatening ruin; these failing, personal violence might be resorted to.

"Nay, Marguerite! look not so pale," said Giraud, whose language had awakened extreme terror in the maiden, "I am a bachelor, and my life would be well lost in defending a just cause—but the count, I believe, would venture on a different system, though equally desperate. It appears your unknown friend confirms what we have all surmised respecting these papers, and when I acknowledge possession he will, I have reason to fear, avail of some scheme of villany to dispossess me. No means, however reckless, will he fail of using. If I loose the proofs of his treachery my weapon is broken—and then farewell the cause of De Pontis!"

"And how is this to be avoided? O! go not near such a man!" cried Marguerite, distressed and alarmed.

The advocate laughed at her fears. He knew, he said, whom he had to deal with too well to venture into the arena of conflict unprepared. That he might not be deprived by force of the documents, it were necessary that they should no longer remain in his custody—nor would he meet the count till he knew they were in the hands of a party who would still hold them *in terrorem* over Richelieu's favorite, should he, Giraud, be kidnapped, thrown into prison, or otherwise disposed of. And that his safety might

rest on securer footing, he should take especial care to let Fonttrailles understand that whatever became of the humble advocate the haughty noble had not removed one iota of the peril which menaced himself.

But whom could he trust? Not De Pontis, for the veteran had neither place of concealment for them, nor freedom to make an active use of the weapons should circumstances require it. And whom else confide in? Certainly none of his professional brethren—and he had no near kinsman, save De Pontis—nor did he know any friend of the latter to whom he could delegate the trust, for the veteran had been abandoned when Richelieu became his foe. Marguerite herself was eminently trustworthy, but the papers could not remain, even with the shadow of safety, in her possession—her lodging would undoubtedly be subjected to a domiciliary visit.

And yet he was about to confide the charge to her, but with the condition that it be immediately transferred to sure hands, and to one who had the courage and heart to stand in his place should he fall.

"You see, Marguerite De Pontis, how weighty will be the responsibility," said he, "and yet, I confess, I know not what other course to pursue. As you have not made me your confidant, I know not all your friends—but if you are aware of none other to whom so precious a charge can be conveyed, involving your father's, your own, and my fortunes, then place the papers in the hands of his majesty—he is no match for the cardinal or Fonttrailles either—but he has pledged himself to Monsieur De Pontis, and his faith is good though his courage be poor."

He then handed her the rather bulky packet, repeating the injunction, if she were cognizant of no abler or trustier friend, to make Louis the depository.

"I am acting strangely," said the advocate, "in permitting Mademoiselle, so young, to choose her own and her father's champion, but I feel an impulse to which I yield without strictly satisfying my reason. When Marguerite informs me that the packet is transferred, then I go forth to the encounter."

Kissing her forehead, he bade the damsel farewell. Concealing the packet under her mantle, the tears starting to her eyes at the solemnity of the injunction, she retraced her way sadly to the *Rue St. Denis*.

In the solitude of her chamber—only broken by the occasional entrance of the aged female, the last link of a once numerous household—she had much to reflect on. The noble, though eccentric, behavior of Giraud; the proud Richelieu, serene and tranquil even in his implacability; the poor, weak Louis; the dark, intriguing Fonttrailles; and, lastly, the page, with his sudden birth of passion.

Was it a dream? Was she Marguerite De Pontis, daughter of a poor gentleman of Limousin, and so deeply involved in the thickening strife of the master intellects of France? It was even so—the fatal packet met her eyes, cause of past, present and future contest—and her own destiny it was to cast the firebrand at the enemies which beset her imprisoned father!

Whilst indulging these meditations, the tinkling bell of the *houbleur*, or itinerant dealer in wafer

cakes, fell upon her ear. She started from the reverie, and, hastening to the door, beheld the slim vender, apron tied round the waist, basket on arm, and bell in hand, seemingly more anxious to attract a customer from the lodging of De Pontis than solicitous to dispose of his cakes to the frequenters of the *Rue St. Denis*.

Perceiving the door open, he made no hesitation in entering, although Marguerite had been careful not to expose herself to view. The noise, however, attracted old Marie, bringing her from her retreat in the domestic offices of the domicile.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the ancient dame, "there is a man in the hall."

"Yes, *ma bonne mère*!" said the disguised page, "and he has a tongue which will rival the loudest gossip in the *Rue St. Denis*;" and thereupon the youth commenced ringing his bell violently, to the extreme vexation of Marguerite, and the astonishment of the old crone.

Alarmed at the noise, and the unexpected apparition in the gloom, the old woman shouted for help. The damsel knew not what to do, or how to explain the matter to her ancient retainer—something must be done to silence both parties, so suddenly seizing the bell, she wrested it from his grasp; then approaching the old woman, she spoke in a loud whisper that the man was not what he appeared to be, that he came on her father's business by direction of Monsieur Giraud, and that the visit must be kept secret. With these words she quieted and dismissed Marie, and then turning to the youth, said disdainfully, that she was much beholden for his services—that their second meeting was in strict keeping with their first rencontre.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," said François, apologizing, "but I am in such good spirits that my joy cannot contain itself."

"Such feelings may agree with the prosperity of the *Palais-Cardinal*," replied Marguerite, "but you are now in a house of mourning, and it will be so as long as my poor father lies in the *Conciergerie*."

The course Marguerite was embarked on necessitated courage and decision, nor was she deficient. Without fear, or at least without betraying any, she led the youth to the *salle*, or parlor, and requesting him to be seated, said she was afraid that more discretion than he possessed would be requisite to aid her father. Still she was very grateful for the interview with the cardinal, obtained, as she confessed, solely through his directions; also for the clue to the machinations of the Count De Fonttrailles.

"I have been employed alone both in Germany and in England, you g as I appear to be, and on the cardinal's business," said the page, in rather a haughty tone, "and his eminence is not the man to employ those in his affairs who lack discretion. Does my present garb indicate want of precaution, or imply foresight? I appeal to Mademoiselle's candor!"

"But consider, sir—consider, Monsieur Romainville," exclaimed Marguerite, "if the troubles of our family should have led me to place confidence in a stranger, does that warrant him in entering our house

in a style and with a noise calculated to bring observation and remarks on my conduct?"

"Suppose there were a disposition to scandal, which Heaven forbid!" replied the youth, "the real object of my visit would still be masked. In the short period which I hope will terminate Monsieur De Pontis' imprisonment, it were even better that I were suspected wrongly than my real motives guessed at. But I have not unfolded my news."

He then informed the damsel that the Count De Fontailles was in attendance on the cardinal when he left the palace, and of course heard Mademoiselle's petition and the favorable though sarcastic reply of the minister. A little scene of remonstrance and replication occurred afterwards, as the page knew, though he would not say how he became possessed of the information, between patron and dependent, in the course of which the cardinal rallying his favorite, declared the *droit d'aubaine* was worth another week's waiting, and the affairs of De Pontis would stand at the expiration exactly where they did. The count left the presence much disappointed, remarking that he was happy to find Monseigneur regaining the feelings of youth—if a taste for beauty were a criterion. Richelieu only smiled, for the count was a useful man.

Elsewhere, Fontailles swore horribly at the delay, and vowed vengeance against all who stood in the way of his desires. His creditors were gaping for their claims, and there were debts of honor unpaid. This statement Mademoiselle might rely on.

"Alas!" exclaimed Marguerite, "I tremble for my father's kind friend, Monsieur Giraud, he will fall a sacrifice to the count's rage. It is far better we should abandon the *droit* than expose so worthy a man to peril."

In explanation, she ventured to inform François of the advocate's intention. But Pedro Olivera's statement of claim on Fontailles—where was it? demanded the youth eagerly. The maiden was silent! Had she disclosed aught concerning himself to Monsieur Giraud? Marguerite repeated what had passed on that topic.

De Romainville, who observed her hesitation, assured her that in aught which concerned her father's affairs she might safely confide in him. He did not profess to be disinterested—he might even claim a boon, but on this point would be silent till M. De Pontis were liberated. That she might know the history of one who asked her confidence, he related that his father had been sacrificed by a similar juggle to that attempted against Monsieur, and for the benefit of the same party, Fontailles. The count

pretending to pity his orphan state—and well he might, as he had himself wrought the calamity—recommended him to the cardinal. He served his eminence, it is true, and on occasions usefully, but hatred to the two prominent authors of his father's ruin was not diminished thereby; and this feeling had twice produced a refractoriness leading to incarceration in the guard-room of the *Palais-Cardinal*.

Sympathizing with De Pontis, detesting Fontailles and the tyrannical Richelieu—but for whom he might still have had a parent alive, and been himself very different from the reckless scapegrace he was now accounted—he might, he thought, be fairly trusted with any scheme which promised revenge on either the count or his patron.

Monsieur Giraud, he said, acted wisely in attacking Fontailles in the way pointed out, but there was one matter which it behoved him to take care of with the count, which was to have especial regard that he be not robbed of the documents.

Marguerite replied that that subject had been already considered by the advocate, and he had bestowed the papers elsewhere.

"They are not safe from Fontailles with Mademoiselle De Pontis," said the page, smiling.

"Would they be safe with the Sieur De Romainville in the *Palais-Cardinal*?" asked the maiden significantly.

"Not so safe as this hand is from my lips!" exclaimed François, suiting the action to the word and kneeling at her feet; "if Mademoiselle permit—"

"That she remind him of his promise not to show interested motives till her father be free," cried Marguerite, interrupting him.

"Indeed, I had forgotten it!" said the page, laughing and springing to his feet; "but before I depart let me give proof of disinterestedness, at least to one of the household. Let Marie have this cargo of wafers, it will requite the alarm and may help to stop her mouth. The basket I shall want again."

So saying, he upset the entire stock in trade on the table, and replacing the basket on his left arm, seized the hand-bell, which Marguerite construing into an intention of inflicting another serenade on the quiet household, cried,

"For my sake, Monsieur, forbear!"

"I can assure Mademoiselle I shall not be guilty a second time of such folly," replied François, "but I was so delighted with the check given to Fontailles!"

In place of the wafers, he took with him the packet, and the good wishes of her who had given it in charge.

BEAR ON!

KIND Nature hath a sympathizing tone
For every mood of human joy or pain;
Sad heart from humblest flower may courage gain,
Daring the storm with smiling brow alone!
The "brave old oak," around whose head have blown
A hundred winters, still maintains his place;
The hoary cliff uprears his storm-scar'd face

Tho' round his base the wrecks of Time are strown;
The stars shine on as at their birth they shone;
The glorious sun runs his immortal race:
Faint spirit! bowed 'neath Life's o'erburdening ills,
Lift up thine eye to Heaven's eternal scope,
Look out upon the everlasting hills,
And see a firm foundation still for Hope!

S. S.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

BURNS.

(Continued from page 131.)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Preciosa's Chamber. Morning. Preciosa and Angelica.*

Pre. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them, with a sound
That will be heard in Heaven. Pray tell me more
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara.

Pre. The Count of Lara? O beware that man!
Mistrust his pity—hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then!

Pre. As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Pre. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends, but those of her own sex.
What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Pre. That name

Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
O be an angel still. She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than my own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here in my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (rising.) I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady!

Pre. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Pre. Pray do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Pre. Some other time, then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone. *(Gives her a purse.)*

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Pre. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night—perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. O my dear lady! how shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

Pre. I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Pre. Farewell!

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. *[Exit.]*

Pre. May they guard thee too,

And all the poor: for they have need of angels.

Now bring me here, dear Dolores, my basquiña,

My richest maja dress—my dancing dress,

And my most precious jewels! Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

Enter Beltram Cruzado.

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Pre. Oh God! my evil genius!

What seek you here to-day?

Cruz. Thyself—my child.

Pre. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold!—gold!

Pre. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

Cruz. The gold of the Busné—give me his gold!

Pre. I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Pre. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Pre. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more,

No one so much as I.

Pre. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. Not poor! not poor! what, I who lurk about

In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;

I who am housed worse than the galley slave;

I who am fed worse than the kenneled hound;

I who am clothed in rags—Beltram Cruzado—

Not poor!

Pre. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné!—give me his gold!

Pre. Beltram Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times—

Never denied thee; never had a wish

But to fulfill thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful—be patient—and, ere long,

Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,

Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,

And live in idleness; but go with me—

Dance the romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

Pre. What! march again?

Cruz. Aye, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe, shut up within its gates!
Air—I want air—and sunshine—and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face—
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.
Then I am free and strong—once more myself:
Beltram Cruzado—Count of the Calés!

Pre. God speed thee on thy march—I cannot go.

Cruz. Not go!—thou shalt go! or, remaining here,
Purchase thy freedom with red gold. Mark that!

I will return to-morrow. Until then
Reflect on what I say. Thou knowest me—
Take heed.

[*Exit.*]

Pre. Alas! of what shall I take heed?
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Archbishop's Palace. The Archbishop and a Cardinal seated.*

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.

Car. Know and approve.

Arch. And farther,
That by a mandate from his Holiness
The first have been suppressed,

Car. I trust forever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

Car. Yet the people
Murmur at this; and if the public dances
Should be condemn'd upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The dancing girl, and with her the musicians
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
The devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

Enter Preciosa, with a mantilla thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.

Car. (aside.) O what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to Heaven, when this sweet woman fell!

Pre. (kneeling before the Archbishop.) I have obeyed the
order of your grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Car. (aside.) Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

Pre. Thus I am called.

Car. That is a gipsy name. Who is thy father?

Pre. Beltram Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man;
A bold and reckless character was he,
Who never once beheld the face of fear.

Car. Dost thou remember still thy earlier days?

Pre. In the green woodlands by the Darro's side,
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where yet a little child
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, farther back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'Tis the Alhambra,

Under whose walls the gipsy camp was pitch'd.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

Pre. Your grace shall be obeyed.

(*She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the Cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The Archbishop and the Cardinal look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. Don Carlos and Hypolyto meeting.*

Don C. Hallo! good evening, Don Hypolyto.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's dreams,
The miser who, upon the day of judgment,
Asks if his money-bags have risen?

Don C. I do:

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said the Cid Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Hyp. Some half dozen ounces,
Which with due interest—

Don C. (giving his purse.) What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keep-sake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Saint Chrysostom,

And with thy golden mouth remind me often
I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And like a lily on a river floating
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common case with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For in fine, some woman,
Some living woman—not a mere ideal,
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Speak!

Hyp. Who do you think it is?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard with all her ingots.

Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don C. Why not?

Hyp. (*mysteriously.*) Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

Don C. Jestng aside, who is it?

Hyp. Preciosa!

Don C. Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

Hyp. Did I say she was?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

Don C. He comes this way.

Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man
That money, grief and love cannot be hidden.
Pray stand this way, and let the dreamer pass.

(*Enter Victorian in front.*)

Vic. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee
And is forever hallowed.

[*Exit.*]

Hyp. Mark him well!

See how he strides away with lordly air
Like that odd guest of stone—that grim commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don C. What ho! Victorian!

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Preciosa's chamber. She is sitting near a table,
working a scarf. A bird singing in its cage. The Count
of Lara enters behind unperceived.*

Pre. Thou little prisoner in a motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, swiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive. In my cage
Imprisoned, bound with silken bands I stay,
And my heart sings in its captivity.
Would'st thou away? Is a grass-woven nest,
That swings among green boughs, a better home?
My cradle swung under the swinging forest,
As well as thine. We will go back together.
Dolores!

(*Turning to lay her work down, perceives the Count.*)

Ha!

Lara. Fair lady, pardon me!

Pre. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Pre. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold—

Pre. (*turning her back upon him.*) You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,

First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!

'Tis for your good I come.

Pre. (*turning towards him with indignation.*) Begone!
begone!

What means this outrage? What gives you the right
Thus to insult an unprotected woman?

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds

Would make the statues of your ancestors

Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor

To outrage thus the honor of a maid?

Is it Castilian pride to steal in here

Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?

O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,

Should have so base a soul!

Lara. I pray you, hear me!

Pre. Should be so little noble in your thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love,

And think to buy my honor with your gold

As you would buy food in the market place!

I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!

Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!

Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Pre. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.

In this false world we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court,

Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Pre. If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit,

You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,

Once more, I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you

What strange reports are current here in town.

For my own self I do not credit them;

But there are many who, not knowing you,

Will lend a readier ear.

Pre. There was no need

That you should take upon yourself the duty

Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues

Are ever busy with your name.

Pre. (*in some agitation.*) Alas!

I've no protectors here. I'm a poor girl,

Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.

They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.

I give no cause for these reports. I live

Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none?

O then indeed you are much wrong'd.

Pre. How mean you?

Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Pre. Speak out!

What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;

This window, as I think, looks towards the street,

And this into the Prado, does it not?

In yon high house, beyond the garden wall—
 You see the roof there just above the trees—
 There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
 That on a certain night—be not offended
 If I too plainly speak—he saw a man
 Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
 I would not blame you, being young and fair—
 (*He tries to take her hand. She starts back and draws a dagger from her bosom.*)

Pre. Beware! beware! I am a gipsy girl!
 Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
 And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you put up that dagger.
 Fear not.

Pre. I do not fear. I have a heart
 In whose strength I can trust!

Lara. Listen to me.
 I come here as your friend—I am your friend—
 And by a single word, can put a stop
 To all those idle tales, and make your name
 As spotless as the falling snow.

(*Victorian enters behind.*)

I love you,
 Fair Preciosa! and will save your honor!
 Give me some sign I do not love in vain!
 Give me some token—but one word of promise—
 Let me but kiss your hand!

Pre. Avaunt! avaunt!
 O save me from this demon!
 (*Rushes towards Victorian, who repulses her.*)

Vic. Count of Lara!
 What means this outrage?
Lara. First, what right have you

To question thus a nobleman of Spain?
Vic. I too am noble, and you are no more!
 Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?
Vic. Aye, here and elsewhere, where the wrong of others
 Gives me the right!

Pre. (*to Lara.*) Go! I beseech you, go!
Vic. I shall have business with you, count, anon!
Lara. You cannot come too soon!

[*Exit.*]

Pre. Victorian!
 O we have been betray'd!
Vic. Ha! ha! betrayed!
 'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

Pre. Dost thou imagine—
Vic. I imagine nothing;
 I see how 't is thou whilst the time away
 When I am gone!

Pre. O speak not in that tone!
 It wounds me deeply.
Vic. 'T was not meant to flatter.
Pre. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
 Is hateful to me!

Vic. Yet I saw thee stand
 And listen to him, when he told his love.
Pre. Indeed, I heard him not.
Vic. Indeed thou did'st!

Pre. Such base suspicions are unworthy of thee!
 Cast them away. Be not so angry with me.
Vic. I am not angry; I am very calm.
Pre. If thou wilt let me speak—
Vic. Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false!
 I do not like these gipsy marriages!
 Where is the ring I gave thee?
Pre. In my casket.
Vic. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it!
 I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Pre. I call the Heavens to witness—
Vic. Nay, nay, nay!
 Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
 They are forsworn!

Pre. Victorian! dear Victorian!
Vic. I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
 My hopes of fortune, aye, my very soul!
 And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
 Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
 And sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
 Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!
 (*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
 And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
 I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
 A silly girl to play the prude with me!
 The fire that I have kindled—

(*Enter Francisco.*)

Well, Francisco,
 What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran. Good, my lord;
 He will be present.
Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?
Fran. He was not in.
Lara. How with the rest?
Fran. I've found

The men you wanted. They will all be there,
 And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
 Of such discordant noises that the dance
 Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.
 Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
 What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
 Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter Victorian and Hypolito.*

Vic. Oh shame! oh shame! Why do I walk abroad
 By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
 And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
 Cry hide thyself! O what a thin partition
 Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
 Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness.
 Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows
 Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
 Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
 And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
 I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vic. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
 We may be over-hasty in condemning!
 The Count of Lara is a damned villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she damned, loving him.
Vic. She does not love him! 'T is for gold—for gold!
Hyp. Aye, but remember, in the public streets
 He shows a golden ring the gipsy gave him,
 A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vic. She had that ring from me! God! she is false!
 But I will be revenged!
 The hour is passed.

Where stays the coward?
Hyp. Nay, he is no coward;
 A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
 I've seen him play with swords: it is his pastime.
 And therefore be not over-confident,
 He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter Lara, followed by Francisco.)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting?

Vic. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way

Left open to accord this difference,

But you must make one with your swords?

Vic. None! none!

I do intreat thee, dear Hypolito,

Stand not between me and my foe. Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

(They fight. Victorian disarms the Count.)

Vic. Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account?

Lara. Strike! strike!

Vic. You are disarmed. I will not kill you!

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(Francisco hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing

To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words

Spoken in the heat of blood have led to this.

Vic. Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.

To me the door stood open, as to others.

But had I known the girl belonged to you

Never should I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

Vic. Aye, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth I did not seek her; she sought me;

And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vic. O cursed, cursed folly, to have loved her!

Say, can you prove this to me? O pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all—all—al!

Lara. You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco?

Fran. Aye, my lord.

Lara. If further proof

Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vic. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,

Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town forever. Once more,

farewell!

Regard me as your friend.

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt Victorian and Hypolito.

Lara. Farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[Exit with Francisco.

SCENE VI.—*Preciosa's bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress; Dolores watching her.*

Dol. Poor girl, she sleeps at last; yet hardly sleeps;

She lives her sorrows o'er again in dreams,

Doubling her grief.

Pre. I must go hence, I say!

Give me my cloak.

Dol. She murmurs in her sleep.

Pre. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night—

I am too ill. Look at me! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek. I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance. If you're a man

You will not ask it of me.

Dol. She dreams still

Of what has passed to-night.

Pre. Did you say must?

Then by the heavens I will not. Tell them so!

Have they no feeling? I am not their slave.

I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame—shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me, like an evil eye.

I cannot stay! Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me, like serpents! Save me! save me!

(She wakes.)

Dol. Alas! poor girl!

Pre. How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is past midnight.

Pre. And he has not come?

He will not come to-night; and yet I thought

He stood here by my side, and held my hand.

We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

Thank thee.

(She sleeps again.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE SMILE.

I LOOKED ON Beauty when the sudden light
Of Intellect and generous Feeling high
Blazed on the Cheek and lightened in the Eye
And Genius flashed from every feature bright!
I looked on Beauty when a wild delight
Laughed from beneath her silken lashes fair;
And Mirth, awaking from her rosy lair,

Led forth his dimples like the waves of Night
When the full heaven of stars is shining there!
But not the flash of Genius may compare,
Nor the gay summer of the radiant cheek
With the soft *Smile* of twilight sweetness rare,
On Beauty's brow, which thoughts of kindness wear
When the Eye looks, more than the tongue may speak.

SILENT LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh! call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold;
And love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all it sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Oh! call it none of these.
Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they.

MOORE.

"MANY are poets who have never penned their inspiration;" and still more truly might it be said, "Many are lovers who have never breathed their adoration."

If there be much "unwritten poetry" in the world, there is also much *unuttered love*, much that should have been spoken to hearts where it would have found a response, much that would have contributed to honor and happiness, much that has existed in secrecy and silence, glimmering, like the lamp in an ancient sepulchre, only over the ashes of departed hopes.

Mr. Allison was one of those persons who are usually considered "lucky men," though his luck lay in his industry, perseverance and economy, while the talisman which secured his success was most probably inscribed with the word, "*Patience*." He had grown rich slowly, not from the sudden influx of speculative wealth, but by the gradual accumulations of toilsome years, and his progress from poverty to riches had been marked by no startling transitions. Upright in all his dealings, and justly conscious of his own native respectability, he sought no devious ways to fortune, and, when her favors were gained, he aimed at no ostentatious display of them. He lived in plain but handsome style, spared no expense in the education of his family, gratified them with every luxury that was consistent with his ideas of propriety, and, contrary to the practice of most American merchants, indulged *himself* with sufficient leisure even amid the cares of business, to enjoy the society of his wife, his children and his friends. Remembering his own early struggles, he was always ready to extend a helping hand to the young and unfriended, so that many a poor boy, who now enjoys the blessings of competence, has looked back with joy to the day which brought him within the notice of the benevolent merchant.

Among those whom Mr. Allison had most efficiently aided was a youth, named Ernest Melvyn, who, when scarcely fourteen years of age, had been

so fortunate as to secure a situation in his warehouse. In little more than two years after he entered Mr. Allison's employ the boy had the misfortune to lose his father, and thus the maintenance of a sick mother and an almost infant sister devolved upon him. Mr. Allison, with that promptness which always doubles the value of a generous act, immediately promoted Ernest to a more responsible station, and increased his salary, while he appropriated to the use of the widowed mother comfortable apartments in one of his own houses. But his kindness did not stop here. Finding that the family of his young clerk were highly respectable though now reduced to great indigence, and that the boy's early education had been suited rather to his father's former station than to his present fortunes, Mr. Allison determined to give him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. He invited Ernest to his house, gave him the use of his library, directed him to the most instructive books, and, in short, left nothing undone which could contribute to his future welfare.

Deeply grateful to his benefactor for all his kindness, and fully sensible of the importance of such advantages, Ernest showed his thankfulness both by his close attention to his duties, and his ready acceptance of Mr. Allison's offers. He became a regular resident in the family; a timid, quiet, unobtrusive haunter of that pleasant fireside, where he always found a kind welcome, cheerful companions and excellent books. Every body liked him, from the merchant, who was pleased with his fidelity to business, and Mrs. Allison, who found him very useful in the execution of those thousand little commissions of which husbands are so provokingly forgetful, down to the smiling servant maid who opened the door at the knock of the pale and pleasant-faced clerk. His quiet cheerfulness and unruffled good-temper made him a great favorite with Mr. Allison's daughters, but his most especial friend in the family was the "youngling of the flock," the petted and lovely little Mary. Though scarcely four years old when Ernest

became so associated with them, Mary attached herself to him, with all the warmth of childish affection. Ernest loved her for her resemblance to his own little sister, who had been the idol of his boyhood, and who had early followed his father to the grave. He seemed to have transferred to Mary Allison the love which had once been lavished upon his lost darling, and fondly did the child respond to his tenderness. She was in truth one of the loveliest of creatures, with large, soft, blue eyes, a profusion of golden curls, and lips like the berries of the cornel-tree, while her frank and joyous temper, her sunny cheerfulness, and the overflowing affection which seemed ever gushing up from the depths of her innocent heart, added new charms to her infantine beauty. She was the idol of her parents, the delight of her elder sisters, the plaything of the servants, and, above all, the cherished pet of Ernest Melvyn. Hour after hour would he sit with Mary nestled upon his knee, while he displayed to her wondering gaze the beautiful engravings in her father's costly volumes, or traced on her little slate many a rough but spirited sketch of castle and cottage, to be effaced and renewed with every childish whim. He carved fairy baskets of cherry-pits, fashioned clay models of Indian figures, and practiced, for the gratification of his favorite, those thousand little devices which can be accomplished by a skilful hand, good taste and patience. When infancy gave place to childhood, with its increasing cares, it was Ernest Melvyn who became the confidant of all little Mary's anxieties and pleasures. It was he who wrought out the tedious sum, and explained the wonderfully abstruse rules of that hated grammar, and aided her in remembering those troublesome chronological tables, and, in short, removed every stumbling-block, while he lightened every burden of her school life.

In the mean time Mr. Allison's elder daughters were growing up to womanhood, as beautiful as they were gentle and good. Their personal attractions, their gracefully feminine characters, and the known wealth of their father, all contributed to draw around them a crowd of admirers, whose motives were as various as their minds. Amid such persons Ernest never mingled. Retiring in his manners, and humble in his feelings, he never obtruded himself into the gay circle which gradually formed itself around the young ladies. His visits were as frequent as ever, but his evenings were usually passed in the library, aiding Mary in her lessons, giving her such primary instructions in drawing, as his fine but uncultivated taste would permit, or reading some useful book, which, if rather above the child's comprehension, was yet listened to with pleasure because Ernest was the reader. Mr Allison beheld with pleasure the innocent attachment which existed between them. He believed it to be an advantage to both, since it gave Mary a new impulse and aid to mental cultivation, while it preserved Ernest from many of the temptations which assail the youth of a large city; and even the prudence of age could see nothing to fear from the affection which had thus been awakened in the days of infancy. But the love which had thus

sprung up between the child of four summers, and the boy of sixteen, had lost none of its tenderness when Mary could count her twelfth birthday. "How I love," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "how I love a little girl of twelve;" and those who have made children a study will heartily agree with him. It is the sweetest of all ages, the loveliest of all periods in woman's life: because it is perhaps the only season when the developing mind and expanding heart display their beautiful feminine traits without one shadow from the coming cloud of passion, when the flowers of affection give out their richest perfume, unmingled with the envenomed sweets with which future years will imbue them.

Ernest Melvyn had grown up tall and handsome, but with the pale cheek and thoughtful brow of the habitual thinker. His eyes were usually veiled beneath their full and drooping lids, but they were full of intelligence and sweetness, while his form was as graceful and his step as free as if he had never trod other soil than that of the green hills where his sunny hours of childhood had been passed. His application to business had given him a degree of gravity beyond his years, and his love of reading had made him a quiet observer of society rather than an actor in its busy scenes. His time was divided between his duties in the warehouse, his attention to his infirm mother, and his visits to Mr. Allison's family; the first tended to create stability of character, the second to cultivate the domestic affections, and quicken his delicate sense of duty, while the last gave him the inestimable advantage of polished and virtuous female society. Could he have overcome his reserve, and learned to think less humbly of himself, Ernest Melvyn might have shone in the gayest circles, for, even in a place where wealth too often determines a man's social position, the protégé of the rich Mr. Allison would have found little difficulty in winning his way. Had Ernest understood the "*art of pushing*," an art, by the way, which deserves to be made the subject of a course of lectures, he could easily have become a general favorite in society, and might, in all probability, by some fortunate marriage, have compassed what the world pleasantly calls "*Independence*," in other words, a lifelong subsistence upon the alimony of a wife. But Ernest was too modest, too single-minded to think of such things. The liberal stipend which he received from Mr. Allison more than sufficed for all his mother's necessities, and his own wants were very few. A small sum was annually left in his benefactor's hands, to form a fund for his mother's future support in case of his death, and with this provision he was perfectly content. As his tastes developed, his gradually increasing means enabled him to gratify them without encroaching upon this consecrated hoard. Books, purchased chiefly at auction, and remarkable rather for their solid worth, than their exterior decorations, had accumulated around him, a few choice paintings which he had found among the rubbish of a deceased picture dealer, now adorned the walls of his neat apartment, a collection of minerals, made with no other expense than that of healthful fatigue, a small

but very complete cabinet of shells, miniature casts from the antique, moulded by himself in moments of leisure, and a portfolio of exquisite pencil-drawings by his own hand, all attested the elegance of his tastes and the innocence of his pursuits.

To Mr. Allison's daughters Ernest Melvyn appeared in the light of a valued relative, a sort of "Cousin Tom," useful on all occasions and obtrusive on none, universally liked, and allowed to come and go with all the freedom of a family friend, less noticed when present than missed when absent. But to the little golden-haired Mary he was an object of far more importance, and even when the flush of womanhood began to brighten the cheek of the little maiden, and her innocent bosom thrilled with those "impulses of soul and sense," which mark the first step beyond the limit of girlish gayety, Ernest was still the friend, the confidant of all her joys and sorrows. Exceedingly sensitive in character, with feelings keenly alive to every emotion, full of affection and gentleness, and quick to receive impressions, Mary Allison was a creature of impulse rather than judgment. The circle which had long surrounded her sisters now opened to admit her also. Two of Mr. Allison's daughters were on the verge of matrimony, while two still remained free to win new lovers to their feet, when Mary made her entrance into society. Conscious that she possessed no small share of the beauty which had made her sisters so attractive, vague dreams of future triumphs and successes began to mingle with her gentler feelings. The spirit which often leads a beautiful woman into the mazes of coquetry, was striving in the heart of the fair girl, and but for the quiet counsels of Ernest, who was now her mentor in the perilous days of womanhood, even as he had been her playfellow in the sunny hours of childhood, she might have become a vain and frivolous votary of fashion. But there was something in the calm reproach of Ernest's thoughtful eye, which restrained the wayward follies of the flattered belle, and Mary felt, long ere she acknowledged even to herself the truth, that, whatever might be the charms of adulation, the approval of one noble heart was worth them all. When lovers came around her, Ernest gently withdrew from all apparent competition, content to watch from afar, lest danger or deception should touch the object of his hallowed interest. Keeping always aloof from the throng of admirers who now found their way habitually to a house where such varied attractions were ever to be met, Ernest seemed abstracted and indifferent. The incense offered by the professed dangles, the attentions of beaux, the heavy *bon-mots* of would-be wittings, fell on his ear unheeded; but when one of lofty mind and noble character, a man worthy of respect and affection, when such an one offered his homage at the shrine of youthful beauty, Ernest was all eye, all ear, aye, and all heart.

Was Ernest in love with Mary Allison? Who can tell? surely he was too unassuming, too calm, too free from jealousy to be in love. Yet what meant his eager watchfulness over her every look and word, his keen perception of her every impulse, his

deep devotion to her every wish? It was most strange, and yet might not a warm fraternal affection for one who had taken the place of his dead sister in his heart, account for all his feelings? Such was Ernest's belief, and if he deceived himself, his was the punishment as well as the error.

One after another, the beautiful daughters of Mr. Allison were wedded, until only Mary, the lovely Mary, whose very changefulness of temper formed one of her brightest charms, alone was left. From her sixteenth year Mary had received the homage of flattery and affection. Some had wooed her for her fortune, some for her gayety, some for her warm-heartedness, but all had alike been unsuccessful. When questioned as to her motives for this indiscriminate coldness, she would only laugh, and toss back her golden locks with a look of mischievous mirth that seemed the index of a light and unfettered heart. Utterly free from the coquetry which can deliberately win hearts but to wound them, she yet loved admiration, and could seldom resist the temptation of making herself agreeable. Indeed she could scarcely avoid making conquests, for her usual sweetness of manner was sufficient of itself to attract all who came within its influence. As Miss Edgeworth has beautifully expressed it, "even from the benevolence of her own disposition she derived the means of giving pain, as the bee is said to draw the venom of its sting from its own honey." Too sensitive for frivolous coquetry, Mary was in far more danger from those sentimental flirtations which are so fascinating to the romantic and the imaginative, and often so fatal to the peace of those who indulge in them. Few women—I mean warm-hearted, high-souled women—have escaped the influence of these "opium dreams of too much youth and reading," as they are contemptuously called by the worldly and the cold. Few but have, at the early dawn of womanhood, cherished a pure and passionless affection, which the world may have sneered at as "Platonic," and the prudent may have censured as indiscreet, but which was a source of infinite happiness while it endured, and which, perhaps, by the very anguish of its dissolution, afforded the best of all discipline for the future trials of the heart. Yet, like all other exquisite pleasures in this changing world, such joy is only to be bought at the price of future pain. Rarely does such an attachment terminate without suffering—rarely does that passionless dream fade into the splendors of a brighter reality—rarely does the heart awake from its trance of sublimated feeling to find loftier and sweeter impulses in actual life and perfect love.

From such perils, to which her romantic temper would probably have exposed her, Mary Allison was preserved by the watchfulness of Ernest. Indeed their mutual regard seemed to possess much of the character of such an affection as has just been described, but without its dangers. He was her friend, her counsellor, the guide of her wayward feelings; but there was none of that high-wrought sensibility, that fervent language which would be impassioned were it not so pure, that ardor of feeling which

gives to such a friendship the semblance of love—but of love *wingless*, and with bow unbent. Ernest never ventured to be other than the friend, the honored, trusted and humble friend. Not that he was a servile, mean-spirited contemner of himself because of his property—for he was in truth as high-souled, lofty-minded, and proud-hearted a being as ever wrestled with fortune—but gratitude had quickened his perception of duty, and, in the echoes of his own heart, he learned the nature of his own humility.

Mary had attained her twenty-second year when she received another offer of marriage from a gentleman whose character and standing in society made him a most eligible match. He was refused, but so kindly and gently, that he resolved not to be repulsed. He persevered in a course of delicate attentions which even Mary's fastidiousness could not reject, and he demanded the consideration due to friendship till he could make good his claims to a warmer interest. He was certainly not distasteful to Mary, and had she been called to choose one from among her professed lovers, Charles Walton would probably have been the object of her choice. But she was conscious that she was capable of a much stronger emotion than he had inspired, and a very slight examination into her heart showed her one sealed recess which she dared not venture to unlock. Within that holy of holies, which every mortal shrouds within his bosom, she knew that an image was enshrined on which maiden pride forbade her to look, and the fair girl turned away dismayed from her self-imposed task. But her lover was patient and persevering, and, after months of assiduous wooing, he sought her father's aid. Mr. Allison had never interfered to control the inclinations of his children. If the suitor was only a man of integrity and honor, mere pecuniary disparity was never allowed to influence his opinions, but, in this case, he certainly was disposed to wish that Mary might decide in Mr. Walton's favor. He wished to retire from business, and Walton was very competent to supply his place in a concern which might still be conducted for the benefit of the family, if Mary would become the wife of the new partner. Actuated by these motives he promised his influence to the ardent lover; but the more he reflected upon his task the more reluctant he felt to perform it. He could not bear to influence the affections of his favorite child, and yet he earnestly wished her to think as he did. Like most men in a similar predicament, he adopted a middle course, and quieted his scruples by committing the trust to another.

One evening, just at twilight, Mary was in a small apartment communicating with the drawing-room, when her father approached in close conversation with Ernest Melvyn. They took a seat in the parlor, and, as the door was ajar, Mary could not avoid hearing her own name several times repeated. She was about entering the room when she heard her father say, "I wish, Ernest, you would use your influence with Mary. I am sure she prefers Mr. Walton, and it is only a woman's whim which prevents her acceptance of him."

"Are you sure she is attached to Walton?" asked Ernest, in a low and hurried tone.

"Oh, I cannot be mistaken about it; she likes him better than any lover she has ever had, for she confessed as much to me yesterday. It is full time she came to some decision, and I wish she would accept him. He is exactly the kind of person whom I should have selected for her, and I am sure he will make her happy. She is greatly influenced by your opinions, Ernest, and I really wish you would advise her to marry Walton."

Mary listened breathlessly for Ernest's answer. After a long pause she heard him say, "Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will do so." Mary staid for no more. Hurrying to her room, she flung herself on the floor in an agony of excited feeling. The secret of her heart was now revealed to her, and the anguish which overwhelmed her proved how fondly she had cherished the delusion. She now knew what before she more than suspected; she no longer doubted that her heart and happiness had long been in the keeping of the modest and gentle Ernest. But with this knowledge came the startling fact that Ernest loved her not.

"He could coldly promise his influence to give me to another—me, whom he has cherished from childhood—me, who have loved him from my very infancy! Yes, his is but a brother's love, and never shall my nature be disgraced by the disclosure of an unrequited passion. It shall be plucked away even if entwined with the very fibres of my heart." Such were the reflections of the unhappy girl, as the violence of her emotions subsided. Could she have seen the bitter struggle in the breast of Ernest—could she have divined the hidden agony of his spirit when he controlled his voice to utter those cold words—could she have known the sudden wretchedness of that moment which first revealed to him the depth and breadth of his own absorbing passion, she would have decided differently. One word then would have secured the happiness of both; but the word was *unspoken*, and the destiny of both was sealed.

That very night Charles Walton renewed his suit to Mary and *was accepted*—the next morning Mr. Allison informed Ernest that his influence was no longer necessary in the matter. The next week preparations for the marriage were commenced.

For several days Ernest absented himself from Mr. Allison's house, but just as every body was beginning to wonder what could ail him, he came, and took his accustomed seat, as quiet and perhaps rather more silent than was his wont. He looked pale and care-worn, but his mother's renewed paroxysm of illness was sufficient to account for his appearance, and though his lip quivered and his hand trembled as he offered his congratulations to Mary, yet no one could have dreamed that beneath his calm seeming he concealed an immolated heart. Mary's pride rose to her aid when she beheld Ernest's undisturbed demeanor. She almost despised herself for the weakness which made her shudder as with an ague, when he offered his wishes for her future happiness; and, resolutely closing her bosom against all such

emotions, she determined to perform the duties she had undertaken with a firm and unyielding spirit.

The increasing illness of the invalid, Mrs. Melvyn, soon confined Ernest so closely to his home, during his leisure hours, that he thus escaped the torture of witnessing the arrangements for Mary's marriage. It was perhaps fortunate for both, since the tie between them was now to be severed, that it should be done thus gradually, and from a sense of duty to others, rather than from selfish feelings. At times Mary half suspected that Ernest loved her, but the stern, self-sacrificing devotion of him who believed that she had chosen wisely and well, destroyed the fancy ere it became a hope. "She has fulfilled the wishes of her father—she has found love and happiness," said Ernest to himself, "and not one shadow from the cloud which impends over my fate shall ever darken her path." And with a courage far more exalted than that which binds the martyr to the faggot and the stake, did this noble-hearted being crush his own heart within him, lest he should mar the hopes of her whom he loved better than life.

Ernest did not see Mary wedded. On the very night of his bridal his mother died, and, in the awful stillness of the death-chamber, the voice of passion was hushed into silence. It was not until his only companion was laid in her humble grave, and the quiet of exhaustion had gradually stolen over the tortured feelings of the bereaved and heart-sick Ernest, that he ventured to approach the dwelling of Mr. Allison. Amid their festivities the family had not been regardless of his sorrow, and many an act of unobtrusive kindness had shown him that he was affectionately remembered among them. But he had learned some sad and solemn truths as he watched beside his dying mother. The nothingness of human cares, the vanity of human hopes, the fruitlessness of human affections had been deeply impressed upon his heart. His mother's last lesson, imparted in the peacefulness of her dying hour, came with thrilling power to his bosom, and in the loneliness of his deep grief he learned life's hardest lesson—"to suffer and be still."

One more trial yet awaited him. Not long after his mother's death, Mr. Allison took him aside and offered him a partnership in his lucrative business.

"I am old," said the merchant, "and want to be released from toil; Charles Walton is to be the principal in our firm, and we wish to secure your future services, as well as to reward a fidelity which has never once failed in twenty years of duty. Indeed, Mary insisted that her husband should accept no proposition which did not include you. I require no capital from you; the profits arising from your yearly deposit in my hands have swelled your little fund to some ten thousand dollars, which I am ready to pay over to you before commencing our new arrangement."

"You are kind—very kind, my dear sir," was Ernest's reply, while tears filled his eyes, and his emotions choked his utterance; "believe me, I am not ungrateful, and while life and health remain I shall

ever be devoted to your service. But I cannot accept your noble offer—let me still be your clerk—your servant, if you will—I am no longer fitted for the responsibilities of a partner."

"My dear fellow, you are as healthy, active, and industrious as ever you were; you are in the very prime of life, and must not talk of want of fitness."

"The spring of life is gone," said Ernest, mournfully, "I have no motive now for exertion."

"You are dispirited, Ernest—the loss of your mother has saddened and depressed you. Think over my proposition in a calm and dispassionate manner, and I am convinced you will not refuse it."

Ernest did think long and deeply on the subject, but his decision was unalterable.

"It comes too late; my life is now an aimless one, and riches might only tend to make it a useless one also; there are none to share my fortunes, and why should a solitary and isolated man heap up riches when he knows not who shall gather them? it comes too late!"

Alas! how often has that thought paralyzed the energies and stricken the heart of the patient sufferer. Even he, who in the flush of manhood can proudly exclaim, "*I bide my time*," as if in defiance of fortune's frowns, is often heard, when all was gained, to sigh mournfully in after life over the chilling reflection, "*it comes too late*!"—too late for the fulfilment of hope—too late for the attainment of happiness.

Ernest Melvyn never rose above the station of confidential clerk, but the respect and esteem of his employers testified his integrity and usefulness. Mr. Walton learned to regard him with as much friendship as Mr. Allison, and it was not long before he was as welcome a guest in Mary's new home as he had ever been in the scenes of her joyous childhood. Whatever might have been her feelings towards Ernest, his perfect self-possession and calm demeanor, by convincing her that he had never loved her, aided her in the subjugation of her own rebellious heart. Her husband was kind, affectionate, and good. She had always respected his talents and esteemed his virtues, and now, as time wove the new and strong ties of parental affection between them, the quiet happiness of domestic life gradually effaced the brightest tints of her youth's romance. It may be that a shadow rested long on her path—it may be that the spectre of blighted love sometimes stood beside the shrine of her household gods—but Time, the true exorciser of all such ghosts, wrought his work of kindness, slowly but surely, and Mary became a cheerful, useful and happy woman.

Ernest experienced the usual changes which come upon a solitary man. He lived alone among his books, and pictures, and shells, until they became actual objects of tender interest to him. Regularly, every afternoon, he visited Mr. Allison, and read the newspapers for his benefactor, whose failing sight rendered the perusal of his favorite journals a task of some difficulty. This done, Ernest returned to his home and passed the remainder of the evening in study—aimless it is true, but still pleasing; or in a

dreamy and vague reverie so enticing to a reserved and imaginative man. But on one certain evening in each week, he always took his seat at Mrs. Walton's tea-table, and as regularly ensconced himself in the chimney-corner as soon as tea was over. To the isolated man this weekly visit, and those claspings of the hand with which he was always greeted, were as dear as the "memorable kiss" with which the "apostle of passion" fed his wild idolatry; aye, full as precious and far more pure was the joy thus imparted than any refinement of infidel philosophy and illicit love. Mary's children climbed his knee, even as Mary had done in her own glad infancy, and loved him with all the fervent affection which had once characterized her feelings. Like all old bachelors, he became somewhat of a humorist, and, at last, was voted by the dandies of the rising generation, to be decidedly eccentric. But his kindness of heart, his firm integrity, and his purity and delicacy of feeling never forsook him.

To the day of his death he never disclosed the secret of his early love. When the frosts of three-score winters had whitened his locks, the solitary old man withdrew to his lonely room, and there, amid those inanimate objects which had been his solace through so many weary years, he yielded up his gentle spirit to the God who gave it. He was found one morning lying in the quiet sleep of death—his arms crossed upon his breast, his bible on the table at his bedside, and his features settled in such sweet repose that none looked upon them without

feeling that Death had indeed dealt mercifully with the righteous.

His will was found in his cabinet, and Mary Walton was made the sole heiress of his little fortune; although no reason was assigned for this exclusive preference. Perhaps the little casket which was discovered in a secret recess of the same cabinet disclosed somewhat of the truth to her conscious heart. It contained a lock of golden hair, marked: "*given me by Mary on her twelfth birthday,*" together with a withered bouquet, which, from the silken band around it, Mary remembered to have given him the night preceding her betrothal, and a penciled sketch in which she had no difficulty to recognize her own girlish beauty.

Reader, does my tale seem tame and trite? it is the history of a blighted heart; and if the secrets of that strange world of mystery were more frequently revealed, many such a tale of simple pathos would enlist the sympathies of the glad and gay. The picture of that self-forgetting being, subduing his love, at first, from the very humility of true affection, and, afterwards, crushing it within his heart lest its living presence should mar the happiness of his beloved, is to me one of ineffable tenderness. That he was mistaken in his views of her happiness does not destroy the beauty of his self-devotion; and what shall we say of the moral courage which could relinquish all claims to *posthumous* sympathy, by bearing his secret to the grave, lest a shadow from the past should fall upon her present peacefulness?

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

MY friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And prompt thy tongue the generous thought to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;

Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle murmur of the morning gales,
That sweep the ambrosial groves of that bright shore,
And thence the fragrance of its blossoms bears,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

SKETCH OF A CASE, OR A PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

DOCTOR R.— sat alone in his study when a lady was announced.

"Mrs. Waldorf, sir," and the doctor laid down his pen and received his visiter very cordially. She was the wife of a rich German merchant, and a distant cousin of his own; a handsome woman of about five and thirty, with sufficient repose of manner, but too spirited an eye to pass for a mere fashionable machine.

"I have come to you, doctor, instead of sending for you," began the lady, "because I do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know I have thought it necessary to consult you. He is so easily alarmed, that if he knew you had prescribed for me he would watch me so closely and insist so much upon my observance of your directions to the very letter, that I should have no peace."

The doctor smiled, as if he thought Mr. Waldorf would not be so far wrong as his lady might suppose.

"But what is it, my dear madam?" he said, taking Mrs. Waldorf's hand and giving a look of professional scrutiny to her face. "You look well, though there is a slight flaccidity about the eyes, and not quite so ruddy a nether lip as one might wish to see. What is it?"

"Oh! a thousand things, doctor; my health is miserable—at least I sometimes think so; I have pains in the right side—and such flutterings at my heart—and such lassitude—and such headaches—and sleep so miserably—"

"Are your pains very severe? are they of a heavy, dull kind, or sharp and darting? and how often do you experience them?"

"They are not very constant—no, not constant, certainly, nor very severe—but, doctor, they fill me with apprehensions of future evil. It is not present suffering of which I complain, so much as a fear of worse to come. I dread lest disease should make such progress, unnoticed, that it will be vain to attempt a cure." And Mrs. Waldorf's eyes filled with tears at the very thought of her troubles.

"You are wise to take it in time," said Doctor R.— "But tell me more of these symptoms. At what time of the day do you generally feel most indisposed?"

"Oh! I can scarcely say. When I wake in the morning, I am always very miserable. My head is full of dull pain, especially about the eyes. My lips are parched; I find it a great exertion to dress

myself, and never have the slightest appetite for breakfast."

"Ah! indeed!" mused the doctor, "you breakfast as soon as you arise, I presume. At what hour do you retire?"

"We make it a rule to be in bed by twelve, unless we happen to be engaged out, which is but seldom. Waldorf detests parties and late hours. We spend our evenings with music or books, very quietly."

"At what hour do you sup?"

"We have nothing like a regular supper, but for mere sociality's sake we have a tray brought up about ten. I take nothing beyond a bit of chicken or a few oysters, or a slice of cake, and sometimes only a cracker and a glass of wine. You look as if you thought even this were better omitted; but I should scarcely know how to cut off one of my husband's few social pleasures. He would touch nothing if I did not partake with him. He thinks as ill of suppers as you do."

"I beg your pardon—I interrupted your detail of symptoms to ask these questions as to the evening. You say you have no appetite for breakfast—how long do these feelings of languor and exhaustion continue to trouble you?"

"Oh! I generally feel better after a cup of coffee; and after practicing at the harp or the piano-forte for an hour or two, or sometimes three when I have new music, I generally drive out, and perhaps shop a little, or at any rate take a turn into the country for the air, and usually return somewhat refreshed."

"Do you take your airings alone?"

"Yes—perforce, almost. There are none of my intimate friends who can go with me. They drive out regularly, and take children with them, or they have other objects; and one cannot ask a mere acquaintance. So I go alone, which is not very exhilarating."

"Your own children are not at home?"

"No—if they were, I should need no other company for the carriage. The society of young people is pleasant to me, but Adelaide is at Madame —'s and Ernest is with a German clergyman, a friend of his father's. I fancy my rides would be of much greater service to me if I had a pleasant companion or two."

"Undoubtedly—and I know a lady and her daughter to whom a regular morning airing with such society as that of Mrs. Waldorf would be the very

breath of life! What a pity that etiquette comes in the way of so many good things! But go on, I beg."

"Etiquette! say not another word, doctor—who and where are these friends or patients of yours? I should be happy if I could offer any service. I will call with you on them this very day if you like, and invite them to ride with me daily."

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear madam," said Doctor R—, "it is what I could not venture to ask. Yet I am not afraid you will not find my friends at least tolerably agreeable—but will you proceed with the account you were giving me of your daily habits—you dine at four, I believe?"

"That is our hour, but Mr. Waldorf is often detained until five, and I never dine without him. For my own part I should not care if dinner were stricken from the day. I lunch about one, and with tolerable appetite, and I never wish to eat again until supper time. We take tea, however, at seven, and—"

"Green tea, I presume—do you take it strong?"

"Oh! not very, if I take it *too* strong, I do not sleep at all."

"You sleep but indifferently, you tell me?"

"Yes, generally; and wake many times in the night; sometimes in the horrors, so that I am full of undefinable fears, and dare not open my eyes lest the objects in the room should assume terrific shapes. The very shades cast by the night-lamp have power at such times to appal me."

The doctor's professional inquiries extended to a still greater length, but he had guessed Mrs. Waldorf's complaint before he arrived at this point in the list. He had found solitude, inactivity, late hours, suppers, coffee, green tea, music and books—with not one counterbalancing item of that labor—effort—sacrifice—which has been affixed as the unchanging price of health and spirits. Mrs. Waldorf was one of the hundreds if not thousands of ladies in our land who walk through the world without ever discovering the secret of life. She had abundant wealth and a most indulgent husband, with all that this world can offer in point of comfort, and she imagined that health alone was wanting to complete her happiness. Passive happiness! what a dream!

Doctor R— was at the head of his profession, and he had some medicines at his command which are not known at the hospitals. He thought he could cure Mrs. Waldorf, but he hinted that he feared he should find her but a poor patient.

"You do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know you are under my care lest he should object to your neglecting my remedies—"

"Oh, indeed doctor, I shall be very faithful! Try me! You cannot prescribe any thing too difficult. Shall I travel to the Pyramids barefoot, and live on bread and water all the way? I am only afraid Waldorf should insist upon my taking odious drugs, and—You know cautions meeting one at every turn are so tiresome!"

"Then you are willing to undertake any remedy which is not at all disagreeable, and which may be used or omitted *à discretion*—"

"No, no—indeed you mistake me. I only beg that it may not be *too* unpleasant. I will do just as you say."

Mrs. Waldorf now had a fine color, and her eyes sparkled as of old. She had every confidence in the skill of Dr. R—, and the effort of recalling and recounting her symptoms had given an impetus to her thoughts and a quicker current to her blood.

The doctor apologized. He had an appointment and his hour had come.

"But before I leave you thus unceremoniously," he said, "it strikes me that there is a root in my garden which might be of essential service to you, to begin with at least. You know I have a little spot in which I cultivate a few rare botanical specimens. Might I venture to ask you to search for the root I speak of? It is in that little square compartment in the corner, which appears nearly vacant."

"Oh, certainly—but had I not better call John, as your own man is going away with you?"

"John! Bless my soul, my dear Madam, there is not a John in the world that I would trust in my sanctum! No hand but mine, and that of a gardener whom I employ occasionally under my own direction, ever intrudes among my pets. Let me entreat you, since I have not another moment to spare, to take this little trowel and search with your own hands until you discover an oblong white root like this—" opening a book of botanical plates and exhibiting something that looked very much like a Jerusalem artichoke—"Take that and have it washed and grated into a gill of Port, of which try ten drops in a little water three times a day. I will see you again very soon—but now I must run away—" and Doctor R— departed, leaving Mrs. Waldorf in a musing mood.

She cast a look at the garden, which lay just beneath the window, full of flowers; then at the trowel—a strange implement in her hand. She thought Doctor R— very odd, certainly, but she resolved to follow his directions implicitly. She went down stairs and was soon digging very zealously. Her glove was split by the first effort, of course; for a fashionably fitted glove admits not the free exercise of the muscles—but all was of no avail. Every corner of the little square was disturbed, but no talisman appeared. Weary at length of her new employment, Mrs. Waldorf gave up in despair, and sat down in a little arbor which offered its shade invitingly near her. Here she sank into a pleasant reverie, as one can scarcely help doing in a garden full of sweet flowers, and so pleasant was the sense of repose after labor, that she thought not of the lapse of time until she was startled by the voice of Doctor R—, returned from his visit and exceedingly surprised to find her still trowel in hand.

"Why, my dear Madam," he exclaimed, "you are forgetting your wish that Mr. Waldorf should not discover your visit to me! If he walks much in town he has had ample opportunity to observe his carriage at my door these two hours. You must learn to carry on clandestine affairs better than this! Have you the medicine?"

Mrs. Waldorf laughed and related her ill success, which the doctor very much regretted, although he did not offer to assist in the search.

"You are feeling tolerably well just now, I think," he said; "your color is better than when you came in the morning."

"Oh yes! much better just now! But how charming your garden is! I do not wonder that you make a pet of it. We too have a few square inches of garden, but it gives me but little pleasure, because I have never done any thing to it myself. I think I shall get a trowel of my own."

"You delight me! You have only to cultivate and bring to perfection a single bed of carnations, to become as great an enthusiast as myself. But it must be done by your own hands—"

"Yes, certainly; but now I must be gone. Tomorrow I will hold myself in readiness to call on your friends at any hour you will appoint."

"What say you to eleven? Would that be too barbarous? The air is worth a good deal more at eleven than at one."

"At seven, if you like! Do not imagine me so very a slave to absurd fashions! I am determined you shall own me a reasonable woman yet."

Mrs. Waldorf called from the carriage window—"You'll not forget to send the medicine, doctor?"

"Certainly not! you shall have it at seven this evening, and I trust you will take it with exact regularity."

"Do not fear me," she said, and the doctor made his bow of adieu.

The medicine came at seven, with a sediment which looked not a little like grated potato, and without the slightest disagreeable taste. Accompanying directions required the disuse, for the present, of coffee and green tea; and recommended to Mrs. Waldorf a daily walk and a very early bed-hour.

The lady took her ten drops at nine, and felt so much better that she could not help telling her husband all about her visit to Doctor R—.

The next morning proved cloudy, and Mrs. Waldorf felt rather languid, but, after her dose, found an improved appetite for breakfast. She sat down to her music, but looked frequently at the clouds and at her watch, thinking of her appointment. When the hour arrived the envious skies poured down such showers as will damp any body's ardor. The drive must be given up for that day, and it passed as usual, with only the interlude of the magic drops.

The next day was as bad, and the day after not a great deal better. Mrs. Waldorf's pains and palpitations almost discouraged her. She was quite sure she had a liver complaint. But on the fourth morning the sun rose gloriously, and the face of nature, clean washed, shone with renewed beauty. At eleven the carriage and the lady were at Doctor R—'s door.

"Have you courage to see an invalid—a sad sufferer?" said the doctor.

"Oh, certainly! I am an invalid myself, you know."

"Ah! my dear lady, my invalid wears a different

aspect! Yet I hope she is going to recover, and I shall trust to your humanity if the scene prove a sad one. Sickness of the mind was, I think, the origin of the evil, but it has almost overpowered the frail body. This young lady and her mother have been giving lessons in music and in Italian, and have had but slender success in the whirl of competition. As nearly as I can discover, they came to this country hoping to find reverse of fortune easier to bear among strangers; and their course was determined hitherward in consequence of earlier family troubles which drove a son of Madame Vamiglia to America. He was a liberal, and both displeased his father and put himself in danger from government, by some unsuccessful attempt at home. The father is since dead, and the old lady and her daughter, left in poverty and loneliness, determined on following the young man to the new world. But here we are."

And they stopped before a small house in a back street. Mrs. Waldorf was shown into a very humble parlor, while the doctor went to prepare his patient. He returned presently with Madame Vamiglia, a well-bred woman past middle age. She expressed her grateful sense of Mrs. Waldorf's kindness, but their communication was rather pantomimical, for the lady found her song-Italian of little service, and the signora had not much conversational English. However, with some French, and occasional aid from Doctor R—, their acquaintance was somewhat ripened before they went to the bedside of the sufferer. Mrs. Waldorf turned pale, and felt ready to faint, at the sight which presented itself.

There was a low, narrow couch in the centre of the room, scarce larger than an infant's crib, and on it lay what seemed a mere remnant of mortality. Large dark eyes, full of a sort of preternatural light, alone spoke of life and motion. The figure had been always extremely small, and was now wasted till it scarce lifted the light covering of the mattress. Madame Vamiglia went forward and spoke in a low tone to her daughter, and Mrs. Waldorf was glad to sink into the chair set for her by Doctor R—. The ghastly appearance of the poor girl had quite unwomaned her.

The mother introduced her guest to her daughter, who could only look an acknowledgment; and then asked the doctor if he thought it possible that *Ip-polita* could bear the motion of a carriage.

"She seems weaker to-day," he replied; "very weak indeed. Yet, if Mrs. Waldorf will allow the mattress to be put in, I think we may venture."

Madame Vamiglia seemed full of anxiety lest the experiment should prove too much for the flickering remnant of life; but, after much preparation, John was called, and the poor sufferer transferred, mattress and all, to the back seat. Mrs. Waldorf and her mother took the front, and in this way they drove slowly out towards the country.

At first the poor little signorina seemed exhausted almost unto death, and her mother watched her with the most agonized solicitude; but after awhile she became accustomed to the gentle motion, and seemed revived by the fresh air. As the road wound through

a green lane shaded with old trees, Ippolita looked about her with animation, and made a sign of pleasure with her wasted hand. Tears started to her mother's eyes, and she looked to Mrs. Waldorf for sympathy, and not in vain.

At length the invalid murmured, "Assia!" and they turned about. When they reached the lodging-house, Ippolita was in a quiet sleep, and they carried her back to her own room almost undisturbed.

"To-morrow at eleven!" whispered Mrs. Waldorf, at parting. Madame Vamiglia pressed her hand, but could not speak.

We need not describe the morning rides which succeeded this auspicious commencement. We need not trace, step by step, the slow amendment of the young Italian, nor attempt to express, by words, the gratitude of both mother and daughter. They felt words to be totally inadequate. We may mention, however, the rapid improvement of Mrs. Waldorf's health and spirits, which must of course be ascribed to that excellent medicine of Doctor R——'s. This enabled that lady to study Italian most strenuously, both at home and by familiar lessons from Madame Vamiglia and her daughter, during their prolonged excursions. This pursuit was never found to increase the palpitations, and seemed also a specific against headache.

Before Ippolita had so far recovered as to be independent of the daily airing, Mrs. Waldorf picked up a new object of interest. We say picked up, for it was a road-side acquaintance, and, as Mrs. Waldorf has since observed, one which she never would have made if she had been reading during her ride, as was her custom formerly. She had, every morning for some time, observed a poor woman drawing a basket-wagon of curious construction, in which lay a child much larger than is usually found in such vehicles. The child was pretty, and tastefully, though plainly, dressed; but the whole establishment bespoke any thing but abundant means, so that Mrs. Waldorf was puzzled to make out the character of the group. The woman had not the air of a servant, and yet the child did not look as if it could be her child. In short, after seeing the same thing a dozen times, Mrs. Waldorf's curiosity was a good deal excited.

She did not, however, venture to make any inquiries until it so chanced that, in the very green lane we have spoken of—the favorite resort of the grateful Ippolita—they found the poor woman, with the child fainting in her arms. Grief and anxiety were painted on her honest face, and she was so absorbed in her efforts for the recovery of the child that she scarcely answered Mrs. Waldorf's sympathizing inquiries.

"Oh do n't trouble yourself, ma'am! It is nothing new! She's this way very often. It's the hoopin'-cough, ma'am; and I'm afraid it'll be the death of her, poor lamb! in spite of all we can do!" And she tossed the child in the air, and fanned its face till the breath returned.

"Is it your own?" asked Mrs. Waldorf.

"No indeed, ma'am! mine are other guess lookin'

children, thank God! This dear babe's mother is a delicate young lady that lives neighbor to me, as has a sick husband that she can't leave. I'm a washerwoman, ma'am, if you please, and I have to go quite away down town every day almost, and so I take this poor thing in my basket—it's large enough, you see—and so gives her a turn in the open air, 'cause the doctor says it's the open air, if any thing, that'll do her good."

"You are very good," said Mrs. Waldorf, who had listened in a kind of reverie, her thoughts reverting to her lonely rides.

"Oh no, ma'am! it's far from good I am! The Lord knows that! But a little bit of neighborly kindness like that, is what the poor often does for one another, and *don't think any thing of it, neither!* To be sure this babe's mother is n't the likes of me, ma'am, but she's far worse off than she has been. Her husband is what they call an accountant—a kind of clerk, like; and he can't get no employ, and I think it's breakin' his heart pretty fast."

Here Mrs. Waldorf fairly burst into tears. "Tell me where you live," she said, "and say nothing to this lady you speak of, but come to me to-morrow, will you?" and she put a card into the poor woman's hand.

"Surely I will, ma'am," said the washerwoman, "and it's a kind heart you have!"

Mrs. Waldorf rode home with her heart and head full. "How could I ever content myself with giving money," she said to herself, "when there is so much to be *done!*"

"How do you find yourself, this morning, my dear madam?" said Doctor —, shortly after this.

"Oh, quite well, thank you!"

"What! no more lassitude! no more headaches?"

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you! I never felt better."

"When did your symptoms abate?"

"I can scarcely tell; I have been too much occupied of late, to think of symptoms. I am so much interested in the study of Italian that I am going to ask Madame Vamiglia and her daughter to come to us for awhile, and we shall have Adelaide at home to take advantage of so good an opportunity for learning to converse."

"And your ardor in searching out the distressed has been the means of restoring the son to the mother! How happy you must be!"

"That is a happiness which I owe to you! and Mr. Waldorf is going to employ Mr. Vamiglia, who understands and writes half a dozen different languages, and will be invaluable to him. But first the family are to go to the sea-shore for a month, to recruit; and I imagine they will need a good deal of preparation—so that I have really no time to be ill."

"Then you have given up the going to the Pyramids?"

"Ah! my dear sir! I must thank you for showing me better sources of interest and excitement. I believe it must have been a little *ruse* on your part—

say! was not that famous medicine of yours only a trick—an *inganno felice*?"

"A trick! Oh! excuse me! 'Call it by some better name!' I beseech you," said the doctor laughing, "it was a most valuable medicine! Indeed the whole *Materia Medica* would be often powerless

without the *placebo*! But I confess I could not think of sending you to the Pyramids, when there are not only pyramids but mountains of sorrow and suffering at home, which shun the eye of common charity, but which must be surmounted by just such heads, hearts and purses as those of Mrs. Waldorf!

THE FIRST AND LAST PARTING.

SUGGESTED BY THE LUCKLESS AMOUR OF A FRIEND.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

WE parted at the midnight hour,—

We parted *then* as lovers part.

The stars which pierced that trellis'd bower,

They saw me press her to my heart!

I left her with no fear—no doubt!

I left with her my hopes—my all—

I left her then,—oh! God!—without

A dream of what would soon befall.

I went to toil—far from her sight,

Far from her blessed voice away—

But still she haunted me by night,

Still murmured in my ears by day.

The hours flew by in dreams of her,

Those hours which claimed far other care,

I wasted them—fond worshiper—

In dreams, whose waking was despair!

A month—no, not a month,—by Heaven!

Had fled since she was pledged to me—

Since *I* love's parting kiss had given

To seal *her* vows of constancy!

The very moon was not yet old,

Whose crescent beam our loves had lighted—

Yet ere those few short weeks were told,

She had forgot the faith she plighted!

I heard her lips that faith forswear—

And, while those lips revealed the tale,

My very soul it blushed that e'er

It could have loved a thing so frail!

Yet scorn—it was not scorn that stung—

'T was pity—horror—grief, that moved me—

I felt the wrong—the shameless wrong,

But spared the heart that once had loved me!

Yes, faithless, false, as now I found it,

That heart had beat against my own,

And I—I could not bear to wound it,

When all its shielding worth was flown.

What though I could believe no more

In *such* as her own lips revealed her!

Yet still when all Love's faith was o'er,

Love's tenderness remained to shield her.

And when the moment came to break

The subtle chain around me cast,

Like me she seemed in soul to ache

At riving of its links at last.

Could they betray my mind once more,

Those pleading looks? yes! even then,

So sweet the guise of truth they wore,

I *wished* to be deceived again.

Ay! strangely, as at first we met—

There did, by Heaven! around her hover

Such light of warmth and truth, that yet

I, at the last, was still her lover!

And when I saw her brow o'ercast—

Saw tears from those soft eyelids melt,

I recked not, cared not for the past,

But there, adoring, would have knelt!

That moment to her lip and eye

There came that calm and loveless air,

Light Beauty, when its triumph's nigh,

Will tow'rd its easy victim wear.

No test—no time—no fate had wrought

O'er soul like mine so strong a spell,

As in that moment chilled to naught

Love that did seem unquenchable!

We parted—not as lovers part—

No kind farewell—no fond regret

Was uttered *then* from either heart—

We parted only to forget!

We parted, not as lovers part,

As lovers we can meet no more.

Let Time decide in either heart

Which most such parting shall deplore.

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY GEORGE HILL, AUTHOR OF "TITANIA'S BANQUET," "THE RUINS OF ATHENS," ETC.

WHEN to my closing eye this world
And all its bright illusions fade,
And at my heart the dull, cold hand
Of Death, to still its throbs, is laid;

O! Lady, let some voice like thine
Breathe, as from Heaven's own blissful air,
One cheering tone, and I shall deem
My spirit is already there.

SHAKSPEARE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

NO. VIII.—MACBETH.

If man in all ranks is liable to be thus betrayed by appearances, the king is peculiarly exposed to this danger. Nearly all the beautiful forms around him are but the disguises of treachery and selfishness. He is at once master, dupe and victim. All the wisdom and philosophy he can learn from the experience of others, or from his own, are feeble protection against the profound and subtle duplicity which pervades the air he breathes and every moment of his contact with his fellow creatures. A king is as much confined within a certain circle of information and action as the salamander girt with fire. I have heard of the most extraordinary events of public notoriety being concealed from royal knowledge in a manner almost passing credit. In the following passage see how kings are duped :

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not These in commission yet returned?

Malcolm. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one who saw him die : who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
Implored your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
As't were a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. O worthiest cousin !

[Enter Macbeth, etc.

I do not know whether we may safely at all times ascribe the remarkable reflection of facts upon each other in the works of Shakspeare to the deliberate intention of the poet, or whether we may suppose them in some degree accidental. I am inclined to think, however, that it belongs to the high order of genius with which he was invested to exercise a power which, in its sphere, and with reverence be it spoken, is not without something of *omnipresence*. Here the king has just rid himself of one traitor of the blackest dye, whose guilt is placed beyond doubt, as it is almost beyond parallel, by his open and nearly successful treason in the late battle, and by his own confession. The betrayed sovereign then, just barely escaped from the ruinous treachery of one villain—yet one in whom he had built "an absolute trust"—after all the experience which we may suppose him to have acquired, for he is an old man, turns to another gentleman in whom also he builds "an absolute trust," and, with a wise and just rec-

tion scarcely ceased sounding from his lips—(a reflection to which every passing century will bear more and more ample testimony,

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face,)

he turns to the new arch villain whose dark mind is even at the moment busily employed in calculating the risks and gains of killing him in his sleep—he turns to his new "Cawdor" with

O worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Lies heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved ;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Certainly were I a king I should either not read Macbeth, or the reading of it would often disturb my peace and check the flow of my feelings and opinions. Hence royalty *is*, and is obliged to be, closed in itself—surrounded by cold forms and highly artificial ceremonies, removed from the action of the common, simple and sweet impulses and emotions of life—removed from friendship—love—ordinary social society—from the pleasures of confidence and independence—from visits and acquaintance-making, and many others which the private subject enjoys and derives as much unconscious pleasure from as from the air and sun. If I were a king I should never trust a human being. I should feel ever as if I were led along blindfold to suit purposes, of the existence of which I could not be aware—to injure people whom perhaps, if I knew them, I should desire to protect—and to aid others, who, were their real natures open to my inspection, I might perhaps be the first to punish. I should shrink from offers of service lest, even in them who had most served me, might lurk a Macbeth to defend, honor and ruin me. The master of a household finds it impossible to follow with his eye or his mind the daily course of his own domestics. Watch them as he may they are sure of continually returning opportunities to deceive and cheat him. Neglect and fraud and duplicity, although on a minute scale, are in perpetual operation, the prevention of which, even when detected, baffles his utmost address. There are few families in the world—at least in the old European metropolises—where a certain description of dishonesty is not almost openly practiced and even consciously

permitted. I have heard an anecdote of a master who made his servant an offer to add twenty pounds a year to his annual wages on condition of his swearing not to cheat him out of a cent. The valet, after calculating half an hour, declined the proposition. In humanity, the great central pervading principle is *selfishness*. It exists in *every bosom*, as attraction exists in every object. In some it is modified, mastered and even beautified by warmth of heart, sincerity of religion and clearness of understanding. In others it is augmented beyond its natural proportions, by the peculiar temperament and the want of moral and intellectual cultivation. In the slender opportunities I have had of observing the world I have been particularly and painfully struck with the humiliating truth that *selfishness*—deepening, from the mere instinct of preservation, into various shades of meanness, dishonesty and crime, is the *great passion* of the world. Men are often intellectually and politically great notwithstanding it and perhaps in consequence of it, but no one is morally great without escaping from its earth-attracting and inglorious influence. This passion increases in the bosom of the bad, in proportion to the greatness of the object. In the precincts of a court, (although it is a vulgar error to suppose virtue and disinterestedness may not exist there also,) it becomes more condensed—more profound, more plausibly disguised, but more quietly and universally pervading than elsewhere. In a royal circle nearly every other feeling is extinct, and the pressure for favor and the sacrifice of minor (and how much more graceful and noble) considerations at the shrine of courtly or fashionable ambition are, to the observing eye, very visible beneath the glittering surface of society. The king *knows* no body. He has no opportunity of seeing, hearing or judging. The good and the bad address him alike in the language of homage and adulation, and he comes at last to lose his natural sympathies with the human race—to regard them as inferiors—machines, cattle. To him they are so. Before him they are contemptible. They too often lay aside in his presence, and in proportion as they approach his throne, their claims to respect and their habits of candor, dignity and goodness, and a crowd of people are rarely presented to a king without their overvaluing some things and undervaluing others most lamentably. At the same time the sovereign himself, however good and great he may be, cannot well be considered without a certain degree of regret and commiseration, when one reflects that the hypocrisy always more or less existing in polite society is redoubled in his presence, and that he has always lived and is destined ever to continue to live in a mist. The unveiled face of human nature he is doomed never to see. He is continually trusting things which nearly concern him to men of whom he knows literally nothing. Then Duncan with his kingly credulity hears his murderer declare—

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties

Are to your throne and state, children and servants :
Which do but what they should by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

It is worthy of remark here, and is another instance of the exhaustless room there is in these plays for the observation of ages, that while Macbeth, who is ready crouched like a ferocious leopard to leap upon his prey, is warm and ardent in his expressions of loyalty and submission, Banquo, who is that somewhat rare character a really *honest man*, says but very few words to his sovereign.

I have always been accustomed to think that the murder scene of Macbeth involved one of those violations of probability so often found in works of fiction. It seemed that the murder, which is committed as soon as the guests in the castle are asleep, could not very well be interrupted by the knocking of Macduff entering in the morning to awake the king. This objection, like most of those advanced against the inspired bard, disappears upon a closer examination and the supposed fault turns out to be an exquisite beauty. Inverness is in a very northern latitude, and in the summer (the season in which the crime is perpetrated) the day dawns almost as soon as the night falls. I have never been more struck with the beauty of nature than while watching the coming on and passing away of one of these northern summer nights. The change is so brief and lovely—the sun sets so lingeringly and leaves behind him such a heaven of mild and scarcely fading glory, the stars come forth so sparkingly and in such small numbers, and the pale silver opening of day rises in the east so soon after the world has fallen under the shadowy silence of the night, that, to one who has only seen the nights of lower latitudes and who associates ten or twelve hours of darkness with every revolution of the globe, it appears almost the luminous change of some heavenlier planet.

That Macbeth's deed is committed in this season, we learn from the scene already noticed of the previous day when the king enters the castle and remarks, for the last time, the soothing effect of the summer air upon his senses.

I do not feel sure that all these corresponding beauties and proprieties were intended by Shakespeare, and we have all often heard it questioned whether he himself would not be surprised to see the exquisite things discovered in his works. It is possible; but I do not think that alters his merit, since the beauties really exist. In his advances into the story he keeps everywhere nature and truth in view, and hence consequences and effects of that wonderful proportion and perfection may be visible to the reader not thought of in detail by the writer.

It is certain that, in the instance above alluded to, had the fatal incident occurred in the *winter*, and had the murderers thus been interrupted almost in the act by the incoming of Macduff and the commencement of the routine of the subsequent day, there would have been an inconsistency which does not now exist.

A NIGHT AT HADDON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM ANCIENT CASTLES."

THE following extraordinary circumstance, which occurred to a young lady whilst on a visit at the house of an English nobleman of the highest rank, is, I believe, unparalleled for acute mental anguish and excitement, during the hours of its continuance. It was related to us by the descendant of a person who resided in the Hall during its occurrence, and I have every reason to believe it to be substantially true, in all its main features. In order to make it more intelligible, and give it that effect to which it seems well entitled, a short description of the place may perhaps be allowed.

Haddon Hall, in the county of Derby, is situated in the upper or mountainous part of the county, called, from that circumstance, the High Peak. The manor of Haddon, at the time of the Norman invasion, in the year 1066, was given by the conqueror to William Peverel, his natural son, whose descendants were named Avenel, and in them it remained till towards the close of the twelfth century, when it changed possessors by the union of Avicia Avenel with Sir Richard de Vernon, whose heirs held it for three centuries, at which time it became the property of the noble family who now retain it, by the marriage of Dorothy, daughter of Sir George Vernon, with Sir John Manners, second son of the Earl of Rutland, in 1565, very nearly three hundred years ago. Sir George Vernon had the proud title of King of the Peak conferred upon him by courtesy, in consequence of his splendid hospitality, and immense number of servants and retainers, during the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

The gray towers of ancient Haddon are beautifully situated, on a rocky eminence, in the valley of the Derbyshire Wye, one of the many lovely streams in that picturesque county. It is surrounded by a park, abounding with ancient oaks of gigantic size, and a terrace garden of the greatest beauty. This noble old place, although long since abandoned by the family of the Duke of Rutland, for the more modern and magnificent Palace of Belvoir, in Lincolnshire, is still kept in perfect order and repair, and is probably the most perfect specimen of a baronial residence extant in England. The tapestries, teeming with subjects from holy writ and heathen mythology, still adorn the walls, covering the wainscotings and doors; and any one wishing to exemplify the scenery of Shakespeare, where Hamlet slays Polonius behind the arras, has only to visit Haddon and find a true original of that from which the immortal poet

painted his terrific scene. The antique heir-looms of the Vernons and Rutlands are all in place as they stood centuries ago. The lofty state-bed, with its gorgeous but faded hangings, worked by the fair hands of lady Katherine De Roos, wife of Sir George Manners, is a splendid specimen of the period. The suits of ancient armor, in which many a gallant knight did battle during the wars of the rival roses, are hanging on their original pegs in the armory under the long gallery. The chapel, in the crypt of the castle, the most ancient part of it, exhibits huge pillars coeval with the times of the Saxons, whilst the walnut tree pulpit and pews are richly carved with the symbols of the catholic faith. The silver dogs, or *andirons*, are yet on the ample hearths of the long gallery, and, at the upper end of the banqueting hall, on the *dais*, or elevated part of the floor, still stands, firm as a rock, the huge long oak table on which, heretofore, the lord of the mansion feasted his friends and tenants. Over one side of this hall is the music gallery, where the minstrels of yore played and sang, its antique and curious front highly adorned with gothic carving. Against the door post of the banqueting hall is the *hand bolt*—used in the old times as a mode of punishing the domestics who had been guilty of irregularities. It consists of an iron ring, by which the wrist of the offender can be locked in, and secured, as high as he can reach, above his head; and the unlucky culprit who refused to take off his horn of liquor in turn, or committed any petty offence against the laws of conviviality, had the alternative presented to him of quaffing a beaker of salt and water, or having his arm bolted in, whilst a quantity of cold spring water was poured down the upraised sleeve of his doublet, until it ran over the tops of his boots. The iron cresset is yet fixed on the loftiest pinnacle of the watch-tower, wherein the beacon fires blazed during alarms in the civil wars. All, all are there; and it is impossible to walk through the mazes of such a perfect, such a glorious specimen of the olden time, without an innate, reverential, awful feeling, as if you had been born and had lived during those antique days, and were removed backward in the world many hundreds of years. You *feel* as if you were become part and parcel of the ancient things which at every turn meet your wondering eye. Any stranger, used to a town life, might well be excused, on entering Haddon, for entertaining thoughts and feelings of a grave and sombre cast, when every

article recalls the memory of those who, for so many ages, have departed for "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

It is now very many years ago, during the life of one of the dukes of Rutland, who was facetiously named "John of the Hill," from his perpetual residence on the moors and ardor in the chase, that a large party had assembled at Haddon to enjoy the recreation of autumnal sports. Among the guests was a young lady named Chamberlain, of good birth but impoverished fortune, owing to lamentable reverses in her family. She was the companion of a lady of high rank, and as such, of course, possessed of superior accomplishments.

Miss Chamberlain was mistress of extraordinary acquirements, added to an energy of mind and force of character seldom to be found in a beautiful girl of eighteen. She, with the Countess of Carlisle, whose protégé she was, arrived at the Hall on the evening previous to the night of the terrifying scenes about to be related.

The house being full of company, the room which the groom of the chambers appropriated to Miss Chamberlain was that particular one still shown at the eastern angle of the inner, or rather upper quadrangle, overlooking the terrace garden. That particular room had not been occupied for many months, and, as it was then October, Miss Chamberlain found when she retired a good wood fire blazing on the hearth. She had found in the library the earliest known edition of the immortal Dante, and, being well versed in its language, she carried the volume to her room. Having carefully bolted the door, before letting fall the arras which covered it, she sat long reading the divine work. In such a place, at such an hour, there is no doubt that the terrific pictures presented to the imagination by the power of such an author as Dante, had much effect in imbuing her mind with a greater feeling of awe for what was to follow. Having closed the volume, made her toilet, and imprisoned the last ringlet, the innocent girl turned to the antique mirror to take a last smiling glance at those charms which had that evening called forth many a delicate compliment from the young and gallant Marquis of Granby, the Duke's son. She then, with profound piety, recommended herself to the Divine protection, extinguished her lamp, and, by the light of the still clear fire, retired to the farther side of the great o'ercanopied bed. She lay long awake, recalling the incidents of the day, and ruminating on the fearful drama she had been perusing. Sleep at length assumed his dominion over her, and the last sounds of the numerous domestics about the hall had long died away, ere she awoke from her first slumber, during which she had dreamed a fearful dream. The moon, which was then in its last quarter, had just risen, and shed a faint pale light through the mullions of the gothic window, the glass whereof, being set in lead in small lozenge shaped squares, made that light less, and the fire, being now all but extinguished, was not visible on the hearth. On awaking, Miss Chamberlain fancied she heard a

slight—*very slight* movement, or breathing in the room, but it was so like the usual sighing amongst the old trees on the terrace, she imagined it proceeded from them. Yet she felt some apprehension, accompanied by a slight palpitation of the heart. Her eyes naturally turned toward the fire-place, but she could at first scarcely trace the outline of the mantel distinctly. After long gazing toward it, however, a horrible impression began by degrees to take possession of her mind, that she saw something like a human being reclining before the fire, but the idea stole over her senses so imperceptibly, that it was long before she could bring herself to believe it was anything real. The antiquity of the place, the profound solitude of the room, its distance from the more inhabited parts of the castle, and, above all, the singularly grotesque figures worked on the faded arras, began by degrees to force ideas of spectral apparitions on her mind. A slight motion of the figure, whatever it was, at last put all doubt at rest, and convinced her it lived and moved; but whether it was human or brutal she could not decide. Miss Chamberlain was naturally courageous, but the unusual combination of circumstances kept her spell-bound. She tried to scream, but the will refused to obey the impulse, her eyes were riveted on the figure, and a cold shivering rushed through her nerves, and paralyzed every effort to master fear. With eyes strained to their utmost power, she at length fancied she could distinguish a pair of thin, bony hands, or paws, extended over the embers as if to gather warmth from them. Then she imagined she could see a long grizzly gray beard hanging down stiff from its breast or chin, but the head appeared to be so low there was no appearance of neck. There, however, the being or spectre certainly sat, in the posture of an Egyptian mummy. A cloud having passed from before the moon, a greater degree of light was now thrown into the chamber, and, as the spectral visitant turned toward the place whence the ray proceeded, the lady perceived, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it was a man, whose head was entirely bald, having an immensely long white beard! The certainty appalled her—she had neither power to move nor speak, but lay as in a trance. Although reason did not desert her, horror overpowered every faculty, particularly when, at last, she saw him slowly rise from the hearth—a man of gigantic stature—with nothing upon him but the remains of a thin ragged garment. His rising upward was so exceedingly slow, as if to avoid noise or alarm, that before he attained a fully erect position his head seemed to touch the ceiling of the lofty room; his long spider-like limbs were of enormously disproportionate length, and the idea entered the appalled gazer's mind, that the shriveled fingers she had observed were those of a goulé coming to strangle her. The moon now showed her his giant figure distinctly, and the dismayed lady became petrified with horror on seeing him slowly and softly approach the bed where she lay. Silent and stealthily he moved until he was quite near, when, gently raising the bed clothes on the opposite side to where

Miss Chamberlain reposed, he slid under them, apparently perfectly unconscious that there was any person there except himself. Who can describe the overpowering terror and dismay which now seized our appalled heroine? In the same bed with a loathsome and monstrous being whose purpose was unknown, and whose power, if exerted, was evidently irresistible. Although utterly deprived of volition, the lady yet retained presence of mind sufficient to know that her only safety depended on remaining as if perfectly unconscious and immovable. She did not dare to draw a breath—and surgeons know how astonishingly, how completely, respiration may be checked and mastered in moments of anxiety. There she lay, more dead than alive, almost as much paralyzed as a corpse in a coffin, and there too lay the demon visiter by her side, inanimate, and, apparently, as unconscious as a stone.

Long did both retain their respective positions, although once, in turning his head, Miss Chamberlain felt his grizzly beard brush her beautiful cheek. After a considerable interval, every second of which seemed to her an age, he began to breathe regularly and heavily, the sure prelude of sleep, and she began to entertain a hope that escape was not impossible—provided she could so far restrain her feelings as still to hold her breath, and remain immovable. This, by extraordinary exertion, and a noble firmness of purpose, she was enabled to do, and in half an hour she had the unutterable delight to feel assured, by the uniform regularity of his breathing, that her detested and loathsome companion was indeed asleep. But how to escape from the bed and the room, now became her sole consideration. It did occur that, if she could reach the door, raise the arras, and withdraw the bolt from the staple, without disturbing the sleeper, she could soon gain the long gallery through which she well remembered to have passed, and that, although the upper quadrangle of the castle was now still as the grave, there were watchmen in the lodge within the entrance tower both night and day. These, and the noble mastiffs which she had noticed and carressed, she fully expected to alarm in case of need.

Cautiously and gradually she withdrew one of her arms from under the silk coverlet, and began with extreme care to draw aside the clothes, pausing every second to listen whether there was the least irregularity in his respiration; but finding it still uniform, she became reassured, and at length succeeded in so far disengaging herself as to be enabled to place one foot on the matted floor. By degrees she withdrew the other also, and leaning on her left arm began to glide softly from the bed; in retiring from which the slightest rustle of her drapery seemed to her strained ear like a crash of thunder. Well nigh did she expire with terror, when on finally withdrawing herself, the heavy breathing of her detested companion suddenly stopped! Already were his long bony fingers around her throat, she felt herself struggling, quivering, tugging in the agonies of death, and her eyeballs starting from their

sockets. She felt all this, at least in imagination, as the heavy breathing ceased. Providentially for her, although the moon now shone in full upon the arras which covered the door, the heavy velvet curtains which fell in large folds from the frieze of the canopy overhead threw a deep shadow where the trembling fair one stood, and she was also partially hidden by one of those large and high old fashioned screens, which were then so much in use, and indeed indispensable, for intercepting drafts of air from the huge chimneys and ill closed windows. There in breathless anxiety she stood, as immovable and as cold as a marble statue. Although the dreaded giant appeared to rise up, she soon had the inexpressible delight to hear that he only turned on the bed, and that it was toward the opposite side to that she wished to gain. Long did she stand riveted to the spot, petrified with fear and shivering with apprehension, but she was every moment gathering fresh courage and resolution (now that she was relieved from such near contact with the mysterious visiter,) and determined, with an almost preternatural impulse, that, if assaulted, she would defend herself to the last extremity.

At length she heard the breathing become again regular, and unable longer to struggle against fear and hope, she stepped silently but determinedly toward the door. Cautiously and slowly was the arras raised and put aside with the left hand, while in her right she firmly grasped the bolt. Who can feel or describe the rapture which fluttered her heart, as she now bravely, fearlessly and rapidly drew the fastening from its staple! But, as it loudly started back, she heard the bedstead crash, and the tall figure of that monstrous being leaped from it toward her! The blood rushed to her heart as the door gave way to her concentrated strength, she rushed from the room, and flew with wild speed and dreadful screams, along the corridor and into the long gallery.

If any one has ever heard the quick, sharp, *piercing* shriek of a woman in the last extremity of peril, he can easily conceive the terrible energy of Miss Chamberlain's screams to escape from her pursuer, and awaken the Duke of Rutland and his gallant son. The deep shrillness of her anguished cries pierced every ear throughout the towers of Haddon. At that still moment, in the dead hour of midnight, there was not one living creature within the walls, but started up appalled. The dogs set up a most dismal howl, and the castle bell quickly rung out its deafening tones on the night air. Upward of one hundred and thirty persons, who had been reposing in confident security, were flying in every direction. The watchmen in the entrance tower seized their iron lamps, flew across the lower quadrangle and rushed up the stone staircase leading to the state apartments, which they reached almost in a second, and to their inexpressible relief found the duke hurrying toward the long gallery, accompanied by his intrepid heir, who grasped a gleaming sabre in his hand. The awful screams, they knew, proceeded from that quarter of the building, but alas, if those terrific

sounds had arisen suddenly, they had as suddenly ceased, for all was now hushed and still.

Lord Granby, preceding his father, flew toward the gallery, joined at every step by his numerous friends, and servants bearing lights, and arriving at the foot of the well known circular steps, which lead up to the gallery, he found, to his horror and dismay, the body of Miss Chamberlain lying on her face, in a pool of blood which was streaming from her mouth, whilst her long beautiful hair and dress were in the wildest disorder. Groans of mingled pity and indignation burst from all present, but it was no time to stand still. The marquis threw aside his sword, and kneeling down, raised the bleeding victim in his arms; but all animation was extinct, and life itself had apparently left her.

By desire of the duke's physician, the body was immediately borne to the apartments of the Countess of Carlisle, whilst the groom of the chambers led on the now large assembly to the apartment which had been assigned to the maiden. On reaching it a single glance revealed that it had been occupied by two persons, but who it was that had dared to violate the lady's privacy, remained a mystery, for the apartment was now as still and desolate as when its doors were first opened to the reader.

A thorough search throughout the entire castle was instantly commenced. As the fastening of Miss Chamberlain's apartment was on the inside, and could not be opened from without, it was plain that the intruder, whoever he was, must have concealed himself there before she retired. On this subject the groom of the chambers underwent a long and close examination, but nothing was elicited from him which tended in the remotest degree toward a discovery of the mystery.

It was remarked, and well remembered, that the whole of the gentlemen had remained in the great hall long after the ladies had retired to their respective apartments, and the eagerness with which every guest or retainer now joined in the search, indicated their general earnestness for the instant investigation of the subject, and the detection and punishment of the bold adventurer who had been guilty of the wanton and unparalleled crime. Every effort, however, was unavailing.

Meantime, by a prompt application of the lancet, and other usual restoratives, the ladies had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing Miss Chamberlain begin to show signs of returning animation. The physician, however, gave strict injunctions that on the return of her reason no allusion whatever should be made to the terrible circumstances under which she was found, and that should she herself show an inclination to speak of them she should as gently as possibly be restrained. The Countess of Carlisle sat by her side, and with tender solicitude endeavored by every means which affection and good sense could suggest, to soothe and quiet her mind. In this she was so successful that although her lovely protégé had a long succession of fainting fits, she was finally near the break of day lulled into a gentle sleep, from which after a few hours she awoke perfectly rational.

When she was apparently about to speak of her adventure the countess informed her of the physician's desire that she should refrain from mentioning the occurrences of the night until she had gained more strength, as it had been found that the injuries occasioned by her fall were so severe that her immediate restoration could be accomplished only by more than usual carefulness and quiet.

On the following day, however, the restriction was removed, and during the afternoon, as the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Carlisle were sitting beside the couch on which she reclined, she related to them nearly all the particulars with which the reader is now acquainted, but added that after her escape through the door of her apartment, she could recollect nothing whatever, except a frightful concussion, as if she had been suddenly struck down and killed by the dreaded spectre whom she supposed to be in pursuit of her. This was doubtless occasioned by the severity of her fall down the steps, the effect of which was increased tenfold by the velocity of her flight along the gallery, unconscious that there was any stair before her.

A more thorough search having been instituted in the room which Miss Chamberlain had occupied, it was discovered that under the arras, behind the bed, and *close to the floor*, there was a small square sliding panel, of sufficient size to admit a man's body. Such contrivances, in ancient buildings, not infrequently lead into secret passages, but here, contrary to the usual custom, instead of descending it gradually rose within the massive pile of stone. The walls of old castellated buildings are sometimes of extraordinary thickness, varying from six to eighteen feet. This dark passage at Haddon, evidently erected for purposes of secrecy and safety during the feudal times, appeared to be coeval with the most ancient towers of the edifice, and it was quite unknown to any servant, or even to a member of the Rutland family. After ascending to a considerable height it again descended and led into a subterranean passage which was followed with much difficulty, from the decay and falling in of the stones which once had formed the steps of stairs. There were also two or three abrupt, acute angles, which, at their turning, branched off and divided into others, but one of these was always found (after following it for some distance) to end in what is called a *blind alley*; apparently intended to mislead or waylay any one in pursuit who was unacquainted with the intricacies and windings of the labyrinth. The true path was, therefore, followed with extreme difficulty, particularly as the air within it was so impure that lights could not easily be made to burn. It was ultimately found that the passage terminated behind a handsome gothic stone pavilion which was erected on the upper terrace of the garden, and within a foot of the high wall that serves as an embankment to retain the steep rising ground of the hill park. The pavilion was overgrown with old tangled ivy, and encircled with aged lilac bushes, pleached and intertwined so closely, in every fantastic form, as to preclude the possibility of ingress or egress

through them, toward the back of the building, and there was no other way of getting at the secret entrance behind the pavilion, except by climbing over the pinnacle stone roof, a feat impossible without a ladder, or by going round into the hill park, and there descending by the very narrow space *between* the back wall of the pavilion and the stone rampart.

The miserable and monstrous creature who had occasioned the catastrophe which had so nearly proved fatal to Miss Chamberlain, was soon discovered, by the sagacity of a favorite beagle belonging to the duke, hid in the hollow of an old oak, which grew in the bottom of a secluded dell in a distant part of the park. When found, he was lying asleep, coiled up more in the manner of an adder than of a human being. His appearance when he emerged from the tree was indeed frightful, as, in addition to a stature far above the common standard, he was emaciated to the last degree of attenuation—a perfect living skeleton. His head was, as Miss Chamberlain had stated, entirely bald, and his long grizzly white beard hung down nearly to his waist. But beyond all these revolting circumstances, there was a terrific wildness in his manner and look which might well occasion doubts whether he was not some “goblin damned.” It turned out, however, that he was a harmless lunatic, who had escaped from an asylum in the vicinity. How he had discovered the secret passage leading into the castle, he could not or would not divulge. When the keeper of the asylum arrived to reclaim him, by the power which such

people invariably acquire over maniacs he soon ascertained that for nearly a month previously he had frequented the room which had so unfortunately been assigned to the heroine of our history, and during the nights reposed on the bed; and that he had sustained life in the mean time by the exertion of that inexplicable cunning with which maniacs are so frequently endowed, enabling him, without detection, to plunder the butler's pantry during the silence and darkness of the nights.

He was a native of Darly Dale, in the immediate neighborhood, and as Haddon, like most houses of the English nobility, was then, as it still is, freely shown to strangers, he had probably before he was deprived of reason become acquainted with the intricacies of the ancient Hall. The reason why he selected it as his place of retreat on escaping from the asylum arose, it was believed, from his having been a rejected suitor of pretty Maude, the housekeeper's daughter. The painful circumstance of his rejection had bereft the unfortunate being of reason. Sooth to say, the charms of Maude, if the traditions may be credited, had captivated one much less likely to be rejected than her gigantic admirer—no less a person than the then humble retainer of the Duke of Rutland but in after years commander-in-chief of the English cavalry, who at the bloody battle of Minden, by one irresistible charge performed at the exact moment when victory or defeat hung vibrating in the scales, gained for himself and his country immortal honor, by the total overthrow and rout of the French army.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE ENTITLED “THE BLESSING.”

BY MISS A. C. PRATT.

How potent is its spell! With mystic chain,
Of adamant strength, it binds to things
Beyond, invisible; reveals a world
Of such transcendence, that this lower sphere
Loses its brightness, and recedes to naught
But a dim shadow; while life's thousand charms
Are made to vanish like the beauteous stars
In morning's fervid rays!

Yet, radiant light
It sheds upon the dreariness of earth,
And softens down its woes; 'mid fiercest storms,
Dispenses sunshine; on the darkest cloud,
Paints a refulgent bow; aye, takes the dregs
From sorrow's bitter fount, and brings to view,
O'er sin's sad ruins, rising walls and towers!
With lightning's speed, temptation's fiery darts
Fall powerless beneath its mighty shield!
Thus, more than victor, girt anew with strength,
The soul may triumph o'er its deadliest foe!
It penetrates the dungeon's massive walls,
And pours in floods of such celestial rays,
That they in chains sing joyous notes of praise;
Makes dismal dens and caverns to resound
With strains melodious; writes most precious words

On all around, to stay the sinking soul
When danger threatens; shuts the lion's mouth,
Subdues the raging fire, and lends a charm
E'en to the martyr's fagot and his stake.

A soothing cordial to disease it brings—
And 'mid the strife of earth's rude elements,
Peace, like a gentle rill. Yea, more than all,
Irradiates the tomb, and scatters flowers
Upon its pathway; bears from death its sting;
Throws open wide the “everlasting doors,”
As earth recedes, and such an antepast
Of endless glory gives, the pinioned one
Scarce lingers for the severing of the chain,
But panting, flut'ring, seems to strive to flee!

Smiles on the dying lip, light in the eye,
And gentleness of that last sigh which frees
Th' exulting spirit, speak the matchless worth
And lasting solace of this gift divine—
Sure antidote for sinful, ruined man,
Star only that can light his devious way,
Blest, golden wing! on which with eagle flight,
From deepest vales of sin and death, and wo,
He soars to heights of purity, and peace!

CHARACTERLESS WOMEN.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

COLERIDGE has somewhere beautifully said, "the perfection of a woman's character is to be characterless." A sentiment of such obvious propriety would hardly seem to need a commentary, and yet no one of Coleridge's appears to be oftener misunderstood. A characterless woman is, assuredly, any thing but an imbecile one. She must be one equal to all contingencies, whose faculties or powers are developed by circumstances, rather than by spontaneous action; and this implies the possession of all that is peculiar to her sex, but all in harmonious adjustment.

A characterless woman is often confounded with one deficient in the finest attributes of the sex, who is characterless indeed, but is so from imbecility—if the phrase do not, of itself, involve a contradiction; as if a creature, whose virtues were all negatives, could be characterless! A woman, too feeble to grasp at thought, too rapid for sentiment, too tame for mirth, too commonplace for enthusiasm, and too weak for passion, may be the ideal of those incapable of appreciating the higher characteristics of womanhood, but could never have been that of him whom Wordsworth calls the "heaven-eyed creature;" of him who conceived Christabel, and the sweet-sounding Genevieve.

Such may do for the statue-like creations of Maria Edgeworth, and the thousand and one other romance writers, who expect woman to move by rule—who mistake dullness for goodness, and apathy for grace; but they awaken in ourselves no emotions of sympathy, for the human heart can respond only to *human* emotions, and it at once goes forth to greet its kindred impulses. Fielding's Sophia is more lovable than Scott's Rowena, simply because one is a live, earnest woman, and the other designed to be a very perfect one, and she turns out to be a very dull one.

Let Rebecca pass—the noble—the ideal—for, alas! human hearts are not prepared for the love of such as these; they may excite esteem, admiration, even passion, but love—the crowning boon of existence—may not be theirs. They gather not the household gods about them—they enter themselves into the holiest of holies, but they minister alone at the altar. Their fate is that of the fabled bird, whose own intensity kindled its funeral pyre. They have a mission to perform. They are created not to enjoy but to suffer; aye, to suffer that human hearts may be made wiser and holier; therefore do the pale stars keep vigil with them, and therefore is the dew all night upon their heads, and their locks wet with the drops of the morning.

A characterless woman! We feel she must be so, to be perfect as a woman. But then she must have all the susceptibilities, all the sweet impulses, all the weaknesses of her sex; she must have a woman's thoughts, and a woman's utterance—her simplicity, her faith—and, beneath all, there must dwell that womanly endurance—wondrous and holy in its power—reserved for the day of trial.

Weakness as often imports character as strength. Any one attribute, in excess, imports a distinctive characteristic. We talk of vain women, coquettish, masculine, sensible, dull, witty, &c., running through all the defective grades of character. Now a true woman must, as circumstances warrant, exhibit something of all this; for she is a "creature of infinite variety."

She may have a dash of coquetry, but be no coquette—she hath pride, but may not be called proud—hath vanity, but is not vain—she suggests, rather than originates wit—wise she is, but, as Rosalind saith, "the wiser, the waywarder"—she is devout, but no devotee—she is good, but hers is not that dry, barren goodness, which ariseth from cold speculating reason, but is rather that of a beautiful instinct, that causeth her to feel that God hath done infinitely better for her than she could have done for herself. Like Desdemona, she will blush at the mention of herself, feeling she is so nicely balanced—and then, with a woman's best and sweetest attribute, she spreadeth forth her hand for support.

Let the crowning grace of womanhood be, that she is characterless. The beautiful and beloved of all ages may be thus defined. With all the queenly attributes of Isabella, of Spain, we feel she was all of woman. So was the lonely and unfortunate Mary Stuart, and she still holdeth a place in our hearts.

Joan, of Arc, Catharine de Medici, Mary and Elizabeth, of England, were all characters. We will not analyze them, nor the emotions they excite, but simply cite them as illustrations.

The meek sister of Lazarus—she who sat at the feet—the gentle Mary, who was most honored with the friendship of the Savior, whom he could not reproach, even though incited thereto by her sister, was beautiful in her womanhood—so was the mother of Jesus. A character is affixed to Martha, and to Mary the Magdalene. History is full of examples in support of our theory. Josephine was characterless, except in her sorrows; and too often do we find the lovely and beloved distinguished thus, and we weep with them, feeling we are beguiled, not challenged to sympathy. Mrs. Hemans, who hath

given such eloquent utterance to a woman's soul, must have embodied all the attributes of womanhood, and all in harmony.

Shakspeare everywhere discriminates between his characters and his true women, those that are to be a part of the drama of life as the actors, the women swayed by discordant passions, and those that appeal to our love. Never does he confound them. Those that are designed for our love are not characters. Whatever may be their dignity, their intellect, their fortunes, they are still women. The grace of womanhood invests all they say, and all they do. Such are Portia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Ophelia, Rosalind, &c. His characters may excite our admiration, our

mirth, or abhorrence, but they find no lodgement in our hearts. Such are Cressida, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Kate, &c.

Of Milton, Eve is characterless, till she hath fallen, and Spenser's Amoret sits in the very "lap of womanhood."

Need we call Byron's Medora weak, because she is supremely tender and feminine? Weakness creates eccentricities, and she had none. Gulnare hath character, and we recoil from her, as did the Corsair.

But enough—it is the "story without an end," to be read from the time that Eve first became a type of womanhood, down to the time when her sex shall realize all that of which she was prophetic.

TO A BELLE WHO IS NOT A BLUE BELLE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

FAXTY, in vain you've thrown your net;

Your beau is disenchanted;

You said, how can I e'er forget?

That you no "Rymer" wanted.

And said you not, my saucy belle,

For all my genius rare,

Although you liked me passing well,

My "Hobbes" you could not bear?

You say a "Spenser" you admire,

And "Glover's" works delight in;

But should your eyes behold a "Prior"

Your wits away 't would frighten,

For why? you ne'er could bear a "Hood."

"Cotton" 's your detestation;

You place a "Locke" on what is "Good"

Nor give your "Cook" a ration.

You asked me t' other day to dine,

And if I'm not mistaken,

Told me—'t was when you "dropped the line"—

You knew not "Hogg" from "Bacon."

I brought you down a noble "Bird,"

My gift you did not praise;

And thought my "Blackwood," so I heard,

Was only fit to blaze!

Things hard as "Flint" and "Steele" you hate,

You wish no lore to learn;

Your "Pope" you excommunicate,

And laugh to find me "Sterne."

In rings and seals your "Goldsmith" 's fair,

You must confess, as could be;

And yet that "Livy" is, you swear,

No better than she should be!

"Moore" would I say to you! Ah me!

O'er "Little" you grow cold;

You say that "Lamb" should quartered be,

And "Young" you say is old.

Your "Johnson" you a "Walker" make,

So merciless your ravage;

Though Crusoe took such pains to take

You throw away—a "Savage."

For "Sparks" you will no pity show:

My love meets no returns;

Then why should still my bosom glow

For one who laughs at "Burns"?

Why to a belle who likes not "Home,"

Nor will my cares divide,

Should I a pensive suitor come,

And bear an "Aken-side"?

SONG—"LOVE'S TIME IS NOW."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Oh, why delay the happy time,

The hours glide swiftly by,

And oft we see a sombre cloud

Obscure the fairest sky;

Then while the morn is rosy bright

Accept my earnest vow,

And oh, believe me, dearest maid,

Love's time, love's time is now.

Regard not, sweet, what graybeards tell

Of fond, impetuous youth,

But trust my faith and constancy,

And never doubt my truth—

I would not for the world dispel

The sunshine from thy brow;

Then be mine own this very day,

Love's time, love's time is now.

Ah, yes—'t is true! Love's time is now,

To-morrow may destroy

The flowers that bloom so fresh and fair

Along the path of joy:

Then do not, sweet, an hour delay

But at the altar bow,

And with consenting hearts we'll sing

Love's time, love's time is now.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC.

THE DOOM OF THE DART.

THE day had been close and sultry, but, as sunset drew on, a light breeze sprung up, which diffused a delicious coolness throughout the ship, imparting new vigor to the panting and almost exhausted men. Invigorated by the welcome wind, a group of us gathered on the weather quarter to behold the sun go down; and those who have never seen such a spectacle at sea can have no idea of the vastness with which it fills the mind. Slowly the broad disc wheeled down toward the west, seeming to dilate as it approached the horizon, and, as its lower edge touched the distant seaboard, trailing a long line of golden light across the undulating surface of the deep. At this instant the scene was magnificent. Pile on pile of clouds, assuming every fantastic shape, and varying from red to purple and from purple to gold, lay heaped around the setting god. For a few moments the billows could be seen rising and falling against the broad disc of the descending luminary: while, with a slow and scarcely perceptible motion, he gradually slid beneath the horizon. Insensibly the brilliant hues of the clouds died away, changing from gorgeous crimson, through almost every gradation of color, until at length a faint apple-green invested the whole western sky, slowly fading into a deep azure, as it approached the zenith.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the skipper, "one might almost become poetical in gazing on such a scene."

The sun had now been hid for some minutes, and the apple-green of the sky was rapidly becoming colder and more indistinct, though the edge of a solitary dark cloud, hanging a few degrees above the horizon, was yet tipped with a faint crimson. Meantime the stars began to appear in the opposite firmament, one after another twinkling into sight, as if by magic, until the whole eastern heaven was gemmed with them. I looked around the horizon. Never before had its immensity so forcibly impressed me. The vast concave swelling high up above me and gradually rounding away toward the distant seaboard, seemed almost of illimitable extent; and when, over all the mighty space of ocean included within its circuit, my eye rested on not a solitary sail, I experienced a sensation of loneliness such as no pen can describe. And when the breeze again died away, leaving the sails idly flapping to and fro as the schooner rocked on the swell, my imagination suggested that perhaps it might be our doom, as it had been that of others, to lie for days, nay weeks and months, powerless in the midst of that desert

latitude, shut out from the world, enclosed within the blue walls of that gigantic prison: and I shuddered, as well I might, at the very idea of such a fate.

It was now a dead calm. No perceptible agitation could be discovered on the surface of the deep, except the long undulating swell which never subsides, and which can be compared to nothing but the heavy breathing of some gigantic monster when lulled to repose. Now and then, however, a tiny ripple, occasioned by the gambols of some equally tiny inhabitant of the deep, would twinkle sharp in the starlight; while, close under the shadow of our hull, a keen eye might detect hundreds of the fairy fire-flies of the ocean, their phosphoric lanterns glittering gaily as they shot to and fro. Absorbed in the contemplation of the spectacle, I suffered more than half an hour to pass unheeded; and it was not until the sea began to be sensibly agitated, and the wind to freshen, that I looked up. The change which had come over the firmament astonished me, and requires a passing description.

When I had last looked at the heavens, the whole eastern sky was thick sown with stars, though no moon had as yet appeared. Along the western seaboard still stretched the long line of pale apple-green which the setting sun had painted in that quarter. The firmament overhead was without a cloud, its dark azure surface spangled with stars. Between the zenith and the eastern horizon hung the dark cloud which I have already mentioned, a black opaque mass of vapor apparently not larger than a capstan head. But every thing now presented a different aspect. The first thing that met my eye was the upper portion of the disc of the moon, peeping above the eastern seaboard, the dark fiery red of its face betraying the existence of a thin mist in that direction. Fascinated by the sight, I remained gazing for more than a minute on the rising luminary, as she emerged gracefully and majestically from her watery bed. At length, and apparently with an accelerated motion, she slid suddenly above the line of the horizon, pouring a line of silver light along the crests of the undulating swell, while instantaneously, as if putting on all her glory, she emerged from the mist that had surrounded her, and rolled on in pearly brightness, calm and undimmed, the stars fading before her approach. One planet alone remained visible—it was the evening star, walking in almost equal beauty, a little to the right of her sister luminary. Never before had those fine

lines of Milton, in which he pictures her as leading on the choral hosts of heaven, rose so vividly before my imagination.

When I turned my gaze westward, how different the spectacle that met my eye! The little cloud which I have described, had grown to a gigantic size, and now obscured the whole larboard firmament, extending its dark and jagged front a third of the way around the horizon, and piling its gloomy masses high up toward the zenith. Here and there, where a thinner edge than usual was disclosed to the light, it caught the rays of the rising luminary which it reflected back, so that the cloud seemed lined with silver. The sea, immediately under this gloomy bank of vapor, was of the color of ink, and reminded me of the fabled waters of Acheron. The whole spectacle was calculated to fill the mind with dark and ominous forebodings; and, I confess, my own feelings partook of this uneasy character.

The wind was rapidly freshening; but, instead of setting in steadily from any quarter, it blew in fitful gusts, chopping all round the horizon. Yet it brought a delicious coolness with it, which was peculiarly refreshing after the heat of the day. The sea now began to rise, and as the dark billows heaved up in the spectral light, they wore an aspect so ghastly that I almost shuddered to look on them—an aspect, however, that was partially relieved when the unquiet puffs of air crisped their edges into silver, or rolled a sheet of crackling light along their surface. With the freshening of the wind the schooner began slowly to move ahead, but, ever and anon, as the breeze died away, or struck her from a new quarter, she would settle like a log on the water, moaning as if in pain. At such times the dying cadence of the wind, wailing through the rigging, smote on the ear with strange, weird power.

"A threatening prospect," said the skipper, approaching me, and breaking the profound silence which had reigned for several minutes, "we shall have a tempest before long, and I fear it will be no child's play."

"I never saw such ominous signs before. The very air seems oppressed and sick, as if it trembled at approaching ruin. Mark the faces even of our oldest veterans—they betray a vague sentiment of fear, such as I never saw on their countenances before."

"Aye!" replied the skipper, abstractedly, for he was gazing anxiously astern, "the cloud comes up like a race-horse. How it whirls over and over, rolling its dark masses along; it reminds me of the mountains which the old Titans, we read of in school, heaved against Jove. But here am I thinking of classic fables when I ought to be taking in sail. Ho!" he exclaimed, lifting his voice, as a sharp gust, premonitory of the coming hurricane, whistled across the hamper, "in sail—every rag!"

No time was to be lost. During the short space we had been conversing, the dark clouds astern had increased their velocity threefold, and, even as the skipper spoke, the most advanced of them had overshadowed us with its sepulchral pall. As the mo-

mentary puff of air accompanying it died away, a few large heavy rain-drops pattered on the deck, and then all was still again. The men sprung to their stations, at the voice of their superior, and incited to double activity by these signs of approaching danger, soon reduced our canvass until the schooner lay, with bare poles, rocking on the swell. Scarcely had this task been completed, when the gale burst on us in all its fury, roaring, hissing, and howling through the rigging, and drenching us with the clouds of spray that it tore from the bosom of the deep and bore onward in its fierce embraces. For a few minutes we could scarcely stand before the blast. The schooner groaned, and starting forward at the first touch of the hurricane, like a steed when he feels the spur, went careering along, her tall masts curving over in the gale, and her hull shrouded in the flying spray which drove onward with even greater velocity than ourselves. In this desperate encounter with the elements, every rope and stick strained and cracked almost to breaking. All at once this hurricane died out, and then an awful stillness fell on the scene. Not a voice spoke, not a footfall was heard, scarcely a breath broke the appalling silence. The schooner rose and fell ominously on the agitated swell. Suddenly a flash of lightning played far off on the dark edges of the cloud behind us, and then followed a low hoarse growl of distant thunder. Scarcely a minute elapsed before a large rain-drop fell on my face, and instantaneously, as if the heavens were opened before us, a deluge of rain rushed downwards, hissing and seething along the decks, and almost pinning us to our places; while the wind, bursting out afresh, swept wildly across the sea, and driving the spray and rain madly before it, produced a scene of confusion and tumult almost indescribable. For some minutes I could see nothing in the thick darkness which now surrounded us—could hear nothing but the roar of the hurricane and the splash of the waters. But suddenly a blinding flash shot from a cloud almost directly overhead, lighting up the deck, spars, and guns, for an instant, with a supernatural glare, and striking the ocean a few fathoms distant, ploughed up the waters, which it flung in volumes of spray in every direction. Before a clock could tick, the report followed, stunning us with its deafening roar, and rattling and crackling fearfully as it echoed down the sky. Never shall I forget the ghastly looks of the men, as I beheld them in that unearthly glare. And minutes after darkness had resumed its sway, and the roar of the thunder had died in the distance, my eyes still ached with that intense light, and the crackling of the bolt rung in my ears.

Meantime the rain descended in torrents, not, however, falling vertically, but flying whistling before the hurricane. The uproar of the elements now became terrific. The thunder rattled incessantly—the wind shrieked through the hamper—every timber and spar groaned in the strife, and the deep boom of the angry surges, pursuing in our wake, sounded like the howlings of beasts of prey. The darkness was intense, only relieved by the glare

of the lightning which streamed incessantly over the scene. Whither we were going it was impossible to tell, for all control of the schooner had been given up, and we were scudding before the tempest with breathless velocity. A quarter of an hour had thus passed, when I found myself standing by the skipper, who was watching the course of the ship.

"East, by east-sou'-east," he said, "and driving like death. God of heaven, what a storm!"

The words had scarcely left his mouth before another peal of thunder, even more awful than the preceding one I have described, burst overhead, and, stunning us for an instant with its terrific explosion, rattled down the sky, crackling and re-crackling in its retreat, as if the firmament were crashing to its centre: it was accompanied rather than preceded by a flash, such as I had never seen before, blinding me instantaneously with its glare, and making every object swim dizzily before the brain. On the moment I felt a stunning shock, and was prostrated on the deck, while a strong smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere. The deluge of rain revived me, and I looked up in alarm. Good God! the foremast was in flames. *We had been struck with lightning!*

Quick as thought the whole horrors of our situation rose before me. We were on a pathless sea amid a raging storm. That there was little hope of extinguishing the flames was evident, for, even while these thoughts flashed through my mind, a volume of smoke puffed up through the fore-castle, and a cry ran through the decks that the whole forward part of the schooner was on fire. There was no time, however, to be lost, if we would make any effort to save ourselves; and, faint as was the hope of success, it was determined to attempt to smother the flames, by fastening down the hatches and excluding the air. But the fierce heat that filled the decks told us that the endeavor would be in vain; nor was it long before the fore-hatch was blown up with a loud explosion, while a stream of fire shot high up into the air; and, the next minute, the forked tongues had caught hold of the rigging, wrapping shrouds, ropes and yards in a sheet of lurid flame. The rapidity with which all this occurred was incredible. It seemed as if but a minute had elapsed since that terrific bolt had burst above us, and now the whole forward part of the schooner was a mass of fire, that streamed out before the tempest like a blood-red banner; showers of sparks, and even burning fragments of the wreck, flying far away ahead on the gale. There are periods, however, even of long duration, which appear to be but momentary, and so it was now. So wholly had every energy been devoted to the preservation of the ship, that the time had passed almost unnoticed, though a full half hour had elapsed since we had been struck with lightning. The storm, however, still raged as furiously as ever; for, though the rain was less violent, the wind blew a hurricane, threatening to settle down into a long sustained gale. Had the torrents of water, which first drenched us, continued falling, there might have been some hope of extinguishing the flames; but the subsidence of the

rain, and the unaltered violence of the wind, rendered the situation of the schooner hopeless.

"We can do nothing more, I fear," at length said the skipper, drawing me aside, "the fire is on the increase, and even the elements have turned against us. We must leave the *little Dart* to her fate, unless you can think of something else to do?" and he looked inquiringly at me.

"Alas!" I replied, with a mournful shake of my head, "we have done every thing that mortal man can do; but in vain. We must now think of saving ourselves. Had we not better order out the boats?"

The skipper did not, for a moment, reply to my question, but stood, with his arms folded on his breast, and a face of the deepest dejection, gazing on the burning fore-castle. At length he spoke.

"Many a long day have we sailed together, in many a bold fray have we fought for each other, and now to leave you, my gallant craft, ah! little did I think this would be your doom. But God's will be done. We must all perish sooner or later, and better go down here than rot, a forgotten hulk, on some muddy shore—better consume to ashes than fall a prey to some huge cormorant of an enemy. And yet," he continued, his eye lighting up, "and yet I should have wished to die with you under the guns of one of those gigantic monsters—aye! die battling for the possession of your deck inch by inch." At this instant one of the forward guns, which had become heated almost to redness in the conflagration, exploded. The sound seemed to recall him to himself. He started as if roused from a reverie, and, noticing me beside him, recollected my question. Immediately resuming his usual energy, he proceeded to order out the boats, and provide provisions and a few hasty instruments, with a calmness which was in striking contrast to the raging sea around, and the lurid fire raging on our bows.

The high discipline of the men enabled us to complete our preparations in a space of time less than one half that which would have been consumed by an ordinary crew under like circumstances; and, indeed, in many cases, all subordination would have been lost, and perhaps the ruin of the whole been the consequence. The alacrity of the men and the forecast of the officers were indeed needed; for our preparations had scarcely been completed when the heat on the deck became intolerable. The fire had now reached the after hatch, and, notwithstanding the violence of the gale, was extending aft with great rapidity, and had already enveloped the mainmast in its embraces. For some time before we left the schooner the heat, even at the taffrail, almost scorched the skin from our faces; nor did we descend into the boats a minute too soon. This was a feat also by no means easily accomplished, so great was the agitation of the sea. As I looked on the frail boats which were to receive us, and thought of the perils which environed us, of our distance from land, and the slight quantity of provisions we had been enabled to save, I felt that, in all human probability, we should never again set foot on shore, even if we survived until morning. To my own fate I was com-

paratively indifferent, for life had now lost all charms to me; but when I reflected on the brave men who were to be consigned to the same destiny, and of the ties by which many of them were bound to earth—of the wives who would become widows, of aged parents who would be left childless, of children for whom the orphan's lot was preparing—the big tears gushed into my eyes, and coursed down my cheek, though unobserved.

"All ready," said the skipper, who was the last to leave the deck, and pausing to cast a mournful look at his little craft, he sprung into the boat and we pushed off from the quarter. For some minutes, however, it seemed doubtful whether our frail barges could live in the tumultuous sea that now raged. One minute we were hurried to the sky on the bosom of a wave, and then we plunged headlong into the dark trough below, the walls of water on either hand momentarily threatening to overwhelm us. But though small, our boats were buoyant, and rode gallantly onward. Every exertion was made, meanwhile, to increase our distance from the schooner, for our departure had been hurried by the fear that the fire would soon reach the magazine, and our proximity to the burning ship still continued to threaten us with destruction in case of an explosion. The men, conscious of the peril, strained every sinew to effect our object, and thus battling against wind and wave we struggled on our way.

With every fathom we gained, the sight of the burning ship increased in magnificence. The flames had now seized the whole after part of the schooner as far back as the companion way, so that hull, spars and rigging were a sheet of fire, which, caught in the fierce embraces of the hurricane, now whirled around, now streamed straight out, and now broke into a thousand forked tongues, licking up the masts and around the spars like so many fiery serpents. Millions of sparks poured down to leeward, while ever and anon huge patches of flame would be torn

from the main body of the conflagration and blown far away ahead. Volumes of dark, pitchy smoke, curling up from the decks of the schooner, often partially concealed a portion of the flames, but they reappeared a moment afterwards with even greater vividness. In some places so intense was the conflagration that the fire was at a white heat. The whole horizon was illuminated with the light, except just over and ahead of the schooner, where a black smoky cloud had gathered, looking like the wing of some gigantic monster of another world; and no description can adequately picture the spectral aspect of the gloomy waves that rolled up their ghastly crests beneath this canopy.

"She cannot last much longer," said the doctor, who was in my boat, "the flames will soon reach the magazine."

"Aye! aye! and look there—"

As I spoke, a vivid, blinding jet of fire streamed high up into the air, while the masts of the schooner could be seen, amid the flame, shooting arrow-like to the sky. Instantaneously a roar as of ten thousand batteries smote the ear; and then came the pattering of fragments of the hull and spars as they fell on the water. Even while these sounds continued, a darkness that brought to my mind that of the day of doom enveloped us, though that intense light still swam in our eyes, producing a thousand fantastic images on the retina. No word was spoken, but each one held his breath in awe; and then came a long, deep drawn sigh, that seemed to proceed simultaneously from each one in the boat. *The Dart was no more.* We were alone in the boundless deep, alone with a storm still raging around us, alone without any hope of rescue, and a thousand miles from land. God only knew whether it would be our lot to perish by starvation, or sink at an earlier hour a prey to the overwhelming deep! As I contemplated our situation I shuddered, and breathed an involuntary prayer that the latter might be our doom.

TO ALMEDA IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

TELL me not of greener mountains,

Far away in other lands,
Nor of "Afric's sunny fountains"

Rolling over "golden sands"—
These few flowers to me recall
Fairer visions than they all!

Strange that things which soonest perish,
Dying oft with close of day,
Memory will most fondly cherish,

When their bloom has passed away—
Storms cannot efface forever
Bounding barks from youth's bright river!

Then, lady, take this idle sonnet,
Fragile though the lines may be;
I'm thinking of a Quaker bonnet,
I wonder if you'll think of me
Next season, when you fold with care
This crumpled leaf to curl your hair!

THE PLAYFUL PETS.

SURE never yet were pets so sleek,
So full of sportive play;
With them the gentle Marian
Will while the hours away.

Ah! childhood has a happiness
To other years unknown,

A joy it finds in slightest things,
A word, a look, a tone!

To it of brighter worlds above
Dim glimpses oft are given—
Alas! that age, which wisdom gains,
Should draw us down from Heaven.

THE POETRY OF RUFUS DAWES.

A RETROSPECTIVE CRITICISM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"As a poet," says Mr. Griswold, in his late "Poets and Poetry of America," "the standing of Mr. Dawes is as yet unsettled; there being a wide difference of opinion respecting his writings." The *width* of this difference is apparent; and, while to many it is matter for wonder, to those who have the interest of our Literature at heart, it is, more properly, a source of mortification and regret. That the author in question has long enjoyed what we term "a high poetical reputation," cannot be denied; and in no manner is this point more strikingly evinced than in the choice of his works, some two years since, by one of our most enterprising publishers, as the *initial* volume of a series, the avowed object of which was the setting forth, in the best array of paper, type and pictorial embellishment, the *Elite* of the American poets. As a writer of occasional stanzas he has been long before the public; always eliciting, from a great variety of sources, *unqualified* commendation. With the exception of a solitary remark, adventured by ourselves in "A Chapter on Autography," there has been no written dissent from the universal opinion in his favor—the universal *apparent* opinion. Mr. Griswold's observation must be understood, we presume, as referring to the *conversational* opinion upon this topic; or it is not impossible that he holds in view the difference between the criticism of the newspaper paragraphs and the private comment of the educated and intelligent. Be this as it may, the rapidly growing "reputation" of our poet was much enhanced by the publication of his first compositions "of length," and attained its climax, we believe, upon the public recitation, by himself, of a tragic drama, in five acts, entitled "Athenia of Damascus," to a large assembly of admiring and applauding *friends*, gathered together for the occasion in one of the halls of the University of New York.

This popular decision, so frequent and so public, in regard to the poetical ability of Mr. Dawes, might be received as evidence of his actual merit (and by thousands it *is* so received) were it not too scandalously at variance with a species of criticism which *will not* be resisted—with the perfectly simple precepts of the very commonest common sense. The peculiarity of Mr. Griswold's observation has induced us to make inquiry into the true character of the volume to which we have before alluded, and which embraces, we believe, the chief portion of the

published verse-compositions of its author.* This inquiry has but resulted in the confirmation of our previous opinion; and we now hesitate not to say, that no man in America has been more shamefully over-estimated than the one who forms the subject of this article. We say shamefully; for, though a better day is now dawning upon our literary interests, and a laudation so indiscriminate will never be sanctioned again—the laudation in this instance, as it stands upon record, must be regarded as a laughable although bitter satire upon the general zeal, accuracy and independence of that critical spirit which, but a few years ago, pervaded and degraded the land.

In what we shall say we have no intention of being profound. Here is a case in which any thing like analysis would be utterly thrown away. Our purpose (which is truth) will be more fully answered by an unvarnished exposition of fact. It appears to us, indeed, that in excessive *generalization* lies one of the leading errors of a criticism employed upon a poetical literature so immature as our own. We rhapsodize rather than discriminate; delighting more in the dictation or discussion of a principle, than in its particular and methodical application. The wildest and most erratic effusion of the Muse, not utterly worthless, will be found more or less indebted to *method* for whatever of value it embodies; and we shall discover, conversely, that, in any analysis of even this wildest effusion, we labor without method only to labor without end. There is little reason for that vagueness of comment which, of late, we so pertinaciously affect, and which has been brought into fashion, no doubt, through the proverbial facility and security of merely general remark. In regard to the leading principles of true poesy, these, we think, stand not at all in need of the elucidation hourly wasted upon them. Founded in the unerring instincts of our nature, they are enduring and immutable. In a rigid scrutiny of any number of directly conflicting opinions upon a poetical topic, we will not fail to perceive that principles identical in every important point have been, in each opinion, either asserted, or intimated, or unwittingly allowed an influence. The differences of decision arose simply from those of application; and from such variety in

* "Geraldine," "Athenia of Damascus," and Miscellaneous Poems. By Rufus Dawes. Published by Samuel Colman, New York.

the applied, rather than in the conceived idea, sprang; undoubtedly, the absurd distinctions of the "schools."

"*Geraldine*" is the title of the first and longest poem in the volume before us. It embraces some three hundred and fifty stanzas—the whole being a most servile imitation of the "Don Juan" of Lord Byron. The outrageous absurdity of the systematic digression in the British original, was so managed as to form not a little portion of its infinite interest and humor; and the fine discrimination of the writer pointed out to him a limit beyond which he never ventured with this tantalizing species of drollery. "*Geraldine*" may be regarded, however, as a simple embodiment of the whole soul of digression. It is a mere mass of irrelevancy, amid the mad *farrago* of which we detect with difficulty even the faintest vestige of a narrative, and where the continuous lapse from impertinence to impertinence is seldom justified by any shadow of appositiveness or even of the commonest relation.

To afford the reader any proper conception of the story is of course a matter of difficulty; we must content ourselves with a mere outline of the general conduct. This we shall endeavor to give without indulgence in those feelings of risibility stirred up in us by the primitive perusal. We shall rigorously avoid every species of exaggeration, and confine ourselves, with perfect honesty, to the conveyance of a distinct image.

"*Geraldine*," then, opens with some four or five stanzas descriptive of a sylvan scene in America. We could, perhaps, render Mr. Dawes' poetical reputation no greater service than by the quotation of these simple verses in full.

I know a spot where poets vain would dwell,
To gather flowers and food for after thought,
As bees draw honey from the rose's cell,
To hie among the treasures they have wrought;
And there a cottage from a sylvan screen
Sent up a curling smoke amidst the green.

Around that hermit home of quietude
The elm trees whispered with the summer air,
And nothing ever ventured to intrude
But happy birds that caroled wildly there,
Or honey-laden harvesters that flew
Humming away to drink the morning dew.

Around the door the honey-suckle climbed
And *Multa-flora* spread her countless roses,
And never poet sang nor minstrel rhymed
Romantic scene where happiness reposed,
Sweeter to sense than that enchanting dell
Where home-sick memory fondly loves to dwell.

Beneath a mountain's brow the cottage stood,
Hard by a shelving lake whose pebbled bed
Was skirted by the drapery of a wood
That hung its festoon foliage over head,
Where wild deer came at eve unharmed, to drink,
While moonlight threw their shadows from the brink.

The green earth heaved her giant waves around,
Where, through the mountain vista, one vast height
Towered heavenward without peer, his forehead bound
With gorgeous clouds, at times of changeful light,
While, far below, the lake in bridal rest
Slept with his glorious picture on her breast.

Here is an air of quietude in good keeping with the theme; the "giant waves" in the last stanza redeem it from much exception otherwise; and perhaps we need say nothing at all of the suspicious-looking compound "*multa-flora*." Had Mr. Dawes always written even nearly so well, we should have

been spared to-day the painful task imposed upon us by a stern sense of our critical duty. These passages are followed immediately by an address or invocation to "Peerless America," including apostrophes to Allston and Claude Lorraine.

We now learn the name of the tenant of the cottage, which is *Wilton*, and ascertain that he has an only daughter. A single stanza quoted at this juncture will aid the reader's conception of the queer tone of philosophical rhapsody with which the poem teems, and some specimen of which is invariably made to follow each little modicum of incident.

How like the heart is to an instrument
A touch can wake to gladness or to woe!
How like the circumambient element
The spirit with its undulating flow!
The heart—the soul—Oh, Mother Nature, why
This universal bond of sympathy.

After two pages much in this manner, we are told that *Geraldine* is the name of the maiden, and are informed, with comparatively little circumlocution, of her character. She is beautiful, and kind-hearted, and somewhat romantic, and "some thought her reason touched"—for which we have little disposition to blame them. There is now much about Kant and Fichte; about Schelling, Hegel and Cousin; (which latter is made to rhyme with *gang*;) about Milton, Byron, Homer, Spinoza, David Hume and Mirabeau; and a good deal, too, about the *scribendi cacoëthes*, in which an evident misunderstanding of the quantity of *cacoëthes* brings, again, into very disagreeable suspicion the writer's cognizance of the Latin tongue. At this point we may refer, also, to such absurdities as

Truth with her thousand-folded robe of error
Close shut in her *sarcophagi* of terror—

And

Where *candelabri* silver the white halls.

Now, no one is presupposed to be cognizant of any language beyond his own; to be ignorant of Latin is no crime; to pretend a knowledge is beneath contempt; and the pretender will attempt in vain to utter or to write two consecutive phrases of a foreign idiom, without betraying his deficiency to those who are conversant.

At page 39, there is some prospect of a progress in the story. Here we are introduced to a Mr. Acus and his fair daughter, Miss Alice.

Acus had been a dashing Bond street tailor
Some few short years before, who took his measures
So carefully he always cut the jailor
And filled his coffers with exhaustless treasures;
Then with his wife, a son, and three fair daughters,
He sunk the goose and straightway crossed the waters.

His residence is in the immediate vicinity of Wilton. The daughter, Miss Alice, who is said to be quite a belle, is enamored of one Waldron, a foreigner, a lion, and a gentleman of questionable reputation. His character (which for our life and soul we cannot comprehend) is given within the space of some forty or fifty stanzas, made to include, at the same time, an essay on motives, deduced from the text "whatever is must be," and illuminated by a long note at the end of the poem, wherein the *système* (quere *système*?) de la Nature is sturdily

attacked. Let us speak the truth : this note (and the whole of them, for there are many,) may be regarded as a glorious specimen of the concentrated essence of rigmorale, and, to say nothing of their utter absurdity *per se*, are so ludicrously uncalled-for, and grotesquely out of place, that we found it impossible to refrain, during their perusal, from a most unbecoming and uproarious guffaw. We will be pardoned for giving a specimen—selecting it for its brevity.

Reason, he deemed, could measure every thing,
And reason told him that there was a law
Of mental action which must ever fling
A death-bolt at all faith, and this he saw
Was Transference. (14)

Turning to Note 14, we read thus—

“If any one has a curiosity to look into this subject, (does Mr. Dawes *really* think any one so great a fool?) and wishes to see how far the force of reasoning and analysis may carry him, independently of revelation, I would suggest (thank you, sir,) such inquiries as the following :

“Whether the first Philosophy, considered in relation to Physics, was first in time?

“How far our moral perceptions have been influenced by natural phenomena?

“How far our metaphysical notions of cause and effect are attributable to the transference of notions connected with logical language?”

And all this in a poem about Acus, a tailor!

Waldron prefers, unhappily, Geraldine to Alice, and Geraldine returns his love, exciting thus the deep indignation of the neglected fair one,

whom love and jealousy bear up
To mingle poison in her rival's cup.

Miss A. has among her adorers one of the genus loafer, whose appellation, not improperly, is Bore. B. is acquainted with a milliner—the milliner of the disconsolate lady.

She made this milliner her friend, who swore,
To work her full revenge through Mr. Bore.

And now says the poet—

I leave your sympathetic fancies,
To fill the outline of this pencil sketch.

This filling has been, with us at least, a matter of no little difficulty. We believe, however, that the affair is intended to run thus :—Waldron is enticed to some vile sins by Bore, and the knowledge of these, on the part of Alice, places the former gentleman in her power.

We are now introduced to a *fête champêtre* at the residence of Acus, who, by the way, has a son, Clifford, a suitor to Geraldine with the approbation of her father—that good old gentleman, for whom our sympathies were excited in the beginning of things, being influenced by the consideration that this scion of the house of the tailor will inherit a plum. The worst of the whole is, however, that the romantic Geraldine, who should have known better, and who loves Waldron, loves also the young knight of the shears. The consequence is a *rencontre* of the rival suitors at the *fête champêtre*; Waldron knocking his antagonist on the head, and throwing him into the lake. The murderer, as well as we can make out the narrative, now joins a piratical band, among whom he alternately cuts throats and sings songs of his own

composition. In the mean time the deserted Geraldine mourns alone, till, upon a certain day,

A shape stood by her like a thing of air—
She started—Waldron's haggard face was there.

He laid her gently down, of sense bereft,
And sunk his picture on her bosom's snow,
And close beside these lines in blood he left :
“Farewell forever, Geraldine, I go
Another woman's victim—dare I tell?
’T is Alice!—curse us, Geraldine!—farewell!”

There is no possibility of denying the fact : this is a droll piece of business. The lover brings forth a miniature, (Mr. Dawes has a passion for miniatures,) *sinks* it in the bosom of the lady, cuts his finger, and writes with the blood an epistle, (*where* is not specified, but we presume he indites it upon the bosom as it is “close beside” the picture,) in which epistle he announces that he is “another woman's victim,” giving us to understand that he himself is a woman after all, and concluding with the delicious bit of Billingsgate

dare I tell?
’T is Alice!—curse us, Geraldine!—farewell!

We suppose, however, that “curse us” is a misprint; for why should Geraldine curse both herself and her lover?—it should have been “curse it!” no doubt. The whole passage, perhaps, would have read better thus—

oh, my eye!
’T is Alice!—d—n it, Geraldine!—good bye!

The remainder of the narrative may be briefly summed up. Waldron returns to his professional engagements with the pirates, while Geraldine, attended by her father, goes to sea for the benefit of her health. The consequence is inevitable. The vessels of the separated lovers meet and engage in the most diabolical of conflicts. Both are blown all to pieces. In a boat from one vessel, Waldron escapes—in a boat from the other, the lady Geraldine. Now, as a second natural consequence, the parties meet again—Destiny is every thing in such cases. Well, the parties meet again. The lady Geraldine has “that miniature” about her neck, and the circumstance proves too much for the excited state of mind of Mr. Waldron. He just seizes her ladyship, therefore, by the small of the waist and incontinently leaps with her into the sea.

However intolerably absurd this skeleton of the story may appear, a thorough perusal will convince the reader that the entire fabric is even more so. It is impossible to convey, in any such digest as we have given, a full idea of the *maiseries* with which the narrative abounds. An utter want of *keeping* is especially manifest throughout. In the most solemnly serious passages we have, for example, incidents of the world of 1839, jumbled up with the distorted mythology of the Greeks. Our conclusion of the drama, as we just gave it, was perhaps ludicrous enough; but how much more preposterous does it appear in the grave language of the poet himself!

And round her neck the miniature was hung
Of him who gazed with Hell's unmingled wo;
He saw her, kissed her cheek, and wildly flung
His arms around her with a mad'ning throw—
Then plunged within the cold unfathomed deep
While sirens sang their victim to his sleep!

Only think of a group of *sirens* singing to sleep a modern "miniatured" flirt, kicking about in the water with a New York dandy in tight pantaloons!

But not even these stupidities would suffice to justify a total condemnation of the poetry of Mr. Dawes. We have known follies very similar committed by men of real ability, and have been induced to disregard them in earnest admiration of the brilliancy of the minor beauty of *style*. Simplicity, perspicuity and vigor, or a well-disciplined ornateness, of language, have done wonders for the reputation of many a writer really deficient in the higher and more essential qualities of the Muse. But upon these minor points of manner our poet has not even the shadow of a shadow to sustain him. His works, in this respect, may be regarded as a theatrical world of mere verbiage, somewhat speciously bedazzled with a tinselly meaning well adapted to the eyes of the rabble. There is not a page of any thing that he has written which will bear, for an instant, the scrutiny of a critical eye. Exceedingly fond of the glitter of metaphor, he has not the capacity to manage it, and, in the awkward attempt, jumbles together the most incongruous of ornament. Let us take any passage of "Geraldine" by way of exemplification.

—Thy rivers swell the sea—
In one eternal diapason pour
Thy cataracts the hymn of liberty,
Teaching the clouds to thunder.

Here we have cataracts teaching clouds to thunder—and how? By means of a hymn.

Why should chromatic discord charm the ear
And smiles and tears stream o'er with troubled joy?

Tears may stream over, but not smiles.

Then comes the breathing time of young Romance,
The June of life, when summer's earliest ray
Warms the red arteries, that bound and dance
With soft voluptuous impulses at play,
While the full heart sends forth as from a hive
A thousand winged messengers alive.

Let us reduce this to a simple statement, and we have—what? The earliest ray of summer warming red arteries, which are bounding and dancing, and playing with a parcel of urchins, called voluptuous impulses, while the bee-hive of a heart attached to these dancing arteries is at the same time sending forth a swarm of its innocent little inhabitants.

The eyes were like the sapphire of deep air,
The garb that distance robes elysium in,
But oh, so much of heaven lingered there
The wayward heart forgot its blissful sin
And worshipped all Religion well forbids
Beneath the silken fringes of their lids.

That *distance* is not the cause of the sapphire of the sky, is not to our present purpose. We wish merely to call attention to the verbiage of the stanza. It is impossible to put the latter portion of it into any thing like intelligible prose. So much of heaven lingered in the lady's eyes that the wayward heart forgot its blissful sin, and worshipped every thing which religion forbids, beneath the silken fringes of the lady's eyelids. This we cannot be compelled to understand, and shall therefore say nothing further about it.

She loved to lend Imagination wing
And link her heart with Juliet's in a dream,
And feel the music of a sister string
That thrilled the current of her vital stream.

How delightful a picture we have here! A lady is lending one of her wings to the spirit, or genius, called Imagination, who, of course, has lost one of his own. While thus employed with one hand, with the other she is chaining her heart to the heart of the fair Juliet. At the same time she is feeling the music of a sister string, and this string is thrilling the current of the lady's vital stream. If this is downright nonsense we cannot be held responsible for its perpetration; it is but the downright nonsense of Mr. Dawes.

Again—

Without the Palinurus of self-science
Byron embarked upon the stormy sea,
To adverse breezes hurling his defiance
And dashing up the rainbows on his lee,
And chasing those he made in wildest mirth,
Or sending back their images to earth.

This stanza we have more than once seen quoted as a fine specimen of the poetical powers of our author. His lordship, no doubt, is herein made to cut a very remarkable figure. Let us imagine him, for one moment, embarked upon a stormy sea, hurling his defiance (literally throwing his gauntlet or glove) to the adverse breezes, dashing up rainbows on his lee, laughing at them, and chasing them at the same time, and, in conclusion, "sending back their images to earth." But we have already wearied the reader with this abominable rigmarole. We shall be pardoned (after the many specimens thus given at random) for not carrying out the design we originally intended: that of commenting upon two or three successive pages of "*Geraldine*," with a view of showing (in a spirit apparently more fair than that of particular selection) the *entireness* with which the whole poem is pervaded by unintelligibility. To every thinking mind, however, this would seem a work of supererogation. In such matters, by such understandings, the brick of the *skolastikos* will be received implicitly as a sample of the house. The writer *capable*, to any extent, of such absurdity as we have pointed out, *cannot*, by any possibility, produce a long article worth reading. We say this in the very teeth of the magnificent assembly which listened to the recital of Mr. Dawes, in the great hall of the University of New York. We shall leave "Athenia of Damascus," without comment, to the decision of those who may find time and temper for its perusal, and conclude our extracts by a quotation, from among the minor poems, of the following very respectable

ANACREONTIC.

Fill again the mantling bowl
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking!
None but slaves should bend the soul
Beneath the chains of mortal making:
Fill your beakers to the brim,
Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow;
Let delight
But crown the night,
And care may bring her clouds to-morrow.
Mark this cup of rosy wine
With virgin pureness deeply blushing;
Beauty pressed it from the vine
While Love stood by to charm its gushing;

He who dares to drain it now
 Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens;
 The Moslem's dream
 Would joyless seem
 To him whose brain its rapture maddens.

Pleasure sparkles on the brim—
 Lethe lies far deeper in it—
 Both, enticing, wait for him
 Whose heart is warm enough to win it;
 Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill
 Soon with love again must lighten.
 Skies may wear
 A darksome air
 Where sunshine most is known to brighten.

Then fill, fill high the mantling bowl!
 Nor fear to meet the morning breaking;
 Care shall never cloud the soul
 While Beauty's beaming eyes are waking.
 Fill your beakers to the brim,
 Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow;
 Let delight
 But crown the night,
 And care may bring her clouds to-morrow.

Whatever shall be, hereafter, the position of Mr. Dawes in the poetical world, he will be indebted for it altogether to his shorter compositions, some of which have the merit of tenderness; others of melody and force. What seems to be the popular opinion in respect to his more voluminous effusions, has been brought about, in some measure, by a certain general *tact*, nearly amounting to taste, and more nearly the converse of talent. This tact has been especially displayed in the choice of not inelegant titles and other externals; in a peculiar imitative speciousness of manner, pervading the surface of his writings; and (here we have the anomaly of

a positive benefit deduced from a radical defect) in an absolute deficiency in basis, in *stamen*, in matter, or pungency, which, if even slightly evinced, might have invited the reader to an intimate and understanding perusal, whose result would have been disgust. His poems have not been condemned, only because they have never been read. The glitter upon the surface has sufficed, with the newspaper critic, to justify his hyperboles of praise. Very few persons, we feel assured, have had sufficient nerve to wade *through* the entire volume now in question, except, as in our own case, with the single object of criticism in view. Mr. Dawes has, also, been aided to a poetical reputation by the amiability of his character as a man. How efficient such causes have before been in producing such effects, is a point but too thoroughly understood.

We have already spoken of the numerous *friends* of the poet; and we shall not here insist upon the fact, that *we* bear him no personal ill will. With those who know us, such a declaration would appear supererogatory; and by those who know us not, it would, doubtless, be received with incredulity. What we have said, however, is *not* in opposition to Mr. Dawes, nor even so much in opposition to the poems of Mr. Dawes, as in defence of the many true souls which, in Mr. Dawes' apotheosis, are aggrieved. The laudation of the unworthy is to the worthy the most bitter of all wrong. But it is unbecoming in him who merely demonstrates a truth, to offer reason or apology for the demonstration.

A N A U T U M N R E V E R I E .

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

HAIL! ye lone woods, in Nature's mourning clad;
 Hail! ye sere leaves, low melting in the breeze;
 Meet is thy reign, pale Autumn, for the sad,
 And soft thy solace for the mind's disease;
 Again I hail thee, sabbath of the year!
 Upon us kindly smile, for Winter winds are near!

In this cathedral vast, by tall elms reared,
 While through yon leafy oriel streams the sun
 On those old boughs, by many an Autumn seared
 I'd dream of friends who life's rude race have run—
 Whose memory, like rare odor, fills my heart,
 Nor fades, but richer grows, and is of it a part.

Where are the gay plumed warblers of the Spring?
 Those winged souls, at whose melodious songs
 The green leaves danced with joy? On tireless wing
 To brighter bowers have flown the golden throngs;
 But they, when winds are weary of their wrath,
 Shall fill our groves once more, and glad the woodland path.

But what new Spring shall breathe upon thy tomb
 Or summon back friends wintry Death has banished?
 They grow enamored of those bowers of bloom

To which they soared when from our side they vanished,
 And ne'er return, or, haply so, unseen—
 Dwelling in Memory's dreams, pure, changeless, and serene.

Perchance we err, for, though no mortal eye
 May look on Immortality, yet they
 May clothe them in the azure of the sky,
 Or shroud their light wings in the moon's pale ray;
 Or, in the likeness of some mutual star,
 Smile on repentant tears and soothe our mental war.

And art thou present in this solitude,
 Thou early, only loved, sweet beam of youth?
 Thou fairest of all Memory's sisterhood,
 Bright as a poet's dream, and pure as Truth!
 Fair guardian spirit, thou art with me now—
 It is, it is thy sigh, which stirs the rustling bough!

Thee may I meet beneath some kindlier sky,
 In seraph beauty decked, yet sad—more bright
 To me, than when upon my mortal eye
 Thy fair form glanced, and filled me with delight,
 When thee I placed within my spirit's shrine
 And turned on thee each thought, and loved thee as divine

MALINA GRAY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"How is the warm and loving heart required
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell;
Its best affections wronged, betrayed and slighted—
Such is the doom of those who love too well.
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,
Fold up its golden wings, and be at peace,
And early enter that serene dominion
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease."—L. E. L.

Now if I did but possess the magic pencil of my friend Doughty—his glorious power of dashing off a landscape, with all the truthfulness of nature in the outline—fresh and verdant, with shadows rendered almost transparent from the light with which they are so beautifully blended—mellow with that soft hazy atmosphere which hangs forever about his waterfalls, and slumbers along the green slopes where they lie in the sunshine till the gazer becomes almost drowsy as he admires—If I had but his pencil and his power, instead of this golden pen and the one drop of ink which stains its point, never was there a more lovely picture than I would paint for your especial gratification. I would throw upon the canvass my own birth-place, a quiet old-fashioned village of Connecticut, one of the greenest and most picturesque spots that human eye ever dwelt upon, or that human ingenuity ever contrived to destroy. But alas! Doughty's genius can alone inspire his pencil, and a rude *pen sketch* from memory is all the idea that I can give you of "our village."

Imagine for a moment that we are standing on a picturesque old bridge down in a valley, through which a river of some considerable magnitude is wending its way to a juncture with the Housatonic.

We are looking to the north—your hand rests on the mouldering beams which form a side railing to the bridge, and as your eye is lifted from the deep waters at our feet, where they circle and whirl around the dark and sodden supporters, it is caught by one of the most beautiful waterfalls that ever cooled the summer air with its spray. A little up the stream, it foams and flashes over a solid ledge of rocks like an army of laughing children romping together and running races in the sunshine. Now and then you catch a flash of prismatic color just beginning to weave itself amid the water-drops that are forever flashing up as if to provoke the sunshine into forming a rainbow, and then your attention is drawn away by the wreaths of snowy foam and the thousand dimpling whirlpools that form beneath the fall and melt idly upon the more quiet waters long before they reach the dark shadow flung downward from the bridge.

Is not that a magnificent bank stretching along the

river's brink far above the fall?—here, looming up in a broken mass of rocks—there, falling with a gentle slope to the water's brink, sometimes cut into defiles and hollows by the rivulets that feed the brook, and everywhere covered with the quivering green of spring, the feathery red maple—wild-cherry trees, white with spring blossoms, and whole thickets of starry dog-wood flowers all tangled and luxuriating between sun and water. With what majesty the bank sweeps back at the fall, giving breadth to the valley below and hedging in, with its green rampart, this beautiful little plain with its fine grove which lies on our left, nestled almost entirely within its shadow! Now look down the stream. Follow the bank as it curves inward again, encompassing the rich surface of level ground in a semicircular sweep, till it terminates down the stream yonder, in a pile of rocks and foliage, half hill half mountain. There the river joins it again—winds around the precipice which forms its base, and is lost to sight, as if it terminated amid the dense shadows which lie sleeping there. Did you ever see anything more superb than that lofty pile of rocks and verdure, standing out over the very river, like a glorious old garrison guarding the passage? Its topmost trees are lost in a pile of fleecy clouds—the steep surface is burdened with foliage, and beautifully broken up with lights and shadows. See the sunshine flickering over those massive rocks and kindling with its silvery light the grape-vines that creep among the young trees, rooted in the clefts. A picturesque feature, in our sketch, is that old Castle-rock, and many a holiday have I spent, with a troop of school-mates, amid its clefts, piling up the rich mosses we found there, gathering honey-suckle apples, and sometimes doing terrible execution on the poor garter-snakes that crept harmlessly from their nests to sleep in the sunshine.

Turn once more, and mark how, like a serpent creeping through the thrifty herbage, the road leads, from the bridge where we stand, across the level ground and up the bank! See where it begins to curve back from the fall, till it is lost amid the trees and shrubbery which but half conceal that cluster of white houses standing against the sky so far above us, and looking so quiet and rural among the fresh trees.

Can any thing appear more religious than that white church in their midst, rising from its bed of vegetation and throwing the shadow of its taper steeple aslant the graves that are gathered to the very brink of the hill? How distinct are the white gravestones and the long grass shivering among them! My mother's grave is there beneath the old oak standing alone in that solitary graveyard. My playmates never went with me there, but often have I lingered beneath that old tree, listening to the music of its restless leaves, and the rushing waters below me, till aspirations awoke in my young heart, holy and deep as ever the pride of my womanhood has known. At nightfall I have wandered amid those graves—a little child, and yet fearless—till the stars have stationed themselves in the blue heavens above me, and the fireflies have flashed their tiny brilliants among the grass, like gentle spirits sent to light up the places of the dead; and thoughts, for which I had no name, would fill my heart with pleasant sadness till I went away, reluctantly, amid feelings that haunted me at night as I listened to the acorns rattling from the oak trees over the roof of our house, and colored my dreams long after the dash of the waterfall had lulled me to sleep.

I have wearied you, with my reminiscences, so you have turned away from the houses on Fall's-hill, to those on the opposite bank, which we have scarcely noticed yet. The hill which forms this side of the valley, is neither so lofty nor picturesque as the other. You will observe that the road branches off at that end of the bridge—that the turnpike which leads to the old Presbyterian meeting-house, and the dwellings which surround it, is cut through the bank some thirty feet down, but forms a steep ascent to the most thickly settled portion of our village. The roof of our old meeting-house—the belfry of our new academy, with the third story window blinds, all fresh and verdant with green paint—half the front of a dry goods store, with the gable end of a red farm-house, are all the signs of life which we can obtain from our station on the bridge—yet the most thrifty and industrious portion of our village is located on School-hill. The Episcopal church, and the white cottages opposite, can boast more of rural beauty, perhaps; but that old meeting-house has stood on School-hill almost a century, and many of the farmers who surround it have grown rich upon lands which they inherited from men who worshiped beneath its roof almost before the rafters were shingled.

Now permit me to draw your attention to the little plain at our left, in the river vale, between the two portions of our village, lying green, and fresh, like a garden run wild, and, for one cottage house, left to its own leafy solitude. A magnificent grove of white pines stoops and murmurs to the wind as it draws down the valley, the tufted boughs give out a healthy odor, and in their shadows are a thousand grassy nooks and hollows filled with wild blossoms that give a richer fragrance to the air. I have said there was but one house in the river vale. A little back from the river's brink, and just beyond

the clump of chesnuts at the end of the bridge, are two large oak trees, sheltering, and almost hiding a low cottage house. A flower garden is in front, and a sweep of rich sward rolls from the back parlor windows down to the water's edge. It is a quiet rural dwelling, and the home of my childhood. Does it not look sequestered and deliciously cool? That waterfall, which sounds a perpetual anthem night and day, can be seen from the windows. The fine grove forever spreads its sea of green in front, and here are the old bridge, the village cut into fragments, and the rough hills giving a dash of the sublime to what is in itself so beautiful!

There is yet another object which cannot be seen from the bridge, but from our cottage door we may trace the road which branches off from the turnpike at the opposite end where it winds along the river's margin till it reaches a spot just opposite Castle-rock. There the high bank crowds close down to the water, thus forcing the projectors of the road to lead it up the brow of the hill, where a growth of underwood and some few trees that have been left standing partially conceal its course, and the exact spot where a cross road from School-hill intersects it. But just at that point and directly opposite the highest peak of Castle-rock, stood a handsome white dwelling-house, with green blinds and a portico of lattice work, covered half the year with crimson trumpet flowers and cinnamon roses. In the winter, when the trees were leafless, we had a full view of this house from our cottage, and could almost distinguish its inmates as they passed in and out through the portico. Even in the summer, its white walls might here and there be seen gleaming through the green foliage, and very frequently the figures of two young girls appeared at night-fall wandering through the garden which sloped down the hill, where the flower beds and thickets were at the twilight hour rendered golden by the sun as he plunged over Castle-rock, deluging it with a glory which kindled up the whole landscape.

This house was occupied by a widow, and the two girls were her daughters. The homestead was their joint property, with a small farm which lay further up the hill. They might have had other means of support, but I was too young at the time to be informed on the subject; certain it is that possession, or some other claim to standing which I could not appreciate, gave a distinction to the family which made the widow a sort of village aristocrat, a female leader in the church, and one of those sanctimonious domestic tyrants who profess to do every thing from principle, and to consider those impulses and generous feelings of the heart which are its brightest waters, things to struggle with and pray against. Her husband had been dead many years, and must have been a man of some consequence in the village. Her daughters were pleasant girls, one of them decidedly handsome, but totally unlike both in person and character. Phebe, the eldest, had always been a gentle and quiet child, one of those retiring and sensitive creatures whose whole being seems imbrued with religion, naturally as flowers are with color and

perfume. When a mere child she became a member of the old Presbyterian church on School-hill, and this circumstance served to make her a favorite with the mother, and to strengthen that most deceitful of all passions, spiritual pride, in her heart. In the church Mrs. Gray was feared and looked up to, for she was a strong minded, intelligent woman, bland in tone and smooth in manner, but in reality selfish in heart and stubborn of purpose. With these qualities she retained an influence among the brethren which strength of intellect, without goodness of heart, will often acquire over weaker minds, however pure they be, even to a dangerous extent. If the mother was feared and revered, little Phebe was loved and petted like a flower among the members—old and young, high and low—all looked with affection on the lamb of their flock, and so she grew up among them, perhaps the purest and sweetest creature that ever bloomed in the bosom of a Christian church. But Malina, the bright, romping, mischievous Malina, with her sunny brown eyes, her rosy cheeks and dimples that played about them like sunshine trembling in the heart of a rose, there was little hope of Malina—poor thing! The good old deacon shook his head gravely when she was mentioned, and more than once, when she had been observed in the widow's cushioned pew, peeping with a roguish smile from under her gipsy hat, at some school-mate in the gallery, or snoothing the folds of her muslin dress, and tying her pink sash into all sorts of love knots during service, the clergyman had reproved her with a look from the pulpit, a proceeding which only frightened the dimples from her face and deluged it with crimson for a moment, which impulse of shame was soon followed by a saucy pout of the red lips, a toss of the gipsy bonnet which made the roses on its crown tremble, and perhaps a desperate jerk at the sash which destroyed all the love knots and left the ends crumpled in her lap, while her mother sat frowning majestically all the time, and poor Phebe was doing her best to hide the tears and blushes which her sister's disgrace had occasioned. Still, though Malina was a romp and a sad reprobate in the estimation of a sect which had made old Connecticut celebrated among the states by the strictness and sobriety of their lives, there was something about the girl which stole even upon their austere habits—a warmth of heart and generosity of feeling that no faults could check or conceal. She had a winning, soft and exceedingly arch manner peculiarly her own, which few could resist; a ready wit, and a laugh that rang through the heart like the tones of a silver bell, and which made the old deacon smile, even while he was lecturing her. Before Malina was eighteen she had good cause to congratulate herself that she was not a "church member," for most assuredly would she have been ignominiously expelled had this been the case. At that season a sectarian feud had arisen between the Episcopal church and our old meeting-house, a difference of opinion which went well nigh to destroy all social intercourse in our village. The Episcopalians had offered a practical reproof to the upright manner in which the Presbyterians were in

the habit of addressing the throne of grace, by erecting kneeling boards in the pews of their church, a course which led our minister into open denunciation of such heresy from the pulpit, where he eloquently defended his own manner of worship by a sermon containing manifold heads, and a prayer which was responded to by a congregation more resolutely upright both in body and mind than ever. This sermon of course was answered from the white church, with some spirit, and, in the midst of the controversy which arose, Malina Gray took it into her pretty head to exhibit a fashionable bonnet which she had purchased in New Haven, and a smart silk dress, in the Episcopal church, not only without asking her mother's consent, but directly against her known wishes. It was even rumored that she did not rise, but absolutely bent forward and covered her pretty face with her pocket handkerchief, during the whole time of prayer; and that, on leaving the church, three persons had heard her say that she was delighted with the sermon, and particularly with the chant, it was so droll. It was in vain that Malina defended her conduct, in vain she insisted that she had bent forward, and used her handkerchief only to conceal the motion of her lips as she ate half a dozen peppermint drops, and a head of green fennel which a companion had given her. She could not disprove her presence at the church, and that alone was considered as rank rebellion against her mother, and an insult to the congregation with which she had been taught to worship. Dark were the looks, and manifold the lectures which poor Malina was compelled to endure after this. When she entered the old meeting-house on the following sabbath every one looked coldly upon her. The minister even hinted at her delinquency in his prayers, and, during the sermon, two or three passages were applied directly to herself, by the steady and reproving glance which he fixed upon her from the pulpit. Now Malina was not of a temperament to bear all this patiently. She believed it intended to annoy and humble her. So, instead of receiving the chastisement with becoming humility, she arose from her seat, opened the pew door, in spite of her mother's detaining hand, and hurried down the aisle, her eyes sparkling with tears, and her cheeks crimsoned with a degree of excitement which ill became the house of God.

To be perfectly aware of the enormity of Malina's conduct, our reader must bring to mind the discipline of the times, and the rigid decorum exacted by the people in their places of worship, where nothing short of a fainting fit or a dispensation of apoplexy could excuse the interruption of a sermon. Never was a body of people so overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay. The widow arose from her seat pale with resentment, for it was by her private request that the minister had pointed out the spirited girl as a transgressor before the congregation—she half opened the pew door, paused a moment and sat down again, with her lips firmly compressed, and a spirit burning in her dark eyes, which in another might have been thought as much to be condemned

as that of her child. Phebe, the mild and gentle Phebe, blushed crimson with a feeling of sympathy for her sister, which could not, with all her meekness of disposition, be entirely suppressed. When the glow died away from her cheeks she was in tears and wept silently till the service closed.

When Mrs. Gray reached home that afternoon, sternly ruminating on the best means of conquering the refractory spirit of her child, she found the house locked, and the rooms empty as she had left them. Malina was no where to be found. It was in vain that Phebe searched for the culprit. She went to their mutual sleeping-chamber, hoping to find her there, but all was silent. She lifted the muslin drape that fell over the bed like a summer cloud, put her hand through the open sash and parting the thick green leaves of a cinnamon rose tree that half darkened it, looked anxiously up and down the road, and along the footpath which threaded the river's brink. But the waters gliding quietly by, and a fish-hawk soaring up from the shore just below the bridge, with an unfortunate perch in his claws, alone rewarded her gaze. Still she leaned from the window, apprehensive on her sister's account, but afraid to extend her search beyond the house, for never in the whole course of her life had Mrs. Gray permitted her children to walk even in the garden on a sabbath day; a walk to and from the old meeting-house morning and evening was all the exercise that she had allowed them. Phebe felt as if almost transgressing a domestic rule even while she lingered with her head out of the window, and when the chamber door opened she started back like a guilty thing, and with a violence that sent a shower of pink leaves half over the room, from the full blown roses which fell rustling together from her hands.

Mrs. Gray entered the chamber quietly, but a little paler than usual, and with her lips still slightly compressed. She evidently expected to find the culprit there, but when she saw only her elder daughter standing by the window, in tears and with a look of trouble on her sweet face, her own composure seemed a little shaken, still she did not speak, but going up to the toilet took a pocket bible from its snowy cover, and dusting away the rose leaves that had fallen there with her handkerchief, was about to leave the room again. As she passed through the door, Phebe found courage to follow her.

"Oh, mother," she said, "what can have become of her? Where can she be? Let me go and look."

"It is the sabbath," said Mrs. Gray, in her usual slow, mild voice.

"I know it is, mother," replied the weeping girl, "but when a lamb strays from the flock can there be wrong in bringing it home again, even on the sabbath?"

"You may search for your sister in the garden," was the reply, "and when she is found bring her to the parlor. Our minister will be there, and if she does not beg his pardon for her flagrant conduct, even on her knees if he desires it, she is henceforth no child of mine!"

"Oh, mother, do not urge her to-night. You know

how high spirited and resolute she is—and, indeed, indeed, I must think they have been too hard with her—it was cruel to expose her fault before the whole village, her schoolmates and all, and she so proud and sensitive. I wonder it did n't kill her."

"Have you also become rebellious?" said Mrs. Gray, turning her eyes with steady disapproval on the agitated girl, and marveling within herself at the burst of feeling which she evinced.

"You will never, I trust, find me rebellious," replied Phebe meekly, but weeping all the time. "I know that Malina has faults; who has not? but they are such as harsh treatment will perpetuate, not conquer. She is so kind, so warm hearted, that you can persuade her to any thing."

"I do not choose to *persuade* my children," said the mother, moving forward. "Go seek Malina in the garden, and bring her to me as I desired."

"But I fear that she is not in the garden," said Phebe, doubtfully.

"Then seek her elsewhere, but return soon," was Mrs. Gray's reply, and she went down stairs just as Phebe heard the minister knocking at the front door.

Phebe tied on her cottage bonnet, and flinging a scarf over her white dress went into the garden. She traversed the flower-beds, searched among the rose thickets, and the lilac trees, calling Malina by name, but all without effect. More than once, when a rustling among the bushes, created by a tame rabbit, reached her ear, she started and listened with an expectation that her call would be answered. After searching through the garden and around the rock spring—a fountain of water that leaped through a hollow at the foot of the hill into a natural basin of solid granite—we saw her come out into the road and look anxiously toward the pine grove on our side of the river, with her hand shading her eyes and her scarf fluttering in the breeze.

As our cottage stood on neutral ground, between the two sections of the village, so our family was perhaps the only one within three miles which did not take part in the religious controversy going on. It was our usual custom to worship in the old meeting-house in the morning, and in the afternoon attend service in the Episcopal church. This habit left us ignorant of what had been passing on School-hill, and when we saw Phebe Gray out in the open street that sabbath evening, we felt that something unusual must have occurred. She remained, as I have described, with a hand shading her eyes for more than a minute, and then hurried down the road toward the bridge at a quicker pace than we had ever seen her walk before. After crossing the bridge, she paused a moment on seeing our family sitting at the door—some of us on the steps and others reading on the greensward in which they were bedded—as if prompted to come toward us, but changing her mind she followed the road a few steps and then turned into the pine grove, through a footpath which led along that portion which skirted the river. After a little time she came in sight again, retracing her steps with another person whom we recognized as Malina. Their progress was very slow, Phebe's

arm was around her sister's waist, and she seemed to be talking with great earnestness. When they came opposite our house we could see Malina's face, though after the first glance toward us she turned it away, as if ashamed of the tears which stained her cheeks. Her dress was disordered and a little soiled by the moss on which she had evidently flung herself; her gipsy hat was blown on one side, exposing a profusion of brown ringlets slightly disheveled, and out of curl enough to make them fall more profusely than usual over her neck and shoulders. She walked with an impatient step, and seemed a little restless under the restraint of her sister's arm, but when they got within the shadow of the chesnuts, and as they supposed beyond our observation, we saw her pause all of a sudden, fling her arms round Phebe's neck and kiss her more than once with a degree of affection which spoke volumes in her favor. After this she arranged the hat on her head with considerable care and allowed the folds of her disordered dress to be smoothed. Then with another kiss the two girls crossed the bridge, each with her arm circling the other, and in this position they walked up the hill and disappeared in the portico of their own dwelling.

The two girls entered the family parlor; Malina with her cheek flushed once more and a step tremulous but haughty. Poor Phebe clung to her side, looking frightened and much more like a culprit than

her sister. Mrs. Gray was seated at a table looking cold, precise and courteous as if nothing had happened; her black silk dress was arranged with that scrupulous care which she always bestowed on her raiment. Her false curls were carefully fastened beneath the slate-colored ribands and the fine lace border of her cap, while a muslin neckerchief was folded on her bosom, beneath the dress, sufficiently low to reveal a neck that had not yet lost all its whiteness, and a string of large gold beads which encircled it. The family bible lay open before her, but she was not reading, for in an easy chair close by sat the minister. He had been pastor at School-hill for more than twenty years, was naturally a kind man, but believed the well-being of his congregation to be identified with certain doctrinal points, which to dispute was rank heresy. He looked very grave when the girls entered, and rather restless, as if the duty which brought him there was one which his naturally kind heart would have avoided.

"Phebe, you may go to your chamber," said Mrs. Gray to her eldest daughter, who had followed Malina to a chintz sofa and was about to sit down by her side.

Phebe hesitated and looked toward her mother, as if anxious to remain; but as she parted her lips to speak, a more decided command sent her weeping from the room.

[To be continued.]

TO THE EARTH.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

How are thy charms, O mask'd Earth! displayed,
In hill and valley, rock and waterfall,
Flower-studded field, deep glen, and open glade,
With the blue sky in beauty bent o'er all.

Seest thou with outward shows to win the heart?
Only their glare our grosser vision dulls;
The inward eye beholds thee, as thou art,
Great hearse of man, vast catacomb of skulls!

Thy moving forces, which we call the living,
Bustling and battling through their little day,
Are nought to thy great prostrate army, giving
Their flesh to worms, their bones to slow decay.

And what is that which life thy children call?

A little round of idle hopes and fears,
A dream prefig'ring being, this is all,
Made up of hope and smiles, despair and tears.

The countless millions all around us lying
With ghastly upturned faces, free from strife,
The unreturning dead, yet the undying,
How laugh they at the nothing we call life!

Enough! enough! if after our brief fretting,
Freed from thy fetters, we may rise in bliss
To some bright world where Life's sun knows no setting
Where we may meet the lost and loved of this.

REJOICE.

The world is full of Joy. The sweet rose flings
Her fragrance out to invite the zephyr's kiss:
The morning lark in wantonness of bliss
To meet the sun, with song of welcome, springs:
The little brook to her own motion sings:
The storm laughs wild—down comes the dancing rain,
The mountain stream leaps shouting to the plain

And with high glee the echoing valley rings.
The strong wind whistles in his desert caves;
The thick clouds ride triumphant down the sky;
The old green wood his trusty branches waves;
Huge ocean shakes his foamy crest on high;
Earth springs exulting in her fadeless prime;
And the glad sun rolls on his course sublime!

S. S.

THE CLAM-BAKE.

JEREMY SHORT AMONG THE RHODE ISLANDERS.

WELL, sirs, Robin is a gallant poney, but riding over these confounded hills has almost shaken me to pieces, and, at every stride, for the last ten minutes, I've heard my bones rattling like pennies in a beggar's alms-box. My mouth's as parched as if dried up by lightning—but be sociable, lads, and give us a drinking cup, if it's no better than a clam shell. Ah! that's divine, better than ambrosia, real Cogniac I declare. How are you, captain? doctor? general?—bless my soul! if yonder is n't Providence. Egad! this is a delightful place—beats Rowseville all hollow—it only wants a few trees here, and a clump of woodland there, to make it as cool and shady as a Mussulman's paradise. The bay is alive with craft, and yonder—just look at them—are two jaunty rascals racing. How the little fellow eats to windward—they are throwing ballast overboard from the larger craft—whizz, whizz, one can almost hear the water bubbling along the wash-board as she bends to the blast—and now, side by side, they go, the foam crackling over the bow, and drenching the crew all the way aft. Huzza! the little fellow has won, and dances into the wind as Taglioni when she springs on the stage, more like a spirit than a human being.

They're opening the bake—are they? Then I'll take a seat by the heap here, with your leave, sir, and go to work. Heaven bless the Indians for having taught us how to cook clams! Yes, there's all the difference in the world between eating your clam at a table, and eating it hot and smoking from the heap. I'd as lief think of turning Grahamite, and going through a purgatory of bran bread and water, as give up a seat at the bake. It's there you get a clam in all its glory; in its spirituality, I may say—egad! it's as sweet as a kiss from a blushing angel of sixteen. The heap, sir! why it's an earthly paradise—the *το κολον* of existence—the all in all of the epicure. Ah! the perfume of that steam is delicious—just see how poetically the vapor curls away into the air, for all the world like the morning mists rolling upward in the Catskill valley—you've been at the mountain house, no doubt. And then the clams themselves! Clams! egad, they are food for immortals! Isn't this a superb fellow?—how snowy his shell—how perfect his form—how savory his juice—how rich his color—how luscious his taste:—by the gods! if Apicius were here, he'd dance a saraband, or snap his fingers through a cachuca, in sheer ecstasy at having found a dish that would have made jubilee on Olympus. Hip, hip, hurrah! haven't I caught a jewel of a fellow? None of your rascally quohogs, but the real Narragansett clam for me. The poor,

deluded wretches on the Jersey shore, who think their round-shells are clams, and chew for half an hour at what is n't better than sole leather, have no more idea of what a real clam is, than a Hottentot of Heaven, or—what is the same thing—a crusty old bachelor of matrimony. The man who never ate a Narragansett clam can't expect to live long, or die happy; he may dwindle out a miserable existence, but—take my word for it—he is a poor devil after all, no better than the horse in the mill, going the same eternal round, and living on salt hay and stagnant water. Heaven have mercy on the souls of such wretches! Ah! that's a good fellow, stir up the heap; and here's as juicy a villain as ever roasted, tall and slender, “in linked sweetness long drawn out.” Another and another—I shall faint with ecstasy, and must really take a little to calm my transports. Chowder may be fine, turtle soup glorious, tautog a dish for kings, but clams! clams!! sirs, would almost raise the dead.

“Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil.”

Thank you for drinking my health, gentlemen—you ask me whether we have any such thing as a clam-bake in Philadelphia—bless my soul! if we had, it would n't be such a place for riots, broken banks, and all sorts of other eccentricities. Starvation was the cause of the French Revolution—to the fogs of England can be traced the suicides there—and it's my candid belief that the absence of clam-bakes whereat to recreate is the prime origin of the present difficulties. Don't ask me to demonstrate my position, for I hate logic as I hate olives and old maids. Assertion, sirs, is everything—a neat, portable affair that unrolls in a moment, and can't be turned into a dozen aspects like shot silk. No, no, if a man ain't convinced by a round assertion call him a fool, and if he resents it knock him down. There's more evil come upon the world from the habit of reasoning than a thousand penitents, walking around the globe with pebbles in their shoes, could redeem. If two friends disagree, what is the cause? Argument. If a man quarrels with his wife, it's because she stopped to reason with her. Bow deprecatingly, though with suavity, in the first case: kiss your wife and call her angel in the second case—and you keep your friend and helpmate; but get into an argument, and you are booked for a maelstrom from which St. Peter could n't save you. The Transcendentalists understand this matter: *they* never argue. They lay down something which they themselves can't understand, and then call on the gaping

disciple to give credence to it: if they are believed, it is well; if not, they jabber a jargon of shibboleth, call him a world-deluded gull, and turn away talking of the light within, and the glories of Pantheism. And so with the ladies, dear creatures, whom Nature intends for peace-makers, and, therefore, never allows them to give any better reason for what they do than "because"—thereby saving them a world of trouble about major and minor premises, and other things "in concatenation accordingly." Glory be to the man who first invented assertion!—may the author of logic go to thunder, whence he came.

The young folks, further south, have, it is true, a sort of penance they call a pic-nic; but a pic-nic is no more like a clam-bake than vinegar is like champagne. Imagine a dozen couples packed into an omnibus, after having got up before day—a thing no sane man was ever known to do—jolted over dusty roads for an hour or two, and then sitting down on the damp grass, on a greenish rock, or on a decaying trunk, to breakfast on cold ham and insipid water. Call you that fun? And, by and bye, the sentimental ones will wander off into the woods to read Tom Moore in company or alone—while those who affect field sports, Heaven save the mark! will go bobbing for eels with a skewer, or fish for trout in still waters and with a float. Others may rig out a rickety, leaky scow, shaded by an awning not bigger than a sun-screen, and take a sail—the gentlemen shoving the ark along with poles, and the ladies, all dressed in white, sitting with their feet in the water and singing "The Gondolier's Song," or "Shall we go a sailing!" Then, at noon, when the sun is hot enough to broil a steak, and the sweet dears' faces look as flushed as a cook's, they will huddle around a table cloth spread on the dusty grass, and try to keep each other in countenance by eating the remnants of their breakfast, washing the whole down with the interminable water, or lemonade so sour that a cupful would carry off a regiment with the cholera. Toward night they will start for home, regarding it as "a crowning mercy," as old Noll would say, if a thunder storm does n't come up, and drench them through. Egad! it would make the tears run down your cheeks with laughter, if you could only see a pic-nic party after a shower—all draggled and dirty, dripping like drowned rats, or, to be more complimentary, like mermaids, hungry, tired, out of humor, and looking as unlike the dear angels we love as a radish looks unlike a claret bottle.

I never see a young man going on a pic-nic, but I ask if insanity does n't run in his family. But a clam-bake, sirs, is a different affair. On the hard, smooth, white sand of the bay shore you pitch your tent, for music having the low voice of the ripples as they break on the beach, the fresh breeze the while crisping the waves into silver, and fanning you with a delicious coolness that reminds you of the airs of that Eden you used to dream of when a child. It is not long before you have mustered a gay fishing party, and pushing from the shore, you row out by

the well known stake, throw overboard the keelogs, and idly rocking on the low, long swell, spend an hour, or it may be two, in the most delicious of pastimes. And when you tire of the sport, you lean lazily over the gunwale, and gaze far down into the transparent wave, where the fish float to and fro, the long grass waves with the tide, or the snowy bottom sparkles fitfully in the sun. Long ere noon has come your craft is laden with the spoil, and then it is "up keelogs and away!" A few rapid, rollicking strokes bring you to the shore—your boat grates musically on the hard sand—and a joyous shout welcomes you back, while all hurry to inspect your cargo and wonder at your skill. By this time the table, spread by fair hands, is ready—and now the bake begins! A half hour, and lo! dinner is ready to be served—just at the very nick of time, too, for the sun is now at meridian, and the bay glitters like molten silver, while far and near the atmosphere boils in the sultry beams. Retreating to the shade of the tent—made more cool by a copious sprinkling of water—you are soon deep in the mysteries of clams, and sweet corn and, what would make a god's mouth water, tautogs baked in the heap. Pop—pop go the corks of the champagne flasks, and here, cool as the peaks of Mont Blanc, comes the foaming liquid, sparkling and bright as the wit of a Sheridan, egad! And thus ends the dinner; but think not it stops here. All day long you see bright faces and hear gay laughter; and when evening steals on, and the moon rises in the azure sky, trailing a fairy line of light across the waters, and flooding the snowy beach with her effulgence—when the night wind murmurs among the trees, or sighs over the sleeping bay—when the jocund music strikes up and you dance merrily on the hard white sand, while bright eyes sparkle and fair cheeks flush with love—then you have a foretaste of heaven, and wish to lie down and sleep, and, sleeping, dream of such delicious pastime. And, by and bye, when returning home, the air is vocal with songs, warbled by the seraphic voices of those you love—and, as you dash through the trees, the moon, all the while shimmering between the leaves, you almost shout aloud in the exhilaration of the moment. Gradually, however, you sink into a more pensive mood, and silence falls on you and the white-armed one beside you, so that, at length, you may hear nothing but a gentle (yet oh! how eloquent) sigh, and the low beating of her heart, audible in the stillness. Aye! and if you look into her eyes you will see there a music more soul-subduing than the softest strains. At length your hands will meet, and with a strange, delicious thrill through your whole frame, she will sink yielding on your bosom, and then—and then, God bless me! I've been thinking of the way I used to make love, and forgot all about the clam-bake.

As the heap's empty and the bottle drained I'll stop, but since you all beg for it, I'll give you, some of these days, my notions on MAKING LOVE, egad! And now here's Robin—hip, ho, we're off.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

ARRANGED FROM A GERMAN AIR FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Presented to Graham's Magazine, by J. G. Osbourn.

Moderato.

The moon's brightly beam ing, love, Still wa - ters gleam - - ing; Wake from thy

dream ing, love, List to my lay. Long, long, at twilight hour, From yon lone

dis - tant bow'r, Sad - - ly I watch thy tow'r, Fad - ing a - - way. Long, long, at

twilight hour, From yon lone dis - tant bow'r, Sad - ly, I watch thy tow'r, Fad - ing a - way.

Low winds are sighing, love,
Day flowers dying,
Sweet moments flying, love,
Swiftly away.
Come e'er the morning dew,
Gemming the heather blue,
Green turf and mountain yew,
Our fond flight betray.

Young years are fleeting, love,
Warm bosoms heating,
Watch them retreating, love,
Sadly away.
Haste, o'er the summer tide,
Sweetly our bark will glide,
Thou my fond trust and guide,
On the blue way.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Thomas Noon Talfourd, author of "Ion," etc. In one volume. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1812.

It is doubted by many intelligent critics whether the present age has in very deed given birth to any work of genius which will withstand the restless beatings of the waves of time and carry down to remotest generations the embodied evidence of the power and greatness of the Nineteenth Century. There is certainly room for an honest difference of opinion on this point, for it cannot be denied that on looking around the eye meets not at every corner nor does the ear hear from every house-top, acting or uttering their Life Poem, HOMERS, SHAKESPEARES, LUTHERS, or MILTONS. But that our cotemporaries are eminently skilled in examining into and discovering the worth of what has been done aforetime cannot be denied. Criticism has been made an ART; and there is an evident tendency to exalt the man, with his telescope, to the star he looks at. We do not at present intend to find fault with this disposition, nor should we have mentioned it, but for the purpose of saying that it has produced some not distasteful fruits, among the best of which we rank these critical essays of Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD. We are glad they have been thus collected together, for the periodicals in which they first appeared reach but few of those who would fain read them. MACAULEY and CARLYLE write mainly for one or two works, so that with comparatively little difficulty the general reader may find all their productions; but Mr. TALFOURD writes for quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, and a collective republication of his contributions was therefore greatly to be desired. He makes admirable speeches, too, on copyright, and in defence of the professors of High Art when they are assailed by the spirit of the world, or when, in their vagaries, not always the most orderly, they run athwart some of the good and unbending rules established for the general welfare. These, we are sorry to say, we do not find in the present volume. Still, we are too thankful for what we have, to complain of the absence of the defence of Shelley and the argument on the rights of authors.

The peculiar characteristics of Mr. TALFOURD's criticism are its catholic liberality, its accurate and clear sighted discrimination, its insight, which is really of the *scientific* kind, and its classical purity, both in thought and style. He never writes hastily or without elaboration, and yet his criticism is not cold and unsympathizing. He enters deeply into the spirit of the work he examines, is peculiarly sensitive to its beauties and excellencies, and speaks of them eloquently and with boldness. His language is strong, but polished, and there is always in his thought a cheerful confidence and a keen-eyed discernment, which instruct and strengthen. The essay on WORDSWORTH is among the best in the volume, written in the spirit of the poetry it dissects, and evincing skill in developing beauty, and an acute sense which will detect it wherever it exists. The review of Wallace's Prospects of Mankind, and the paper on Modern Improvements, are valuable and instructive. The essays on the profession of the law, and on pulpit oratory, are also excellent. Indeed, the contents of this volume are so uniformly good and so alike in all their prominent characteristics, that it would be difficult, as it is certainly unnecessary, to point out any as pre-eminently deserving of applause.

Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Walter Scott. Collected by Himself. Now for the first time Published in America. Three volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*

The Wizard of the North, as it was the custom a few years ago to call WALTER SCOTT, may be regarded in four aspects—as a novelist, a poet, a critic, and a historian. In the first character he was unequaled, in the second and third among the first of his age and country, and in the last, alone, utterly contemptible; and that not for lack of ability or painstaking, certainly, but on account of his perfect recklessness of all principle, truth or decency that did not tend to fill his pockets with money or advance the interests of his party. In the volumes before us we have his criticisms and miscellaneous essays, and though we had aforetime been accustomed to regard them as possessing comparatively slight merit, a reperusal of the greater number has left on our mind an impression in the highest degree favorable to them, as compared with the best productions of their kind. MACAULEY is our favorite reviewer; WILSON, SIDNEY SMITH, TALFOURD and SCOTT we rank next. With all his apparent rapidity and ease, MACAULEY is the most laborious of the fraternity. He spends his month in reading—*cranning* is the technical phrase—everything relating to his subject; sits for a week or two at his desk, writing, recurring to documents, and rewriting, until every fact or idea he deems worthy of retention is embodied in his article, which is then carefully retouched and copied for the "Edinburgh." TALFOURD meditates his subject, too, and polishes with no less care or skill. But SCOTT glanced upon the surface of things, skimmed over the abstracts and summaries relating to his theme, and wrote off, in his smooth, vivacious, pleasant way, his paper—read the MIS—marked in a few commas and colons—and sent it to the printer.

With too little time and space for an elaborate review of these volumes, yet anxious, as in all our notices of books, to give the reader a definite idea of their character, we place in the margin a list of their contents, and shall notice more particularly but a small number of the forty-eight articles of which they are composed. The essays on CHATTERTON

* Vol. I.—Articles on Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets; Ellis's and Ritson's Specimens of the Early English Metrical Romances; Godwin's Life of Chaucer; Todd's Edition of Spencer; Herbert's Poems; Evans's Old Ballads; Moliere; Catterton; Reliques of Burns; Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming; The Battles of Talavera (a poem); Southey's Curse of Kehama; The Fourth Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Amadis of Gaul; Southey's Chronicle of the Cid; Southey's Life of John Bunyan; Godwin's "Fleetwood;" Cumberland's John of Lancaster; Maturin's "Fatal Revenge;" Maturin's "Women, or Pour et Contre;" Miss Austin's Novels; and Remarks on Frankenstein.

Vol. II.—Novels of Ernest Theodore Hoffman; The Omen; Hajji Baba in England; Tales of My Landlord; Thornton's Sporting Tour; Two Cookery Books; Jones's Translation of Froissart; Miseries of Human Life; Carr's Caledonian Sketches; Lady Suffolk's Correspondence; Kirkton's Church History; Life and Works of John Home; The Culloden Papers; and Peppys's Memoirs.

Vol. III.—Life of Kemble; Kelly's Reminiscences; Davy's Salmonia; Ancient History of Scotland; On Planting Waste Lands—Monteith's Forrester's Guide; On Landscape Gardening—Sir H. Stuart's Planters' Guide; Tyler's History of Scotland; Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; and The Letters of Malachi Malagrowther, Esquire, on the Currency.

and BURNS, in the first volume, are sympathizing, liberal and judicious, though less distinguished for nicety of discrimination than some others on the same subjects. In the second volume is his review of his own "Tales of My Landlord," from the *Quarterly*, for January, 1817, edited by a series of essays from the pen of Doctor McCRIE, in which the views given of the Scottish covenanters in the Waverly novels were bitterly impugned. The authorship of these novels, it will be remembered, was then a secret. The modesty of Scott's estimate of himself may be inferred from the following passage, from page 144 :

"The volume which this author has studied is the great book of nature. He has gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius will alone depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author."

Yet, this is modest, compared with numerous other puffs of himself from his own pen, written in his long and successful career, and justified on the ground that they were "fair business transactions." Washington Irving has done the same thing, in writing laudatory notices of his own works for the reviews, and, like Scott, received pay for whitewashing himself. We do not imagine that in either case there was any great injustice in the self-praise, but certainly Mr. Murray should not have been solicited to pay the "guinea a page." The articles in the third volume on Kemble, Kelly's Reminiscences, and Davy's "Salmonia," are all excellent, and equally so. We have understood, too, that the Letters from Malachi Malagrowther, Esquire, on the currency, are readable, but we never look into articles on such subjects.

This History of the Reformation of the Church of England, by Gilbert Burnet, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Salisbury, with the Collection of Records and a copious Index, revised and corrected, with additional Notes and a Preface, by the Rev. E. Nares, D. D., late Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Illustrated with a Frontispiece and twenty-three engraved Portraits. Four volumes, 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Bishop Burnet's celebrated History of the Reformation in England is one of those standard works which a gentleman is ashamed not to have read. Respecting the important period to which it relates, there are few productions so frequently consulted by more modern writers, and its intrinsic excellence must ever make it desirable, not only to scholars and persons familiar with the advancement of civil and ecclesiastical affairs, but to young students in history and general readers. Of the ability of Doctor Nares, we confess we have not a very high opinion—having, it may be, imbibed some prejudices against him from Macauley—but, as the English critics all concur, so far as we have seen, in the opinion that his edition of this work is the best extant, we are bound to believe that he has, in one instance, done his duty well. If the work has any defects they are such as we are unable to detect.

Burnet's History of the Reformation, though frequently republished in England, has never before been printed in America, and the high price of the English impressions here kept it from the libraries of many who will now obtain it. The copy before us is creditable to the publishers, in all but the portraits, which, with deference to the taste of Messrs. Appleton, we think add very little to its value or beauty.

Cottage Residences; or a Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage Villas and their Gardens and Grounds, adapted to North America. By A. J. Downing. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. One volume, 8vo. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

MR. DOWNING's previous publication, on Landscape Gardening, has made or should have made his name familiar to all for whom rural life has charms. This new book, on a cognate subject, the application of moderate means to country residences, is, like that, eminently calculated to advance among us elegance, comfort, in a word, *civilization*; and we hope, therefore, that it will be universally studied. Mr. Downing's object is to inspire the minds of his readers with a vivid perception of the BEAUTIFUL in every thing that relates to our houses and grounds—to awaken a quicker sense of the grace or picturequeness of fine forms that may be produced in these by rural architecture and ornamental gardening—a sense which will not only refine and elevate the mind, but pour into it new and infinite resources of delight. In his preface he remarks that he wishes to imbue all persons with a love of beautiful forms and a desire to assemble them around their daily walks of life; to appreciate how superior is the charm of that home where we discover the tasteful cottage or villa, and the well designed and neatly kept garden or grounds, full of beauty and harmony—not the less beautiful and harmonious because simple and limited—and to become aware that these superior forms, and the higher and more refined enjoyment derived from them, may be had at the same cost and the same labor as a clumsy dwelling, and its uncouth and ill-designed accessories. "More than all," he continues, "I desire to see these sentiments cherished for their pure and moral tendency. 'All BEAUTY is an outward expression of inward good,' and so closely are the Beautiful and True allied, that we shall find, if we become sincere lovers of the grace, the harmony, and the loveliness, with which rural homes and rural life are capable of being invested, that we are silently opening our hearts to an influence which is higher and deeper than the mere symbol; and that if we have worshipped in the true spirit, we shall have caught a nearer glimpse of the Great Master whose words, in all his material universe, are written in lines of Beauty."

The whole volume, throughout, bears witness of the cultivated intellect from which it sprang, and of the author's fine taste and enthusiastic appreciation of the attractions of a country life. It is printed and embellished as such a work should be. We heartily commend it to the attention of country gentlemen.

Johnsoniana; or a Supplement to Boswell; being Anecdotes and Sayings of Doctor Johnson, Collected from Mrs. Piozzi, George Stevens, W. Pepys, Doctor Beattie, John Northcote, John Hoole, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Josh. Reynolds, Cowper, Dugald Stewart, Edmund Malone, Sir James Mackintosh, Doctor Moor., Doctor Parr, Bishop Horne, etc. Edited by John Wilson Croker. One vol. 12mo., pp. 530. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1842.

This is a very entertaining volume, and an indispensable companion to Boswell—embodying, as it does, every anecdote of the literary dictator which that model biographer omitted in his life of him, gathered from nearly a hundred different publications. It might, however, have been made better, had its publication been deferred until the appearance of Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs. It is embellished with finely engraved portraits of Johnson, Boswell, Beauclerk, Mrs. Piozzi and Mr. Thrale.

The History of Fiction: Being a Critical Account of the most Celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the Earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Day. By John Dunlap. Two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

During the recent summer there has been republished in this country no book for the library more interesting or valuable than this *History of Fiction*. It was first printed at Edinburgh in 1814, and two years after a second and much improved edition appeared in the same city, of which this by Messrs. Carey & Hart is a reproduction. The *History of Fiction* is intimately connected with the history of the advancement of society, and is therefore interesting to the philosopher as well as the man of letters. Mr. Dunlap traces separately the progress of the romances of chivalry, the Italian tales, the spiritual romance, the pastoral stories, the French novels, the modern English novels and romances, etc., and gives analysis—so far as our very limited acquaintance with them enables us to judge, correct and sufficiently full to convey a just idea of their character and merit—of the early and rare productions which form the landmarks of his subject. Our own impressions do not on all points correspond with those of Mr. Dunlap; and we think he erred in confining his *History* to *prose* fictions only, as the creations of the poets, though earlier and in all ways superior, resemble them too nearly in their chief characteristics to be regarded separately.

Random Shots and Southern Breezes: Containing Critical Remarks on the Southern States and Southern Institutions, with semi-serious Observations on Men and Manners. By Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Author of "The Revolution of July," etc. Two vols. 12mo. New York, Harper & Brothers.

This is a lively and entertaining journal of a professional tour through the southern and western parts of the Union, in the autumn and winter of 1840. Blended with his narrative and comments on society, Mr. Tasistro has given opinions and critical essays on a great variety of subjects connected with literature and art, which with men of taste will be regarded as the most attractive parts of the work.

A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, for the Voice. Philadelphia, J. Dobson.

The lovers of Scottish music will be gratified to learn that this celebrated work—originally published in five volumes at Edinburgh by G. Thompson—is being republished in this country. It has introductory and concluding symphonies and accompaniments to each air, for the piano-forte, violin, flute, etc. composed by Pleyel, Haydn, Weber, Beethoven and others, with the most admired ancient and modern Scottish and English songs, inclusive of the one hundred or more written for it by Burns. We know of no musical work that will be more prized by the professed artist or the amateur.

George Saint George Julian, the Prince. By Henry Cockton. With Illustrations. One volume, octavo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

A novel of great popularity and little merit. The admirers of "Valentine Vox," by the same author, will doubtless be pleased with it.

Gems from the American Female Poets: With Brief Biographical Notices. By Rufus W. Griswold. Second Edition. One volume, 12mo. pp. 196. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

In this elegant little volume the editor has given what he deems the best compositions of some forty American ladies who have written in metre. The second edition is enlarged and otherwise improved. We understand that it has been introduced into many of the young ladies' seminaries as a reading book, for which purpose it seems to be well adapted.

The Gift, a Christmas and New Year's Present, for MDCCCXLIII. One volume octavo. With Engravings from Malbone, Huntington, Inman, Chapman, Sully, etc., by Cheney, Dodson, Pease, etc. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

The new volume of the *Gift* surpasses in the style of its typography and the merit of its pictorial embellishments any annual ever published in this country; and its literary contents will not suffer by comparison with those of any work, American or foreign, of the same description. To prove the correctness of this opinion we have only to remark that all the writers—save one or two of an indifferent stamp of whom we never heard before—are contributors to this magazine. The picture from Huntington—miscalled "*Mercy's Dream*"—is one of the most exquisite productions in its way with which we are acquainted; "*The News-Boy*," from Inman, represents the class which it is designed to portray to the life; and the head from Malbone shows that the high reputation of that artist was not undeserved. The Engraving from Chapman we cannot praise—a head of eight on a body of eighteen is in bad taste, to say the least of it. The best prose papers in the volume are those by Mrs. "Mary Clavers," Mr. Smith, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Simms; and the best poem is the one commencing on the first page, by Mrs. Seba Smith.

The Hand Book of Needlework: With Numerous Engravings. By Miss Lambert. One vol. 8vo. New York, Wiley & Putnam.

One of the most beautiful books of the year. It embraces ample instructions for drawing patterns, framing and properly finishing needlework, and a curious history of its progress from the days of Moses to the accession of Queen Victoria! The American edition is superior in its execution to that published in London. It will doubtless be among the most popular gift works of the approaching holiday season.

Hope Leslie: or Early Times in the Massachusetts. By the Author of "*The Linwoods*," "*The Poor Rich Man*," "*Redwood*," "*Live and Let Live*," "*Letters from Abroad*," etc. Two vols. New York, Harper & Brothers.

We are pleased to see a new edition of this popular novel—the first, and in some respects the best, of Miss Sedgwick's productions.

The Rose of Sharon: a Religious Souvenir; for 1843. Boston, Abel Tompkins.

A very elegant volume, in which the sentiments of the Universalist denomination are inculcated.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MINSTRELSY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Permettez que je fasse les chansons d'un peuple, et il fera les lois qui le veut, remarked, in substance, some shrewd Frenchman; and that he rated not too high the power of song is shown by numerous instances in both ancient and modern history. It has been lamented that we have in America no martial lyrics comparable to those of the older nations. HOLMES exclaims in one of his admirable poems—

When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,
Her marshaled legions peal the Marseillaise;
When round the German close the war-clouds dim,
Far through their shadows floats his battle hymn;
When, crowned with joy the camps of England ring,
A thousand voices shout "God save the King!"
When Victory follows with our eagle's glance,
Our nation's anthem is a country dance.*

But the martial song belongs to more warlike countries. France, Germany and England are vast fortified districts, echoing forever the din of conflict or the notes of military preparation; while America is the resting-place of Peace, whence her influence is to irradiate the world. Or, if a different destiny awaits her, there is little danger but that—

When the roused nation bids her armies form,
And screams her eagle through the gathering storm,
When from our ports the bannered frigate rides,
Her black bows scowling to the crested tides,

Some proud muse

Will rend the silence of our tented plains
And bid the nations tremble at her strains.

The puritan settlers of New England, while carrying on war against the Indian tribes, deemed it right to spend the hours their enemies devoted to profane dances and incantations, in singing verses, half military and half religious; and their actions in the field were celebrated in ballads which lacked none of the spirit and fidelity of the songs of the old bards and scalds, however deficient they may have been, in metrical array and sentiment. "Lovewell's Fight," "The Gallant Church," "Smith's Affair at Sidelong Hill," and "The Godless French Soldier," are among the best lyrical compositions of the early period in which they were written, and are not without value as historical records. At the commencement of the Revolution, BARLOW, TRUMBULL, DWIGHT, HUMPHREYS, and other "Connecticut wits," employed their leisure in writing patriotic songs for the soldiers and the people, "which," says a life of Putnam, "had great effect through the country." "I do not know," wrote Barlow on entering the army, "whether I shall do more for the cause in the capacity of chaplain than I could in that of poet; I have great faith in the influence of songs; and I shall continue, while fulfilling the duties of my appointment, to write one now and then, and to encourage the taste for them which I find in the camp. One good song is worth a dozen addresses or proclamations." The great song-writer of the Revolution, however, was FRENEAU, whose pieces were everywhere sung with enthusiasm. He was a keen satirist, and wrote with remarkable facility; but his lyrics were often profane and vulgar, while those written in New England, on account

of their style and cast of thought, were stigmatized by the celebrated Parson PETERS as "psalms and hymns adapted to the tastes of Yankee rebels." The following is a characteristic specimen:

WAR SONG.—Written in 1776.

Hark, hark, the sound of War is heard,
And we must all attend;
Take up our arms and go with speed
Our country to defend.

Our parent state has turned our foe,
Which fills our land with pain;
Her gallant ships manned out for war
Come thundering o'er the main.

There's CARLETON, HOWE, and CLINTON too,
And many thousands more,
May cross the sea, but all in vain;
Our rights we'll ne'er give o'er.

Our pleasant land they do invade,
Our property devour;
And all because we won't submit
To their despotic power.

Then let us go against our foes,
We'd better die than yield;
We and our sons are all undone
If Britain win the field.

Tories may dream of future joys,
But I am bold to say,
They'll find themselves bound fast in chains
If Britain wins the day.

Husbands must leave their loving wives
And sprightly youths attend,
Leave their sweethearts and risk their lives
Their country to defend.

May they be heroes in the field,
Have heroes' fame in store;
We pray the Lord to be their shield
Where thundering cannons roar.

The oldest of the lyrics we shall present in this paper—we reserve, perhaps for a future number, the historical songs and ballads unconnected with the Revolution—is the "Patriot's Appeal," printed in the Pennsylvania Chronicle, at Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, just eight years before the Declaration of Independence. We copy it from a ballad sheet, dated in 1775.

THE PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

Come join hand and hand brave Americans all,
Awake through the land at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name!

In freedom we're born, in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready—
Steady, friends, steady!—

Not as slaves but as freemen our money we'll give!

Our worthy forefathers (let's give them a cheer!)
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came
And, dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame!

In freedom, etc.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they prized;
What they gave let us cherish and piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.

In freedom, etc.

The tree their own hands had to liberty reared,
They lived to behold growing strong and revered;

* The popular air of "Yankee Doodle," like the dagger of Hudibras, serves a pacific as well as a martial purpose.

With transport they cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."
In freedom, etc.

How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
Of which they enjoy all the profits secure!
No longer such toils shall Americans know,
If Britons may reap what Americans sow!
In freedom, etc.

Swarms of *placemen* and pensioners e'en now appear
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year!
Suns vainly will rise and showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others may spend.
In freedom, etc.

Then join hand and hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause we may hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves every generous deed.
In freedom, etc.

All ages and nations shall speak with applause,
Of the courage we show in support of our cause,
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.
In freedom, etc.

A bumper to Freedom! and as for the king,*
When he does deserve it his praises we'll sing!
We wish Britain's glory immortal may be,
If she is but just and we are but free!

In freedom we're born, in freedom we'll live,

Our purses are ready—

Steady, boys, steady!—

Our money as freemen, not slaves, we will give!

Soon after the passage of the stamp act many patriotic lyrics appeared in various parts of the country, one of the best of which is the following, by Doctor PRIME, of New York, the author of "*Muscipula sive Cambromyomachia*," a satire, and of several other poems of considerable merit.

A SONG FOR THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

In story we're told,

How our fathers of old

Brav'd the rage of the wind and the waves;

And cross'd the deep o'er,

To this desolate shore,

All because they were loath to be slaves, brave boys!

All because they were loath to be slaves.

Yet a strange scheme of late,

Has been formed in the state,

By a knot of political knaves;

Who in secret rejoice,

That the Parliament's voice

Has resolved that we all shall be slaves, brave boys! etc.

But if we should obey,

This vile statute the way

To more base future slavery paves;

Nor in spite of our pain,

Must we ever complain,

If we tamely submit to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Counteract, then, we must

A decree so unjust,

Which our wise constitution depraves;

And all nature conspires,

To approve our desires,

For she cautions us not to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

As the sun's lucid ray

To all nations gives day,

And a world from obscurity saves;

So all happy and free,

GEORGE'S subjects should be,

Then AMERICANS must not be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Heaven only controls

The great deep as it rolls,

And the tide which our country laves

Emphatical roars

This advice to our shores,

O! AMERICANS, never be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Hark! the wind, as it flies,

Though o'erroll'd by the skies,

While it each meaner obstacle braves,

Seems to say, "Be like me,

Always loyally free,

But ah! never consent to be slaves," brave boys! etc.

To our monarch, we know,

Due allegiance we owe,

Who the sceptre so rightfully waxes;

But no sovereign we own,

But the king on his throne,

And we cannot, to subjects, be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Though fools stupidly tell,

That we mean to rebel,

Yet all each American craves,

Is but to be free,

As we surely must be,

For we never were born to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

But whoever, in spite

At American right,

Like insolent Haman behaves;

Or would wish to grow great

On the spoils of the state,

May he and his children be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Though against the repeal,

With intemperate zeal,

Proud GRANVILLE so brutishly raves;

Yet our conduct shall show,

And our enemies know,

That AMERICANS scorn to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

With the beasts of the wood,

We will ramble for food,

We will lodge in wild deserts and caves;

And live poor as Job,

On the skirts of the globe,

Before we'll submit to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

The birth-right we hold

Shall never be sold,

But sacred maintain'd to our graves;

And before we'll comply,

We will gallantly die,

For we must not, we will not be slaves, brave boys!

For we must not, we will not be slaves!

We have copies of four metrical accounts of the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, two of which appear to have been written since the close of the war. We give one of the oldest, which was sung to the tune of "The Hosiery's Ghost."

BALLAD OF THE TEA PARTY.

As near beauteous Boston lying

On the gently swelling flood,

Without jack or pennant flying,

Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,

On the wharf a numerous crew,

Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,

Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axes, chisels,

Weapons new for warlike deed,

Toward the tax'd-tea-freighted vessels

They came boldly and with speed.

O'er their heads in lofty mid-sky,

Three bright angel forms were seen,

This was HAMDEN, that was SIDNEY,

With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,

Soon the triumph will be won,

Scarcely the setting sun shall vanish

Ere the glorious deed is done!"

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,

Hatches burst and chests displayed;

Axes, hammers, help afforded,

What a crash that eve was made!

Deep into the sea descended

Cursed weed of China's coast;

Thus at once our fears were ended!—

British rights shall ne'er be lost!

Captains, once more hoist your streamers,

Spread your sails and plough the wave,

Tell your masters they were dreamers

When they thought to cheat the brave!

* In the copies of this song printed during the Revolution the last stanza is altered. In the Pennsylvania Chronicle, which we have examined, it is printed—

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth, etc.

One of the most ingenious poets of our revolutionary era was Dr. J. M. Sewall, of New Hampshire. He translated the works of Ossian, which were then attracting much attention, into English verse, and wrote numerous songs, odes, elegies and dramatic pieces. His epilogue to Addison's Cato, beginning,

We see mankind the same in every age,

is still familiar, from having been incorporated into two or three books of reading lessons for the schools, in a time when it was thought to be of some consequence that works of that description should inculcate patriotic sentiments. The most famous of his productions, however, was "War and Washington," written soon after the battle of Lexington, and sung with enthusiasm, in all parts of the country, until the close of the Revolution. It has been too often printed to be regarded now as a curiosity, and we therefore quote from it but a few verses.

Vain Britons boast no longer, with proud indignity,
Of all your conquering legions, or of your strength at sea,
As we, your braver sons, incensed, our arms have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, for WAR and WASHINGTON!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,
They have, for thirty pieces, betray'd their country's blood,
Like Esop's greedy cur they'll gain a shadow for their bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspired by WASHINGTON!

Mysterious! unexampled! Incomprehensible!

The blundering schemes of Britain, her folly, pride and zeal,
Like lions how they growl and threat, like asses blunder on!
Yet vain are all their efforts still, against our WASHINGTON!

Great God! is this the nation, whose arms so oft were hurl'd,
Through Europe, Afric, India? whose Navy rul'd a world!
The lustre of her former deeds, whole ages of renown,
Lost in a moment, or transfer'd, to us and WASHINGTON!

Should George, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew or Infidel, or all those powers in one,
While Adams guides our senate, our army WASHINGTON!

We have not room to copy, *in extenso*, more of those songs which served no less than the most eloquent orations of the time to kindle the patriotic enthusiasm of our fathers, in the first years of the struggle for independence; and after giving specimen verses of one or two others, will pass to the more strictly historical ballads. We may as well here remark that the orthography and rhythmical construction of many of the old songs and ballads varies in the different editions—the earliest usually being most correct—and that we have copied from the least inharmonious and corrupt, sometimes giving one verse from one and another verse from another impression of the same production. The following stanzas are from "The Rallying Song," written soon after the friendly disposition of the government of the unfortunate Louis XIV. was made known in this country.

Freedom's sons who wish to shine

Bright in future story,

Haste to arms and join the line

Marching on to glory.

Leave the scythe and seize the sword,

Brave the worst of dangers!

FREEDOM is the only word—

We to fear are strangers.

From your mountains quick advance

Hearts of oak and iron arms—

Lo! the cheering sounds from France

Spread amid the foe alarms!

Leave the scythe and seize the sword,

Brave the worst of dangers!

FREEDOM is the only word—

Come and join the Rangers!

From "The Green Mountain Boys' Song," composed, apparently, in the early part of the contest, we have space for the chorus only. Though less poetical than some others, the entire production is animated in sentiment and smoothly

versified. We have no clue to its authorship, though, like "The Rallying Song," "The American Rifleman," and many other lyrics of the same description, it appears to have been written in Vermont.

Then draw the trusty blade, my boys,
And fling the sheath away—
Blow high, blow low, come weal, come wo,
Strike for America!
Strike for America, my boys,
Strike for America!
Come weal, come wo, blow high, blow low,
Strike for America!

We have discovered but one narrative song relating to the Battle of Trenton, and that was probably written a year or two after the event.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

On Christmas day in '76,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fix'd,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see, the boats below,
The light obscured by hail and snow,
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair Freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we pass'd the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumb'd with frost.
Greene on the left, at six began,
The right was with brave Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,
And some for action did prepare,
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

BURGOYNE, more frequently than other British officer, was the butt of the continental wits. His verses were parodied, his amours celebrated in songs of the mess-table, and his boasts and the weaker points in his nature caricatured in ballads and *petite* comedies. We obtained a manuscript copy of the song from which the following verses are quoted, from an octogenarian Vermonter who, with the feeble frame, shrill voice and silvered locks of eighty-seven, would give the echoing chorus with as much enthusiasm as when he joined in it with his camp-companions more than half a century ago.

THE PROGRESS OF SIR JACK BRAG.

Said BURGOYNE to his men, as they passed in review,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
These rebels their course very quickly will rue,
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn tempest flew,
When *him who is your leader* they know, boys!
They with *men* have now to deal,
And we soon will make them feel—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
That a loyal Briton's arm and a loyal Briton's steel
Can put to flight a rebel as quick as other foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

As to Sa-ra-tog' he came, thinking how to jo the game,
 Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys?
 He began to see the grubs, in the branches of his fame,
 He began to have the trembles lest a flash should be the flame,
 For which he had agreed his perfume to forego, boys!
 No lack of skill, but fates,
 Shall makes us yield to GATES,
 Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
 The devils may have leagued, as you know, with the States,
 But we never will be beat by any mortal foe, boys!
 Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
 Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

We believe the "Progress of Sir Jack Brag" has never been printed. The only clue to its authorship with which we are acquainted is the signature, "G. of H." It was probably written soon after the defeat of its hero at Saratoga. Another ballad on the same subject is entitled

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGEOYNE.*

When Jack the king's commander
 Was going to his duty,
 Through all the crowd he smiled and bowed
 To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done
 In Portugal and Flanders,
 And all the town thought he'd be crowned
 The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs
 To kiss great George's hand, sirs;
 Then to harangue on state affairs
 Before he left the land, sirs.

The "Lower House" sat mute as mouse
 To hear his grand oration;
 And "all the peers," with loudest cheers,
 Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
 Next to Ticonderoga,
 And quitting those away he goes
 Straightway to Saratoga.

* The following curious account of the overthrow of Burgoyne at Saratoga, on the 17th of October, 1777, was probably written soon after that memorable event.

Here followeth the direful fate Of Burgoyne and his army great Who so proudly did display The terrors of despair away His power and pride and many threats Have been brought low by fortune Gates, To bend to the United States.	
British prisoners by Convention,	2442
Forcemen—by Contra-vention,	2198
Tories sent across the Lake,	1100
Burgoyne and his suite, in state,	12
Sick and wounded, bruised and pounded, Never so much bet me confounded,	528
Prisoners of war before Convention,	400
Deserters come with kind intention,	300
They lost at Bennington's great battle,	1230
Where six Ke's glorious arms did rattle,	
Killed in September and October,	600
Taken by brave Brown, some drunk, some sober,	413
Slain by high-famed Herkimer,	800
On both banks, on rear and van,	
Indians, butchers, drovers, Enough to crowd large plains all over, And those whom grim Death did prevent From fighting a rout our continent; And all those who stole away, Lest they should their arms should lay, Abhorring that obnoxious day; The whole make fourteen thousand men, Who may not with us fight again.	4413
	14,000

This is a pretty just account
 Of Burgoyne's legions' whole amount,
 Who came across the Northern Lakes
 To desolate our happy States.
 Their brass cannons we have got all—
 Fifty-six—both great and small;
 And ten thousand stand of arms,
 To prevent all future harms;
 Stores and implements complete,
 Of workmanship exceeding neat;
 Covered wagons in great plenty,
 And proper harness, no way scanty.
 Among our prisoners there are
 Six regiments of fame most rare;
 Six members of their Parliament—
 Reluctantly they soon consent:
 Three British lords, and Lord Belcarrais,
 Who came, our country free to harness,
 Two barons, of high extraction,
 Were sorely wounded in the action.

† Col. John Brown, of Mass. ; Gen. Herkimer, of N. York, (probably.)

With great parade his march he made
 To gain his wished-for station,
 While far and wide his minions hied
 To spread his "PROCLAMATION."

To such as staid he offers made
 Of "pardon on submission;
 But savage bands should waste the lands
 Of ALL in OPPOSITION."

But ah, the cruel fates of war!
 This boasted son of Britain,
 When mounting his triumphal car
 With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of Freedom gathered round,
 His hostile bands confounded,
 And when they'd fain have turned their back
 They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,
 Their chief, humane and tender,
 To save the rest soon thought it best
 His forces to surrender.

Brave ST. CLAIR when he first retired
 Knew what the fates portended;
 And ARNOLD and heroic GATES
 His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
 With honor be rewarded,
 And be the fate of all her foes
 The same as here recorded.

The Massacre of Wyoming was minutely described in several ballads written before the year 1785, which, we were surprised to find, are unnoticed by Mr. STONE and the other historians of that celebrated valley. They will probably be preserved in Mr. MINER's forthcoming "Annals." We quote a few stanzas from the longest one in our possession.

Now as they fly, they quarters cry,
 Oh hear, indulgent Heaven!
 How hard to state their dreadful fate,
 No quarters must be given!

Some men were found, a-flying round,
 Sagacious to get clear;
 In vain they fly, the foe is nigh,
 On flank, in front, and rear!

The enemy did win the day,
 Methinks their words were these:
 "You cursed rebel Yankee race,
 Will this your Congress please?"

The death of Andre—just and necessary as it unquestionably was—has been lamented in a hundred songs; while the chivalrous and accomplished Hale, murdered with a brutality that would have shocked the sensibilities of the most depraved and desperate brigands, is alluded to in but a single ballad among those which have been preserved until our own time. We transcribe, from the oldest copy in our possession, the once popular lyric called

BRAVE PAWLING AND THE SPY.

Come, all you brave Americans, and unto me give ear,
 And I'll sing you a ditty that will your spirits cheer,
 Concerning a young gentleman whose age was twenty-two;
 He fought for North America; his heart was just and true.

They took him from his dwelling, and they did him confine,
 They cast him into prison, and kept him there a time;
 But he with resolution resolved not long to stay;
 He set himself at liberty, and soon he ran away.

He with a scouting-party went down to Tarrytown,
 Where he met a British officer, a man of high renown;
 Who says unto these gentlemen, "You're of the British cheer,
 I trust that you can tell me if there's any danger near?"

Then round this young hero, JOHN PAWLING was his name,
 "Sir, tell us where you're going, and also whence you came?"
 "I bear the British flag, sir; I've a pass to go this way,
 I'm on an expedition, and have no time to stay."

Then round him came this company, and bid him to dismount;
 "Come tell us where you're going, give us a strict account;
 For we are now resolved that you shall ne'er pass by."
 Upon examination they found he was a spy.

He begged for his liberty, he plead for his discharge,
And oftentimes he told them, if they'd set him at large,
"Here's all the gold and silver I have laid up in store,
But when I reach the city, I'll give you ten times more."

"I want not the gold and silver you have laid up in store,
And when you get to New York you need not send us more.
But you may take your sword in hand, to gain your liberty,
And if that you do conquer me, O, then you shall be free."

"The time it is improper our valor for to try,
For if we take our swords in hand, then one of us must die;
I am a man of honor, with courage brave and bold,
And I fear not the face of clay, although 'tis clothed in gold."

He saw that his conspiracy would soon be brought to light;
He begg'd for pen and paper, and asked leave to write
A line to *General Arnold*, to let him know his fate,
And beg for his assistance; but now it was too late.

When the news it came to *ARNOLD*, it put him in a fret;
He walk'd the room in trouble, till tears his cheeks did wet;
The story soon went thro' the camp, and also thro' the fort;
And he called for the Vulture, and sailed for New-York.

Now *ARNOLD* to New York has gone, a fighting for his king,
And left poor Major *ANDRE*, on the gallows for to swing;
When he was executed, he look'd both meek and mild;
He look'd on his spectators, and pleasantly he smiled.

It moved each eye with pity, caused every heart to bleed;
And every one wish'd him released and *Arnold* in his stead.
He was a man of honor, in Britain he was born;
To die upon the gallows most highly he did scorn.

A bumper to *JOHN PAWLING*! now let your voices sound,
Fill up your flowing glasses, and drink his health around;
Also to those young gentlemen who bore him company;
Success to North America, ye sons of liberty!

In connection with this we give a specimen of the
minstrelsy of the other party. The British and Tories
were not often in a singing mood, and their ballads, with
few exceptions, are inferior in spirit and temper to those of
the Whigs. There is some wit, however, in the following,
which is said to have been written by Major *ANDRE*—

THE COW CHASE.

PART I.

To drive the kine one summer's morn,
The tanner* took his way,
The calf shall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

And Wayne descending steers shall know
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind in every low
The tanning of his hide.

Yet Bergen cows still ruminate
Unconscious in the stall,
What mighty means were used to get
And loose them after all.

For many heroes bold and brave
From New-bridge and Tappan,
And those that drink Passaic's wave,
And those that eat suppaun;

And sons of distant Delaware
And still remoter Shannon,
And Major Lee with horses rare
And Proctor with his cannon.

All wond'rous proud in arms they came,
What hero could refuse,
To tread the rugged path to fame,
Who had a pair of shoes?

At six, the host with sweating buff
Arrived at Freedom's pole,
When Wayne, who thought he'd time enough,
Thus speechified the whole—

"O ye whom glory doth unite,
Who Freedom's cause espouse,
Whether the wing that's doomed to fight
Or that to drive the cows,

"Ere yet you tempt your further way
Or into action come,
Hear, Soldiers, what I have to say,
And take a pint of rum.

"Intemp'rate valor then will string
Each nervous arm the better,
So all the land shall IO sing,
And read the General's letter.

"Know that some paltry refugees,
Whom I've a mind to fight,
Are playing h—l amongst the trees,
That grow on yonder height.

"Their fort and block houses we'll level,
And deal a horrid slaughter,
We'll drive the scoundrels to the devil,
And ravish wife and daughter.

"I under cover of the attack,
Whilst you are all at blows,
From English Neigh'rhoo'd and Nyack
Will drive away the cows;

"For well you know the latter is
The serious operation,
And fighting with the refugees
Is only demonstration."

His daring words from all the crowd,
Such great applause did gain,
That every man declar'd aloud
For serious work with Wayne.

Then from the cask of rum once more
They took a heady gill,*
When one and all they loudly swore,
They'd fight upon the hill.

But here the muse hath not a strain
Befitting such great deeds,
Huzza! they cried, huzzah for Wayne,
And shouting—

PART II.

Near his meridian pomp, the sun
Had journey'd from the horizon,
When fierce the dusky tribe moved on,
Of heroes drunk as pison.

The sounds confus'd of boasting oaths,
Re-echoed through the wood,
Some vow'd to sleep in dead men's clothes,
And some to swim in blood.

At Irving's nod 't was fine to see,
The left prepare to fight,
The while the drovers, Wayne and Lee,
Drew off upon the right.

Which Irving 't was, fame don't relate,
Nor can the muse assist her,
Whether 't was he that cocks a hat,
Or he that gives a clyster.

For greatly one was signalized,
That fought at Chesnut Hill,
And Canada immortalized
The vender of the pill.

Yet the attendance upon Proctor,
They both might have to boast of;
For there was business for the doctor,
And hats to be disposed of.

Let none uncandidly infer,
That Stirling wanted spunk,
The self-made peer had sure been there,
But that the peer was drunk.

But turn we to the Hudson's banks,
Where stood the modest train,
With purpose firm, though slender ranks,
Nor cared a pin for Wayne.

For them the unrelenting hand
Of rebel fury drove,
And tore from every genial band,
Of friendship and of love.

And some within a dungeon's gloom,
By mock tribunals laid,
Had waited long a cruel doom,
Impending o'er each head.

Here one bewails a brother's fate,
There one a sire demands,
Cut off, alas! before their date,
By ignominious hands.

* Alluding to Wayne's early occupation.

* It was a favorite idea with the Tories that the Whig party "embraced none of the temperate and respectable portion of the community."

And silver'd grandsires here appeared
In deep distress serene,
Of reverent manners that declared,
The better days they'd seen.

Oh, curs'd rebellion, these are thine,
Thine are these tales of woe,
Shall at thy dire insatiate shrine
Blood never cease to flow?

And now the foe began to lead
His forces to the attack;
Balls whistling unto balls succeed,
And make the Block-House crack.

No shot could pass, if you will take
The General's word for true;
But 'tis a d——ble mistake,
For every shot went through.

The firmer as the rebels press'd,
The loyal heroes stand;
Virtue had nerved each honest breast,
And industry each hand.

"In* valor's phrenzy, Hamilton,
Rode like a soldier big,
And secretary Harrison,
With pen stuck in his wig."

"But least their chieftain, Washington,
Should mourn them in the mumps;†
The fate of Withington to shun,
They fought behind the stumps."

But ah, Thadæus Posset, why
Should thy poor soul elope?
And why should Titus Hooper die,
Aye, die—without a rope?

Apostate Murphy, thou to whom
Fair Shela ne'er was cruel,
In death shalt hear her mourn thy doom,
"Och! would you die, my jewel?"

Thee, Nathan Pumpkin, I lament,
Of melancholy fate,
The grey goose stolen as he went,
In his heart's blood was wet.

Now as the fight was further fought,
And balls began to thicken,
The fray assum'd, the generals thought,
The color of a lickin'.

Yet undismay'd the chiefs command,
And to redeem the day,
Cry, SOLDIERS, CHARGE! they hear, they stand,
They turn and run away.

PART III.

Not all delights the bloody spear,
Or horrid din of battle,
There are, I'm sure, who'd like to hear
A word about the cattle.

The chief whom we beheld of late,
Near Schraalenberg haranguing,
At Yan Van Poop's unconscious sat
Of Irving's hearty banging;

Whilst valiant Lee, with courage wild,
Most bravely did oppose
The tears of woman and of child,
Who begg'd he'd leave the cows.

But Wayne, of sympathizing heart,
Required a relief,
Not all the blessings could impart
Of battle or of beef.

For now a prey to female charms,
His soul took more delight in
A lovely hamadryad's arms,
Than cow driving or fighting.

A nymph, the refugees had drove
Far from her native tree,
Just happen'd to be on the move,
When up came Wayne and Lee.

She in mad Anthony's fierce eye
The hero saw portray'd,
And all in tears she took him by
—The bridle of his jade.

"Hear," said the nymph, "O great commander!
No human lamentations;
The trees you see them cutting yonder,
Are all my near relations.

"And I, forlorn! implore thine aid,
To free the sacred grove;
So shall thy prowess be repaid
With an immortal's love."

Now some, to prove she was a goddess;
Said this enchanting fair
Had late retired from the *bodies**,
In all the pomp of war;

That drums and merry fifes had play'd
To honor her retreat,
And Cunningham himself convey'd
The lady through the street.

Great Wayne, by soft compassion sway'd,
To no inquiry stoops,
But takes the fair afflicted maid
Right into Yan Van Poop's.

So Roman Anthony, they say,
Disgraced the imperial banner,
And for a gypsy lost a day,
Like Anthony the tanner.

The hamadryad had but half
Received address from Wayne,
When drums and colors, cow and calf,
Came down the road amain.

All in a cloud of dust were seen,
The sheep, the horse, the goat,
The gentle heifer, ass obscene,
The yearling and the shoat.

And pack-horses with fowls came by,
Befeathered on each side,
Like Pegasus, the horse that I
And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his stirrups rose
The mighty Lee behind,
And drove the terror-smitten cows
Like chaff before the wind.

But sudden see the woods above
Pour down another corps,
All helter skelter in a drove,
Like that I sung before.

Irving and terror in the van,
Came flying all abroad,
And canon, colors, horse and man
Ran tumbling to the road.

Still as he fled, 'twas Irving's cry,
And his example too,
"Run on, my merry men—For why?
†The shot will not go thro'."

As when two kennels in the street,
Swell'd with a recent rain,
In gushing streams together meet,
And seek the neighboring drain,

So met these dung-born tribes in one,
As swift in their career,
And so to Newbridge they ran on—
But all the cows got clear.

Poor parson Caldwell, all in wonder,
Saw the returning train,
And mourn'd to Wayne the lack of plunder,
For them to steal again.

For 't was his right to steal the spoil, and
To share with each commander,
As he had done at Staten-Island
With frost-bit Alexander.

In his dismay the frantic priest
Began to grow prophetic,
You'd sworn, to see his laboring breast,
He'd taken an emetic.

"I view a future day," said he,
"Brighter than this day dark is,
And you shall see what you shall see,
Ha! ha! my pretty Marquis!

* A cant appellation given amongst the soldiery to the corps that had the honor to catch his Majesty's person.
† Five refugees ('tis true) were found stiff on the block-house floor, But then, 'tis thought, the shot went round, and in at the back door.

* Vide Lee's Trial.

† A disorder prevalent in the rebel lines.

And he shall come to Paules-Hook,
And great achievements think on,
And make a bow and take a look,
Like Satan over Lincoln.

And every one around shall glory
To see the Frenchman caper,
And pretty Susan tell the story,
In the next Chatham paper.*

This solemn prophecy, of course,
Gave all much consolation,
Except to Wayne, who lost his horse
Upon that great occasion.

His horse that carried all his prog,
His military speeches,
His cornstock whiskey for his grog,
Blue stockings and brown breeches.

And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

From a large collection of naval ballads, we select the following, as one of the most curious of its class, and because, like several others in this collection, it has never before been printed. It was written by the surgeon of the "Fair America," and was familiar to the Massachusetts privateersmen during the last years of the Revolution. The "noble captain," we believe, was an ancestor of the inimitable author, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, of Salem.

BOLD HAWTHORNE.

The twenty-second of August, before the close of day,
All hands on board our privateer, we got her under weigh;
We kept the Eastern Shore along, for forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea, from the Isle Mauhegan shore.

Bold Hawthorne was commander, a man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny induced him to go forth;
She, with relentless fury, was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great, our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons, of power and dignity,
Of all your conq'ring armies, your matchless strength at sea;
Since taught by numerous instances, Americans can fight,
With valor can equip their stand, your armies put to flight.

Now farewell fair America, farewell our friends and wives,
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care for to protect their lives;
To prosper our intended cruise, upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends till we return again.

The wind it being leading, it bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward as the Gulf of Florida,
Where we observed a British ship, returning from the main;
We gave her two bow chasers, and she return'd the same.

We hauled up our courses, and so prepared for fight;
The contest held four glasses, until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our mainmast, and had so large a sea,
We dropped astern and left our chase till the returning day.

Next morn we fished our mainmast, the ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging, our luck once more to try;
But wind and sea being boisterous our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent, and so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward, near the coast of Portingale;
In longitude of twenty-seven, we saw a lofty sail;
We gave her chase and soon we saw she was a British scow,
Standing for fair America, with troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her, with glasses, and he said—
"My boys, she means to fight us, but be you not afraid;
All hands now beat to quarters, see everything is clear,
We'll give her a broadside, my boys, as soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings, and had her men secured,
She bore directly for us, and put us close on board;
When cannon roar'd like thunder, and muskets fired amain,
But soon we were alongside and grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it alter'd, the cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes one glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory no longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings, and quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate as plainly might appear;
Yet sudden death did enter on board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons, the valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest, and met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,* to whom all praise is due;
To him and all our officers, let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America and our good privateer!

We have extended this article already too far, and will present but one other specimen of our revolutionary lyrics. It is not known who wrote "American Taxation." In an edition printed in 1811, it is credited to B. GLEASON, and on an earlier impression we find the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. We do not, however, believe it was written by the doctor, though in addition to the circumstance we have mentioned, Lieutenant ELLIS alludes, in his *Life*, to "Franklin's song on the Stamp Act." It is an undoubted antique, and, excepting the satirical ballad by Major ANDRE, we know of nothing produced at so early a period in this country that is equal to it.

AMERICAN TAXATION.

While I relate my story, Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory, you presently shall hear,
I'll give a true relation, attend to what I say,
Concerning the taxation of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on they joyfully proclaim;
'T is what they're striving after, our right to take away,
And rob us of our charter, in North America.

There are two mighty speakers, who rule in Parliament,
Who ever have been seeking some mischief to invent;
'T was North and Bute, his father, the horrid plan did lay,
A mighty tax to gather, in North America.

They searched the gloomy regions of the infernal pit,
To find among their legions one who excell'd in wit,
To ask of him assistance, or tell them how they may
Subdue without resistance this North America.

Old Satan, the arch traitor, who rules the burning lake,
Where he's chief navigator, resolved a voyage to take,
For the Britanic ocean he launches far away,
To land he had no notion in North America.

He takes his seat in Britain, it was his soul's intent,
Great George's throne to sit on, and rule the Parliament;
His comrades were pursuing a diabolic way,
For to complete the ruin of North of America.

He tried the art of magic to bring his schemes about,
At length the gloomy project he artfully found out:
The plan was long indulged in a clandestine way,
But lately was divulged in North America.

These subtle arch-combiners address'd the British court,
All three were undersigners of this obscure report—
There is a pleasant landscape that lieth far away,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, in North America.

There is a wealthy people, who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples most delicately stand,
Their houses, like the gilly, are painted red and gay;
They flourish like the lily, in North America.

Their land with milk and honey continually doth flow,
The want of food or money they seldom ever know;
They heap up golden treasure, they have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure, in North America.

On turkeys, fowls, and fishes, most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes their tables always shine,
They crown their feasts with butter, they eat and rise to play,
In silks their ladies flutter, in North America.

With gold and silver laces they do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces, refulgent as the morn!
Wine sparkles in their glasses, they spend each happy day
In merriment and dances, in North America.

Let not our suit affront you, when we address your throne,
O king, this wealthy country and subjects are your own,
And you, their rightful sovereign, they truly must obey,
You have a right to govern this North America.

* Captain Hawthorne was wounded in the head by a musket ball. His ship was called "The Fair American."

O king, you 've heard the sequel of what we now subscribe,
Is it not just and equal to tax this wealthy tribe?
The question being asked, his majesty did say,
My subjects shall be taxed in North America.

Invested with a warrant, my publicans shall go,
The tenth of all their current they surely shall bestow,
If they indulge rebellion, or from my precepts stray,
I'll send my war battalion to North America.

I'll rally all my forces by water and by land,
My light dragons and horses shall go at my command,
I'll burn both town and city, with smoke becloud the day,
I'll show no human pity for North America.

Go on, my hearty soldiers, you need not fear of ill—
There's Hutchinson and Rogers, their functions will fulfill—
They tell such ample stories, believe them sure we may,
One half of them are Tories in North America.

My gallant ships are ready to hoist you o'er the flood,
And in my cause be steady, which is supremely good;
Go ravage, steal, and plunder, and you shall have the prey;
They quickly will knock under in North America.

The laws I have enacted, I never will revoke,
Although they are neglected, my fury to provoke,
I will forbear to flatter, I'll rule with mighty sway,
I'll take away the charter from North America.

O George! you are distracted, you'll by experience find
The laws you have enacted are of the blackest kind,
I'll make a short digression, and tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression, in North America.

Our fathers were distressed, while in their native land;
By tyrants were oppressed, as I do understand;
For freedom and religion they were resolved to stray,
And try the desert regions of North America.

Kind Heaven was their protector while on the roaring tide,
Kind fortune their director, and Providence their guide;
If I am not mistaken, about the first of May,
This voyage was undertaken for North America.

To sail they were commanded about the hour of noon,
At Plymouth shore they landed, the twenty-first of June;
The savages were nettled, with fear they fled away,
And peaceably they settled on North America.

We are their bold descendants, for liberty we'll fight,
The claim to independence we challenge as our right.
'Tis what kind Heaven gave us, who can take it away?
O Heaven, sure, will save us, in North America.

We never will knock under, O George, we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder, nor lightning of your spear;
Though rebels you declare us, we're strangers to dismay;
Therefore you cannot scare us, in North America.

We have a bold commander, who fears not sword nor gun,
The second Alexander, his name is Washington,
His men are all collected, and ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed for North America.

We've Greene and Gates and Putnam to manage in the field,
A gallant train of footmen, who'd rather die than yield;
A stately troop of horsemen, trained in a martial way,
For to augment our forces in North America.

Proud George, you are engaged all in a dirty cause,
A cruel war have waged repugnant to all laws.
Go tell the savage nations you're crueler than they,
To fight your own relations in North America.

Ten millions you've expended, and twice ten millions more;
Our riches, you intended, should pay the mighty score.
Who now will stand your sponsor, your charges to defray,
For sure you cannot conquer this North America.

I'll tell you, George, in metre, if you attend awhile,
We forced your bold Sir Peter from Sullivan's fair isle;
At Monmouth too we gained the honors of the day—
The victory we obtained for North America.

Surely we were your betters, hard by the Brandywine;
We laid him fast in fetters, whose name was John Burgoyne,
We made your Howe to tremble with terror and dismay,
True heroes we resemble, in North America.

Confusion to the Tories, that black infernal name,
In which Great Britain glories, forever to her shame;
We'll send each foul revoler to smutty Africa,
Or noose him in a halter, in North America.

A health to our brave footmen, who handle sword and gun,
To Greene, Gates, and Putnam and conquering Washington;

Their names be wrote in letters which never will decay,
While sun and moon do glitter in North America.

Success unto our allies in Holland, France, and Spain,
Who man their ships and galleys, our freedom to maintain,
May they subdue the rangers of proud Britannia,
And drive them from their anchors in North America.

Success unto the Congress of these United States,
Who glory in the conquests of Washington and Gates;
To all, both land and seamen, who glory in the day,
When we shall all be freemen in North America.

Success to legislation, that rules with gentle hand,
To trade and navigation, by water and by land;
May all with one opinion our wholesome laws obey,
Throughout this vast dominion of North America.

The "old and antique songs" we have quoted are not
eminently poetical, and the fastidious reader may fancy
there are in some of them qualities that should have pre-
vented their publication. We appeal to the antiquaries.
The "Cow Chase" will live long after

the light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times

are forgotten, and other songs and ballads of our Revolution
will in the next century be prized more highly than the
richest gems of Percy or Motherwell. They are the very
mirrors of the times in which they were sung. As may
have been observed, we have given none of the lyrics of
FRENEAU. We shall, perhaps, review the "American Kör-
ner" in a future number. Free, daring, honest, and with
sarcastic powers which made his pen as terrible to the
Tories and the British officers as that of Coleridge was to
Napoleon, he did as good service to the great cause from
his obscure printing office, as many a more celebrated pa-
triot did in camp or legislature. The energy and exultation
with which he recounted, in rapidly written songs, the suc-
cesses of the Whigs, were equalled only by the keenness
of his wit, and the appositeness of his humor. Nor was it
in satire and song alone that he excelled. Though we claim
not for him, superior as he was to his American cotem-
poraries, the praise due to a true poet, some of his pieces
are distinguished for a directness of expression, a manliness,
fervor, and fine vein of poetical feeling, that will secure
for them a permanent place in our literature. Yet FRENEAU—
the patriot, poet, soldier—died miserably poor, within the
last ten years, while the national legislature was anxiously
debating what should be done with the "surplus money in
the treasury."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It affords us great
pleasure to be able to state that this work will hereafter be
enriched with papers from the pen of RICHARD H. DANA,
the author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle Man," etc.
It will not, we think, be doubted that, with BRYANT,
COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, LONGFELLOW, etc., we have
now a better corps of contributors than any other magazine
in the English language. MR. DANA's first article will
grace our pages for November.

"A Night at Haddon Hall," in this number is from the
pen of a venerable, but enthusiastic antiquary, as its manner
may bear witness. MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE's ingenious
"situations" for her heroines were never more "horrible"
than that of Miss Chamberlain in the tapestried chamber,
and the tale of Haddon Hall has the rare merit of being *true*.

It will be observed that our present number contains a
story by MRS. "MARY CLAVERS," the clever author of "A
New Home" and "Forest Life."

Several articles prepared for our present issue are, un-
avoidably, postponed. Correspondents who had reason to
suppose their favors would appear in October, will find
them inserted in our next number.



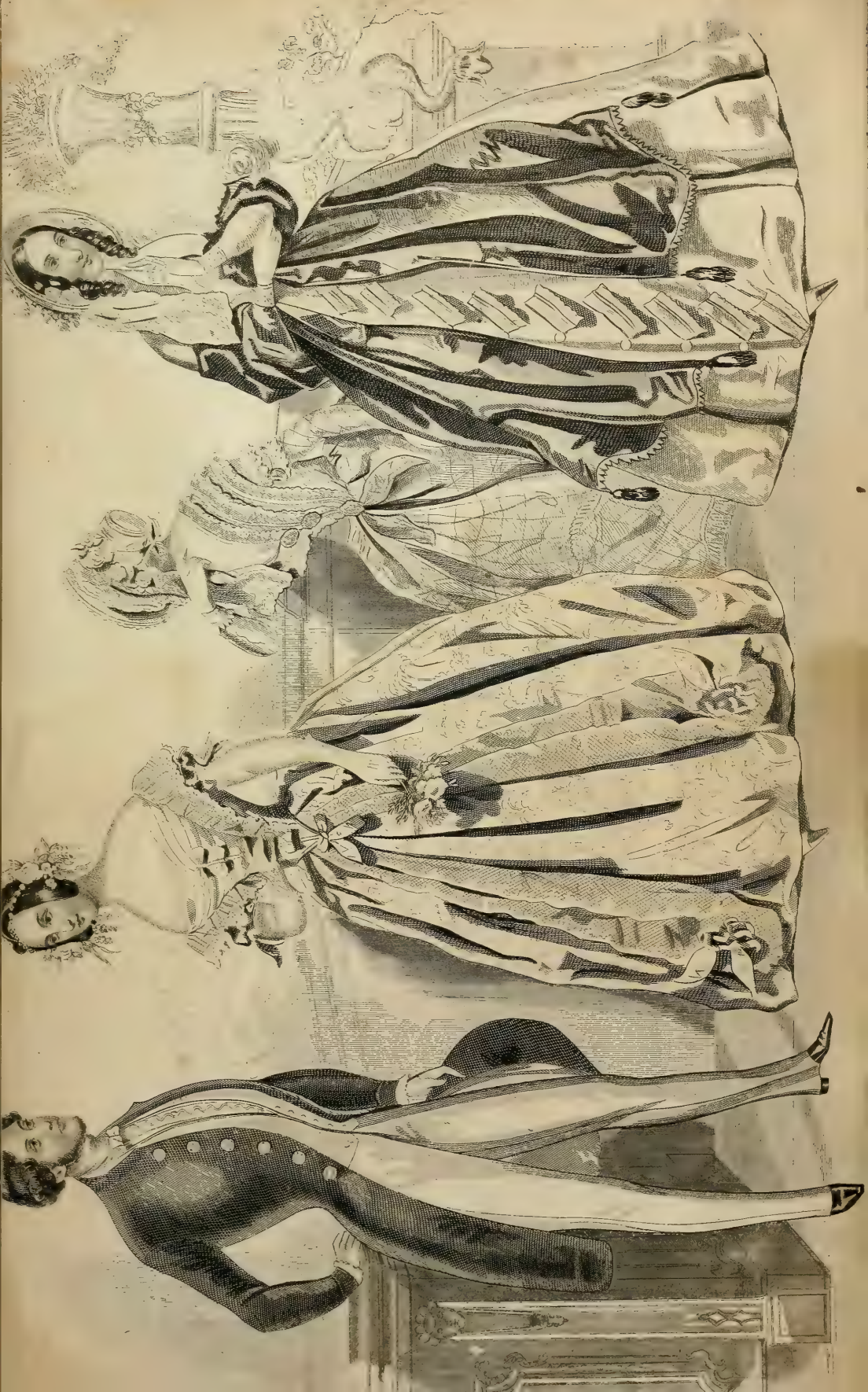


The Little Rabbit

Painted by Mrs. Thomas Lawrence









GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1842.

No. 5.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. BURNS.

(Concluded from page 180.)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A cross-road through a woodland. In the back ground a distant village spire. Evening. Victorian as a traveling student; a guitar slung under his arm.*

Vic. I will forget thee! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out and scattered to the winds!
I will forget thee! but perhaps hereafter,
When thou shalt learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within thee will repeat my name,
And thou wilt say, "He was indeed my friend!"

(Enter Hypolito, dressed like Victorian.)

Hyp. Still dreaming of the absent?

Vic. Aye, still dreaming.

Oh, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf forever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

Vic. Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks:
All this the dead feel not—the dead alone!

I envy them because they are at rest!

Would I were with them!

Hyp. Thou wilt be soon.

Vic. It cannot be too soon. My happiest day
Will be that of my death. O, I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened—confused—
Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself!
Strive not to look beneath it.

Vic. O, too often,
Too often have I been deceived! The world
Has lost its bright illusions. One by one
The masks have gone; the lights burnt out; the music
Dropped into silence, and I stand alone
In the dark halls, and hear no sound of life
Save the monotonous beating of my heart!
Would that had ceased to beat!

Hyp. If thou couldst do it,
Wouldst thou lie down to sleep and wake no more?

Vic. Indeed would I: as quietly as a child:
As willingly as the tired artisan
Lays by his tools and stretches him to sleep.

Hyp. So would not I. Too many pleasant visions
Hover before me; phantoms of delight
Beckon me on, and wave their golden wings,
Making the Future radiant with their smiles.

Vic. Would it were so with me! For I behold
Nothing but shadows; and the Future stands
Before me like a wall of adamant
cannot climb.

Hyp. And right above it gleams
A glorious star. Be patient—trust thy star.
(*Sound of a village bell in the distance.*)

Vic. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!
A solemn sound that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the Blessed Virgin!

Hyp. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence
The village lies.

Vic. This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
And like an idle mariner on the main
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The public square of El Pardillo. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front a group of Gipsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gipsy dance. Enter Pancho, followed by Pedro Crespo.*

Pan. Make room, ye vagabonds and gipsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde of Pardillo!

P. Cres. Keep silence all! I have an edict here
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen!

(*Enter Padre Cura at the door of his cottage.*)

Padre Cura,
Good day! and pray you hear this paper read.

P. Cura. Good day, and God be with you! What is this?

P. Crespo. An act of banishment against the gipsies!
(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.*)

Pancho. Silence!

P. Crespo. (*reads.*) "I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of gipsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from our realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if after seventy days
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them;
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(*The gipsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. Pancho follows.*)

P. Cura. A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray you sit down.

P. Crespo. I thank you heartily.

(*They seat themselves on a bench at the Padre Cura's door. Sound of guitars and voices heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.*)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura—you know all things—
How came these gipsies into Spain?

P. Cura. Why, look you,
They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 't is with the gipsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church—nor—nor—
P. Crespo. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

(*Enter Victorian and Hypolito playing.*)

P. Cura. And pray, whom have we here?

P. Crespo. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more
vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen. Is this El Pardillo?

P. Cura. Yes, El Pardillo, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
And judging from your dress and reverend mien
You must be he.

P. Cura. I am. Pray what's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, traveling in vacation.
You know this mark? (*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

P. Crespo. (*aside.*) Soup-eaters! by the mass!
The very worst of vagrants, worse than gipsies,
But there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*]

P. Cura. (*jovially.*) Aye, know it, and have worn it.

Hyp. Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, *This is the man!*
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something—
You understand—which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Vic. (*aside.*) What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,
That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!
Meaning your grace. The other man, said I,
Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan.

P. Cura. 'Ah! said you so?

Ha! ha! 'T was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

Hyp. Indeed! why, you astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

P. Cura. That is true.

He's out of humor with some vagrant gipsies,
That have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If from his well-known hospitality
We crave a lodging for the night.

P. Cura. I pray you!

You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and *Emoluit mores,*
Nec sinit esse ferus, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'T is Ovid, is not?

P. Cura. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to say 't was Ovid.
But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

P. Cura. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A room in the Padre Cura's house. Enter the Padre and Hypolito.*

P. Cura. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá. I'm glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt. How may I call your grace?

P. Cura. Gerónimo

De Santillana; at your honor's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana? From the distinguished poet?

P. Cura. From the marquis, Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star Has brought me hither! Yet once more—once more.

(Embraces him violently.)

Your name is ever green in Alcalá, And our professor, when we are unruly, Will shake his hoary head, and say; *Alas!* It was not so in Santillana's time!

P. Cura. I did not think my name remember'd there.

Hyp. More than remember'd; it is idolized.

P. Cura. Of what professor speak you?

Hyp. Timoneda.

P. Cura. I do n't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech As rocks o'er fivers hang. Have you forgotten?

P. Cura. Indeed, I have. O those were pleasant days, Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turn'd my back on what was then before me;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like mine own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva?

P. Cura. Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You are mere boys, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

P. Cura. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece;

A daughter of my sister. What! Martina!

(Enter Martina.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores!* *(Aside.)*

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mar. Servant, sir.

P. Cura. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

Mar. 'T will be ready soon.

P. Cura. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[Exit.]

Hyp. *(beckoning off.)* Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been gipsies in the village.

Is it not so?

Mar. There have been gipsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mar. *(embarrassed.)* Told my fortune?

Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said—they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mar. *(surprised.)* How know you that?

Hyp. O I know more than that.

What a soft little hand! And then they said

A cavalier from court, handsome and tall, And rich, should come one day to marry you.

And you should be a lady. Was it not?

Mar. *(withdrawing her hand.)* How know you that?

Hyp. O I know more than that.

He has arrived, the handsome cavalier. *(Tries to kiss her. She runs off.)*

(Enter Victorian, with a letter.)

Vic. The muleteer has come.

Hyp. So soon?

Vic. I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,

And from a pitcher, that he held aloft

His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp. What news from court?

Vic. He brought this letter only. *(Reads.)*

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let

That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,

Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged?

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale, And thy hand tremble?

Vic. O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a damn'd villain!

Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.

Vic. He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,

The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,

He swore to be revenged; and set on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.

She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,

Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of; and once more a beggar

She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,

Housing with gipsies!

Hyp. To renew again

The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains

Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana.

Redit et Virgo!

Vic. Dear Hypolito,

How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my tears

Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp. O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.

Vic. Aye, folly,

Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,

I will confess my weakness—I still love her!

Still fondly love her!

(Enter the Padre Cura.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,

Who are these gipsies in the neighborhood?

P. Cura. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vic. Kind Heaven,

I thank thee! She is found again! is found!

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl

Called Preciosa?

P. Cura. Aye, a pretty girl.

The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger;

He is half famished with this long day's journey.

P. Cura. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of El Pardillo. Enter Chispa cracking a whip, and singing the Cachucha.*

Chis. Halloo! the post-house! Let us have horses! and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought when I left my old master Victorian, the

student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I too should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. But in running away from the thunder I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my old master and his gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter Don Carlos.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chis. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses!

(He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter Mosquito, putting on his jacket.)

Mos. Pray have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chis. I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre!

Pray, what's the news?

Mos. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chis. Chisiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mos. No; she has a beard.

Chis. Go to! go to!

Mos. Are you from Madrid?

Chis. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mos. What's the news at court?

Chis. Why, the latest news is that I am going to set up a coach, and, as you see, I have already bought the whip. (Strikes him round the legs.)

Mos. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of gipsies passed this way of late?

Mos. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mos. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near El Pardillo. [Exit.]

Don C. Now this is lucky. We'll turn aside and visit the gipsy camp.

Chis. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chis. And sleep like the squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chis. Among the squires?

Don C. No; among the gipsies, blockhead!

Chis. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trowsers. Yonder come the horses. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The gipsy camp in the forest. Night. 'Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire light.

Gipsies at the forge sing.

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
Oh how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gip. playing. Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gipsies at the forge sing.

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran;
God send the gipsy lassie here,
And not the gipsy man.

First Gip. playing. There you are in your morocco!

Second Gip. One more game. The alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gip. Have at you, Chirelin.

Gipsies at the forge sing.

At midnight, when the moon began

To show her silver flame,

There came to him no gipsy man,

The gipsy lassie came.

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rostilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the Cross of Espalmado.

Gip. Aye!

Cruz. (to the left.) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gip. Aye!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gip. Aye!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and if you see a goblin or a papagage, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gip. Aye! aye!

Cruz. Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. Cruzado walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter Preciosa.)

Pre. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees

The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows

Stalk through the forest, ever and anon

Rising and bending with the bickering flame,

Then fitting into darkness! So within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being

As the light does the shadow. Wo is me!

How still it is about me, and how lonely!

All holy angels keep me in this hour;

Spirit of her, who bore me, look upon me;

Mother of God, the glorified, protect me;

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!

(Enter Victorian and Hypolito behind.)

Vic. 'Tis she! Behold how beautiful she stands

Under the tent-like trees!

Hyp. A woodland nymph!

Vic. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vic. (disguising his voice.) Hist! gipsy!

Pre. (aside, with emotion.) That voice!—that voice!

O speak—O speak again!

Who is it that calls?

Vic. A friend.

Pre. (aside.) 'T is he! 'T is he!

Now, heart, be strong! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true?

Vic. A true friend to the true.

Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Pre. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not cross'd, I see.

Vic. (putting a piece of gold in her hand.) There is the cross.

Pre. Is't silver?

Vic. No, 'tis gold.

Pre. There's a fair lady at the court, who loves you, And for yourself alone.

Vic. Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my gold;
Not this old woman's tale!

Pre. You're passionate;
And this same passionate humor in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.
Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved
How could you do 't? [you!]

Vic. I never loved a maid;
For she I loved, was then a maid no more.
Pre. How know you that?

Vic. A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

Pre. There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!
There is no blessing in its charity!
Make her your wife, for you have been abused;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vic. (*aside.*) How like an angel's, speaks the tongue of
woman,

When pleading in another's cause her own!—
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

Pre. No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

Vic. Why, 't is but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Pre. Why would you have this ring?

Vic. A traveler's fancy—
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the gipsy camp
In El Pardillo, and the fortune-teller,
Who sent me back to wed a widow'd maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

Pre. No—never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vic. How? dead?

Pre. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estrang'd! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vic. (*aside.*) Be still, my swelling heart! one moment still!
Why 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,
And that you stole it.

Pre. O you will not dare
To utter such a fiendish lie!

Vic. Not dare?

Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

Pre. 'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart 's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long! Why didst thou leave me?

Vic. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Pre. Hadst thou not come—

Vic. I pray thee do not chide me!

Pre. I should have perished here among these gipsies.

Vic. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O believe it not!
Indeed since that sad hour I have not slept
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me!

Pre. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee
I had forgiven thee.

Vic. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Pre. That bad man

Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vic. I have heard all.

Pre. May Heaven forgive him for it!

Hyp. (*coming forward.*) All gentle quarrels in the pas-
toral poets;

All passionate love scenes in the best romances;
All chaste embraces on the public stage;
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have wink'd at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpass'd here by my friend the student
And this sweet gipsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Pre. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.

Pray shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night;

For should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry forlorn damsels,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chis. (*within.*) What ho! the gipsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enter booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

Vic. What now?

Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chis. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,
My worthy masters.

Vic. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chis. Good news from court; good news! Fair Preciosa,
These letters are for you. Beltran Cruzado,
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a gipsy.

Vic. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chis. And we have all

Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Pre. (*having read the letters.*) Is this a dream? O, if it
be a dream

Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!

Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!

Say that I do not dream! I am awake;

This is the gipsy camp; this is Victorian,
And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak—speak!
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vic. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty—a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich
As thou wert ever beautiful and good;
And I am the poor beggar.

Pre. (*giving him her hand.*) I have still
A hand to give.

Chis. (*aside.*) And I have two to take.

I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That 's null to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?—

Your friend Don Carlos is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confess'd;
And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

Vic. No; let it be a day of general joy;

Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell

The Student's wandering life ! Sweet serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful !
To you, ye cloister'd shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of Romance,
Written in books, but here surpass'd by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns
And leaves the gipsy with the Spanish Student.

THE END.

NOTES.

Act II. Scene I.—*Busnó*, or gentiles, is the name given by the gipsies to all who are not of their race. *Calés* is the name they give themselves.

Act III. Scene V.—The scraps of song in this scene are from *Borrow's* "Zincali ; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain."

The gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted :

Juan-Dorados, pieces of gold.

Pigeon, a simpleton.

In your morocco, robbed, stripped.

Doves, sheets.

Moon, a shirt.

Chirelin, a thief.

Murcigalleros, those who steal at night-fall.

Rastilleros, foot-pads.

Hermit, highway robber.

Planets, candles.

Commandments, the fingers.

Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

GREAT Being ! whose eternal home
Is in the far-off skies,
Permit a little child to kneel
And heavenward turn her eyes !
They tell me that our lower world
Is not a world of bliss,
And that there is a realm beyond
More beautiful than this !

That there are seen angelic throngs
Constant in songs of praise,
That brothers, sisters, never part,
And years are but as days—
That smiles illumine every face,
And joy cheers every breast,
That sighs and sorrows are unknown,
And all alike are blest !

Oh ! I would, when my life shall close,
Soar to that happy land,
And mingle with the good and fair,
And join the angel band—
Wings for my spirit I would have,
That like a bird at last
Upward and on my soul should soar,
Rejoicing as it passed !

But oh ! I would not go alone,
I would not leave behind
A mother fond and dear as mine,
A father, too, so kind—
Oh ! no, may these, when Death shall come
To close these fading eyes,
Soar with me to my heavenly home,
Or meet me in the skies !

As yet I am a feeble child,
A poor, frail thing of earth ;
Great Maker ! keep me undefiled
And sinless e'en in mirth !
They tell me that thy guardian care
Extends o'er land and sea,
That e'en a sparrow may not fall
Unseen, unknown to thee !

That thou art God o'er great and small,
That by thy power was made
As well the fire-fly as the sun,
The bright light as the shade—
That the clear stars which shine above
Are wondrous worlds like ours,
Perchance with richer, softer skies
And sweeter buds and flowers !

They tell me, and my Bible true
Confirms the cheering tale,
That thou dost love all human things,
That none who seek will fail—
That none who bend the suppliant knee
And ask thy godlike aid,
Will fail to win a mansion bright
When life and earth shall fade !

Then guide, I pray thee, guide my feet,
My youthful heart control,
Chasten and purify my thoughts
And brighten all my soul—
Oh ! make me true and dutiful
To thee and kindred dear,
And lead me to that better land,
That world without a tear !

DE PONTIS.

A TALE OF RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

(Concluded from page 175.)

CHAPTER V.

NEXT morning, at the usual hour, Marguerite was at the door of the *Conciergerie*.

The thread of affairs had become so intricate—matters that she felt at liberty to explain to her father, and other circumstances, which regard for the page's safety forbade disclosing—that, for the first time in her life, she felt ill at ease in his presence. She was conscious of being, to a certain degree, culpable—the unreserved confidence hitherto subsisting between father and daughter was no more—there was reservation, and it produced distress, regret, and confusion.

Still she was true to her own intent. She had made a deliberate resolve of secrecy when her mind was calm and free to judge, and she would not break it when in a state of fluttering and depression. The veteran was delighted with the progress in his affairs—there was yet some chance, he said, of his being able to make provision for a dutiful daughter—some temporal solace for old age.

Leaving him after a short visit—for, in truth, she felt much of what he said as a secret reproach—Marguerite hastened to the advocate.

"The packet is deposited in sure hands—and not at the *Tuileries*, Monsieur Giraud!" was her salutation.

"And half an hour hence will see me at the *Hôtel De Fontrailles*," replied the party addressed.

"But I dread the peril you incur, Monsieur," rejoined the damsel; "is there no?"—

"Has Marguerite done her duty?" demanded Giraud, interrupting her.

"I have," exclaimed the lady, firmly.

"Then have no fear for the advocate," said her friend, relaxing the piercing gaze he bent on the maiden.

Let us accompany Giraud. Donning hat—plain and featherless—tying a black mantle round his throat, and, with cane in hand—for he was a gentleman of the robe, not of the sword, and bore no weapon—he sallied forth, walking with deliberate air, till he reached a gloomy mansion in the *Rue D'Orleans*.

The gate or *porte-cochère* was opened to his knock by the ever ready porter, and he stood beneath the archway. The count had not yet gone abroad, and would doubtless see him—the name was carried to

Monseigneur, and the lackey returned to usher the visiter. A spacious staircase of polished chesnut-wood, so slippery that the advocate had much ado to keep footing, led to a vestibule whence doors opened into various chambers. Passing through an ante-chamber into a saloon, he was at length conducted to the library of the *Hôtel De Fontrailles*.

The folios stood ranged in goodly rows, but the taste of the noble owner appeared more conspicuously in the abundance of maps, charts, plans of cities, models of European fortresses, and arms and armor. A large gothic arched window at the extremity afforded light to the chamber, and looked over a paved yard in the rear of the *hôtel*.

Fontrailles was seated at a table, his back toward the window. Robed in a loose gown, surrounded with papers, books, opened letters, and others tied with tape, among which had been negligently thrown his walking rapier; the courtier and diplomatist was more apparent in the occupation, than the gambler, gallant, and active political intriguer. The count might have attained forty years, perhaps more. The long dark face and prominent features, softened by the shade in which he sat, were far from unpleasing. In repose, the face might be reckoned handsome, certainly dignified.

A silent gesture to the advocate to take the seat which the lackey placed at the opposite end of the table, and who, upon doing so, immediately quitted the chamber—left the parties alone. The count waited in silence the business of the visiter, who announced himself as Etienne Giraud, *avocat du parlement*, friend and kinsman of Monsieur De Pontis, confined in the *Conciergerie du Palais*, and engaged in defending him against two suits now before the courts.

The count indicated by a slight motion that he was an attentive listener—then added, after a moment's pause—

"I am not ignorant of Monsieur Giraud's merits, but I believe he has mistaken my *hôtel* for that of the President Longueil, the third *porte-cochère* beyond."

"I have the honor to address the Count De Fontrailles?" replied the advocate in a tone of inquiry.

"I was at a loss to account for Monsieur connecting me with suits in the courts of parliament!" rejoined the count, smiling, "but I pray him to proceed."

Giraud detailed concisely the history of De Pontis—

his uniform ill luck, the present desperate situation of his affairs, and the probable destitution of Made-moiselle. Fontrailles replied that the case was distressing, but, like every other case of such description, it had originated in culpable negligence. De Pontis was so eager to avail himself of the fruits of the *droit*, that he had commenced appropriating the effects ere the necessary legal forms had been gone through—ere, indeed, it could be ascertained whether the deceased died a wealthy man or a bankrupt.

"But why make my ear the receptacle of Monsieur De Pontis' calamities—I whom, I believe, he has never exchanged a word with," asked the count, in astonishment, "and who am neither the organ of grace or justice?"

"It is to crave the intercession of Monseigneur with one who is the organ of both—to crave the intercession of the Count De Fontrailles with his eminence to cancel the penal proceedings, being, at best, a prosecution for the mere omission of a legal form which an old soldier could know nothing of," replied the advocate.

"This pleading, Monsieur Giraud," said Fontrailles, impatiently, "may prove effective in the proper quarters, but on me it is lost. I believe you mean well, but zeal in the cause of a friend has made you overlook the ordinary usages of society, in forcing the veteran's tale of error and distress on a stranger. I, therefore, am calmer than I might be—indeed, may remind you that, being principally employed on foreign services, and indulging, unavoidably, in some of the irregularities of those whom it falls to my duty to have affairs with, I have not perhaps that personal weight and consideration with his majesty and with his court, which attends the grave and quiet discharge of offices of trust and responsibility in Paris and the Provinces. Mine has been a life of peril, though not of military warfare—danger has often beset me in foreign lands—but here, in Paris, my services are overlooked, and the disorders incident to a life of travel commented on. It is Monsieur's zeal for De Pontis, which I admire, that wrings this confession from me—and I would recommend his application to the Tuileries, or the *Palais Cardinal*, or, if he be seeking a patron for his client, to some personage of more austere and reverential course of life than his humble servant."

So speaking, the count rose with an air which implied that the interview should here terminate. The advocate could not but be surprised with the language and manner assumed by the dissolute, turbulent noble—his affected candor and sincerity—which he had doubtless acquired by intercourse with foreign courts—a varnish to the vices which disgraced his character.

Notwithstanding, however, this nonchalance, and professed ignorance of the affairs of De Pontis, there was that in his discourse which encouraged the advocate to persevere. His affectation of candor—the confession wrung from him!—rather overshot the mark, and betrayed weakness. Fontrailles was not the man to suffer anything to be wrung from him; and the plea of want of personal weight and character, a

mere mask. But wherefore interpose a mask, if there were nothing to conceal?

'Tis the most difficult part of simulation to refrain from covert defence of an act, of which the party may be acutely self-conscious, but desirous of concealing. With a shrewd, subtle, penetrating adversary—such for instance as Giraud—it defeats the very object, to aid which it is evoked. In the mild, moderate language of the count, the advocate felt that he was speaking in a falsetto key—that the sentiments were foreign to his natural character; and there was not, or ought not to be, any necessity for extreme complaisance, and disguise of feeling, with one of the comparative humbleness of the auditor.

Giraud arose from his seat in unison with the count's movement, but had no intention of taking leave.

"It is reported," said he, "that Monseigneur is interested in the *droit d'aubaine* for which Monsieur De Pontis holds the sign manual, which may, perhaps, furnish a better argument than I have yet advanced for my appeal."

"I know of no such report!" exclaimed the count, in a stern voice, "evil news flies quick, and had such been current, I have too many friends, glad of an opportunity to retail the slander, that they might watch its effect. But I must retract the high opinion I had of Monsieur Giraud, in carrying these fools' messages—perhaps inventing. But we had better part, sir, ere I have reason to suspect worse of your motives."

With these words, the count approached the table and rang a silver bell, a signal to the lackey in attendance to conduct the visitor to the gate.

"I have that to say, Monsieur le Comte, which it were better your household should not hear," said the advocate, retaining his place.

"Ah! has it come to that?" exclaimed Fontrailles, darting a glance of anger; "so, the pleader threatens! Like the Spanish mendicant, he first solicits alms, and when refused, points the fusil which he had concealed in the grass."

The lackey here entered in obedience to the summons, but the count motioned him to retire.

The advocate remarked in reply, that, as Monseigneur seemed bent on retaining his vantage-ground of professed ignorance of any special knowledge of the affairs of his client—and disclaimed the report respecting the *droit d'aubaine*—it became necessary that he should inform the count that an individual, one Pedro Olivera, whom he believed was not unknown to Monseigneur, had, like his superiors, occasion for more money than he could legitimately obtain, and that, often borrowing of his deceased countryman, the Spaniard, without the power or will of refunding, he was at length reduced, in efforts to obtain further supplies, to place in the hands of his rich friend, what was deemed good security, although of a strange character. He professed to have certain unsettled claims on the Count De Fontrailles for services of espionage, and holding intercourse with underlings of the ministe-

rial bureau in Madrid. From his showing, it appeared that he had been the medium of a negotiation between the Spanish ministry and the count. For this service Fontrailles had not yet bestowed an equivalent, alleging the urgency of his own necessities; but, in one instance, certainly an unguarded one, he had given Pedro an authority in writing to appropriate to himself a certain portion of a sum of money, receivable at the bureau, in Madrid, and to be handed the count. Pedro, however, was unlucky, for, on application, he was informed that satisfaction had been afforded Fontrailles in person. He felt that this conduct of his patron was unhandsome—hence, perhaps, the betrayal of the count's secrets—there was no proof, indeed, that the money had been paid Monseigneur—but the authority of Pedro to appropriate a portion of what he should receive, was still in existence in the count's handwriting.

Pedro, as before intimated, having drawn all he could obtain by ordinary means from the deceased, inscribed a formal claim on the count for the heretofore named services, which he specially enumerated, and in which he made reference to the count's authorization appended to the statement. The deceased upholsterer saw in this document, not only a security for the money owing by Pedro, but also a collateral guarantee for the refunding of what Fontrailles, who was also heavily his debtor, owed him.

In short, added Giraud, the evidence appeared clearly to convict the Count De Fontrailles of receiving money from Spain. The papers came into the possession of Monsieur De Pontis, and were by him handed to the advocate.

It would have baffled the painter's art to have depicted the changing aspects which dwelt for awhile, and then fled the countenance of the noble. One minute listening attentively—the next he appeared lost in abstraction, or meditating some course of action—then starting up suddenly with menacing looks, the features took such a semblance, that his most intimate friend could not have identified the face as belonging to the Count De Fontrailles.

"And this cunning cheat of forgery—the deep laid villany," exclaimed the favorite of Richelieu, "what if I were so weak as to quail beneath it? What would the worthy, zealous, Monsieur Giraud require of me?"

"That the Count De Fontrailles cause Pedro Olivera to relinquish his fabricated claim—prevail on the cardinal to cancel the *procureur's* proceedings, and leave the poor veteran in possession of the *droit d'aubaine*," replied the undaunted advocate.

"A moderate request," gasped the count, with suppressed rage, "what, give up all?"

"I knew not, so far as his own declaration went," said Giraud, calmly, "that there was anything for Monseigneur to give up. Unlike his friends, Pedro, and the deceased, we do not make the possession of these documents a pretext of extortion to be held over his head *in terrorem*—we ask of the count not the slightest pecuniary sacrifice, not a livre—we ask him merely to use his intercession, to act the honorable and coveted part of an interceder for mercy between

justice and an innocent defendant. Such conduct will go far to lend the count that personal weight and respectability of character which he so much feels the want of."

"Liar! It is false!" shouted the bitterly enraged noble, rushing upon the advocate. Seizing him by the throat, he bent his body over the table, depriving the victim both of power of speech and motion. "It is false, old dotard!" continued Fontrailles, without relaxing his grasp, "thou believest the *droit* is mine—and wouldst have me surrender it to gratify thy paltry pride. I have sweet revenge in store, or thou shouldst never have the chance of coining fresh lies!"

Being a powerful man, he was enabled to hold the advocate, prostrate and gasping for breath, with the right hand on his throat, whilst his left searched for the hand bell, which he rung violently. On the lackey entering, he commanded the attendance of Eugene and Robert, both armed, and to come without delay. Poor Giraud was nearly choked, and his back almost broken by the torturing position in which he was pinned to the library-table; nor did the count afford a moment's respite till his creatures arrived armed to the teeth.

"Stand guard over the wretch," cried Fontrailles, quitting his victim—"stand guard, at the peril of your lives, till I return—and if he offer the least resistance, or utters a single cry to raise an alarm, both of you fire—let him not escape, happen what may!"

The men mutely signified acquiescence by each taking a position, with pistols cocked, at the doors of the library.

"Monsieur le Comte!" said Giraud, in a feeble voice, recovering from the violence, "if you seek to commit a robbery, I promise you will be foiled—if you perpetrate violence on an unarmed man, it will not pass unrevenge. There are those able and willing waiting my return in safety—if I return not, then let the Count De Fontrailles tremble!"

"Peace, old dotard! You are not addressing a president of the *Cour Royale*!" said the count, now busily engaged in locking up his private papers.

"I warn you that what you seek will prove beyond reach," added Giraud.

The count glanced at him for one moment without speaking, and then finished his occupation. Snatching the rapier, he quitted the chamber.

CHAPTER VI.

In the close immurement suffered by the advocate, he had leisure to reflect on his situation, and it was far from cheering. The count's passion had carried him beyond bounds, more than Giraud had calculated on. He had believed Fontrailles to be a man of the world, so sensitively alive to his own interest, that the gratification of revenge would have held only a secondary place in his thoughts.

But from the specimen of anger, the effects of

which were painfully visible, he began to dread the return of the incensed noble—disappointed of his prey, he might, regardless of consequences, abandon himself to a cruel revenge. There was no help in a house, and among creatures subservient to such a master. And where could aid spring from, even if it were posthumous only, but from the quarter where Marguerite had deposited the documents.

To this unknown refuge his thoughts fled for solace and support. If Marguerite's friend failed her not—then, though his own life should be sacrificed—his character and heroism would be preserved—De Pontis and his daughter triumph, and infamy, ruin and disgrace be the portion of Fontrailles.

Some hours passed in this sad tribulation. He requested food—it was denied—water, if nothing else—Eugene shook his head. He was sorry for Monsieur, but he had received no orders on that point, and it might be, for aught he knew, the count's desire that Monsieur should be kept without nourishment. If Monsieur felt very hungry, he had better compose himself to sleep—he had liberty to make a couch of the chairs—in his campaigns, Eugene had often found such a plan the only remedy for a barking stomach.

"But you had a contented mind, Eugene," remarked the distressed advocate.

At length came a change. A knocking was heard below; Giraud trembled, for the footsteps of the count were on the stairs, and he presently entered the chamber.

Casting a glance round the library, he ordered the two sentinels to retire, but hold themselves in readiness. They obeyed the command, and Giraud and the noble were once more alone. The advocate scanned the countenance of Fontrailles attentively; there was a marked change, more of disappointment than anger. For awhile he made no remark, busying himself, or appearing to do so, with his papers—Giraud was equally silent.

The count, at length, broke silence: "I think, Monsieur Giraud," said he, "that we are now on an equality to treat. You have suffered some violence at my hands, and I, since I left you, have found your pretensions to my interference better founded than I expected. My conditions are these. I will quash Pedro's suit—I will cause his eminence to cancel the *procureur's* proceedings, with guarantee from both that they shall not be renewed. De Pontis shall be liberated, and remain in undisturbed enjoyment of the *droit d'aubaine*. From you I expect a perfect silence, now and ever, in relation to these affairs—also a restitution of all papers which affect me. Further, the immediate payment of sixty thousand livres, and quittance of what I owe the estate—you will see, by the inventory, the abstraction of such a sum will leave De Pontis a very handsome maintenance for one of his rank. There are several minor conditions—but I wait your reply."

"Has the Count de Fontrailles been to my house?" asked Giraud.

"I have—I searched it with Richelieu's warrant," replied Fontrailles.

"Is Monseigneur aware that that action would

tend, in the estimation of the cardinal, to confirm the statement of Pedro Olivera?" demanded the advocate.

"Let me reply by asking a question," rejoined the count. "Is Monsieur Giraud aware that, as affairs now stand, whatever the cardinal might affect toward me—even the withdrawal of his favor—it would not liberate De Pontis—would not leave him with the *droit d'aubaine*?"

"I know your agency is wanting—and I agree to the terms," said the advocate.

"My other conditions are," continued Fontrailles, "that you make no complaint of my search this morning—that you tell his eminence, should you chance to meet him, that by advising Monsieur De Pontis to surrender a portion to me, who, you are aware, had, even before the Spaniard's death, asked the future *droit* of the cardinal, that you secured thereby the remainder to your friend."

"Well! I do not object to building a bridge for Monseigneur's retreat," observed the advocate.

"It would be ridiculous toward one of your profession, and, above all, age, to offer the satisfaction accorded to a gentleman who has received violence at the hands of another," said the count; "I, therefore, beg pardon of Monsieur Giraud for the same."

The advocate bowed. It were, perhaps, better, he said, to allow it to pass thus, though the count must be aware that he had shown no want of courage. Fontrailles assented, remarking that he believed their business was now concluded—at least the preliminaries—and that he would call on the advocate on the morrow, when he hoped everything would be prepared.

Giraud was not sorry to see the exterior of the *Hôtel De Fontrailles*. The count had, however, made better terms for himself than he thought to have granted—still, it was true, as Fontrailles remarked, that, whatever became of him, through the cardinal listening to the tale of Pedro Olivera, De Pontis would be none the richer. The pride of Richelieu was touched by the veteran obtaining the sign-manual without his knowledge or intervention, and it was very probable that, if Fontrailles were disgraced, the *droit d'aubaine* would be destined to another favorite.

Giraud had foreseen this difficulty from the commencement, yet it was hard to part with so many thousand livres, especially to one who had almost choked him. On second consideration, the advocate thought it wiser to withhold this portion of the adventure from De Pontis and his daughter—the blood of the *militaire* would rise at the insult and imposition of hands offered to a kinsman, and fresh difficulties, perhaps, be thrown in the way of what was, after all, a very peaceful and happy termination of the affairs of the old soldier. The count had confessed the injury, and sued for pardon, and what more could he do? With this consolation, the advocate quieted himself.

The glad news was imparted to Marguerite that evening, and when the *houblieur* rang his bell, and

was admitted, the maiden was more gracious than on the former occasion—the youth more thoughtful. As might be expected, from the previous intimacy shown relative to the secret affairs of the *Palais Cardinal*, its inmates and visitors, much of what had occurred was already known to the youth—the remainder he heard from the lips of Marguerite. She was charged by Giraud to reclaim the packet; it would be wanted on the morrow. That same night it was placed in her hands, the seal unbroken, and, before she retired to rest, it was again in the keeping of the zealous, faithful advocate.

Giraud was seated in his office. A night's repose had calmed his spirits, refreshed the wearied frame. Fonttrailles had kept the appointment, bringing an authenticated relinquishment of the suit of Pedro Olivera—also a notification from the *procureur général* that he had abandoned the prosecution of the decree of sequestration—and, lastly, a duplicate of Richelieu's order to the warden of the *Conciergerie* to release the *Sieur De Pontis*. The count claimed and received satisfaction on the conditions insisted on—reference to the prisoner was not necessary, as Giraud had, on the committal of De Pontis, received a legal power to act as representative, and affix by procurator his signature to any act deemed necessary. As the cardinal's seal was removed from the ware-rooms, and attachment withdrawn from the banker where the moneys of the deceased were lodged, there was no impediment to the prompt payment of the count's subsidy—a matter, seemingly, of the utmost importance to Monseigneur.

Giraud, as we have said, was seated in his office, and alone. But presently there arrived visitors—the *Sieur De Pontis*, and the fair heroine, Marguerite. Congratulations and thanks exhausted, business recited and discussed, there ensued a pause—their hearts were full.

"There are but three here," said Giraud, looking archly at Marguerite, "I should wish to see a fourth. There is a friend, Monsieur De Pontis, who has wonderfully aided our endeavors for your release, and to whom we owe many thanks. Shall we never see the unknown's face?"

"Marguerite has my sanction to introduce him to Monsieur Giraud whenever she pleases," said the veteran.

"Hah! then I have been forestalled in her confidence," cried the advocate, "but I did not deserve the neglect!"

The day subsequent to the liberation of De Pontis, Louis was promenading alone his customary path in the garden of the Tuileries. The old soldier presented himself—he bent his knee to majesty.

"Rise, my good friend," said the monarch, "I hear you have been better served than Louis could have wrought for you, though he had not forgotten his word, or his old servant."

After a few remarks, the king complimented him on the perseverance and heroism of Marguerite, adding that she was deserving of all honor.

"With your majesty's permission, I believe I am about to marry her," remarked De Pontis.

"To whom? I hope to a subject of mine!" exclaimed the monarch.

"François De Romainville, if it please your majesty," replied the veteran.

"I know the youth," said Louis, "our cardinal's page, of good lineage, though accounted wild and reckless—the cardinal complains of his habits, but loves the page's intelligence and capacity. We must see what can be done for this youth, also for Monsieur Giraud when the opportunity offers."

He might have added, "when the cardinal permits," thought the veteran, with a sigh.

"For yourself, De Pontis," continued the royal personage, "I hope all will go well in future."

"I intend to put it out of fortune's power to do me further harm," answered the *militaire*—"your majesty's late bounty I shall settle on my daughter and her husband; for, though I hope a true man in the tented field, yet I do believe that, whether from my own fault, or an unlucky destiny, I should lose, or mismanage the fairest estate in your realm."

At that moment, the cardinal and his suite were seen in the distance—the countenance of Louis fell, and De Pontis taking hasty leave—much to the royal satisfaction—glided through a side-walk.

MY MOTHER—A DREAM.

BY MRS. BALMANNO.

Oh mother! sacred! dear! in dreams of thee,
I sat, again a child, beside thy knee,
Nestling amidst thy robe delightedly!
And all was silent in the sunny room,
Save bees that humm'd o'er honeysuckle bloom.

I gazed upon thy face, so mild, so fair,
I heard thy holy voice arise in prayer;
Oh mother! mother! thou thyself wert there!
Thou, by the placid brow, the thoughtful eye,
The clasping hand, the voice of melody.

I clung around thy neck—thy tears fell fast,
Like rain in summer, yet the sorrow past;
And smiles, more beautiful than e'en the last,

Play'd on thy lip, dear mother! such it wore
To bless our early home in days of yore.

Then wild and grand arose my native hills—
I heard the leaping torrents, and the thrills
Of birds that hymn the sun; the charm that fills
Old Haddon's vales, and haunts its river side—
What time the Fays pluck king-cups by its tide.

Methought 't was hawthorn time—the jolly May—
For o'er far plains bright figures seemed to stray,
Gath'ring the buds, and calling me away!
I waked, but ah! to weep—no eye of thine,
Sweet mother! beam'd its gentle light on mine.

BAINBRIDGE.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "THE PIONEERS," ETC.

DR. HARRIS, in his "Life and Services" of this distinguished officer, says that "The ancestor of Commodore Bainbridge, who, in the year 1600, settled in the province of New Jersey, was the son of Sir Arthur Bainbridge, of Durham county, England." As no portion of the old United States was settled as early as 1600, and the province of New Jersey, in particular, was organized only about the middle of the seventeenth century, the date, in this instance, is an oversight, or a misprint; though the account of the ancestor is probably accurate. The family of the late Commodore Bainbridge was of respectable standing, beyond a question, both in the colony and state of New Jersey, and its connections were principally among persons of the higher classes of society. His father was a physician of local eminence, in the early part of his life, who removed to New York about the commencement of the Revolution, where he left a fair professional and personal reputation.

The fourth son of Dr. Bainbridge was William, the subject of our memoir. He was born at Princeton, New Jersey, then the residence of his father, May 7th, 1774. His birth must have occurred but a short time before the removal of the family to New York. The maiden name of Mrs. Bainbridge, the mother of William, was Taylor; a lady of Monmouth county, in the same colony; and her father, a man of considerable estate, undertook to superintend the education of the child.

Young Bainbridge was of an athletic manly frame, and early showed a bold spirit, and a love of enterprise. This temperament was likely to interfere with studies directed toward a liberal education, and, at the early age of fifteen, his importunities prevailed on his friends to allow him to go to sea. This must have been about the time when the present form of government went first into operation, and the trade and navigation of the country began to revive. In that day the republic had no marine; the old Alliance frigate, the favorite ship of the Revolution, then sailing out of the port at which young Bainbridge first embarked, as an Indian.

Philadelphia, for many years after the peace of 1783, produced the best seamen of America. Other ports, doubtless, had as hardy and as adventurous mariners, but the nicety of the art was better taught and practiced on the Delaware than in any other portion of the country. This advantage was thought to be owing to the length of the river and bay, which required more elaborate evolutions to take a ship

successfully through, than ports that lay contiguous to the sea. The same superiority has long been claimed for London, and for the same reason, each place having a long and intricate navigation, among shoals, and in a tide's way, before its wharves can be reached. The comparative decline of the navigation of these two towns is to be attributed to the very difficulties which made expert seamen, though the vast amount of supplies required by the English capital, for its own consumption, causes great bodies of shipping still to frequent the Thames. It is also probable that the superiority formerly claimed for the seamen of these two towns, was in part owing to the circumstances that, being the capitals of their respective countries, they were then in advance of other ports, both as to the arts, generally, and as to the wealth necessary to exhibit them.

Young Bainbridge, consequently, enjoyed the advantage of being trained, as a seaman, in what was then the highest American school. Singularly handsome and prepossessing in his appearance, of a vigorous, and commanding frame, with the foundation of a good education, all aided by respectable connections, he was made an officer in the third year of his service. When eighteen, he sailed as chief mate of a ship in the Dutch trade, and on his first voyage, in this capacity, he recovered the vessel from the hands of mutineers, by his personal intrepidity, and physical activity. In the following year, when barely nineteen, the owners gave him command of the same ship. From this time down to the period of his joining the navy, Bainbridge continued in command of different merchant vessels, all of which were employed in the European trade, which was then carried on, by this country, in the height and excitement of the war that succeeded the French revolution.

Occasions were not wanting, by which Bainbridge could prove his dauntless resolution, even in command of a peaceful and slightly armed merchantman. In 1796, whilst in command of the Hope, of Philadelphia, he was lying in the Garonne, and was hailed by another American to come and aid in quelling a mutiny. This he did in person; though his life had nearly been the sacrifice, owing to an explosion of gunpowder. The same season, while shaping his course for one of the West India islands, the Hope was attacked by a small British privateer, of eight guns and thirty men, being herself armed with four nines, and having a crew of only eleven souls before the mast—an equipment then permitted, by the laws, for the purposes of defence only. The

privateer commenced the engagement without showing any colors; but, receiving a broadside from the Hope, she hoisted English, in the expectation of intimidating her antagonist. In this, however, the assailant was mistaken; Bainbridge, who had his colors flying from the first, continued his fire until he actually compelled the privateer to lower her flag. The latter was much cut up, and lost several men. The Hope escaped with but little injury. Although he had compelled his assailant to submit, it would not have been legal for Bainbridge to take possession of the prize. He even declined boarding her, most probably keeping in view the feebleness of his own complement; but, hailing the privateer, he told her commander to go to his employers and let them know they must send some one else to capture the Hope if they had occasion for that ship. It was probably owing to this little affair, as well as to his general standing as a ship-master, that Bainbridge subsequently entered the navy with the rank he obtained.

Not long after the action with the privateer, while homeward bound again, a man was impressed from Bainbridge's ship, by an English cruiser. The boarding officer commenced by taking the first mate, on account of his name, Allen M'Kinsey, insisting that the man must be a Scotchman! This singular species of logic was often applied on such occasions, even historians of a later day claiming such men as M'Donough and Conner, on the supposition that they must be Irish, from their family appellations. Mr. M'Kinsey, who was a native Philadelphian, on a hint from Bainbridge, armed himself, and refused to quit his own ship; whereupon the English lieutenant seized a foremast hand and bore him off, in spite of his protestations of being an American, and the evidence of his commander. Bainbridge was indignant at this outrage—then, however, of almost daily occurrence on the high seas—and, finding his own remonstrances disregarded, he solemnly assured the boarding officer that, if he fell in with an English vessel, of a force that would allow of such a retaliation, he would take a man out of her to supply the place of the seaman who was then carried away. This threat was treated with contempt, but it was put in execution within a week; Bainbridge actually seizing a man on board an English merchant-man, and that, too, of a force quite equal to his own, and carrying him into an American port. The ship which impressed the man belonging to the Hope, was the *Indefatigable*, Sir Edward Pellew.

All these little affairs contributed to give Bainbridge a merited reputation for spirit; for, however illegal may have been his course in impressing the Englishman, the sailor himself was quite content to receive higher wages, and there was a natural justice in the measure that looked down the policy of nations and the provisions of law. Shortly after this incident the aggressions of France induced the establishment of the present navy, and the government, after employing all the old officers of the Revolution who remained, and who were fit for service, was compelled to go into the mercantile marine to find

men to fill the subordinate grades. The merchant service of America has ever been relatively much superior to that of most other countries. This has been owing, in part, to the greater diffusion of education; in part, to the character of the institutions, which throws no discredit around any reputable pursuit; and in part, to the circumstance that the military marine has not been large enough to give employment to all of the maritime enterprise and spirit of the nation. Owing to these united causes, the government of 1798 had much less difficulty in finding proper persons to put into its infant navy, than might have been anticipated; although it must be allowed that some of the selections, as usual, betrayed the influence of undue recommendations, as well as of too partial friendships.

The navy offering a field exactly suited to the ambition and character of Bainbridge, he eagerly sought service in it, on his return from a voyage to Europe; his arrival occurring a short time after the first appointments had been made. The third vessel which got to sea, under the new armament, was the *Delaware* 20, Capt. Stephen Decatur, the father of the illustrious officer of the same name; and this vessel, a few days out, had captured *Le Croyable* 14, a French privateer that she found cruising in the American waters. *Le Croyable* was condemned, and purchased by the navy department; being immediately equipped for a cruiser, under the name of the *Retaliation*. To this vessel Bainbridge was appointed, with the commission of lieutenant commandant; a rank that was subsequently and unwisely dropped; as the greater the number of gradations in a military service, while they are kept within the limits of practical necessity, the greater is the incentive for exertion, the more frequent the promotions, and the higher the discipline. First lieutenants, lieutenant commandant, exist, and must exist in fact, in every marine; and it is throwing away the honorable inducement of promotion, as well as some of the influence of a commission, not to have the rank while we have the duties. It would be better for the navy did the station of first lieutenant, or lieutenant commandant, now exist, those who held the commissions furnishing officers to command the smallest class of vessels, and the executive officers of ships of the line and frigates.

The *Retaliation* sailed for the West India station, in September, 1798. While cruising off Guadaloupe, the following November, the *Montezuma*, sloop of war, Capt. Murray, and the brig *Norfolk*, Capt. Williams, in company, three sail were made in the eastern board, that were supposed to be English; and two more strangers appearing to the westward, Capt. Murray, who was the senior officer, made sail for the latter, taking the *Norfolk* with him; while the *Retaliation* was directed to examine the vessels to the eastward. This separated the consorts, which parted on nearly opposite tacks. Unfortunately two of the vessels to the eastward proved to be French frigates, *le Volontier* 36, Capt. St. Laurent, and *l'Insurgente* 32, Capt. Barreault. The first of these ships carried 44 guns, French eighteens, and the

latter 40, French twelves. *L'Insurgente* was one of the fastest ships that floated, and, getting the *Retaliation* under her guns, Bainbridge was compelled to strike, as resistance would have been madness.

The prisoner was taken on board *le Volontier*, the two frigates immediately making sail in chase of the *Montezuma* and *Norfolk*. *L'Insurgente* again outstripped her consort, and was soon a long distance ahead of her. Capt. St. Laurent was the senior officer, and, the *Montezuma* being a ship of some size, he felt an uneasiness at permitting the *Insurgente* to engage two adversaries, of whose force he was ignorant, unsupported. In this uncertainty, he determined to inquire the force of the American vessels of his prisoner. Bainbridge answered coolly that the ship was a vessel of 28 long twelves, and the brig a vessel of 20 long nines. This was nearly, if not quite, doubling the force of the two American cruisers, and it induced the French commodore to show a signal of recall to his consort. Capt. Barreault, an exceedingly spirited officer, joined his commander in a very ill humor, informing his superior that he was on the point of capturing both the chases, when he was so inopportunately recalled. This induced an explanation, when the *ruse* practiced by Bainbridge was exposed. In the moment of disappointment, the French officers felt much irritated, but, appreciating the conduct of their prisoner more justly, they soon recovered their good humor, and manifested no further displeasure.

The *Retaliation* and her crew were carried into Basseterre. On board the *Volontier* was Gen. Desfourneaux, who was sent out to supersede Victor Hughes in his government. This functionary was very diplomatic, and he entered into a negotiation with Bainbridge of a somewhat equivocal character, leaving it a matter of doubt whether an exchange of prisoners, an arrangement of the main difficulties between the two countries, or a secret trade with his own island, and for his own particular benefit, was his real object. Ill treatment to the crew of the *Retaliation* followed; whether by accident or design is not known; though the latter has been suspected. It will be remembered that no war had been declared by either country, and that the captures by the Americans were purely retaliatory, and made in self-defence. Gen. Desfourneaux profited by this circumstance to effect his purposes, affecting not to consider the officers and people of the *Retaliation* as prisoners at all. To this Bainbridge answered that he regarded himself, and his late crew, not only as prisoners of war, but as ill-treated prisoners, and that his powers now extended no farther than to treat of an exchange. After a protracted negotiation, Bainbridge and his crew were placed in possession of the *Retaliation* again, all the other American prisoners in Guadeloupe were put on board a cartel, and the two vessels were ordered for America. Accompanying the Americans, went a French gentleman, ostensibly charged with the exchange; but who was believed to have been a secret diplomatic agent of the French government.

The conduct of Bainbridge, throughout this rude

initiation into the public service, was approved by the government, and he was immediately promoted to the rank of master commandant, and given the *Norfolk* 18, the brig he had saved from capture by his address. In this vessel he joined the squadron under Com. Truxtun, who was cruising in the vicinity of St. Kitts. While on that station, the *Norfolk* fell in with and chased a heavy three-masted schooner, of which she was on the point of getting alongside, when both topmasts were lost by carrying sail, and the enemy escaped. The brig went into St. Kitts to repair damages, and here she collected a convoy of more than a hundred sail, bound home. Bainbridge performed a neat and delicate evolution, while in charge of this large trust. The convoy fell in with an enemy's frigate, when a signal was thrown out for the vessels to disperse. The *Norfolk* occupied the frigate, and induced her to chase, taking care to lead her off from the merchantmen. That night the brig gave her enemy the slip, and made sail on her course, overtaking and collecting the whole fleet the following day. It is said not a single vessel, out of one hundred and nineteen sail, failed of the rendezvous!

It was August, 1799, before the *Norfolk* returned to New York. Here Bainbridge found that no less than five lieutenants had been made captains, passing the grades of commanders and lieutenants commandant altogether. This irregularity could only have occurred in an infant service, though it was of material importance to a young officer in after life. Among the gentlemen thus promoted, were Capts. Rodgers, and Barron, two names that, for a long time, alone stood between Bainbridge and the head of the service. Still, it is by no means certain that injustice was done, such circumstances frequently occurring in so young a service, to repair an original wrong. At all events, no slight was intended to Bainbridge, or any other officer who was passed; though the former ever maintained that he had not his proper rank in the navy.

After refitting the *Norfolk*, Bainbridge returned to the West Indies, where he was put under the orders of Capt. Christopher R. Perry, the father of the celebrated Commodore Oliver H. Perry, who sent him to cruise off Cape François. The brig changed her cruising ground, under different orders, no opportunity occurring for meeting an enemy of equal force. Indeed, it was highly creditable to the maritime enterprise of the French that they appeared at all in those seas, which were swarming with English and American cruisers; this country alone seldom employing fewer than thirty sail in the West Indies, that year; toward the close of the season it had near, if not quite forty, including those who were passing between the islands and the home coast.

On the 31st October, however, the *Norfolk* succeeded in decoying an armed barge within reach of her guns. The enemy discovered the brig's character in time to escape to the shore, notwithstanding; though he was pursued and the barge was captured. Six dead and dying were found in, or near the boat.

In November, Bainbridge took a small lugger

privateer, called *le Republicain*, with a prize in company. The former was destroyed at sea, and the latter sent in. The prize of the lugger was a sloop. She presented a horrible spectacle when taken possession of by the Americans. Her decks were strewn with mangled bodies, the husbands and parents of eleven women and children, who were found weeping over them at the moment of recapture. The murders had been committed by some brigands in a barge, who slew every man in the sloop, and were proceeding to further outrages when the lugger closed and drove them from their prey. An hour or two later, Bainbridge captured both the vessels. His treatment of the unfortunate females and children was such as ever marked his generous and manly character.

Shortly after, Capt. Bainbridge received an order, direct from the Navy Department, to go off the neutral port of the Havana, to look after the trade in that quarter. Here he was joined by the *Warren* 18, Capt. Newman, and the *Pinckney* 18, Capt. Heyward. Bainbridge was the senior officer, and continued to command this force to the great advantage of American commerce, by blockading the enemy's privateers, and giving convoy, until March, 1800, when, his cruise being up, he returned home, anchoring off Philadelphia early in the month of April. His services, especially those before Havana, were fully appreciated, and May 2d, of the same year, he was raised to the rank of captain. Bainbridge had served with credit, and had now reached the highest grade which existed in the navy, when he wanted just five days of being twenty-six years old. He had carried with him into the marine the ideas of a high-class Philadelphia seaman, as to discipline, and these were doubtless the best which then existed in the country. In every situation he had conducted himself well, and the promise of his early career as a master of a merchantman was likely to be redeemed, whenever occasion should offer, under the pennant of the republic.

Among the vessels purchased into the service during the war of 1798, was an Indiaman called the *George Washington*. This ship was an example of the irregularity in rating which prevailed at that day; being set down in all the lists and registers of the period as a 24, when her tonnage was 624; while the *Adams*, *John Adams*, and *Boston*, all near one sixth smaller, are rated as 32s. The *George Washington* was, in effect, a large 28, carrying the complement and armament of a vessel of that class. To this ship Bainbridge was now appointed, receiving his orders the month he was promoted; or, in May, 1800. The destination of the vessel was to carry tribute to the Dey of Algiers! This was a galling service to a man of her commander's temperament, as, indeed, it would have proved to nearly every other officer in the navy; but it put the ship quite as much in the way of meeting with an enemy as if she had been sent into the West Indies; and it was sending the pennant into the Mediterranean for the first time since the formation of the new navy. Thus the *United States* 44, first carried the pennant to Europe,

in 1799; the *Essex* 32, first carried it round the Cape of Good Hope, in 1800, and around Cape Horn, in 1813; and this ship, the *George Washington* 28, first carried it into the classical seas of the old world.

Bainbridge did not get the tribute collected and reach his port of destination, before the month of September. Being entirely without suspicion, and imagining that he came on an errand which should entitle him, at least, to kind treatment, he carried the ship into the mole, for the purpose of discharging with convenience. This duty, however, was hardly performed, when the Dey proposed a service for the *George Washington*, that was as novel in itself as it was astounding to her commander.

It seems that this barbarian prince had got himself into discredit at the Sublime Porte, and he felt the necessity of purchasing favor, and of making his peace, by means of a tribute of his own. The Grand Seigneur was at war with France, and the Dey, his tributary and dependant, had been guilty of the singular indiscretion of making a separate treaty of peace with that powerful republic, for some private object of his own. This was an offence to be expiated only by a timely offering of certain slaves, various wild beasts, and a round sum in gold. The presents to be sent were valued at more than half a million of our money, and the passengers to be conveyed amounted to between two and three hundred. As the Dey happened to have no vessel fit for such a service, and the *George Washington* lay very conveniently within his mole, and had just been engaged in this very duty, he came to the natural conclusion she would answer his purpose.

The application was first made in the form of a civil request, through the consul. Bainbridge procured an audience, and respectfully, but distinctly, stated that a compliance would be such a departure from his orders as to put it out of the question. Hereupon the Dey reminded the American that the ship was in his power, and that what he now asked, he might take without asking, if it suited his royal pleasure. A protracted and spirited discussion, in which the consul joined, now followed, but all without effect. The Dey offered the alternatives of compliance, or slavery and capture, for the frigate and her crew, with war on the American trade. One of his arguments is worthy of being recorded, as it fully exposes the feeble policy of submission to any national wrong. He told the two American functionaries, that their country paid him tribute, already, which was an admission of their inferiority, as well as of their duty to obey him; and he chose to order this particular piece of service, in addition to the presents which he had just received.

Bainbridge finally consented to do as desired. He appears to have been influenced in this decision, by the reasoning of Mr. O'Brien, the consul, who had himself been a slave in Algiers, not long before, and probably retained a lively impression of the power of the barbarian, on his own shores. It is not to be concealed, however, that temporizing in all such matters, had been the policy of America, and it would have required men of extraordinary moral

courage to have opposed the wishes of the Dey, by a stern assertion of those principles, which alone can render a nation great. "To ask for nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong," is an axiom more easily maintained on paper than in practice, where the chameleon-like policy of trade interferes to color principles; and O'Brien, a merchant in effect, and Bainbridge, who had so lately been in that pursuit himself, were not likely to overlook the besetting weakness of the nation. Still, it may be questioned if there was a man in the navy who felt a stronger desire to vindicate the true maxims of national independence than the subject of this memoir. He appears to have yielded solely to the arguments of the consul, and to his apprehensions for a trade that certainly had no other protection in that distant sea, than his own ship; and she would be the first sacrifice of the Dey's resentment. It ought to be mentioned, too, that a base and selfish policy prevailed, in that day, on the subject of the Barbary Powers, among the principal maritime states of Europe. England, in particular, was supposed to wink at their irregularities, in the hope that it might have a tendency to throw a monopoly of the foreign navigation of the Mediterranean into the hands of those countries which, by means of their great navies, and their proximity to the African coast, were always ready to correct any serious evil that might affect themselves. English policy had been detected in the hostilities of the Dey, a few years earlier, and it is by no means improbable that Mr. O'Brien foresaw consequences of this nature, that did not lie absolutely on the surface.

Yielding to the various considerations which were urged, Bainbridge finally consented to comply with the Dey's demand. The presents and passengers were received on board, and on the 19th of October, or about a month after her arrival at Algiers, the George Washington was ready to sail for Constantinople. When on the very eve of departing a new difficulty arose, and one of a nature to show that the Dey was not entirely governed by rapacity, but that he had rude notions of national honor, agreeably to opinions of the school in which he had been trained. As the George Washington carried his messenger, or ambassador, and was now employed in his service, he insisted that she should carry the Algerine flag at the main, while that of the republic to which the ship belonged, should fly at the fore. An altercation occurred on this point of pure etiquette, the Dey insisting that English, French, and Spanish commanders, whenever they had performed a similar service for him, had not hesitated to give this precedence to his ensign. This was probably true, as well as the fact that vessels of war of those nations had consented to serve him in this manner, in compliance with the selfish policy of their respective governments; though it may be doubted whether English, or French ships, had been impressed into such a duty. Dr. Harris, whose biography of Bainbridge is much the most full of any written, and to which we are indebted for many of our own details, has cited an instance as recently as 1817, when an English vessel of war con-

veyed presents to Constantinople for the Dey; though it was improbable that any other inducement for the measure existed, than a desire in the English authorities to maintain their influence in the regency. Bainbridge, without entering into pledges on the subject, and solely with a view to get his ship beyond the reach of the formidable batteries of the mole, hoisted the Algerine ensign, as desired, striking it, as soon as he found himself again the commander of his own vessel.

The George Washington had a boisterous and weary passage to the mouth of the Dardanelles, the ship being littered with Turks, and the cages of wild beasts. This voyage was always a source of great uneasiness and mortification to Bainbridge, but he occasionally amused his friends with the relation of anecdotes that occurred during its continuance. Among other things he mentioned that his passengers were greatly puzzled to keep their faces toward Mecca, in their frequent prayers; the ship often tacking during the time thus occupied, more especially after they got into the narrow seas. A man was finally stationed at the compass to give the faithful notice when it was necessary to "go-about," in consequence of the evolutions of the frigate.

Bainbridge had great apprehensions of being detained at the Dardanelles, for want of a firman, the United States having no diplomatic agent at the Porte, and commercial jealousy being known to exist, on the subject of introducing the American flag into those waters. A sinister influence up at Constantinople might detain him for weeks, or even prevent his passage altogether, and having come so far, on his unpleasant errand, he was resolved to gather as many of its benefits as possible. In the dilemma, therefore, he decided on a *ruse* of great boldness, and one which proved that personal considerations had little influence, when he thought the interests of his country demanded their sacrifice.

The George Washington approached the castles with a strong southerly wind, and she clewed up her light sails, as if about to anchor, just as she began to salute. The works returned gun for gun, and in the smoke sail was again made, and the ship glided out of the range of shot before the deception was discovered; passing on toward the sea of Marmora under a cloud of canvass. As vessels were stopped at only one point, and the progress of the ship was too rapid to admit of detention, she anchored unmolested under the walls of Constantinople, on the 9th November, 1800; showing the flag of the republic, for the first time, before that ancient town.

Bainbridge was probably right in his anticipation of difficulty in procuring a firman to pass the castles, for when his vessel reported her nation, an answer was sent off that the government of Turkey knew of no such country. An explanation that the ship came from the new world, that which Columbus had discovered, luckily proved satisfactory, when a bunch of flowers and a lamb were sent on board; the latter as a token of amity, and the former as a welcome.

The George Washington remained several weeks at Constantinople, where Bainbridge and his officers

were well received, though the agents of the Dey fared worse. The Capudan Pacha, in particular, formed a warm friendship for the commander of the George Washington, whose fine personal appearance, frank address and manly bearing were well calculated to obtain favor. This functionary was married to a sister of the Sultan, and had more influence at court than any other subject. He took Bainbridge especially under his own protection, and when they parted, he gave the frigate a passport, which showed that she and her commander enjoyed this particular and high privilege. In fact, the intercourse between this officer and the commander of the George Washington was such as to approach nearly to paving the way for a treaty, a step that Bainbridge warmly urged on the government at home, as both possible and desirable. It has been conjectured even, that Capt. Bainbridge was instructed on this subject; and that, in consenting to go to Constantinople at all, he had the probabilities of opening some such negotiation in view. This was not his own account of the matter, although, in weighing the motives for complying with the Dey's demands, it is not impossible he permitted such a consideration to have some weight.

The visit of Clarke, the well known traveler, occurred while the George Washington was at Constantinople. The former accompanied Bainbridge to the Black Sea, in the frigate's long-boat, where the American ensign was displayed also, for the first time. It appears that an officer was one of the party in the celebrated visit of the traveler to the seraglio, Bainbridge confirming Dr. Clarke's account of the affair, with the exception that he, himself, looked upon the danger as very trifling.

During the friendly intercourse which existed between Capt. Bainbridge and the Capudan Pacha, the latter incidentally mentioned that the governor of the castles was condemned to die for suffering the George Washington to pass without a firman, and that the warrant of execution only waited for his signature, in order to be enforced. Shocked at discovering the terrible strait to which he had unintentionally reduced a perfectly innocent man, Bainbridge frankly admitted his own act, and said if any one had erred it was himself; begging the life of the governor, and offering to meet the consequences in his own person. This generous course was not thrown away on the Capudan Pacha, who appears to have been a liberal and enlightened man. He heard the explanation with interest, extolled Bainbridge's frankness, promised him his entire protection, and pardoned the governor; sending to the latter a minute statement of the whole affair. It was after this conversation that the high functionary in question delivered to Bainbridge his own especial letter of protection.

At length the Algerine ambassador was ready to return. On the 30th of December, 1800, the ship sailed for Algiers. The messenger of the Dey took back with him a menace of punishment, unless his master declared war against France, and sent more tribute to the Porte; granting to the Algerine government but sixty days to let its course be

known. On repassing the Dardanelles, Bainbridge was compelled to anchor. Here he received presents of fruit and provisions, with hospitalities on shore, as an evidence of the governor's gratitude for his generous conduct in exposing his own life, in order to save that of an innocent man. It is shown by a passage in Dr. Clarke's work, that Bainbridge was honorably received in the best circles in Pera, during his stay at Constantinople, while the neatness and order of his ship were the subject of general conversation. An entertainment that was given on board the frigate was much talked of also; the guests and all the viands coming from the four quarters of the earth. Thus there was water, bread, meats, etc., etc., each from Europe, Asia, Africa and America, as well as persons to consume them; certainly a thing of rare occurrence at any one feast.

The George Washington arrived at Algiers on the 20th January, 1801, and anchored off the town, beyond the reach of shot. The Dey expressed his apprehensions that the position of the ship would prove inconvenient to her officers, and desired that she might be brought within the mole, or to the place where she had lain during her first visit. This offer was respectfully declined. A day or two later the object of this hospitality became apparent. Bainbridge was asked to return to Constantinople with the Algerine ambassador; a request with which he positively refused to comply. This was the commencement of a new series of cajoleries, arguments and menaces. But, having his ship where nothing but the barbarian's corsairs could assail her, Bainbridge continued firm. He begged the consul to send him off some old iron for ballast, in order that he might return certain guns he had borrowed for that purpose, previously to sailing for Constantinople, the whole having been rendered necessary in consequence of his ship's having been lightened of the tribute sent in her from America. The Dey commanded the lightermen not to take employment, and, at the same time, he threatened war if his guns were not returned. After a good deal of discussion, Bainbridge exacted a pledge that no further service would be asked of the ship; then he agreed to run into the mole and deliver the cannon, as the only mode that remained of returning property which had been lent to him.

As soon as the frigate was secured in her new berth, Capt. Bainbridge and the consul were admitted to an audience with the Dey. The reception was any thing but friendly, and the despot, a man of furious passions, soon broke out into expressions of anger, that bade fair to lead to personal violence. The attendants were ready, and it was known that a nod or a word might, at a moment's notice, cost the Americans their lives. At this fearful instant, Bainbridge, who was determined at every hazard to resist the Dey's new demand, fortunately bethought him of the Capudan Pacha's letter of protection, which he carried about him. The letter was produced, and its effect was magical. Bainbridge often spoke of it as even ludicrous, and of being so sudden and marked as to produce glances of surprise among

the common soldiers. From a furious tyrant, the sovereign of Algiers was immediately converted into an obedient vassal; his tongue all honey, his face all smiles. He was aware that a disregard of the recommendation of the Capudan Pacha would be punished, as he would visit a similar disregard of one of his own orders; and that there was no choice between respect and deposition. No more was said about the return of the frigate to Constantinople, and every offer of service and every profession of amity were heaped upon the subject of our memoir, who owed his timely deliverance altogether to the friendship of the Turkish dignitary; a friendship obtained through his own frank and generous deportment.

The reader will readily understand that dread of the Grand Seignior's power had produced this sudden change in the deportment of the Dey. The same feeling induced him to order the flag-staff of the French consulate to be cut down the next day; a declaration of war against the country to which the functionary belonged. Exasperated at these humiliations, which were embittered by heavy pecuniary exactions on the part of the Porte, the Dey turned upon the few unfortunate French who happened to be in his power. These, fifty-six in number, consisting of men, women and children, he ordered to be seized and to be deemed slaves. Capt. Bainbridge felt himself sufficiently strong, by means of the Capudan Pacha's letter, to mediate; and he actually succeeded, after a long discussion, in obtaining a decree by which all the French who could get out of the regency, within the next eight-and-forty hours, might depart. For those who could not remain the doom of slavery, or of ransom at a thousand dollars a head. It was thought that this concession was made under the impression that no means of quitting Algiers could be found by the unfortunate French. No one believed that the George Washington would be devoted to their service, France and America being then at war; a circumstance which probably increased Bainbridge's influence at Constantinople, as well as at Algiers.

But our officer was not disposed to do things by halves. Finding that no other means remained for extricating the unfortunate French, he determined to carry them off in the George Washington. The ship had not yet discharged the guns of the Dey, but every body working with good will, this property was delivered to its right owner, and ballast was obtained from the country and hoisted in, other necessary preparations were made, and the ship hauled out of the mole and got to sea just in time to escape the barbarian's fangs, with every Frenchman in Algiers on board. It is said that in another hour the time of grace would have expired. The ship landed her passengers at Alicant, a neutral country, and then made the best of her way to America, where she arrived in due season.

This act of Bainbridge's was quite in conformity with the generous tendencies of his nature. He was a man of quick and impetuous feelings, and easily roused to anger; but left to the voluntary guidance of his own heart, no one was more ready to serve

his fellow creatures. It seemed to make little difference with him, whether he assisted an Englishman or a Frenchman; his national antipathies, though decided and strong, never interfering with his humanity. Napoleon had just before attained the First Consulate, and he offered the American officer his personal thanks for this piece of humane and disinterested service to his countrymen. At a later day, when misfortune came upon Bainbridge, he is said to have remembered this act, and to have interested himself in favor of the captive.

On reaching home, Bainbridge had the gratification of finding his conduct, in every particular, approved by the government. It was so much a matter of course, in that day, for the nations of Christendom to submit to exactions from those of Barbary, that little was thought of the voyage to Constantinople, and less said about it. A general feeling must have prevailed that censure, if it fell any where, ought to light on the short-sighted policy of trade, and the misguided opinions of the age. It is more probable, however, that the whole transaction was looked upon as a legitimate consequence of the system of tribute, which then so extensively prevailed.

Bainbridge must have enjoyed another and still more unequivocal evidence that the misfortunes which certainly accompanied his short naval career, had left no injurious impressions on the government, as touching his own conduct. The reduction law, which erected a species of naval peace establishment, was passed during his late absence, and, on his arrival, he found its details nearly completed in practice. Previously to this law's going into effect, there were twenty-eight captains in the navy, of which number he stood himself as low as the twenty-seventh in rank. There was, indeed, but one other officer of that grade below him, and, under such circumstances, the chances of being retained would have been very small, for any man who had not the complete confidence of his superiors. He was retained, however, and that, too, in a manner in defiance of the law, for, by its provisions, only nine captains were to be continued in the service in a time of peace; whereas, his was the eleventh name on the new list, until Dale and Truxtun resigned; events which did not occur until the succeeding year. The cautious and reluctant manner in which these reductions were made by Mr. Jefferson, under a law that had passed during the administration of his predecessor, is another proof that the former statesman did not deserve all the reproaches of hostility to this branch of the public service that were heaped upon him.*

Not satisfied with retaining Capt. Bainbridge in the

* There appears to have been some uncertainty about officers remaining in service, after the peace of 1801, that contributed to rendering the reduction irregular. The resignations of Dale and Truxtun, and the death of Barry, brought the list down to nine; the number prescribed by law. As the Tripolitan war occurred so soon, a question might arise how far the peace establishment law was binding at all. Certainly, in its spirit, it was meant only for a time of peace. On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson, by his public acts, did not seem to think the nation legally at war with Tripoli, even after battles were fought and vessels captured.

service, after the late occurrences at Algiers, the Department also gave him immediate employment. For the first time this gallant officer was given a good serviceable ship, that had been regularly constructed for a man-of-war. He was attached to the Essex 32, a fine twelve-pounder frigate, that had just returned from a first cruise to the East Indies, under Preble; an officer who subsequently became so justly celebrated. The orders to this vessel were issued in May, 1801, and the ship was directed to form part of a squadron then about to sail for the Mediterranean.

Capt. Bainbridge joined the Essex at New York. He had Stephen Decatur for his first lieutenant, and was otherwise well officered and manned. The squadron, consisting of the President 44, Philadelphia 38, Essex 32, and Enterprise 12, sailed in company; the President being commanded by Capt. James Barron, the Philadelphia by Capt. Samuel Barron, and the Enterprise by Lieut. Com. Sterrett. The broad pennant of Com. Dale was flying on the President. This force went abroad under very limited instructions. Although the Bashaw of Tripoli was seizing American vessels, and was carrying on an effective war, Mr. Jefferson appeared to think legal enactments at home necessary to authorize the marine to retaliate. As respected ourselves, statutes may have been wanting to prescribe the *forms* under which condemnations could be had, and the other national rights carried out in full practice; but, as respected the enemy, there can be no question his own acts authorized the cruisers of this country to capture their assailants wherever they could be found, even though they rotted in our harbors for the want of a prescribed manner of bringing them under the hammer. The *mode* of condemnation is solely dependent on municipal regulations, but the right to capture is dependent on public law alone. It was in this singular state of things that the Enterprise, after a bloody action, took a Tripolitan, and was then obliged to let her go!

The American squadron reached Gibraltar the 1st day of July, where it found and blockaded two of the largest Tripolitan cruisers, under the orders of a Scotch renegade, who bore the rank of an admiral. The Philadelphia watched these vessels, while the Essex was sent along the north shore to give convoy. The great object, in that day, appears to have been to carry the trade safely through the Straits, and to prevent the enemy's rovers from getting out into the Atlantic; measures that the peculiar formation of the coasts rendered highly important. It was while employed on this duty, that Capt. Bainbridge had an unpleasant collision with some of the Spanish authorities at Barcelona, in consequence of repeated insults offered to his ship's officers and boats; his own barge having been fired into twice, while he was in it in person. In this affair he showed his usual decision and spirit, and the matter was pushed so far and so vigorously, as to induce an order from the Prince of Peace, "to treat all officers of the United States with courtesy and respect, and more particularly those attached to the United States frigate Essex." The

high and native courtesy of the Spanish character renders it probable that some misunderstandings increased and complicated these difficulties, though there is little doubt that jealousy of the superior order and beauty of the Essex, among certain subordinates of the Spanish marine, produced the original aggression. In the discussions and collisions that followed, the sudden and somewhat *brusque* spirit of the American usages was not likely to be cordially met by the precise and almost oriental school of manners that regulates the intercourse of Spanish society. Bainbridge, however, is admitted to have conducted his part of the dispute with dignity and propriety; though he was not wanting in the promptitude and directness of a man-of-war's man.

On the arrival of the Essex below, with a convoy, it was found that the enemy had laid up his ships, and had sent the crews across to Africa in the night; the admiral making the best of his way home in a neutral. Com. Morris had relieved Com. Dale, and the Essex, wanting material repairs, was sent home in the summer of 1802, after an absence of rather more than a year. During her short cruise, the Essex had been deemed a model ship, as to efficiency and discipline, and extorted admiration wherever she appeared. On her arrival at New York, the frigate was unexpectedly ordered to Washington to be laid up, a measure that excited great discontent in her crew. One of those *quasi* mutinies which, under similar circumstances, were not uncommon in that day, followed; the men insisting that their times were up, and that they ought to be paid off in a seaport, and "not on a tobacco plantation, up in Virginia;" but Bainbridge and Decatur were men unwilling to be controlled in this way. The disaffection was put down with spirit, and the ship obeyed her orders.

Bainbridge was now employed in superintending the construction of the Siren and Vixen; two of the small vessels that had been recently ordered by law. As soon as these vessels were launched, he was again directed to prepare for service in the Mediterranean, for which station the celebrated squadron of Preble was now fitting. This force consisted of the Constitution 44, Philadelphia 38, Siren 16, Argus 16, Nautilus 14, Vixen 14, and Enterprise 12; the latter vessel being then on the station, under Lieut. Com. Hull. Of these ships, Bainbridge had the Philadelphia 38, a fine eighteen-pounder frigate that was often, by mistake, called a forty-four, though by no means as large a vessel as some others of her proper class. It was much the practice of that day to attach officers to the ships which were fitting near their places of residence, and thus it followed that a vessel frequently had a sort of local character. Such, in a degree, was the case with the Philadelphia, most of whose sea-officers were Delaware sailors, in one sense; though all the juniors had now been bred in the navy. As these gentlemen are entitled to have their sufferings recorded, we give their names, with the states of which they were natives, viz:

Captain.—William Bainbridge, of New Jersey.

Lieutenants.—John T. R. Cox; Jacob Jones, Delaware; Theodore Hunt, New Jersey; Benjamin Smith, Rhode Island.

Lieutenant of Marines.—Wm. S. Osborne.

Surgeon.—John Ridgely, Maryland.

Purser.—Rich. Spence, New Hampshire.

Sailing-Master.—Wm. Knight, Pennsylvania.

Surgeon's Mates.—Jonathan Cowdery, N. York; Nicholas Harwood, Va.

Midshipmen.—Bernard Henry, Pa.; James Gibson, Va.; James Biddle, Pa.; Richard B. Jones, Pa.; D. T. Patterson, N. Y.; Wm. Cutbush, Pa.; B. F. Reed, Pa.; Thomas M'Donough, Del.; Wallace Wormley, Va.; Robert Gamble, Va.; Simon Smith, Pa.; James Renshaw, Pa.

The Philadelphia had a crew a little exceeding three hundred souls on board, including her officers. One or two changes occurred among the latter, however, when the ship reached Gibraltar, which will be mentioned in their proper places.

The vessels of Com. Preble did not sail in squadron, but left home as each ship got ready. Bainbridge, being equipped, was ordered to sail in July, and he entered the Straits on the 24th of August, after a passage down the Delaware and across the Atlantic of some length. Understanding at Gibraltar that certain cruisers of the enemy were in the neighborhood of Cape de Gatte, he proceeded off that well-known headland the very next day; and, in the night of the 26th, it blowing fresh, he fell in with a ship under nothing but a foresail, with a brig in company, under very short canvass also. These suspicious circumstances induced him to run alongside of the ship, and to demand her character. After a good deal of hailing, and some evasion on the part of the stranger, it was ascertained that he was a cruiser from Morocco, called the Meshboha 22, commanded by Ibrahim Lubarez, and having a crew of one hundred and twenty men. The Philadelphia had concealed her own nation, and a boat coming from the Meshboha, the fact was extracted from its crew that the brig in company was an American, bound into Spain, and that they had boarded but had not detained her. Bainbridge's suspicions were aroused by all the circumstances; particularly by the little sail the brig carried; so unlike an American, who is ever in a hurry. He accordingly directed Mr. Cox, his first lieutenant, to board the Meshboha, and to ascertain if any Americans were in her, as prisoners. In attempting to execute this order, Mr. Cox was resisted, and it was necessary to send an armed boat. The master and crew of the brig, the Celia of Boston, were actually found in the Meshboha, which ship had captured them, nine days before, in the vicinity of Malaga, the port to which they were bound.

Bainbridge took possession of the Moorish ship. The next day he recovered the brig, which was standing in for the bay of Almeria, to the westward of Cape de Gatte. On inquiry he discovered that Ibrahim Lubarez was cruising for Americans under an order issued by the governor of Mogadore. Although Morocco was ostensibly at peace with the United States, Bainbridge did not hesitate, now, about

taking his prize to Gibraltar. Here he left the Meshboha in charge of Mr. M'Donough, under the superintendence of the consul, and then went off Cape St. Vincent in pursuit of a Moorish frigate, which was understood to be in that neighborhood. Failing in his search, he returned within the Straits, and went aloft, in obedience to his original orders. At Gibraltar, the Philadelphia met the homeward bound vessels, under Com. Rodgers, which were waiting the arrival of Preble, in the Constitution. As this force was sufficient to watch the Moors, it left the Philadelphia the greater liberty to proceed on her cruise. While together, however, Lieut. Porter, the first of the New York 36, exchanged with Lieut. Cox, the latter gentleman wishing to return home, where he soon after resigned; while the former preferred active service.

The Philadelphia found nothing but the Vixen before Tripoli. A Neapolitan had given information that a corsair had just sailed on a cruise, and this induced Capt. Bainbridge to despatch Lieut. Com. Smith in chase. In consequence of this unfortunate, but perfectly justifiable, decision the frigate was left alone off the town. A vigorous blockade having been determined on, the ship maintained her station as close in as her draught of water would allow until near the close of October, when, it coming on to blow fresh from the westward, she was driven some distance to leeward, as often occurred to vessels on that station. As soon as it moderated, sail was made to recover the lost ground, and, by the morning of the 31st, the wind had become fair, from the eastward. At 8, A. M., a sail was made ahead, standing like themselves to the westward. This vessel proved to be a small cruiser of the Bashaw's, and was probably the very vessel of which the Vixen had gone in pursuit. The Philadelphia now crowded every thing that would draw, and was soon so near the chase as to induce the latter to hug the land. There is an extensive reef to the eastward of Tripoli, called Kaliusa, that was not laid down in the charts of the ship, and which runs nearly parallel to the coast for some miles. There is abundance of water inside of it, as was doubtless known to those on board the chase, and there is a wide opening through it, by which six and seven fathoms can be carried out to sea; but all these facts were then profound mysteries to the officers of the Philadelphia. Agreeably to the chart of Capt. Smyth, of the British navy, the latest and best in existence, the eastern division of this reef lies about a mile and a half from the coast, and its western about a mile. According to the same chart, one of authority and made from accurate surveys, the latter portion of the reef is distant from the town of Tripoli about two and a half miles, and the former something like a mile and a half more. There is an interval of quite half a mile in length between these two main divisions of the reef, through which it is possible to carry six and seven fathoms, provided three or four detached fragments of reef, of no great extent, be avoided. The channels among these rocks afforded great facilities to the Turks in getting in and out of their port during the blockade, since a vessel

of moderate draught, that knew the land-marks, might run through them with great confidence by daylight. It is probable the chase, in this instance, led in among these reefs as much to induce the frigate to follow as to cover her own escape, either of which motives showed a knowledge of the coast, and a familiarity with his duties in her commander.

In coming down from the eastward, and bringing with her a plenty of water, the Philadelphia must have passed two or three hundred yards to the southward of the northeastern extremity of the most easterly of the two great divisions of the reef in question. This position agrees with the soundings found at the time, and with those laid down in the chart. She had the chase some distance inshore of her; so much so, indeed, as to have been firing into her from the two forward divisions of the larboard guns, in the hope of cutting something away. Coming from the eastward, the ship brought into this pass, between the reef and the shore, from fourteen to ten fathoms of water, which gradually shoaled to eight, when Capt. Bainbridge, seeing no prospect of overhauling the chase, then beginning to open the harbor of Tripoli, from which the frigate herself was distant but some three or four miles, ordered the helm a-port, and the yards braced forward, in the natural expectation of hauling directly off the land into deep water. The leads were going at the time, and, to the surprise of all on board, the water shoaled, as the frigate run off, instead of deepening. The yards were immediately ordered to be braced sharp up, and the ship brought close on a wind, in the hope of beating out of this seeming *cul de sac*, by the way in which she had entered. The command was hardly given, however, before the ship struck forward, and, having eight knots way on her, she shot up on the rocks until she had only fourteen and a half feet of water under her fore-chains. Under the bowsprit there were but twelve. Aft she floated, having, it is said, come directly out of six or seven fathoms of water into twelve and fifteen feet; all of which strictly corresponds with the soundings of the modern charts.*

There was much of the hard fortune which attended

* There already exists some disagreement as to the question on which of the two principal portions of this reef, the eastern or the western, the Philadelphia ran. Captain Bainbridge, in his official letter, says that the harbor of Tripoli was distant three or four miles, when his ship struck. But the harbor of Tripoli extends more than a mile to the eastward of the town. Fort English lies properly near the mouth of the harbor, and it is considerably more than a mile east of the castle; which, itself, stands at the southeastern angle of the town. Com. Porter, in his testimony before the court of inquiry, thought the ship struck about three miles and a half from the town of Tripoli, and one and a half from the nearest point of land, which bore south. By the chart, the western margin of the western reef is about 4000 yards from the nearest point in the town, and the western margin of the eastern reef, about 6000. Three reefs and a half would be just 6110 yards. This reef, too, lies as near as may be, a mile and a half north of the nearest land; thus agreeing perfectly with Com. Porter's testimony. In addition, the western portion of the reef could not have been reached without passing into five fathoms water, and Capt. Bainbridge deemed it prudent to haul off when he found himself in eight. All the soundings show, as well as the distances, that the frigate struck as stated in the text, on the eastern half of the Kaliusa Reef; which might well be named the Philadelphia Reef. It may be added, that the nearest land would bear nearer southeast, than south, from the western half of these shoals.

a good deal of Bainbridge's professional career, in the circumstances of this accident. Had the prospects of the chase induced him to continue it, the frigate might have passed ahead, and the chances were that she would have hauled off, directly before the mouth of the harbor of Tripoli, and gone clear; carrying through nowhere less than five fathoms of water. Had she stood directly on, after first hauling up, she might have passed through the opening between the two portions of the reef, carrying with her six, seven, nine and ten fathoms, out to sea. But, in pursuing the very course which prudence and a sound discretion dictated to one who was ignorant of the existence of this reef, he ran his ship upon the very danger he was endeavoring to avoid. It is by making provision for war, in a time of peace, and, in expending its money freely, to further the objects of general science, in the way of surveys and other similar precautions, that a great maritime state, in particular, economizes, by means of a present expenditure, for the moments of necessity and danger that may await it, an age ahead.

Bainbridge's first recourse, was the natural expedient of attempting to force the ship over the obstacle, in the expectation that the deep water lay to seaward. As soon, however, as the boats were lowered, and soundings taken, the true nature of the disaster was comprehended, and every effort was made to back the Philadelphia off, by the stern. A ship of the size of a frigate, that goes seven or eight knots, unavoidably piles a mass of water under her bows, and this, aided by the shelving of the reef, and possibly by a ground swell, had carried the ship up too far, to be got off by any ordinary efforts. The desperate nature of her situation was soon seen by the circumstance of her falling over so much, as to render it impossible to use any of her starboard guns.

The firing of the chase had set several gun-boats in motion in the harbor, and a division of nine was turning to-windward, in order to assist the *xebec* the Philadelphia had been pursuing, even before the last struck. Of course the nature of the accident was understood, and these enemies soon began to come within reach of shot, though at a respectful distance on the larboard quarter. Their fire did some injury aloft, but neither the hull nor the crew of the frigate were hit.

Every expedient which could be resorted to, in order to get the Philadelphia off, was put in practice. The anchors were cut from the bows; water was pumped out, and other heavy articles were thrown overboard, including all the guns, but those aft. Finally the foremast was cut away. It would seem that the frigate had no boat strong enough to carry out an anchor, a great oversight in the equipment of a vessel of any sort. After exerting himself, with great coolness and discretion, until sunset, Bainbridge consulted his officers, and the hard necessity of hauling down the colors was admitted. By this time, the gun-boats had ventured to cross the frigate's stern, and had got upon her weather quarter, where, as she had fallen over several feet to leeward, it was utterly impossible to do them any harm. Other

boats, too, were coming out of the harbor to the assistance of the division which had first appeared.

The Tripolitans got on board the *Philadelphia*, just as night was setting in, on the last day of October. They came tumbling in at the ports, in a crowd, and then followed a scene of indiscriminate plunder and confusion. Swords, epaulettes, watches, jewels, money, and no small portion of the clothing of the officers even, disappeared, the person of Bainbridge himself being respected little more than those of the common men. He submitted to be robbed, until they undertook to force from him a miniature of his young and beautiful wife, when he successfully resisted. The manly determination he showed in withstanding this last violence, had the effect to check the aggression, so far as he was concerned, and about ten at night, the prisoners reached the shore, near the castle of the Bashaw.

Jussuf Caramelli received his prisoners, late as was the hour, in full divan; feeling a curiosity, no doubt, to ascertain what sort of beings the chances of war had thrown into his power. There was a barbarous courtesy in his deportment, nor was the reception one of which the Americans had any right to complain. After a short interview, he dismissed the officers to an excellent supper which had been prepared for them in the castle itself, and to this hour, the gentlemen who sat down to that feast with the appetites of midshipmen, speak of its merits with an affection which proves that it was got up in the spirit of true hospitality. When all had supped, they were carried back to the divan, where the Pacha and his ministers had patiently awaited their return; when the former put them in charge of Sidi Mohammed D'Ghies, one of the highest functionaries of the regency, who conducted the officers, with the necessary attendants, to the building that had lately been the American consular residence.

This was the commencement of a long and irksome captivity, which terminated only with the war. The feelings of Bainbridge were most painful, as we know from his letters, his private admissions, and the peculiar nature of his case. He had been unfortunate throughout most of his public service. The *Retaliator* was the only American cruiser taken in the war of 1798, and down to that moment, she was the only vessel of the new marine that had been taken at all. Here, then, was the second ship that had fallen into the enemy's hands, also under his orders. Then the affair of the *George Washington* was one likely to wound the feelings of a high spirited and sensitive mind, to which explanations, however satisfactory, are of themselves painful and humiliating. These were circumstances that might have destroyed the buoyancy of some men; and there is no question, that Bainbridge felt them acutely, and with a lively desire to be justified before his country. At this moment, his officers stepped in to relieve him, by sending a generous letter, signed by every man in the ship whose testimony could at all influence the opinion of a court of inquiry. Care was taken to say, in this letter, that the charts and soundings justified the ship in approaching the shore, as near as she had,

which was the material point, as connected with his conduct as a commander; his personal deportment after the accident being beyond censure. Bainbridge was greatly relieved by the receipt of this letter, the writing of which was generously and kindly conceived, though doubts may exist as to its propriety, in a military point of view. The commander of a ship, to a certain extent, is properly responsible for its loss, and his subordinates are the witnesses by whose testimony the court, which is finally to exonerate, or to condemn, is guided; to anticipate their evidence, by a joint letter, is opening the door to management and influence which may sometimes shield a real delinquent. So tender are military tribunals, strictly courts of honor, that one witness is not allowed to hear the testimony of another, and the utmost caution should ever be shown about the expression of opinions even, until the moment arrives to give them in the presence of the judges, and under the solemnities of oaths. This is said without direct reference to the case before us, however; for, if ever an instance occurred in which a departure from severe principles is justifiable, it was this; and no one can regret that Bainbridge, in the long captivity which followed, had the consolation of possessing such a letter. It may be well, here, to mention that all the officers whose names are given already in this biography, shared his prison, with the exception of Messrs. Cox and M'Donough; the former of whom had exchanged with lieutenant Porter, now a captain, while the latter had been left at Gibraltar, in charge of the *Meshboha*, to come aloft with *Decatur*, and to share in all the gallant deeds of that distinguished officer, before Tripoli.

Much exaggeration has prevailed on the subject of the treatment the American prisoners received from the Turks. It was not regulated by the rules of a more civilized warfare, certainly, and the common men were compelled to labor under the restrictions of African slavery; but the officers, on the whole, were kindly treated, and the young men were even indulged in many of the wild expressions of their humors. There were moments of irritation, and perhaps of policy, it is true, in which changes of treatment occurred, but confinement was the principal grievance. Books were obtained, and the studies of the midshipmen were not neglected. Sidi Mohammed D'Ghies proved their friend, though the Danish consul, M. Nissen, was the individual to whom the gratitude of the prisoners was principally due. This benevolent man commenced his acts of kindness the day after the Americans were taken, and he continued them, with unwearying philanthropy, down to the hour of their liberation. By means of this gentleman, Bainbridge was enabled to communicate with Com. Preble, who received many useful suggestions from the prisoner, concerning his own operations before the town.

The Turks were so fortunate as to be favored with good weather, for several days after the *Philadelphia* fell into their hands. Surrounding the ship with their gunboats, and carrying out the necessary anchors, they soon hove her off the reef into deep

water; where she floated, though it was necessary to use the pumps freely, and to stop some bad leaks. The guns, anchors, &c., had, unavoidably, been thrown on the rocks; and they were also recovered with little difficulty. The prisoners, therefore, in a day or two, had the mortification to see their late ship anchored between the reef and the town; and, ere long, she was brought into the harbor and partially repaired.

It is said, on good authority, that Bainbridge suggested to Preble the plan for the destruction of the Philadelphia, which was subsequently adopted. His correspondence was active, and there is no question that it contained many useful suggestions. A few weeks after he was captured he received a manly, sensible letter from Preble, which, no doubt, had a cheering influence on his feelings.

It will be remembered that the Philadelphia went ashore on the morning of the 31st October, 1803. On the 15th of the succeeding February, the captives were awaked about midnight by the firing of guns. A bright light gleamed upon the windows, and they had the pleasure to see the frigate enveloped in flames. Decatur had just quitted the ship, and his ketch was then sweeping down the harbor, towards the Siren, which awaited her in the offing!

This exploit caused a sensible change in the treatment of the officers, who were then captives in Tripoli. On the first of March, they were all removed to the castle, where they continued for the remainder of the time they were prisoners, or more than a twelvemonth. Several attempts at escape were made, but they all failed; principally for the want of means. In this manner passed month after month, until the spring had advanced into the summer. One day the cheering intelligence spread among the captives that a numerous force was visible in the offing, but it disappeared in consequence of a gale of wind. This was about the 1st of August, 1804. A day or two later, this force reappeared, a heavy firing followed, and the gentlemen clambered up to the windows which commanded a partial view of the offing. There they saw a flotilla of gunboats, brigs, and schooners, gathering in towards the rocks, where lay a strong division of the Turks, the shot from the batteries and shipping dashing the spray about, and a canopy of smoke collecting over the sea. In the back-ground was the Constitution—that glorious frigate!—coming down into the fray, with the men on her top-gallant-yards gathering in the canvass, as coolly as if she were about to anchor. This was a sight to warm a sailor's heart, even within the walls of a prison! Then they got a glimpse of the desperate assault led by Decatur—the position of their windows permitting no more—and they were left to imagine what was going on, amid the roar of cannon, to leeward. This was the celebrated attack of the 3d August; or that with which Preble began his own warfare, and little intermission followed for the next two months. On the night of the 4th of September, a few guns were fired—a heavy explosion was heard—and this terminated the din of war. It was the catastrophe in which Somers perished. A day

or two later, Bainbridge was taken to see some of the dead of that affair, but he found the bodies so much mutilated as to render recognition impossible.

Bainbridge kept a journal of the leading events that occurred during his captivity. Its meagreness, however, supplies proof of the sameness of his life; little occurring to give it interest, except an occasional difficulty with the Turks, and these attacks. In this journal he speaks of the explosion of the Intrepid, as an enterprise that entirely failed; injuring nothing. It was thought in the squadron that a part of the wall of the castle had fallen, on this occasion, but it was a mistake. Not a man, house, or vessel of Tripoli, so far as can now be ascertained, suffered, in the least, by the explosion. Bainbridge also mentions, what other information corroborates, that the shells seldom burst. Many fell within the town, but none blew up. Two or three even struck the house of the worthy Nissen, but the injury was slight, comparatively, in consequence of this circumstance.

At length the moment of liberation arrived. An American negotiator appeared in the person of the consul general for Barbary, and matters drew toward a happy termination. Some obstacles, however, occurred, and, to get rid of them, Sidi Mohammed D'Ghies, a judge of human nature, and a man superior to most around him, proposed to the Bashaw to let Bainbridge go on board the Constitution, then commanded by Com. Rodgers. The proposal appeared preposterous to the wily and treacherous Jussuf, who insisted that his prisoner would never be fool enough to come back, if once at liberty. The minister understood the notions of military honor that prevailed amongst Christian nations better, and he finally succeeded in persuading his master to consent that Bainbridge might depart; but not until he had placed his own son in the Bashaw's hands, as a hostage.*

The 1st of June, 1805, was a happy hour for the subject of our memoir, for then, after a captivity of nineteen months, to a day, was he permitted again to tread the deck of an American man-of-war. The entire day was spent in the squadron, and Bainbridge returned in the night, greatly discouraged as to the success of the negotiation. Finding Sidi Mohammed D'Ghies, they repaired to the palace together, where the Bashaw received them with wonder. He had given up the slight expectation he ever had of seeing his captive again, and had been sharply rebuking his minister for the weakness he had manifested by his credulity. Bainbridge stated to the prince the only terms on which the Americans would treat, and these Jussuf immediately rejected. The friendly offices of M. Nissen were employed next day, however, and on the third, a council of state was convened, at which the treaty, drawn up in form, was laid before the members for approval or rejection.

* It is pleasing to know that this son has since had his life most probably saved, by the timely intervention of the American authorities. A man-of-war was sent to Tripoli, and brought him off, at a most critical moment, when he was about to fall a sacrifice to his enemies. He is dead; having been an enlightened statesman, like his father, and a firm friend of this country; though much vilified and persecuted toward the close of his brief career.

At this council, Bainbridge was invited to be present. When he entered he was told by the Bashaw, himself, that no prisoner in Barbary had ever before been admitted to a similar honor, and that the discussions should be carried on in French, in order that he might understand them. The question of "peace or war" was then solemnly proposed. There were eight members of the council, and six were for war. Sidi Mohammed D'Ghies and the commandant of the marine alone maintained the doctrine of peace. There may have been preconcert and artifice in all this; if so, it was well acted. The speeches were grave and dignified, and seemingly sincere, and, after a time, two of the dissentients were converted to the side of peace; leaving the cabinet equally divided. "How shall I act?" demanded the Bashaw. "Which party shall I satisfy—you are four for peace, and four for war!" Here Sidi Mohammed D'Ghies arose and said it was for the sovereign to decide—they were but councillors, whereas he was their prince; though he entreated him, for his own interests and for those of his people, to make peace. The Bashaw drew his signet from his bosom, deliberately affixed it to the treaty, and said, with dignity and emphasis, "*It is peace.*"

The salutes followed, and the war ceased. The principal officers of the squadron visited the captives that evening; and the next day the latter were taken on board ship. A generous trait of the seamen and marines, on this occasion, merits notice. A Neapolitan slave had been much employed about them, and had shown them great kindness. They sent a deputation to Bainbridge, to request he would authorize the purser to advance them \$700, of their joint pay; it was done, and, with the money, they bought the liberty of the Neapolitan; carrying him off with them—finally landing him on his own shores.

At Syracuse, a court of inquiry was held, for the loss of the Philadelphia. This court consisted of Capts. James Barron, Hugh G. Campbell and Stephen Decatur, jun. Gen. Eaton was the judge advocate. The result was an honorable acquittal. The finding of this court was dated June 29, 1805.

The country dealt generously and fairly by Bainbridge and his officers. The loss of the Philadelphia was viewed as being, precisely what it was, an unavoidable accident, that was met by men engaged in the zealous service of their country, in a distant sea, on an inhospitable shore, and at an inclement season of the year; and an accident that entailed on the sufferers a long and irksome captivity. To have been one of the Philadelphia's crew has ever been rightly deemed a strong claim on the gratitude of the republic, and, from the hour at which the ill-fated ship lowered her ensign, down to the present moment, a syllable of reproach has never been whispered. Bainbridge, himself, was brought prominently into notice by the affair, and the sympathy his misfortunes produced in the public mind, made him a favorite with the nation. The advantage thus obtained, was supported and perpetuated by that frank and sincere earnestness which marked his public service, and

which was so well adapted to embellish the manly career of a sailor.

The officers and crew of the Philadelphia reached home in the autumn of 1805, and were welcomed with the warmth that their privations entitled them to receive.

Capt. Bainbridge had married, when a young man, and he now found himself embarrassed in his circumstances, with an increasing family. But few ships were employed, and there were officers senior to himself to command them. The half-pay of his rank was then only \$600 a year, and he determined to get leave to make a voyage or two, in the merchant service, in order to repair his fortunes. He had been appointed to the navy yard at New York, however, previously to this determination, but prudence pointed out the course on which he had decided. A voyage to the Havana, in which he was part owner, turned out well, and he continued in this pursuit for two years; or from the summer of 1806, until the spring of 1808. In March of the latter year, he was ordered to Portland, and, in December following, he was transferred to the command of the President 44, then considered the finest ship in the navy. Owing to deaths, resignations, and promotions, the list of captains had undergone some changes since the passage of the reduction-law. It now contained thirteen names, a number determined by an act passed in 1806, among which that of Bainbridge stood the sixth in rank. The difficulties with England, which had produced the armament, seemed on the point of adjustment, and immediate war was no longer expected. Bainbridge hoisted his first broad pennant in the President, having the command on the southern division of the coast; Com. Rodgers commanding at the north. In the summer of 1809 the President sailed on the coast service, and continued under Bainbridge's orders, until May, 1810, when he left her, again to return to a merchant vessel.

On this occasion Bainbridge went into the Baltic. On his way to St. Petersburg, a Danish cruiser took him, and carried him into Copenhagen. Here, his first thought was of his old friend Nissen. Within half an hour, the latter was with him, and it is a coincidence worthy of being mentioned, that at the very moment the benevolent ex-consul heard of Bainbridge's arrival, he was actually engaged in unpacking a handsome silver urn, which had been sent to him, as a memorial of his own kindness to them, by the late officers of the Philadelphia.

Through the exertions of this constant friend, Bainbridge soon obtained justice, and his ship was released. He then went up the Baltic. In this trade, Capt. Bainbridge was induced to continue, until the rencontre occurred, between his late ship, the President, and the British vessel of war, the Little Belt. As soon as apprized of this event, he left St. Petersburg, and made the best of his way to the Atlantic coast, over-land. In February, 1812, he reached Washington, and reported himself for service. But no consequences ever followed the action mentioned, and a period of brief but delusive calm succeeded, during which few, if any, believed that

war was near. Still it had been seriously contemplated; and, it is understood, the question of the disposition of the navy, in the event of a struggle so serious as one with great Britain's occurring, had been gravely agitated in the cabinet. To his great mortification, Bainbridge learned the opinion prevailed that it would be expedient to lay up all the vessels; or, at most, to use them only for harbor defence. Fortunately, the present Com. Stewart, an officer several years the junior of Bainbridge in rank, but one of high moral courage and of great decision of character, happened to be also at the seat of government. After a consultation, these two captains had interviews with the Secretary and President, and, at the request of the latter, addressed to him such a letter as finally induced a change of policy. Had Bainbridge and Stewart never served their country but in this one act, they would be entitled to receive its lasting gratitude. Their remonstrances against belonging to a *peace-navy* were particularly pungent; but their main arguments were solid and convincing. After aiding in performing this act of vital service to the corps to which he belonged, Bainbridge proceeded to Charlestown, Massachusetts, and assumed the command of the yard.

War was declared on the 18th June, 1812; or shortly after Bainbridge was established at his new post. By this time death had cleared the list of captains of most of his superiors. Murray was at the head of the navy, but too old and infirm for active service. Next to him stood Rodgers; James Barron came third, but he was abroad; and Bainbridge was the fourth. This circumstance entitled him to a command afloat, and he got the *Constellation* 38, a lucky ship, though not the one he would have chosen, or the one he might justly have claimed in virtue of his commission. But the three best frigates had all gone to sea, in quest of the enemy, and he was glad to get any thing. A few weeks later, Hull came in with the *Constitution*, after performing two handsome exploits in her, and very generously consented to give her up, in order that some one else might have a chance. To this ship Bainbridge was immediately transferred, and on board her he hoisted his broad pennant on the 15th September, 1812.

The *Essex* 32, Capt. Porter, and *Hornet* 18, Capt. Lawrence, were placed under Bainbridge's orders, and his instructions were to cruise for the English East India trade, in the South Atlantic. The *Essex* being in the Delaware, she was directed to rendezvous at the Cape de Verdes, or on the coast of South America. The *Constitution* and *Hornet* sailed in company, from Boston, on the 26th October, but the events of the cruise prevented the *Essex*, which ship was commanded by Porter, his old first lieutenant in the *Philadelphia*, from joining the commodore.

The *Constitution* and *Hornet* arrived off St. Salvador on the 13th of December. The latter ship went in, and found the *Bonne Citoyenne*, an enemy's cruiser of equal force, lying in the harbor. This discovery led to a correspondence which will be mentioned in the life of Lawrence, and which induced Bainbridge to quit the office, leaving the *Hornet* on

the look-out for her enemy. On the 26th, accordingly, he steered to the southward, intending to stand along the coast as low as 12° 20' S., when, about 9, A. M., on the 29th, the ship then being in 13° 6' S. latitude, and 31° W. longitude, or about thirty miles from the land, she made two strange sail, inshore and to windward. After a little manœuvring, one of the ships closing, while the other stood on towards St. Salvador, Bainbridge was satisfied he had an enemy's frigate fairly within his reach. This was a fortunate meeting to occur in a sea where there was little hazard of finding himself environed by hostile cruisers, and only sixty-four days out himself from Boston.

In receiving the *Constitution* from Hull, Bainbridge found her with only a portion of her old officers in her, though the crew remained essentially the same. Morris, her late first lieutenant, had been promoted, and was succeeded by George Parker, a gentleman of Virginia, and a man of spirit and determination. John Shubrick and Beekman Hoffman, the first of South Carolina and the last of New York, two officers who stood second to none of their rank in the service, were still in the ship, however, and Alwyn, her late master, had been promoted, and was now the junior lieutenant.* In a word, their commander could rely on his officers and people, and he prepared for action with confidence and alacrity. A similar spirit seemed to prevail in the other vessel, which was exceedingly well officered, and, as it appeared in the end, was extra manned.

At a quarter past meridian, the enemy showed English colors. Soon after, the *Constitution*, which had stood to the southward to draw the stranger off the land, hauled up her mainsail, took in her royals, and tacked toward the enemy. As the wind was light and the water smooth, the *Constitution* kept every thing aloft, ready for use, closing with the stranger with royal yards across. At 2 P. M. the latter was about half a mile to windward of the *Constitution*, and showed no colors, except a jack. Bainbridge now ordered a shot fired at him, to induce him to set an ensign. This order, being misunderstood, produced a whole broadside from the *Constitution*, when the stranger showed English colors again, and returned the fire.

This was the commencement of a furious cannonading, both ships manœuvring to rake and to avoid being raked. Very soon after the action commenced, Bainbridge was hit by a musket ball in the hip; and, a minute or two later, a shot came in, carried away the wheel, and drove a small bolt with considerable violence into his thigh. Neither injury, however, induced him even to sit down; he kept walking the quarter-deck, and attending to the ship, greatly adding to the subsequent inflammation, as these foreign substances were lodged in the muscles of his leg, and, in the end, threatened tetanus. The last injury

* Alas! how few of the gallant spirits of the late war remain! Bainbridge is gone. Parker died in command of the *Siren*, the next year. John Shubrick was lost in the *Epervier*, a twelvemonth later; and Beekman Hoffman died a captain in 1834; while Alwyn survived the wounds received in this action but a few days.

was received about twenty minutes after the firing commenced, and was even of more importance to the ship than the wound it produced was to her captain. The wheel was knocked into splinters, and it became necessary to steer below.* This was a serious evil in the midst of a battle, and more particularly in an action in which there was an unusual amount of manœuvring. The English vessel, being very strong manned, was actively handled, and, sailing better than the *Constitution* in light winds, her efforts to rake produced a succession of evolutions, which caused both ships to ware so often, that the battle terminated several miles to leeward of the point on the ocean at which it commenced.

After the action had lasted some time, Bainbridge determined to close with his enemy at every hazard. He set his courses accordingly, and luffed up close to the wind. This brought matters to a crisis, and the Englishman, finding the *Constitution's* fire too heavy, attempted to run her aboard. His jib-boom did get foul of the American frigate's mizen rigging, but the end of his bowsprit being shot away, and his foremast soon after following, the ships passed clear of each other, making a lucky escape for the assailants.† The battle continued some time longer,

* Some time after the peace of 1815, a distinguished officer of the English navy visited the *Constitution*, then just fitted anew at Boston, for a Mediterranean cruise. He went through the ship accompanied by Capt. —, of our service. "Well, what do you think of her?" asked the latter, after the two had gone through the vessel and reached the quarter-deck again. "She is *one* of the finest, if not the very finest frigate I ever put my foot on board of," returned the Englishman, "but, as I must find some fault, I'll just say that your wheel is one of the clumsiest things I ever saw, and is unworthy of the vessel." Capt. — laughed, and then explained the appearance of the wheel to the other, as follows: "When the *Constitution* took the *Java*, the former's wheel was shot out of her. The *Java's* wheel was fitted in the *Constitution* to steer with, and, although we think it as ugly as you do, we keep it as a trophy!"

† On the part of the enemy, in the war of words which succeeded the war of 1812, it was pretended that the *Constitution* kept off in this engagement. Bainbridge, in his official letter, says he endeavored to close, at the risk of being raked; though the early loss of the *Constitution's* wheel prevented her from manœuvring as quickly as she might otherwise have done. When a frigate's wheel is gone, the tiller is managed by tackles, below two decks, and this makes awkward work; first, as to the transmission of orders, and next, and principally, as to the degree of change, the men who do the work not being able to see the sails. There are two modes of transmitting the orders; one by a tube fitted for that express purpose, and the other by a line of midshipmen.

But the absurd part of the argument was an attempt to show that the *Constitution* captured the *Java* by her great superiority in small-arms-men; Kentucky riflemen, of course, of whom, by the way, there probably was never one in an American ship. This attempt was made, in connection with a battle in which the defeated party, too, had every spar, even to her bowsprit, shot out of her! All the witnesses on the subsequent court of inquiry appear to have been asked about this musketry, and the answer of the boatswain is amusing.

Question, "Did you suffer much from musketry on the fore-castle?"

Answer, "Yes; and likewise from round and grape."

Another absurdity was an attempt to show (see James, Ap. p. 12) that the *Java* would have carried the *Constitution* had her men boarded. The *Constitution's* upper deck was said to be deserted, as if her people had left it in apprehension of their enemies. Not a man left his station in the ship, that day, except under orders, and so far from caring about the attempt to board, the crew ridiculed it. The *Java* was very bravely fought, beyond a question, but the *Constitution* took her, and came out of action with royal yards across!

the *Constitution* throwing in several effective raking broadsides, and then falling alongside of her enemy to leeward. At length, finding her adversary's guns silenced and his ensign down, Bainbridge boarded his tacks again, luffed up athwart the Englishman's bows, and got a position ahead and to windward, in order to repair damages; actually coming out of the battle as he had gone into it, with royal yards across, and every spar, from the highest to the lowest, in its place! The enemy presented a singular contrast. Stick after stick had been shot out of him, as it might be, inch by inch too, until nothing, but a few stumps, was left. All her masts were gone, the foremast having been shot away twice, once near the cat-harpings, and again much nearer to the deck; the main-topmast had come down some time before the mainmast fell. The bowsprit, as has been said, was shot away at the cap. After receiving these damages, the enemy did not wait for a new attack, but as soon as the *Constitution* came round, with an intention to cross his fore-foot, he lowered a jack which had been flying at the stump of his mizenmast.

The ship Bainbridge captured was the *Java* 38, Capt. Lambert. The *Java* was a French built ship that had been taken some time previously, under the name of *La Renommée*, in those seas where lies the island after which she was subsequently called. She mounted 49 carriage guns, and had a sufficient number of supernumeraries on board to raise her complement at quarters to something like 400 souls. Of these the English accounts admit that 124 were killed and wounded; though Bainbridge thought her loss was materially greater. It is said a muster-list was found in the ship, that was dated five days after the *Java* left England, and which contained 446 names. From these, however, was to be deducted the crew for a prize she had taken; the ship in company when made the day of the action. Capt. Lambert died of his wounds; but there was a master and commander on board, among the passengers, and the surviving first lieutenant was an officer of merit.

In addition to the officers and seamen who were in the *Java*, as passengers, were Lieutenant-General Hislop and his staff, the former of whom was going to Bombay as governor. Bainbridge treated these captives with great liberality and kindness, and, after destroying his prize for want of means to refit her, he landed all his prisoners, on parole, at St. Salvador.

In this action the *Constitution* had nine men killed and twenty-five men wounded. She was a good deal cut up in the rigging, and had a few spars injured, but, considering the vigor of the engagement and the smoothness of the water, she escaped with but little injury. There is no doubt that she was a heavier ship than her adversary, but the difference in the batteries was less than appeared by the nominal calibres of the guns; the American shot, in that war, being generally of light weight, while those of the *Java*, by some accounts, were French.

It has been said that Bainbridge disregarded his own wounds until the irritation endangered his life. His last injury must have been received about half past two, and he remained actively engaged on deck

until 11 o'clock at night; thus adding the irritation of eight hours of exertion to the original injuries. The consequences were some exceedingly threatening symptoms, but skilful treatment subdued them, when his recovery was rapid.

An interesting interview took place between Bainbridge and Lambert, on the quarter-deck of the Constitution, after the arrival of the ship at St. Salvador. The English captain was in his cot, and Bainbridge approached, supported by two of his own officers, to take his leave, and to restore the dying man his sword. This interview has been described as touching, and as leaving kind feelings between the parting officers. Poor Lambert, an officer of great merit, died a day or two afterwards.

The Constitution now returned home for repairs, being very rotten. She reached Boston February 27, 1813, after a cruise of only four months and one day. Bainbridge returned in triumph, this time, and, if his countrymen had previously manifested a generous sympathy in his misfortunes, they now showed as strong a feeling in his success. The victor was not more esteemed for his courage and skill, than for the high and chivalrous courtesy and liberality with which he had treated his prisoners.

Bainbridge gave up the Constitution on his return home, and resumed the command of the yard at Charlestown, where the Independence 74 was building, a vessel he intended to take, when launched. Here he remained until the peace, that ship not being quite ready to go out when the treaty was signed. In the spring of 1815, a squadron was sent to the Mediterranean, under Decatur, to act against the Dey of Algiers, and Bainbridge followed, as commander-in-chief, in the Independence, though he did not arrive until his active predecessor had brought the war to a successful close. On this occasion, Bainbridge had under his orders the largest naval force that was ever assembled beneath the American flag; from eighteen to twenty sail of efficient cruisers being included in his command. In November, after a cruise of about five months, he returned to Newport, having one ship of the line, two frigates, seven brigs, and three schooners in company. Thus he carried to sea the first two-decker that ever sailed under the American ensign; the present Capt. Bolton being his first lieutenant. During this cruise, Com. Bainbridge arranged several difficulties with the Barbary powers, and in all his service he maintained the honor and dignity of his flag and of his command.

Bainbridge now continued at Boston several years, with his pennant flying in the Independence, as a guard ship. In the autumn of 1819, however, he was detached once more, for the purpose of again commanding in the Mediterranean. This was the fifth time in which he had been sent into that sea; three times in command of frigates, and twice at the head of squadrons. The Columbus 80, an entirely new ship, was selected for his pennant, and he did not sail until April, 1820, in consequence of the work that it was necessary to do on board her. The Columbus reached Gibraltar early in June. This

was an easy and a pleasant cruise, one of the objects being to show the squadron in the ports of the Mediterranean, in order to impress the different nations on its coast with the importance of respecting the maritime rights of the republic. Bainbridge had a strong desire to show his present force, the Columbus in particular, before Constantinople, whither he had been sent twenty years before, against his wishes; but a firman could not be procured to pass the castles with so heavy a ship. After remaining out about a year, Bainbridge was relieved, and returned home, the principal objects of his cruise having been effected.

This was Bainbridge's last duty afloat. He had now made ten cruises in the public service; had commanded a schooner, a brig, five frigates and two line-of-battle ships, besides being at the head of three different squadrons; and it was thought expedient to let younger officers gain some experience. Age did not induce him to retire, for he was not yet fifty; but others had claims on the country, and his family had claims on himself.

But, although unemployed afloat, Bainbridge continued diligently engaged in the service, generally of the republic and of the navy. He was at Charlestown—a favorite station with him—for some time, and then was placed at the head of the board of navy commissioners, at Washington. After serving his three years in the latter station, he had the Philadelphia yard. Bainbridge had removed his family twenty-six times, in the course of his different changes, and considering himself as a Delaware seaman, he now determined to set up his *penates* permanently in the ancient capital of the country. An unpleasant collision with the head of the department, however, forced him from his command in 1831; but, the next year, he was restored to the station at Charlestown. His health compelled him to give up this yard in a few months, and, his constitution being broken, he returned to his family in Philadelphia, in the month of March, 1832, only to die. His disease was pneumonia, connected with great irritation of the bowels and a wasting diarrhoea. As early as in January, 1833, he was told that his case was hopeless, when he manifested a calm and manly resignation to his fate. He lived, however, until the 28th of July, when he breathed his last, aged fifty-nine years, two months and twenty-one days. An hour or two previously to his death, his mind began to wander, and not long before he yielded up his breath, he raised all that was left of his once noble frame, demanded his arms, and ordered all hands called to board the enemy!

Bainbridge married, in the early part of his career, a lady of the West Indies, of the name of Hyleger. She was the grand-daughter of a former governor of St. Eustatia, of the same name. By this lady he had five children who grew up; a son and four daughters. The son was educated to the bar, and was a young man of much promise; but he died a short time previously to his father. Of the daughters, one married a gentleman of the name of Hayes, formerly of the navy; another married Mr. A. G. Jaudon, of

Philadelphia, and a third is now the wife of Henry K. Hoff, a native of Pennsylvania, and a sea-lieutenant in the service, of eleven years standing. He left his family in easy circumstances, principally the result of his own prudence, forethought, gallantry and enterprise.

At the time of his death, Commodore Bainbridge stood third in rank, in the American navy; having a long list of captains below him. Had justice been done to this gallant officer, to the service to which he belonged, or even to the country, whose interests are alone to be efficiently protected by a powerful marine, he would have worn a flag some years before the termination of his career. Quite recently a brig of war has received his name, in that service which he so much loved, and in which he passed the best of his days.

Com. Bainbridge was a man of fine and commanding personal appearance. His stature was about six feet, and his frame was muscular and of unusually good proportions. His face was handsome, particularly in youth, and his eye uncommonly animated and piercing. In temperament he was ardent and sanguine; but cool in danger, and of a courage of proof. His feelings were vehement, and he was quickly roused; but, generous and brave, he was easily appeased. Like most men who are excitable, but who are firm at bottom, he was the calmest in moments of the greatest responsibility.* He was

* A singular proof how far the resolution of Bainbridge could overcome his natural infirmities, was connected with a very melancholy affair. When Decatur fought the duel

hospitable, chivalrous, magnanimous, and a fast friend. His discipline was severe, but he tempered it with much consideration for the wants and health of his crews. Few served with him who did not love him, for the conviction that his heart was right, was general among all who knew him. There was a cordiality and warmth in his manner, that gained him friends, and those who knew him best, say he had the art of keeping them.

A shade was thrown over the last years of the life of this noble-spirited man by disease. His sufferings drove him to the use of antispasmodics, to an extent which deranged the nerves. This altered his mood so much as to induce those who did not know him well, to imagine that his character had undergone the change. This was not the case, however; to his dying hour Bainbridge continued the warm-hearted friend, the chivalrous gentleman, and the devoted lover of his country's honor and interests.

in which he fell, he selected his old commander and friend, Bainbridge, to accompany him to the field. Bainbridge had a slight natural impediment in his speech which sometimes embarrassed his utterance; especially when any thing excited him. On such occasions, he usually began a sentence—"un-ter"—"un-ter," or "un-to," and then he managed to get out the beginning of what he had to say. On the sad occasion alluded to, the word of command was to be "Fire—one, two, three;" the parties firing between "Fire" and "three," Bainbridge won the toss, and was to give the word. It then occurred to one of the gentlemen of the other side that some accident might arise from this peculiarity of Bainbridge's—"one two" sounding so much like "un-ter," and he desired that the whole order might be rehearsed before it was finally enacted. This was done; but Bainbridge was perfectly cool, and no mistake was made.

SONG—"I SAW HER ONCE."

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I saw her once; and still I see
That placid eye and thoughtful brow;
That voice! it spoke but once to me—
That quiet voice is with me now.

Where'er I go my soul is blest;
She meets me there, a cheering light;
And when I sink away to rest
She murmurs near—Good night! good night!

Our earthly forms are far apart;
But can her spirit be so nigh
Nor I a home within her heart?
And Love but dream her fond reply?

Oh, no! the form that I behold—
No shaping this of memory!
Her self, her self is here enshold!
—I saw her once; and still I see.

SONNET—THE UNATTAINED.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Is this, then, Life? Oh! are we born for this?
To follow phantoms that elude the grasp!
Or whatso'er secured, within our clasp
To withering lie! as if an earthly kiss
Were doomed Death's shuddering touch alone to greet.
Oh Life! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss?
Must still the Unattained allure our feet?

The Unattained with yearnings fill the breast,
That rob, for aye, the spirit of its rest?
Yes, this is Life, and everywhere we meet,
Not victor crowns, but wallings of defeat—
Yet falter not, thou dost apply a test
That shall incite thee onward, upward still—
The present cannot sate, thy soul it cannot fill.

A YOUNG WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

CHAPTER I.

An she shall walk in silken tire
And siller hae to spare.

Scottish Song.

"No, no, Lowndes," answered Mr. Gilmer, in reply to some question which the former had made his friend touching the accomplishments of his bride elect. "No, no: you will find Miss Vivian very different probably from what you expect. Men at my age, who know the world, know that talents and accomplishments are not the first qualities to seek in a wife. Freshness of heart and mind, *naïveté* and disinterestedness are the charms that we prize as we grow older, for they alone, springing from the heart, can insure us happiness. No, you will not find Miss Vivian accomplished to any high degree. Her extreme youth precludes that. But what music or language can equal the melody and eloquence that speak in a young voice fresh from a warm heart! Of disinterested affection, one can feel sure in a creature so young; and the pleasure of cultivating a heart and mind all your own, of feeling that every flower that springs there is of your own planting, is worth more to my taste than the utmost perfection of acquirements ready made to the hand."

Mr. Lowndes, who was also mature in the world's ways, was somewhat amused at his friend's warmth, while he smiled as he thought of the *disinterestedness* that leads sixteen to wed with forty-two, and he said,

"The lady is beautiful, no doubt. For with all your philosophic knowledge of the world, Gilmer, I doubt whether you would appreciate so highly the charms of a youthful mind were they not united to the loveliness of a youthful person."

Gilmer replied with a smile,

"I think you will find she does credit to my taste. You must let me introduce you," and the friends having agreed to call at Mrs. Vivian's for that purpose in the evening, separated; Gilmer pitying Lowndes' forlorn state as an old bachelor, while Lowndes could not but be amused to see his friend so enthusiastic in a folly he had often ridiculed in others.

Mr. Gilmer, at forty-two, knew the world as he said; and what is more, the world knew him; and having run a gay career, to settle in a grave and polished middle age, he would now renew life, and start afresh for the goal of happiness; deeming himself, old worldling that he was, a fit match for bright sixteen, and a natural recipient for the first warm affections of that happy age.

But is time to be so cheated? Let us see.

"Look!" cried the little bride elect, "is not this beautiful," showing her mother an exquisite cadeau from her lover. "Oh, mamma," added she, clasping her little hands in an ecstasy, "how he will dress one!"

"Yes, my love," said her mother tenderly, "it is beautiful, indeed. How very attentive and kind in Mr. Gilmer to remember that passing wish of yours."

"Oh yes! and what perfect taste too he has," continued the little lady, evidently much more intent upon her present than her lover; and so she flew to her aunt to show the rich present she had just received. Miss Lawrence, a younger sister of her mother, who resided with them, had been absent when this engagement took place; and having examined and admired the jewel to the satisfaction of her niece, said,

"I am quite anxious to see this Mr. Gilmer of yours, Charlotte."

"Are you? Well, he will be here this evening, I suppose; and I dare say you will like him. He likes all those sensible, dull books that you and mamma are so fond of. He'll just suit you."

"I hope," replied her aunt, smiling, "he suits you too."

"Yes," she answered, with a little hesitation, "only he is too grave and sensible: but then he's old, you know," she added with a serious look.

"Old!" replied Miss Lawrence, "what do you call old?"

"Oh, I don't know; thirty, or forty, or fifty, I don't know exactly; but he must be quite as old as mamma, maybe older: but," added she, with more animation, "I shall have the prettiest phaeton, with the dearest little pair of black ponies you ever saw, just to drive when I shop, you know, and an elegant chariot to pay visits; and I mean to give so many parties and a fancy ball regularly every winter;" and she continued dwelling on her anticipated gaieties to the utter exclusion, in all her plans, of husband or lover, to the surprise and amusement, not unmixed with anxiety, of her aunt, who soon began to perceive that her neice's young brain was dizzy with the prospect of splendors and gaieties that her mother's limited income denied her, while her heart was as untouched by any deeper emotion as one might naturally have expected from her joyous, unthinking, careless age. She was dazzled by Mr. Gilmer's fortune and flattered by his attentions, for he was *distingué* in society; but *love* she deemed out

of the question with a man as old as her mother; and she was right. It *was* out of the question with a girl young enough to be his daughter; for however age may admire youth, there is nothing captivating to youth in age. His fine mind, cultivated tastes and elegant manners were lost upon one whose youth and ignorance precluded her appreciating qualities she did not comprehend; and she only looked forward to her marriage as the first act in a brilliant drama in which she was to play the principal part.

"Are you quite satisfied, sister, with this engagement of Charlotte's?" asked Miss Lawrence, with some anxiety.

"Perfectly," replied Mrs. Vivian, "more than satisfied. Mr. Gilmer's fortune and station are all I could ask. He is a man of sense and a gentleman. What more could I desire?"

"He is that, certainly," replied her sister, "but I confess I wish that the disparity of years between them was less."

"I am not sure that I do," answered Mrs. Vivian. "His age gives me a security for his character that I could not have otherwise. And the younger the wife the greater the idol generally. Charlotte has been too much of an indulged and spoiled child, if you will, to humor and support the caprices of a young man, and I had rather she were an 'old man's darling than a young man's slave.'"

"If she were compelled to either alternative," said Miss Lawrence.

"Beside," continued Mrs. Vivian, scarce hearing her sister's interruption, "his fortune is immense; and the certainty that she will always be encompassed by every luxury wealth can procure is to me an unspeakable comfort. You cannot know, Ellen, with what idolatry a mother loves an only child, nor can you, therefore, comprehend how anxiously I would guard her from every trial or privation that could beset her path in life. My income is so small that with me she must suffer many privations both as to pleasures and comforts that will now be showered upon her with a liberal hand; and I own I anticipate her marriage with as much happiness as a mother can look forward to a separation from her only child."

And now the preparations were rapidly making for the marriage, and every day brought some new finery to deck the pretty bride, who was in one continued ecstasy at every fresh importation; and when the wedding-day arrived and brought with it a *corbeille* from Mr. Gilmer, which, when opened, disclosed a bouquet of sixteen white camellias, and underneath the bridal veil of costliest lace, with other elegancies too numerous to mention, she fairly danced in her childish glee as she threw the veil over her head and flew to the mirror; and the only shadow or doubt that crossed her fair young face that day, was lest Martille, that most faithful of *coiffeurs*, should disappoint her in the evening.

The veil is at last arranged, with its orange buds and blossoms, and as the sparkling, white dress floats around her airy figure, a prettier, brighter, more graceful creature has rarely glanced across this

world than that beauteous young bride; and Mr. Gilmer as he stood beside her, high-bred, grave and middle-aged, looked better fitted to perform the part of father than of groom.

As his friend Mr. Lowndes gazed upon the flashing eyes and glowing cheeks of the young beauty, and heard the merry tones of her childish voice, and then glanced round at the small rooms and plain furniture of her mother's house, he perfectly comprehended the infatuation of his friend and the motives of his bride.

CHAPTER II.

That may gar one cry, but it canna gar me mind.
Heart of Mid Lothian.

"Well, Charlotte," said Mr. Gilmer, after they had been married about six weeks, "I suppose our wedding gaieties are nearly over?"

"Oh! I hope not," cried she, looking almost aghast at the idea. "Why they have scarcely more than begun. There would be very little use in being a bride indeed, if it were to end so soon," she continued.

"So soon?" replied her husband. "Why I should think that even you would be tired of this incessant gaiety. I fairly long for one quiet dinner and evening at home."

"I agree with you," she returned, "the dinners are bores. To be obliged to sit four or five mortal hours and talk is very dull. But the balls are delightful, and I hope may continue these three months. You don't dance, however," she added, "and I don't wonder you find it tiresome. Mamma used to complain of it too, and I dare say it is dull to you old folks who look on. But to us who waltz, you don't know how charming it is," and as she shook back her curls and looked up in his face, with such an expression of youthful delight, he was compelled to swallow with good humor the being classed with "Mamma" and the "old folks," unpleasant as it might be, in the hope that she would soon weary of this heartless gaiety, and ceasing to be a child, "put away childish things."

Finding, however, that her youth was more than a match for his patience, he soon wearied of playing the indulgent lover, and within two months after their marriage he said,

"Charlotte, after to-night we go to no more evening parties. I am thoroughly tired of them, and you have had enough for this season."

She would have remonstrated, but the decision, almost amounting to sternness with which he spoke, startled her, and she only pouted without replying. Her usual resource, to complain of her husband to her mother, was left her, and Mrs. Vivian's spirit quickly fired at seeing her darling child thwarted, and she said with the feeling more natural than judicious in a mother-in-law,

"Tell your husband, Charlotte, that if he does not wish to go, I am always ready to accompany you," and the young wife returned triumphantly to her

husband to say, "that mamma would take her to Mrs. Johnson's." Mr. Gilmer could not reasonably object to the arrangement, little as he liked it; but thus Mrs. Vivian laid the foundation of a dislike between her son-in-law and self that took root but to flourish and strengthen with time.

Mrs. Vivian calling soon after on her daughter, found her poring over a large volume most intently.

"What are you reading, Charlotte?" inquired her mother.

"Oh!" she said, tossing the book from her, "the stupidest thing you ever read. Mr. Gilmer insisted on my reading it. He wants me to 'cultivate my mind,' to read and think, but I won't think for him," she said, pettishly pushing the book from her, "he can't make me do that, do what he will. Now is it not hard," she said, appealing to her mother, "that just as I have left school, I should be surrounded by masters and forced to study? He insisted on engaging Signor F. to give me Italian lessons, as he says that time will hang heavy on my hands if I have nothing to do when he is absent. Not nearly as heavy, I can tell him, as when I have something to do I don't like. And, then, these stupid dinners he *will* give, where he has only grave, sensible old men. If I had thought I was to lead such a life as this, I would have married a young man at once;" and thus she poured out her complaints, which were "as fresh from a warm young heart," as Mr. Gilmer himself could have desired in his most enthusiastic mood. In fact, he was beginning to find that this "cultivating a wife's mind" was not the easy delightful task he had once promised himself; and the *naïveté* that had so charmed him before his marriage, annoyed him now not a little, as he saw it amuse his friends, particularly Mr. Lowndes, whose quick eye would involuntarily glance at him as his wife let forth most unconsciously some of the little *disagréments* of their *ménage*. That same *naïveté* is the most unmanageable quality in an establishment where all does not run smoothly, and for that very reason, perhaps, often more amusing to strangers. But we pity the proud reserved man who is to be tortured with the "simplicity" by which he was once captivated.

And if she was weary of the "grave sensible men" that surrounded his table, he was not less so of her young companions, who chattered and gossiped till his ears fairly ached with their nonsense.

The career of self indulgence, generally denominated a "gay life," that Mr. Gilmer had led, was not the best of preparations for an indulgent husband, and resuming, as time wore on, the selfishness that had been laid asleep or aside in the first excitement of winning his little beauty, he became more decided and less tender in his manner toward his young wife. Finding he could not make her a companion, and having no respect for her understanding, nor sympathy in her tastes, he soon began to treat her as a child, that is, as a being having no *rights*. She on her side, quicker in feeling than defining, felt as every child feels, when defrauded of their due, that she had claims to assert as well as himself; and thus commenced a struggle that each urged as far as they dared.

We say dared, for there was a cold, stern decision about him, that awed her in spite of herself; and he saw a look in her eye sometimes that told him it were best not to push matters to extremities, or he might raise a spirit, once raised not so easily laid. Mrs. Vivian seeing her beautiful child consigned to the cold selfishness rather of a step-father, than the indulgent affection of a devoted husband as she had expected, injudiciously took part in their little differences, and could not help giving her son-in-law an occasional *cut* that neither sweetened his temper nor mended his manners. He respected her understanding, and feared her penetration; and fear and respect too often engender dislike; and it was not long before a state of feeling arose between mother and son-in-law less seldom than sorrowful.

CHAPTER III.

"Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could mak us happy long;
The heart's aye the part aye
That makes us right or wrong."

BURNS.

The birth of a daughter at length opened new feelings and hopes to the parents; and the thought "that Mr. Gilmer could no longer treat her as a child, and require her to study and read," added not a little to the happiness that flashed in Charlotte's eyes as she kissed her baby with rapture; and the quiet but deep satisfaction with which Mr. Gilmer contemplated his child, was partly founded in the expectation, "that Charlotte, in assuming the duties and feelings of a mother, would sink the giddiness of the girl in the steadiness of the woman." But little did he know in supposing that youth and nature were thus to be cheated of their privileges by the assumption of the responsibilities of maturer age. That Charlotte loved her infant with the liveliest affection, is true; but it was rather the playful fondness of a child for its plaything than the passionate love of a mother for her first born; and although she would delightedly fondle the infant for a few minutes, yet easily terrified by the cries of the little creature, drawn forth by the awkward handling of its inexperienced parent, she would quickly resign it to the soothing cares of its nurse, who, in fact, dreaded the sight of the young mother in the nursery. Once, indeed, after having been admonished and lectured by her husband on her new duties and responsibilities, she took it in her head, at the imminent risk of life and limb of her child, to wash and dress it herself, and which was most terrified and exhausted under the operation, mother or child, it would be difficult to say; and very soon she resumed her usual routine of life, only varied by occasional visits to her nursery. Mr. Gilmer, disappointed in the change he had hoped to see in her character and tastes, became more impatient and less yielding than before. Had he, in the indulgent spirit that should have accompanied his age and knowledge of the world, given way to the joyous spirits and excitable feelings natural to her youth, he would have won to himself a heart naturally warm and affectionate, at the same time that he quenched

her ardent love of pleasure in satiety. But, too selfish to put that constraint on himself, he expected at once that calm indifference to society, in a girl of scarce eighteen, that was in himself the result of twenty-five years devotion to its frivolities, and his wife's thirst for gaiety seemed to increase in proportion to the difficulties and objections he threw in the path of her enjoyment—and it was but natural that she should escape with delight, looks of grave displeasure, quick words of impatience, and selfish forgetfulness of her tastes at home, for the gaiety of brilliant throngs where she was followed, admired and flattered, and which she enjoyed the more, that the opportunities were rare and doubtful.

And thus time wore on, adding rather than diminishing the discontents of all parties. We have said before that the feelings subsisting between Mrs. Vivian and her son-in-law were any thing but kind and friendly; and they now rarely met without quick and biting sarcasms on her side, retorted by a cold and haughty disrespect on his. Age, too, was now adding its usual exactions to his natural selfishness of character, and that he might enjoy that luxurious indolence and tranquillity so necessary to his happiness, and withdraw his wife from the pleasure so apposite to his tastes, and, above all, that he might free himself from the interference and investigation of Mrs. Vivian, and separate Charlotte from her mother as much as possible, he resolved to purchase a place in the country. Regardless of the wishes of his wife, heedless of her remonstrance, the idea was no sooner conceived than executed, and however much Mrs. Gilmer disliked the removal, there was no resource but to submit. That she submitted with a good grace we cannot say, for Charlotte had now learned to *think*, (as what woman does not that makes an ill-assorted marriage?) although her mind had not expanded in the direction that her husband desired. She had become acquainted with her own claims, and in penetrating the heartlessness and hollowness of her husband's character, had learned to mourn over the sacrifice of her youth and beauty with indignation and anguish. Resenting the steady pursuance of his own plans, to the utter exclusion of all consideration for her wishes, she in her turn became careless of his comforts and negligent of her duties. Who that passed that beautiful place, with its rich lawns, noble trees and magnificent views, would have suspected the discontented tempers and unsatisfied hearts that dwelt in that embowered paradise. Her child was a source of unmingled happiness to her as it grew in beauty and intelligence. But will the love of a child alone compensate for that want of companionship and sympathy that the heart asks for in vain where there is no equality of mind or years?

The society of her mother had been her greatest source of comfort during the last few years of her existence, as she turned to her for that indulgence and love of which she felt the want more and more; and which was poured forth upon her more fully in her hour of disappointment than even in her petted childhood by her doting parent. And now how gladly did she hail every little excuse the calls of life afforded her, the procuring a servant, the necessary purchases, &c., to drive to the city and spend as many hours as possible with that dear friend. And oh, how doubly happy was she on such occasions, if she were caught in a storm, or losing the boat, was compelled to remain a few days in that small house, which with its mean furniture she had once been so anxious to escape, but which was now to her the centre of all happiness, for there she found liberty, sympathy, love; and her mother acknowledged to herself that when she had so anxiously essayed to guard her child from every sorrow and trial of life, she had attempted a task not to be achieved upon earth. Cares and sorrows are the lot of earth's children; but they fall comparatively lightly on those whose hearts are strengthened and sustained by an all-supporting and enduring love for those to whom fortune has connected their destiny.

And was Mr. Gilmer happier for the new mode of life he had adopted? No. Accustomed to the habits of a city, he was wanting in that personal activity necessary for the enjoyment of country pleasures, or keen interest in the agricultural improvement of his place. His literary pursuits, wanting the stimulus of congenial spirits, was degenerating into careless reading and sedentary habits, only diversified by light dozing; and, after spending the afternoon and evening hours in his library alone, there was a dreamy abstraction in his eye, that the keen vigilance of Mrs. Vivian having once detected, she knew immediately came neither from literary excitement nor intellectual meditation. Thus will the selfish pursuance of one's own gratification, alone, fall back upon the head of him who essays to secure all for himself in yielding nothing to others.

A wasted youth and useless manhood must end in a neglected and unhonored age.

Should a few years bring forth a young and beauteous widow, society may look for the natural results of an unnatural youth, in that saddest of anomalies, a *gay widow*. And should she essay a second "Experiment of Living," we fear that having been worldly when she should have been romantic, she will now be romantic when it would be more graceful, or at least more respectable, to be worldly, and the result will scarcely be less unfortunate and infinitely more ridiculous than the first. F. E. F.

THE PET RABBIT.

TRUE were your words, heart-reader, Jacques Rousseau—

'Tis woman's nature to be loving ever;

Though like the winds, the amorous winds that blow,

She to one object may be constant never.

The gentle Julia, fickle as she's fair,

Still cannot triumph o'er the pleasing habit.

Live without love? As well without the air!

She scorns her husband, but—adores her rabbit.

THE REPRIMAND.

BY EPES SARGENT.

In this utilitarian, leveling, democratic age, when candidates for the Presidency are expected to attend "mass clam-bakes," at Seekonk, Squam, or some equally central and populous locality, it is quite delightful to meet with a good, old-fashioned, uncompromising aristocrat like Aunt Adeline. Possessing no discoverable attraction, personal, intellectual, or moral—masculine in her features, voice and manners—penurious in her habits—and violent in her prejudices—all these little foibles and defects are redeemed and dignified by her magnificent family pride. Her grandmother was niece to a lady, whose husband had a cousin, whose husband's brother's wife's sister had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne. What a blessed privilege! What a cause for felicitation and delicious retrospection to the remotest posterity!

Amy Ammidon and her brother Harry had the never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated good fortune to be the children of Aunt Adeline's brother, and to partake consequently in the lustre of her ancestral glories. At the time of the incident, the particulars of which have been communicated to me, Mr. Ammidon, who had been a prosperous merchant, had met with reverses in business, which compelled him to circumscribe his expenditures. Harry was supposed to be traveling in Europe; and Aunt Adeline, much to the chagrin of all concerned, had undertaken to supply the void in the family, occasioned about a year before by the death of an affectionate mother and wife, by taking up her residence amongst them. Such were the circumstances of the little group early in the spring of 1842.

What a dear, artless, sunny-tempered creature was Amy! Vainly, vainly has the limner tried accurately to trace her face and figure. He deserves credit for what he has done. I can see a resemblance—a strong one, in the picture which the graver of Gimbrede has transferred to steel. But where is the ever-varying expression, the sparkling animation of lip and eye, too evanescent and too mutable to be daguerretyped even by memory with fidelity? Art can do much, but it cannot do justice to such a Protean beauty as Amy.

Although born in the city—although the din of Broadway was the first noise that broke upon her infant slumbers—Amy was as much out of place in New York, with its reeking gutters, its eternal omnibuses and its "indignation processions," as a pond lily would be in a tanner's pit. The country, with its wealth of foliage, its fields and its wild flowers, was her delight. The anticipation of visiting it

seemed to be alone sufficient to fill her heart with cheerfulness during the winter months. A little cottage, in Westchester county, to which the name of Glenwood had been given, and which had not been sacrificed in the general wreck of her father's property, was her *beau ideal* of Paradise. And a delicious spot it was—cool, sequestered, rich in its smooth lawns and ancient forests, and commanding a fine view of Long Island Sound, from which a fresh breeze was wafted in the hottest days of summer. I cannot imagine a more suitable place at which to introduce Amy to the friendly regards of my readers.

But before I proceed, let me express my regret that a rigid adherence to truth and candor will not permit me to conceal the fact that there was one trait of character in which Amy was lamentably and unaccountably deficient. Notwithstanding the lessons and the example of her respectable aunt—notwithstanding the hereditary *blood* in her veins—notwithstanding the family tree and the family pictures, Amy had not one particle of that praiseworthy and truly disinterested pride which springs from the contemplation of the superiority of some remote ancestor over ourselves. She had not sense enough to see (poor thing!) why the circumstance of her great grandfather's having been a bishop was a sufficient proof of her own orthodoxy and worth, or what her grandmother's merit had to do with *hers*. Had she been in the habit of quoting poetry, she might have adopted the base-spirited sentiment expressed by Pope:

What can ennoble fools, or knaves, or cowards?

A great fallacy, and one which never failed to excite the vehement and proper indignation of Aunt Adeline! I am sorry that at the very outset I am compelled to tell these things of Amy, but, as they illustrate her conduct on an important occasion, they could not well be omitted.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in June. The air from the water was fresh and elastic. The bees about Glenwood were plying a brisk business among the clover, and the birds were singing as if their life depended on the amount of noise they could make. Amy stole in from the piazza that encircled the cottage, and, with her apron full of newly plucked flowers, sat down in the big leathern arm-chair in the library to arrange a nosegay. To one who could not sympathize with her admiration of their fragrance and beauty, her delight would have seemed almost childish, for she kissed them and

laughed, and laughed and kissed them again, then put her forefinger to her mischievous lips, and whispered "hush!" as if warning herself against intrusion, then shrugged her ivory shoulders and laughed once more, as if congratulating herself upon the undisturbed enjoyment of some interdicted pleasure.

But Amy was mistaken in supposing that she was alone and unobserved, for at that moment Aunt Adeline, who had been watching her antics from behind a door, burst in upon her with an exclamation which made her start from her seat and drop the half-formed nosegay, and scatter the flowers upon the floor, while she stood trembling like a culprit, with one hand grasping her apron, and her left elbow instinctively resting on a couple of large volumes which concealed a whole wilderness of pressed flowers.

And what was Amy's crime? Listen, and perhaps you may find out.

"So, Miss—so!" screamed Aunt Adeline, at the top of her voice, which, in its melody, resembled a Scotch bag-pipe more than a Dorian flute. And having uttered these monosyllables, she tossed herself into the vacated chair, as if preparing for a reprimand of some length. Then, pointing to the abandoned flowers, she sternly asked—"How came you by those flowers? Speak, minx!"

Amy continued silent; and Aunt Adeline renewed her interrogation with more severity. A little indignation began now to mingle with Amy's grief, and she was on the point of astonishing her aunt with a spirited reply, when the latter exclaimed:

"You need n't tell me where you got them, Miss. I know all about it. They were given to you by that plebeian clodhopper, Tom Greenleaf, the milk-man's son. Yes, you mean-spirited thing, you. The milk-man's son!"

It was even so. Mortifying to my feelings as it is to make any such admission in regard to a heroine of mine, I must confess that Aunt Adeline was right, and that the flowers were the gift (pah!) of an individual of thoroughly rustic extraction. Some twenty years since, old Greenleaf was the owner of a snug farm on the island of Manhattan; where he obtained a frugal subsistence by selling milk to the denizens of the city. It was even true, that occasionally, when the old man was confined at home by the rheumatism, Tom, who was then a mere lad, would mount the cart and go the rounds in his father's stead. While engaged in this employment, it was his lot to meet Amy Ammidon, whose family he supplied with the snowy beverage enclosed in his large tin tubs. Amy was then as rosy-cheeked, black-eyed a little maiden as ever perpetrated unconscious damage in the hearts of venturesome youths. Tom instinctively discovered her fondness for flowers, and the nosegays he used to bring her in consequence surpassed all computation. Years rolled on; and one fine summer day the old milk-man was overwhelmed with astonishment at discovering that his little thirty-acre farm was worth a hundred thousand dollars. He sold out, purchased a beautiful estate in Westchester, removed to it, and just as he was beginning to feel

the *ennui* of inert prosperity, he died, leaving Tom the sole heir of his safely invested property.

Tom showed himself a man, every inch of him, in the course he pursued. He had always had a taste for reading, and he now devoted himself with assiduity to the attainment of a fitting education. At the age of twenty-one he graduated at a respectable college, and then wisely chose the profession of a farmer. He had not been home many days, when in one of his walks he encountered his old friend Amy. Both were equally delighted at renewing the acquaintance; and one step led to another, until Tom had the audacity to send her the nosegay which had called down Aunt Adeline's appropriate indignation.

"Hear me, Amy Ammidon," continued she; "if you dare to disgrace your family by receiving the addresses of that son of a cauliflower—that low-born, low-bred cultivator of turnip-tops and radishes—that superintendent of hay-mows and pig-pens—that vulgar cow-boy—if you dare to sully the blood of an Ammidon by such a union, I will utterly disown you, and you shall never have the advantage of my society again."

Strange to say, Amy's eyes brightened at this menace, and I am afraid she was just on the point of exclaiming, "O, then, I will marry him, by all means;" but she checked herself, and said: "Can't one receive a few flowers from a gentleman without risking the imputation of being engaged to him?"

"Gentleman, indeed! Tom Greenleaf a gentleman!"

"Yes, Miss Adeline Ammidon," exclaimed Amy in a tone which transfixed her aunt with amazement, "as true a gentleman as any ancestor of yours or mine ever was! A gentleman not only in mind and manners, but what is better far, in heart—and therefore a perfect gentleman!"

"Oh dear! What a deal of spirit Miss Innocence can show when a word is said against the clodhopper! Why does n't she show as much indignation when Frank Phaeton and Harry Hawker, from both of whom she has had offers, are abused?"

"I shall be eighteen next January—heigho!"

"So, you mean by that to taunt me with your approaching freedom; but we will have you married before that time in a manner becoming your rank. Have you forgotten what I told you about Col. Mornington, a son of the Earl of Bellingham, being in the city from Canada? My friend, Mrs. Ogleby, has promised to give him a letter to me, and I am daily expecting a call. When he comes, I mean to invite him to pass a week at Glenwood, and if you are not a fool you can bring him to your feet."

"Is n't he very dissipated?"

"That is not of the slightest consequence, my dear, when you think of his splendid connections."

"I am told he is utterly destitute of principle."

"He will be a lord when his eldest brother dies. It is ridiculous to bring up such frivolous objections."

While this conversation was going on, Greenleaf, who had been lying in wait for Amy near the porch, was attracted to the window by the loud, oburgatory tones of aunt Adeline's voice, and, to his dismay,

found that Amy was the victim of her anger. He was on the point of jumping into the room, and gagging the old woman, when his eye fell on a suspicious-looking flask near the window-sill, and he charitably concluded that the cordial it contained was at the bottom of the disturbance. How far this conjecture was correct I have never been able to ascertain. Tom was soon joined by Amy, who, with tears in her eyes, told him of her aunt's violent behavior. The lovers sauntered away, arm in arm, and, as they reached the termination of a shady lane that opened upon the highway, they saw a carriage, containing a young man of foreign appearance, with long hair and moustaches, drive toward the cottage.

"That must be the Colonel Mornington, of whom Aunt Adeline spoke," said Amy, stifling a sob.

"Shall I knock him down?" asked Tom, clenching his fists.

Before Amy could reply, the carriage was suddenly stopped, and the stranger, throwing open the door, jumped from it without waiting for the steps to be let down. Then, rushing toward Amy, he threw his arms about her neck, hugged and kissed her. So abrupt and rapid was the act, that Greenleaf was thoroughly confounded at the fellow's impudence, and had no opportunity of interposing. He was making preparations to seize the coxcomb, however, and throw him over the hedge, when he was relieved by Amy's exclaiming, "Brother Harry! Is it possible? I should never have dreamed it was you, with those frightful whiskers."

"Yes, Amy, it is Harry himself. And you—how you have grown! When I last saw you, you were a chubby little girl. But, Amy, Amy, is that a tear on your cheek? What is the meaning of it?"

"Oh, nothing serious, I assure you. I am so glad—so very glad to see you, Harry! You intend to remain with us, do you not?"

"Nay, I must know the meaning of that tear. Father is well, is he not?"

"When I last heard from him, at Charleston, he was never better. We are all well—quite well."

"Introduce me to your companion, Amy."

Amy did as her brother requested; and the introduction was soon succeeded by a frank explanation of the position of the parties, and of Aunt Adeline's ferocious opposition to the existence of their present relation.

"I will punish the old shrew," exclaimed Harry. "I owe her an ancient grudge, for making me go in petticoats, when a boy, a year longer than was necessary. Let me see—she is daily expecting this Colonel Mornington, you say?"

"Yes; and she is studying, with more zest than ever, the family records, to enlighten him fully in regard to her pedigree."

"Well, you must concur in a little plot, by which you can be relieved from her present system of annoyance, and I can gratify the long-deferred vengeance implanted by her opposition to my appearance in jacket and trowsers. It is nearly ten years since she saw me. Of course she will not recognize me with these hirsute appendages. I will appear as

Col. Mornington. I will make love to you. You must prove fickle, and receive my attentions—and then leave the *dénouement* to me."

"Delightful! Do you approve of it, Thomas?"

"By all means. It will be a very harmless mode of revenging ourselves."

An hour afterwards, as Aunt Adeline was peeping through the parlor blinds, she saw, as she supposed, the long expected carriage of Col. Mornington dash up before the door, and the colonel himself—the "dear, delightful colonel," with a remarkably languid air, alight. Preceded by a servant, she hastened to receive him, and, as the door was thrown open, welcomed him to Glenwood with an antiquarian courtesy. The colonel's manner of receiving her salutation was rather peculiar. Before replying to her greeting, or saying a word, he slowly drew from his pocket a leather case, from which he took an enormous opera glass. Then hunting, first in one pocket and then in another, for a handkerchief, he finally succeeded in finding one; and, in a manner which was not at all significant of haste, proceeded to wipe the glasses. Then leisurely returning the handkerchief to its place of deposit, he balanced himself in a sort of easy straddle, coolly put the opera-glass to his eyes, and took a long survey of Aunt Adeline's physiognomy. As soon as he had finished his inspection he returned the glass to its case, and asked, in a drawling tone—"Are you Miss Am-Am-Amworth, or Amburgh, or Am—"

"Miss Ammidon, you probably mean," said Aunt Adeline. "I am that person, and you, sir, I presume, are Colonel Mornington. You needn't hunt for your letter of introduction. I have been expecting the honor of a visit, sir, for some days, and now bid you heartily welcome to Glenwood. Have the goodness to walk into the parlor. Your baggage shall be taken care of. I must insist on your making our cottage your home while you are in the village."

"Thawideawquoitewavishmes," said the colonel, but whether he was speaking in the Choctaw or Hindostanee tongue, Aunt Adeline could not guess.

Entering the parlor he encountered Amy, to whom he was at once introduced by Aunt Adeline. He again went through the process of inspection with the aid of an opera-glass, and Amy, in spite of her aunt's frowns, burst into a fit of laughter and left the room.

"Extwardinarygwirl!" exclaimed the colonel, in the same unknown tongue. Then turning to Aunt Adeline, he abruptly asked for "bwandy and water."

As soon as she could comprehend his wants, she recollected, much to her chagrin, that there was no brandy in the house; and informed the colonel of the fact, promising at the same time to send to the nearest grocery, which was a mile off, and obtain the desired article.

"No bwandy! No bwandy in the house!" exclaimed the noble visitor, staring at his dismayed hostess with an expression of utter consternation and despair depicted in his countenance.

Assuring him that the brandy should be procured with all possible expedition, Aunt Adeline hurried

out of the room, and despatched all the servants in different directions, promising a reward to that one who would be the first to bring home a pint of brandy. No sooner had she disappeared than Amy re-entered the parlor; and when Aunt Adeline returned, which she did not venture to do until, after great exertions, the brandy had been obtained, she saw to her surprise her niece and the colonel sitting familiarly on the sofa, engaged, apparently, in affectionate dalliance.

"Now, colonel, if you will try some of this brandy," said Aunt Adeline.

"Throw it away!" exclaimed the colonel, "here is something better than *eau de vie*!" and saying thus, he kissed Amy, first on either cheek, then on her lips, to all which she submitted with perfect resignation. Aunt Adeline flung up both arms in astonishment. "This is the quickest wooing," thought she, "that I ever heard of!"

The colonel had not been two days in the family before it was regarded as settled that he and Amy were affianced. Aunt Adeline eagerly gave her consent, notwithstanding some little eccentricities in the young man's conduct, of which she did not wholly approve. For instance, when she undertook to bore him with an explanation of her family tree, he laughed in her face, and told her that his mare Betsey could boast a better pedigree. This was touching the old woman on a tender point, but she suppressed the exhibition of her chagrin through a secret admiration of that superiority in blood, which could afford to sneer at her genealogy. Another circumstance was rather annoying, and some illiberal people might have considered the trait it displayed objectionable in a lover. The colonel, who had *apparently* been indulging too freely in strong potatoes, on meeting Aunt Adeline alone on the stairs, was rude to the ancient vestal, and even attempted to throw his arms about her neck. To tell the truth, Aunt Adeline was a very little shocked at this ebullition, but when she recollected that the aggressor was the son of an earl, she forgave him with all her heart, and determined not to mention the occurrence to her niece.

These, however, were but trivial symptoms of depravity, compared with those which were soon developed. The colonel had not been engaged two days when he petrified the "old woman," as he called her to her face, by applying to her for money. She could have endured any thing but this without flinching in her alliance. He might have been as tipsy and profligate as he pleased, and still she would have thought him an excellent match for Amy; but in money matters, Aunt Adeline was rigid and inexorable as death itself. Although in the receipt of a competent annuity, she had always contrived, from parsimonious motives, to live upon her friends and relatives; and it was rare indeed that a dollar found its way from her store. And now Colonel Mornington called upon her, peremptorily, for a hundred dollars, and would not listen to a refusal! It was like draining her of her life-blood, but there was no remedy. With a heavy heart, and with many a lingering, lingering look at the money, she placed it in his

hands. She had hoped that he would of his own accord offer to give her his acceptance for the sum; but the idea evidently did not occur to him, and she timidly hinted something about a receipt.

"A what!" exclaimed the colonel in a tone, and with a stare, which effectually prevented her from renewing the suggestion.

The very next day the colonel applied for another hundred dollars, ingenuously informing her that he had experienced heavy losses at the village nine-pin alley. Aunt Adeline at first peremptorily refused to give him the amount, but she was finally so worked upon by his taunts and menaces that she acceded to his exorbitant demands. The same scene was repeated the next day, and the next, and the next, until the colonel was her debtor to the amount of five hundred dollars, when she unequivocally declared that she would advance him no more money. The colonel left her presence, muttering mysterious threats.

Late that night, as Aunt Adeline, with a mind torn by unavailing regrets and painful conjectures as to the probabilities of her ever getting back her loan, was vainly trying to compose herself to sleep, she heard a slight noise at the handle of her chamber door, and, turning her eyes in the direction, saw to her horror the colonel enter with a dark lantern in his hand and two enormous pistols under his arms. Gently closing the door, he locked it, and stealthily advanced toward the toilet table, where he deposited one of the murderous weapons, and then cocking the other, approached the bed-side. Although Aunt Adeline was shaking with fright, she had sense enough to feign slumber, and the colonel, after examining her features and muttering, "it is lucky for the old girl she is asleep," proceeded to search the various drawers and trunks in the room for plunder, having first abstracted a formidable bunch of keys from under the venerable spinster's pillow. The most valuable articles he found were a bag filled with golden half eagles and a little casket of jewels. Thrusting these into the pockets of his dressing-gown, he replaced the keys where he had found them, took another look at Aunt Adeline, to assure himself that she was asleep, and glided quietly out of the room.

At the breakfast-table the next morning, when Aunt Adeline made her appearance, both her niece and the colonel professed to be very much shocked at her pale and altered features; and the latter pressed upon her some patent pills, in regard to the efficacy of which he told some wonderful stories. Had not Aunt Adeline been thoroughly convinced of his wish to poison her, she might have taken some. The poor woman's troubles were by no means lessened on the reception of the following letter from her brother, which was handed to her while her coffee was cooling:

"DEAR ADELINE,—Far from having my indignation awakened by your account of Amy's attachment to young Greenleaf, I was heartily glad to hear that she had fixed it on so worthy an object. I have the most satisfactory assurances as to his worth, his unexceptionable habits, and his ability to make my daughter happy. What more shall we look for? You say he is a milk-man's son, and ask if I am wil-

ling to see my child wedded to a clodhopper. Let me tell you, it is no small distinction in these days, when whole states have set the example of repudiating their debts (or, in plain, downright English, of *swindling their creditors*), to be descended from an honest man, let his vocation have been what it might. At any rate, I am delighted at Amy's choice, and I most earnestly forbid your throwing any obstacle in the way of its fulfillment. I remain your affectionate brother, etc., etc."

As Aunt Adeline lifted her eyes from the letter, she beheld Amy seated in the colonel's lap, and playfully feeding him with a spoon, while at intervals she smoothed back his hair and kissed his forehead. The girl was evidently wildly enamored of a character who had shown himself a most eligible candidate for Sing Sing; and Aunt Adeline had the soothing reflection, that she herself had originated and encouraged the attachment. Requesting Amy to follow her to the library, she at once made known to her the fact of the colonel's unworthiness, and related the occurrence of the night before. Amy professed her utter disbelief of the charges against her "own Arthur," as she called him, and on her aunt's offering to prove them, by calling in a magistrate, and having the colonel's trunk searched, the infatuated girl exclaimed:

"Well, what if he is guilty? His father is an earl, and his aunt is the daughter-in-law of a duke, and happen what may I won't give up my own Arthur."

Aunt Adeline groaned in spirit as she replied—"Have you so soon forgotten that nice, respectable, amiable young man, Greenleaf, to whom you gave so much encouragement? I never believed you could be so fickle, Amy!"

"Greenleaf! Foh! Turnip-tops and cabbage-heads! Radishes and carrots! How can you condescend to mention his vulgar, vegetable name after what yourself have said about him to me, my dear aunt? Besides, how do you know that the milk-man's son has not changed his mind by this time, seeing your hostility to his pretensions?"

Aunt Adeline had penetration enough to put a favorable construction upon this last interrogation, and, leaving her niece, she started off to pay a visit to Greenleaf. After an abundance of circumlocution, she ventured to sound him upon the subject of her niece. To her disappointment, she found him cold and impenetrable, and when she put him the question point-blank, whether he wished to marry Amy, the upstart replied that he had some young ladies in

his eye, who, if they did not possess the personal charms of her niece, could boast of more illustrious ancestors, which, of course, rendered them far more eligible. Aunt Adeline could only groan. The weapons with which she was foiled were of her own forging.

Poor Aunt Adeline! After being tormented a couple of days longer, the joke was explained to her, the money and jewels were restored, and Colonel Mornington and Harry Ammidon were shown to be one and the same personage. In the first blush of her mortification and rage, she packed up her trunks, and removed to the city, where she bivouacked upon a niece, who was blessed with a houseful of small children. Soon after her departure, Greenleaf and Amy were married, and established in the new and tasteful structure built by the father and embellished by the son. Since that event, there has been but one ripple in the smooth stream of their felicity, and that was occasioned by the reception of a letter from Aunt Adeline, in which was the following passage:

"You know, Amy dear, that you were always my favorite niece, and I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I intend paying you a long visit next month. I am quite willing to forego the gayeties of New York, for the pleasure of passing a year or two with you and your charming husband. I hear you see a good deal of company, and are visited by many highly genteel people from the city. I always said that my darling Amy would make a creditable match. You may expect me early in October."

Immediately on the arrival of this letter, there were a number of anxious consultations in regard to its contents. A proposition was brought forward by Harry Ammidon for blowing up the old woman with gunpowder, after a plan that had been communicated to him in Paris by one of the conspirators against Louis Philippe. This project being objected to, he suggested whether she could not be put into a haunted room, and a ghost hired, for a small compensation, to torment her nightly. But the house being one of modern construction, and no well authenticated murder having been yet committed in it, this contrivance did not appear altogether feasible.

When I took leave of the family, which was on a pleasant afternoon last September, they were still plotting the means of averting the menaced visitation. Should any thing interesting transpire in this connection, perhaps I will give an account of it in a supplement to my present narrative.

THE LIFE VOYAGE—A BALLAD.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

ONCE in the olden time there dwelt,
Beside the sounding sea,
A little maid—her garb was coarse,
Her spirit pure and free.

Her parents were an humble twain,
And poor, as poor could be;
Yet gaily sang the guileless child,
Beside the sounding sea.

The hut was bare, and scant the fare,
And hard her little bed;
But she was rich! A single gem
Its beauty round her shed.

She walked in light!—'t was all her wealth—
That pearl whose lustrous glow
Made her white forehead dazzling fair,
And pure as sunlit snow.

Her parents died! With tears, she cried,
"God will my father be!"

Then launched alone her shallow light,
And bravely put to sea.

The sail she set was virgin-white
As inmost lily leaf,
And angels whispered her from Heaven,
To loose it or to reef.

And ever on the dancing prow
One glorious brilliant burned,
By whose clear ray she read her way,
And every danger learned:

For she had hung her treasure there,
Her heaven-illuminated pearl!
And so she steered her lonely bark,
That fair and guileless girl!

The wind was fresh, the sails were free,
High dashed the diamond spray,
And merrily leaping o'er the sea
The light skiff left the bay!

But soon false, evil spirits came,
And strove, with costly lure,
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure:

They swarmed around the fragile boat,
They brought her diamonds rare,
To glisten on her graceful throat,
And bind her flowing hair!

They brought her gold from Afric-land;
And from the sea-king's throne
They pilfered gems to grace her hand
And clasp her virgin zone.

But still she shook the silken curl
Back from her beaming eyes,
And cried—"I bear my spotless pearl
Home, home to yonder skies!"

Now shame ye not your ocean gems
And Eastern gold to show?
Behold! how mine outburns them all!
God's smile is in its glow!"

Fair blows the wind, the sail swells free,
High shoots the diamond spray,
And merrily o'er the murmuring sea
The light boat leaps away!

They swarmed around the fragile bark,
They strove, with costlier lure,
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure.

"We bring thee rank—we bring thee power—
We bring thee pleasures free—
No empress, in her silk-hung bower,
May queen her realm like thee!

Now yield us up the one, white pearl!
'T is but a star, whose ray
Will fail thee, rash, devoted girl,
When tempests cloud thy way."

But still she smiled a loftier smile,
And raised her frank, bright eyes,
And cried—"I bear my vestal star,
Home, home to yonder skies!"

The wind is fresh—the sail swells free—
High shoots the diamond spray!
And merrily o'er the moaning sea
The light boat leaps away!

Suddenly, stillness broods around,
A stillness as of death,
Above, below—no motion, sound!
Hardly a struggling breath!

Then wild and fierce the tempest came,
The dark wind-demons clashed
Their weapons swift—the air was flame!
The waves in madness dashed!

They swarmed around the tossing boat—
"Wilt yield thy jewel now?
Look! look! already drenched in spray,
It trembles at the prow.

Be ours the gem! and safely launched
Upon a summer sea,
Where never cloud may frown in heaven,
Thy pinnace light shall be!"

But still she smiled a fearless smile,
And raised her trusting eyes,
And cried—"I bear my talisman,
Home, home to yonder skies!"

And safe through all that blinding storm
The true bark floated on,
And soft its pearl-illuminated prow
Through all the tumult shone!

An angel, guided through the clouds,
By that most precious light,
Flew down the fairy helm to seize
And steer the boat aright.

Then died the storm upon the sea!
High dashed the diamond spray,
And merrily leaping, light and free,
The shallow sailed away!

And meekly, when, at eve, her bark
Its destined port had found,
She moored it by the mellow spark
Her jewel shed around!

Would'st know the name the maiden wore?
'T was Innocence—like thine!
Would'st know the pearl she nobly bore?
'T was Truth—a gem divine!

Thou hast the jewel—keep it bright,
Undimmed by mortal fear,
And bathe each stain upon its light
With Grief's repentant tear!

Still shrink from Falsehood's fairest guise,
By Flattery unbeguiled!
Still let thy heart speak from thine eyes,
My pure and simple child!

HESTER ORMESBY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Aye, it is ever thus : in every heart
Some thirst unslaked has been a life-long pang,
Some deep desire in every soul has part,
Some want has pierced us all with serpent fang ;
Oh, who from such a brimming cup has quaffed
That not *one* drop was wanting to life's draught ?

"So Miss Ormesby is dead. Well, no one will miss her; these queer people are never of any use in the world." Such was the cold and sneering comment made by a certain commonplace, precise, *pat-tern* woman, upon the sudden death of one whose exaggerated sensibility had been her only fault, and who had expiated her folly by a life of sorrow and seclusion. Such is the judgment of the world: a crime may be forgiven, while a weakness receives no pardon.

Hester Ormesby had been one of those supernumeraries usually found in all large families. She was neither the eldest child, the pride of the household—nor the youngest, usually the pet: she was distinguished neither for great beauty nor precocious talent, and as she had been not only preceded in the world by four promising sisters, but also succeeded by several sturdy brothers, she certainly occupied a very insignificant position. The mother, who had early determined that the beauty of her girls should purchase for them a more elevated station in society, already saw in imagination her blooming roses transplanted to the hotbed of fashionable life, but for this new claimant on her maternal care, this humble little "*cinque-foil*," a lowlier destiny must be anticipated. She could devise no better plan, in aid of the child's future fortunes, than to bestow upon her the name of an eccentric old relative, whose moderate estate was entirely at her own disposal. This was accordingly done, and, notwithstanding the indisputable authority of Shakspeare on the subject of names, it was Hester Ormesby's *name* which decided the fate of her future life, since it was the means of placing her under such influences as could not fail to direct the flexible mind of childhood.

Miss Hester Templeton was a maiden lady who had long passed her grand climacteric, and who lived in that close retirement which is so peculiarly favorable to the growth of whims and oddities. At the age of twenty she had been betrothed, but her lover died on the very day fixed for their marriage; and the widowed bride, yielding to the violence of her overwhelming sorrow, determined to abjure the world forever. For years she never quitted the limits of her own apartment, and was generally

looked upon as the victim of melancholy madness; until the death of her parents made it necessary for her to take some interest in the affairs of every-day life, when it was discovered that whatever might be her eccentricity, her intellect was perfectly unclouded. Acute and sensible in all worldly matters, quite competent to manage her pecuniary affairs, and gifted with a degree of shrewdness which enabled her to see through the fine-spun webs of cunning and deceit, there was yet one weak point in her character which showed how immedicable had been the early wound of her heart. Her memory of the dead was still religiously cherished, her vow of seclusion still bound her, and thirty years had passed since her foot had crossed the threshold of her own door. Living in a remote country village, which offered no temptation to either the speculator or the manufacturer, time had wrought few changes around her. The old homestead, in which she was born, was the spot in which she meant to die, and she would have thought it sacrilege to change the position of the cumbrous furniture, or even to displace a superannuated article by a more modern invention. Her own apartment was filled with memorials of her lost lover. His picture looked down upon her from the wall, his books lay on her table, and in an antique cabinet were preserved letters, love gifts, withered nosegays and all the melancholy remnants of by-gone affection, which, to the bereaved heart, are but as the dust and ashes of the dead.

To this lonely and isolated being, in whose character romance and morbid sensibility were so singularly combined with worldly prudence and sagacity, the acquisition of a new object of interest, in the person of her little namesake, formed an epoch in life. She was flattered by the compliment, and pleased with the importance which it gave her in her own opinion. She determined to adopt the child, and, as she found no difficulty in obtaining the consent of the parents, she scarcely waited for the lapse of actual infancy ere she took the little girl to her heart and home.

Few children would have been happy in such seclusion as that in which Miss Templeton lived; but Hester Ormesby possessed that quiet, gentle,

loving nature which finds sources of content and fountains of affection everywhere. With the quick perception of a sensitive nature, the little girl had early discovered that she was not a favorite at home. She could not complain of unkindness, for Mrs. Ormesby considered herself a most exemplary mother, and prided herself upon the strict performance of every duty. She would not, for the world, have given a cake to one child without furnishing all the others with a similar dainty, but she was quite unaware of the fact that in voice, and look, and manner may be displayed as much of the injustice of favoritism as in the unequal distribution of bounties. There are no beings on earth to whom sympathy is so essential as to children. Those "little people," as Dr. Johnson calls them, well know the difference between simple indulgence and actual interest in their concerns. The most expensive gifts, the most unlimited indulgence, is of less value to them than an earnest and affectionate attention to their petty interests, and the mother whose influence will linger longest in the minds of her world-tried sons is she who has most frequently flung aside her work or her book, to share their infantine sports, or listen to their boyish schemes of happiness. This sympathy was denied to Hester. Her mother was proud of the four beautiful girls, who attracted the notice even of strangers, but the little sickly-looking child, whose nervous timidity rendered her almost repulsive, was merely one to be well fed, and clad, and kept from bodily harm. The transition between this indifference and the affection with which Miss Templeton treated her, was delightful to the shy and sensitive child. In her father's house she was perfectly insignificant, in her new home she was an object of the greatest importance; and though Miss Templeton's quiet, old-fashioned mode of life offered few attractions to a healthy and spirited child, it was exactly the kind of existence best suited to the taste of a delicate one, like Hester, who possessed a precocity of feeling more dangerous, in all cases, than precocity of mind.

Miss Templeton had some excellent notions respecting education. Implicit obedience, deference, perfect truthfulness and active industry were, in her opinion, essential points; and as these requisites have become so obsolete as to have quite gone into disuse in modern systems of instruction, it may be judged how entirely the old lady had fallen behind the march of intellect. Her affection awakened some of the dormant energy of her character, and she applied herself diligently to the task of training and disciplining the mind of her young charge. In this, as in most other cases, usefulness brought its own blessing along with it, and, as the child increased in knowledge, the heart of the recluse seemed to expand to a wider circle of sympathies. It was, indeed, a pleasant thing to see the frost of so many winters melting away before the sunshine of childish happiness, and it may be questioned whether Miss Templeton or Hester derived the most benefit from this close connection between them.

But character in its earliest development is very

chameleon-like, and takes its hue from the objects with which it is brought directly in contact. Miss Templeton educated Hester thoroughly and usefully; she imparted to her a stock of knowledge far beyond that acquired at the most of schools, she imbued her with noble principles and an accurate sense of duty, but she also endowed her, unconsciously and involuntarily it may be, with her own high-toned and romantic sentiments. Indeed, it was impossible for a sensitive child to live within the atmosphere of romance and not imbibe its spirit. The circumstances of Miss Templeton's life, her unselfish devotion to the memory of the dead, her reverential love for him who had lain so many years within the tomb, her scrupulous adherence to a vow made in the first anguish of a wounded spirit, her quiet suffering of a blighted heart during a long life, all were calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of a girl whose sensibilities were already morbidly acute. The unlimited range of her reading, too, tended to confirm such impressions. With that respect for every thing which bears the semblance of a printed volume, so characteristic of a bookworm, Miss Templeton had carefully preserved an extensive but very miscellaneous library. The poets and essayists of England's golden age were ranged side by side with the controversial theologians—sermons were elbowed by cookery books—Sir Charles Grandison was a close neighbor to the grave Sherlock—while Clarissa Harlowe and Pamela were in curious juxtaposition with the excellent Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter. Novels and romances formed no small part of this heterogeneous collection, and Hester, who was a most inveterate reader, devoured every work of fiction which came in her way. To the present generation, who have become fastidious from literary indulgence, and who, since the days of Edgeworth and Scott, ask for *véraisemblance* in the fiction over which they hang enraptured, the romances of a preceding age seem dull, prosy and unnatural. But at the time of which I speak, the great object of the novelist was to portray heroines, such as never could exist, and events such as never could have happened, while feelings refined to absolute mawkishness, and sentiments sublimated beyond the limits of human understanding, were expressed in parlance to which the language of common life was tame and trite. With such models placed before her in her favorite volumes, and the example of Miss Templeton to impress their truthfulness upon her ductile mind, it is not surprising that Hester Ormesby should have been thoroughly imbued with romance at an age when most girls are only thinking of their dolls.

Hester was in the habit of paying an annual visit to her parents, but seldom derived much pleasure from her short sojourn with the family. Her mother derided her rustic manners, while her sisters ridiculed what they termed her "highflown notions," and it was rather in obedience to the dictates of duty than in the hope of pleasure that she ever turned her face toward the home of her infancy. On one occasion, however, her visit produced a more lasting impression. Among the gentlemen who surrounded

her elder and lovelier sisters was one whose personal appearance was little calculated to prepossess a stranger. Small in stature, and with a slight deformity which destroyed all grace, his countenance full of intelligence, but "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," Edward Legard was not one on whom the eye of woman rests with pleasure. Reserved and almost cold in manners, he mingled rarely in the gayeties of society, and, excepting amid a select circle, seldom displayed the treasures of his gifted mind. Yet those who had once seen him in moments of enthusiasm, when the fire of genius lit up his dark eye, and the honey-dew of eloquence hung on his pale lip, could never forget the effect of his words and looks. But he was excessively sensitive, the merest trifle discomposed him, and there were times when, for days together, his manner was moody, sad, and almost severe. Legard was an artist of no mean skill, but he was young and poor, and the poetic images which filled his imagination, and were depicted on the speaking canvass, or portrayed in the graphic language of eloquence, were unable to secure him the gifts of fortune. The hope of his heart was a visit to the birthplace of Art—the glorious land of shadows—the kingdom of noble memories—even Italy; and for this he toiled day after day as if life had no other object worth attainment.

When she first met Legard, Hester Ormesby had just numbered her fourteenth summer, and the genial influence of renovated health had given beauty to her countenance and symmetry to her form. Struck with the bounding freedom of her step, the grace of her unfettered movements, and the rich bloom of her dark but clear complexion, the young artist had already made several sketches of the unconscious girl before she became sensible of his notice. He regarded her as a lovely child, who stood upon the very threshold of womanhood, while the sentiments which were hereafter to become passions, were slowly budding within her heart, their existence only known by their sweet and delicate perfume of maiden modesty. He was charmed with her freshness of feeling, her enthusiasm, her girlish romance, and found in her artless character a new and delightful study. An intimacy, characterized by all the purest and best impulses of human nature, sprung up between them; yet it was only the familiar intercourse which might safely exist between a gifted man and an admiring child. Legard would have denied the possibility of inspiring a passion in so young a heart, but a very little knowledge of woman's nature might have led him to doubt the prudence of forcing into premature existence those passions whose slow expansion formed so sweet a subject of contemplation.

Hester returned from this visit almost reluctantly, and, for the first time in her life, her home seemed dull and sad. She carried with her a beautifully finished sketch of herself, painted by Legard, for Miss Templeton, while a few stanzas addressed to her, on parting, by the same gifted individual, and a faded rosebud which he had once twined in her long curls, were her own solitary treasures.

Not long after this, Miss Templeton was seized with a severe nervous affection, which partially deprived her of the use of her limbs, and compelled her to require the constant aid of others. Hester loved her too devotedly to shrink from such attendance, and month after month passed away, while she was confined to the invalid's apartment, with only her own thoughts to relieve the monotony of her existence. Had she never met Legard, such thoughts would have been but

"The thousand things
That keep young hearts forever glowing—
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love dreams, as yet no object knowing."

Like all the fancies of a young and pure-hearted girl, they would have been indefinite and dream-like, fading away ere their outlines were accurately determined, like the frost-work landscapes on a window-pane. But now there was form and coloring to all such visions. The image of that pale intellectual being, full of genius and morbid feeling, aspiring after immortality, yet pining over mere physical defects, was ever present with her. She thought over all their past interviews, and words which seemed meaningless when first uttered, now were of deep import when repeated by the magical voice of memory. She recalled his looks, and the glance which then only spoke a love for the beautiful in nature, now, when reflected from the mirror of fancy, was fraught with earnest tenderness. The consequence of such pernicious day dreaming may be easily imagined. She persuaded herself into the belief that she was beloved, and, at fifteen, Hester Ormesby was already the passionate, the tender, the loving woman. Reader, do you doubt the possibility of such rapid development of the affections? Ask any imaginative, warm-hearted, truth-loving woman, if, amid the arcana of her past emotions, some remnants of such a girlish passion do not yet exist.

During several years Hester was confined to Miss Templeton's sick room, and, though occasionally receiving visits and letters from her family, she heard nothing of Legard, excepting that he had departed for Italy. Perhaps the knowledge of his absence tended to reconcile her to the close seclusion in which she now lived, and, with a degree of imprudence perfectly natural to such a character, she treasured up every thing which could feed her romantic passion. A book which his pencil had marked—a plant which he had admired—a melody which he had praised—even the color of a ribbon which he had once approved, were objects of remembered interest to her. She delighted to think of him as roaming through the galleries of ancient art, drinking deep draughts of beauty from the antique fountains of classic taste, and winning, leaf by leaf, the laurel bough which had been the object of his vain longing. Of the future—of his return and its probable results to herself, she never thought. Nothing is so purely selfish as true love; it asks every thing for its object, but nothing for itself; and she who finds matrimonial calculations mingling with the early emotions of her heart, may make a notable managing and

useful creature, but cannot lay claim to the character of a true, devoted, self-forgetting woman.

Hester Ormesby was just eighteen when the death of Miss Templeton deprived her of her best friend, and made it necessary for her to return to her childhood's home. Her mother's scheme had fully succeeded, and, as a compensation for her homely appellation, she was now the mistress of the old homestead, together with some five or six thousand dollars in personal property. It was but a small fortune, to be sure; but Mrs. Ormesby had managed to marry two of her daughters advantageously by means of their extreme beauty, and concluding that Hester was quite pretty enough for an heiress, she had been careful to quadruple the amount of her bequest when making mention of it to those who were likely to repeat the tale. But the poor woman found that the daughters, for whom she was now to manoeuvre, were far more difficult to manage than those whom she had already placed so comfortably in their carriages.

Celestina Ormesby was exceedingly beautiful. Her blond hair, dazzling complexion, clear blue eyes, and rosy mouth, together with the expression of cherub sweetness which characterized her countenance, made her just such a creature as a painter might select as his model of seraphic loveliness; while her manners were perfectly bewitching from their innocent frankness. There was a tenderness in her voice—an almost plaintive tone—as if her heart were longing for sympathy; which, combined with her pleading glance and sweet simplicity of demeanor, was quite irresistible. Yet all this, except the natural gift of beauty, was the effect of consummate art. Celestina had been a coquette from her very childhood—deception seemed an innate idea, and from the time when she first practiced her little arts upon the boys at dancing school, she never looked, or said, or did any thing without calculating its full effect. She cared less for marrying well than for securing a host of lovers. To have refused many was her proudest boast, and she looked forward to matrimony as the termination of a long vista of triumphs. In vain Mrs. Ormesby argued, and scolded and entreated; Celestina trusted in the power of her charms, and suffered several most advantageous matches to escape, while she was enjoying the unprofitable pleasures of admiration.

Hester was as different from her sister in character as in person, and, if she attracted less general attention, she obtained more lasting regard. Men of talent and character—persons of quiet domestic habits, who had been brought up among virtuous sisters, and, therefore, knew how to appreciate the real value of woman—such were the admirers of the less obtrusive sister. But Hester was insensible to all their homage, and, far from imitating Celestina's example, sought rather to withdraw from all their adulation. Her acquaintance with society had taught her to distrust her long cherished dream of love, and, though the image of Edward Legard still possessed its influence over her imagination, she was not insensible to the fact that, in shutting out all

other affections from her heart, she should be guilty of an act of folly. When, therefore, she was addressed by a man whose talents commanded her respect, while his virtues won her esteem, she yielded to her mother's wishes, and, without actually accepting his proffered hand, contented herself with not rejecting his suit. Many a girl is placed in precisely similar circumstances. Many a woman accepts one who ranks *second* in her estimation, because he who stands *first* is unattainable; and, however wrong such conduct may seem in principle, it will still be pursued so long as women are taught that the term "old maid" is one of reproach, and that the chief end and aim of their existence is marriage.

Mr. Vernon was a widower, rather past the prime of life, remarkably handsome in person, a great lover of literature, gifted with fine talents, and possessed of an ample fortune. Even Hester, uncalculating as she was, could not be insensible to the advantages of such an alliance, and, had she never seen Legard, she would doubtless have been quite satisfied with the calm, quiet liking which she felt for her new lover. But in the stillness of her own bosom arose the spectre of that first vague love—the very shadow of a shade—throwing its dark image athwart the stream of memory. Mr. Vernon was one of those persevering men, however, who will not be repulsed. His proposals were rather hesitatingly declined, but he proffered them a second time. Hester explained to him her scruples respecting the feelings with which he had inspired her, and he answered her by disclaiming all pretensions to that passionate and devoted love which his principles taught him to denounce as idolatrous. A calm and tender friendship was all he asked, and that Hester had already given. It was no wonder, therefore, that, pressed as she was, on all sides, by advice and entreaty, while the lapse of every day made her more and more ashamed of the real cause of her reluctance, she at last yielded her consent to become a wife.

Overjoyed at his success, Mr. Vernon urged a speedy fulfillment of her promise. Preparations were immediately commenced, and, as the bridegroom was already installed in a stately mansion, nothing now was necessary but to arrange the bridal paraphernalia. But no sooner was the affair definitively settled, than Hester seemed to become sensible she had done wrong. Early associations returned in their full force—her ideas of first love, enduring through a life of estrangement, and living even beyond the dreary changes of the grave, came back with reproachful power to her mind. She hated herself for the facility with which she had yielded to new impressions. The dream of her youth was so much sweeter to her heart than the realities of the present, that she felt as if it would be sacrilege to wed another. She became half wild with excitement, and, at length, poured out her whole heart in a letter which she determined to place in Mr. Vernon's hands; hoping that he might be induced to withdraw his suit. But Mrs. Ormesby now exerted her skill and tact. Unwilling to lose such a son-in-law,

she assailed Hester with every weapon her ingenuity could devise. Though ignorant of the real cause of Hester's repugnance, she yet half suspected some secret attachment, and, knowing the sensitive delicacy and maiden pride of the poor girl, she was enabled to influence her in the most effective manner. Hester was persuaded to suppress the letter—she was assured that many women married with no more ardent attachment than actuated her, and instances were adduced of the happy results which were sure to proceed from a union founded on mutual esteem. Weak as a child in all matters of mere feeling, utterly incapable of reasoning on such subjects; and, accustomed to give up her judgment entirely to the control of her imagination, Hester saw the approach of her bridal day with mingled terror and remorse.

The appointed time arrived, and Hester, in a tumult of feeling which, but for her mother's watchfulness, would have led her even then to confess the truth to Mr. Vernon, was attired for the ceremony. Pale and trembling she met her lover, and as she placed a hand, cold as death, in the warm grasp of his, she was in doubt whether her reluctance arose from the memory of past affection, or from a simple consciousness that her heart held treasures which did not accompany the gift of her hand—whether she shrunk because she loved another, or only because she did not love him. So vague, so indistinct had been her early dream, that, even now, she could not define the limits between it and reality. The ceremony was to be performed in church, and, placed before the altar, with her beautiful sister at her side, as bridesmaid, Hester heard the commencement of the service. The awful requisition which demands *truth*, even as it will be exhibited "at the last day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," was solemnly uttered, and the officiating clergyman paused one moment, as if to give time for the confession of any impediment which might exist. At that instant Hester raised her eyes and beheld, leaning against a pillar near the altar, with a countenance in which the wildest emotions of grief were depicted, the long absent Edward Legard. The shock was too great—with a faint cry, she sunk to the floor, while her head struck, with some violence, against the rails of the altar. All was now confusion and dismay. The unwedded bride was borne to her home, and her medical attendants enjoined the most perfect quiet, both of mind and body. Her nervous system had received a severe shock; and, while her physicians attributed it to the over excitement of the moment, her family fancied they could trace it to the deep reluctance with which she had contemplated the marriage. For several weeks she was in imminent danger, and, even after her convalescence, she suffered from a deep dejection which seemed to portend the most serious injury to the mind as well as the body. One of her first acts, when permitted to exercise her slowly returning strength, was to write a letter to Mr. Vernon, frankly stating her repugnance to the marriage, and entreating his forgiveness for the wound she had inflicted

upon his feelings. But Mr. Vernon was too matter-of-fact a man to understand Hester's character. His self-love was wounded, and he deigned no reply to her eloquent and passionate appeal. In little more than three months afterwards she received her letter, enclosed in a blank cover, together with a piece of bride-cake, and the "at home" cards of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon.

When Hester was so far recovered as to admit the family to her apartment, she learned that Legard, who had only arrived from Europe the day preceding her ill-omened nuptials, had been a constant visitor during her illness. The first evening that she descended to the drawing-room she met him, and she could but rejoice that the absence of Celestina secured to them an uninterrupted interview. Ever ready to deceive herself, she fancied that the warmth of his congratulations, on her recovery, proceeded from a peculiar interest in her welfare, and, as she gazed on the emaciated form and pallid cheek of the poor artist, she felt all her romantic passion revive. A recurrence to their first meeting led to one of those half-sentimental, half-tender conversations which are always so dangerous to a susceptible heart; and when he spoke of long-hidden sorrow, and hinted at a hopeless attachment, Hester could not doubt that she fully understood his meaning. Maiden modesty restrained the confession which rose to her lips, but she felt that the time was fast approaching when both would be made happy; and, while Legard saw in her only the sympathizing friend, she fancied he beheld the mistress of his heart.

Two days later, when Hester returned from a short ride, she was informed that Legard had called to bid farewell. No one but Celestina had been at home to receive him, and, after a long interview with her, he had left his adieu for the family, previous to his embarking for Charleston. Hester was too much accustomed to Celestina's vanity to pay much attention to the significant smile with which her sister mentioned Legard. She knew that it was no uncommon thing for the beautiful coquette to claim, *by insinuation*, lovers who had never thought of offering their homage; and, therefore, while she deeply regretted the fatality which seemed to interpose obstacles between Legard and herself, she felt no doubt as to her own possession of his heart. She believed that his poverty and ill success had restrained the expression of his cherished love, and she determined on his return to afford him such opportunities of avowal as he could not mistake. But alas! for all her anticipations. Legard reached Charleston just as the yellow fever had commenced its frightful ravages; he was one of its first victims, and the ship which had borne him from his native shore brought back the tidings of his untimely death.

To the Ormesby family the poor artist was an object of such utter insignificance that they never dreamed of attributing Hester's sudden relapse to the news of his melancholy fate. A long fit of illness left her listless and inert, and giving herself up entirely to the guidance of her romantic nature, she

withdrew entirely from society. The more she reflected upon the past, the more she was confirmed in the belief of Legard's attachment to her. His words, his manners, and, above all, the wretched countenance which he wore on the day of her bridal, all convinced her of his love; while an acute sense of his poverty and his personal defects, together with his probable belief in Hester's attachment to the man to whom she had been betrothed, seemed to her sufficient reasons for his silence and reserve. She became cold, abstracted and indifferent to every thing. Life seemed to her one long dream, and her days were passed in that vague reverie which is as pernicious to the mind as the habitual opium draught to the body.

Fifteen years were passed in this aimless, useless kind of existence. She walked amid shadows, a quiet, harmless being, mechanically performing the common duties of life, even as a hired laborer, who toils rather to finish the day than to complete his work. The dream of her youth became a sort of monomania; the one subject on which her mind was unsound and unsettled; while the epithet of "eccentric," which is so often used to cover a multitude of errors, was here applied to a single weakness. That dream was destined to be rudely broken; but the strings of her gentle heart—that delicate instrument on which fancy had so long played a mournful melody—were destined to be broken with it.

Celestina Ormesby had married, and, with the usual fortune of a coquette, had made the worst possible choice. Deserted by a worthless husband, after years of ill treatment, she had returned home only to die; and it was during the examination of her letters and papers, after her decease, that Hester was awakened at length to know the truth. With a natural but unpardonable vanity, Celestina had carefully preserved all the epistles of her various lovers,

and Hester, wondering at the indiscriminate vanity which had led her sister to encourage the addresses of some who were far beneath her in the scale of society, had thrown by many packages, unread, when her attention was attracted by a parcel lettered "From Edward Legard." It was not in the nature of woman to resist such a temptation. The letters were opened and read with the most intense eagerness, and Hester at length learned the extent of her own weakness. The secret of Legard's unhappiness was revealed to her. He was indeed the victim of a hopeless passion, but he pined not for her who had cherished the life-long vision of his love. He had fallen a victim to the arts of Celestina, who, in the gratification of her own inordinate selfishness, had not scrupled to add the envenomed draught of disappointed affection to the bitter chalice from which gifted poverty must ever drink. He had loved her passionately and devotedly, and the look of hopeless sorrow which, even at the foot of the altar, had transformed the half-wedded bride into the lonely and heart-stricken spinster, had been directed not to her, but to the fickle and beautiful bridemaid at her side.

Hester had long suffered from an organic disease of the heart, and her physicians had warned her that any sudden excitement, or severe shock, whether of grief or terror, might prove fatal. The event justified their predictions. She was found sitting at a table, strewed with letters, her head was resting upon her arms, as if, like a wearied child, she had been overcome with slumber, but it was the weight of a colder hand which pressed her brow. She had received the severest of all shocks—the illusion that had brightened her early life, and shed a pure, sweet radiance over the loneliness of her latter days, was suddenly dispelled, and the victim of imaginary sorrows now "slept the sleep that knows no waking."

HYMN FOR THE FUNERAL OF A CHILD.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

LIFT up our suffering hearts; O Lord!
Let grief our souls no longer bow,
Here, in this house of death, afford
Sense of thy grateful presence now.

Thou griev'st us with no ill intent,
Though missed and mourned our child must be;
This deep affliction thou hast sent
Shall closer bind our hearts to thee.

Sweet words of comfort! we have read,
Till hope sublimest faith became,
What Jesus in Judea said,
When children for his blessing came.

Yet, lost and loved! through coming years
How many sighs must uttered be,
How many silent thoughts and tears,
Our hearts will consecrate to thee.

In the cold grave, without a stain,
We place thy little form to-day,
But hope to meet thee once again,
When the long night shall pass away.

Most holy, merciful, and just!
Be our complaining hearts forgiven;
To Thee we yield our darling trust,
Receive his gentle soul in heaven.

MALINA GRAY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 214.)

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, it is pleasant for the good to die—to feel
Their last mild pulses throbbing, while the seal
Of death is placed upon the tranquil brow;
The soul in quiet looks within itself
And sees the heavens pictured faintly there."

THOSE less innocent and pure minded than Phebe Gray, might have thought lightly both of her sister's fault and its probable punishment, but to one brought up in the strict discipline of a Connecticut church, and with a deep reverence for all its exactions, any thing like contempt of them was little less than sacrilege; and to be reprimanded by the minister, a disgrace which would have broken poor Phebe's heart, had she been called upon to endure it instead of her sister. When she reached her room the gentle girl knelt down in the midst of her tears and prayed earnestly, for in all her troubles and in all her tranquil joys, she had a Father to whom she could plead as a little child—a Father in heaven, though she had none on earth.

Phebe was yet kneeling, subdued and tranquilized, for prayer was the poetry of her existence, when the door was flung suddenly open, and Malina entered the chamber, her eyes flashing and her lips trembling with passionate feelings.

"Never!" she exclaimed, while the tears stood on her burning cheeks, "never, never!"

"What has happened—what have they done to you?" inquired her gentle sister, rising from her knees; "Oh Malina, do not look so angry, I scarcely know you with that face."

"Angry, sister, who would not be angry, persecuted as I am, and all because I would not sit still and be insulted in open church, because I did not cringe in my seat and acknowledge that to hear a sermon from any man but Minister Brown was a deadly sin; but I will never listen to him again, never enter the old meeting-house while he preaches there—I will take a vow here—and this moment."

As she spoke, the excited girl snatched the pocket Bible which her mother had replaced on the toilet, and was about to press her burning lips upon the cover, but Phebe sprung forward, laid her small hand on the book, and turned her pale earnest face on the excited features of her sister.

"Malina!" she said.

There was something solemn and sweet in the tones with which this little word was uttered—a look of awe and wonder in the large blue eyes which

Phebe Gray lifted to her sister's face, which would have checked the passions of a fiend—a flood of crimson rushed over Malina's face, she laid the Bible down, covered her eyes with both hands, and shuddered amid her tears with a sense of the sacrilege which she had been tempted to commit. Phebe drew her gently to the bed, and when they were seated she placed an arm around her neck, and kissed the trembling fingers that covered her eyes.

"Don't cry," she said softly, repeating her kiss, "they have been harsh, perhaps, but it was intended for your good."

Malina suddenly removed her hands—dashing the tears from her eyes with the action—while her lips and cheeks began to glow again.

"Phebe," she said, sitting upright and grasping her sister's hand, "Phebe, you will not believe it, but our mother has commanded me to kneel down before the minister and ask his pardon for what I have done."

A look of indignation, almost the first that had ever visited the sweet features of Phebe Gray, was all the answer she could give.

"But you did not obey?" she said at last.

"Obey! sister, no, no; but I said things which made them both look aghast. They called me audacious, and so I was—they called me an unnatural child, and so I was—for I told my mother that she was a tyrant to her face. I told Minister Brown that I was not audacious enough to mock my Creator, by giving the homage which he alone should have to a weak fellow creature; and when they would have read me a chapter in the Bible, I told them the holy book was given as a blessing, not to be used as a punishment, with much more—but this I fear has made you angry with me already. Dear Phebe, don't you turn against me with the rest, I am wretched enough without that."

"But what did the minister say? surely he did not wish you to humble yourself so far?" inquired Phebe, thoughtfully.

"No, he begged my mother not to urge it, and even said that he had perhaps acted unwisely in reprimanding me from the pulpit. But mother still insisted. I do believe she is setting her cap at Parson Brown, and thinks if I kneel to him he will return the compliment by kneeling to her." Here Malina broke off with a hysterical laugh, while a flash of mischievous humor shone through her tears.

Phebe smiled very faintly, and kissing her sister

once more, murmured, "But there is One to whom we may kneel," and sinking to her knees, Phebe Gray kept Malina's hand and would have drawn her to the same position.

"I am not fit to pray," exclaimed the passionate girl, struggling faintly to free her hand.

Phebe did not urge her, but scarcely were the first faint words of her own petition breathed through the chamber, when Malina was by her side, and when they went to rest that night the high spirited girl went to sleep with her head nestled on her sister's bosom, half subdued by her pure and affectionate counsel.

Mrs. Gray had no sympathy for the faults of a warm and sensitive disposition. She scarcely knew what an impulse was; even her anger was systematical, and she exhibited it with a cold perseverance which only served to irritate and mortify her daughter. Like all girls, Malina was fond of dress, but months went by and Mrs. Gray seemed altogether unconscious of her wants. She had kept her resolution not to enter the old meeting-house again, and when Mrs. Gray brought home a new dress or shawl for Phebe, Malina was quietly told that as she never went to meeting her old dresses were quite good enough for school; indeed it is doubtful if she would have been permitted to remain at home but for the claim which her majority would give upon the property. Mrs. Gray was quite too politic for violent measures, so she contented herself with annoying negatives, and tormented her sensitive and high-tempered child by *doing* nothing, while she comforted her self-sanctity with a belief that it was all meek and Christian forbearance. It was not long before the gay, dashing Malina became one of the most shabbily dressed girls in the village. She wore her thin straw gipsy and roses through all the cold winter months—mended her gloves over and over again—concealed her summer dresses beneath a cloak when she came to school, and returned the jeers of her schoolmates with a sort of impotent pride which soon silenced them. When spring came she still remained obstinate in a determination never to visit the old meeting-house so long as Parson Brown preached there. A few kind words from her mother might have persuaded her, but those words were not spoken. Mrs. Gray only showed her sense of this contumacious conduct by heaping that finery on poor Phebe which should have been her sister's, but which she was forbidden even to share with her. Well, the spring came round again, and Malina was still obstinate. She bleached her bonnet, brightened up the roses, and altered over the old muslin dress with an ingenuity which made her wardrobe quite respectable once more; but she was not happy in her disobedience, the habits of her childhood could not be shaken off so easily, and many a quiet Sabbath as she sat by her chamber window and watched Phebe gather a handful of snowdrops in the yard, spread her green parasol and go forth to "meeting" by her mother's side, looking so chaste and beautiful in her white dress and new cottage bonnet, poor Malina would turn away with tears in her eyes and

think of the old meeting-house, with a yearning wish to sit in the family pew once more, which made her petty chamber seem almost like a prison.

How long this state of things might have remained is uncertain, but that spring Minister Brown was taken ill. He had preached in that same pulpit thirty years, and had grown old in it. It was a melancholy service which the deacon read after announcing the state of their pastor to the congregation, for it was the first time in many years that Minister Brown had been absent from his people. It seemed all that solemn day as if the angel of death were mournfully brooding over the old meeting-house, and when the closing prayer was made, sobb deep and audible were heard in the congregation.

Another Sabbath came and our minister grew worse. After the solemn service was over, the deacon arose to appoint watchers for the suffering man. It is a solemn and beautiful practice, that of "appointing watchers" for the sick in our Connecticut churches. When the village is collected together in one vast family, it is both an affecting and pleasant sight to witness the young and kind-hearted rise, with blooming cheeks and modest looks, to offer themselves as nurses for the sick. Among the first who arose that Sabbath was Malina Gray, and her eyes were full of tears. The deacon was looking very sad when he cast his eyes over the congregation to mark who would rise. When he saw Malina standing there in her simple dress, and her beautiful face shaded by her last year's bonnet, a moisture glistened in his eyes also, and he smiled kindly as her name was pronounced.

Malina went home with a full heart. When she thought of the minister ill and suffering, it smote her that she could ever have felt enmity toward him. He was a widower and childless, so all that week she lingered by his bed, prepared his medicines, smoothed the pillows beneath his fevered temples, and many a time, when no one was near, would the warm-hearted but wayward creature kneel down, cover his hand with tears, and beseech him to forget the harsh, rude language which she had used that night at her mother's.

Our minister was trembling on the verge of another world, and he felt perhaps that Malina also had something to forgive, and at such times he would lay his thin hand on her hair, murmur thanks for all her kindness, would beg her to forget the past, and then he would dwell on the time when she would meet him in Heaven, and all this with a gentle sweetness that made poor Malina's heart ache the more that she could ever have pained so good a man.

Still our minister grew worse, and the next Sabbath a student of divinity from New Haven, who had just taken orders, stood in his pulpit. It was a sorrowful day that—and as the clear solemn tones of the young divine filled the old meeting-house, their youthfulness and their sweet ringing melody made us feel like strangers in our house of worship. He was a handsome man, slight and pale, with hair sweeping aside from his white forehead like the wing of a raven, and those large sad eyes which

take their color from the soul, and are changeable from the feelings that live there—one of those men who interest you almost painfully, you cannot understand why. He was indeed a man to awaken the heart to strange sympathies; but we felt without understanding this on the day when he first preached to us, for our hearts were heavy with thoughts of the dear old minister who lay almost within hearing on his death-bed, and we yearned to see his calm face and gray hairs in the place of this strange young man.

Mr. Mosier—for that was the name of our new minister—did not return to New Haven for many weeks, and all that time he spent by the sick-bed of our pastor. Malina Gray seldom left her post, and Phebe, the meek and gentle Phebe, was often there to comfort and assist. Flowers, the beautiful children of the soil, sometimes spring up brightest and sweetest on a grave; so human affection often takes deepest root beneath troubled shadows. Religion must have some strange and comprehensive power, which fills the soul with affection for all things; for those who love our heavenly Father most, cherish that love as a brave tree, around which a thousand earthly ties are lifted like green and clinging vines toward the blue skies. I have said Malina never left her station by the sick-bed; her cheek grew pale with watching, her bright eye dim, but yet she was always there, subdued to the meekness of a lamb by the dark and solemn shadows of death that fell everywhere around her. And he was her fellow watcher, and the strange fascination of his voice, the spell of those large eyes, tranquil, almost sad, and forever changing, settled upon the young girl's heart, and it was the voice of a pure and high-souled Christian in prayer which first taught the gay and careless girl how well she could love. And she did love, happily, blindly; every impulse of her heart was full of gushing tenderness, and that soft repose which thrills the soul it sleeps in, blended while it made her happy. She was changed even in countenance; the glad healthy smile which had been the playmate of her lips from infancy, now half fled to her eyes. The color was not so deep upon her cheek, but it came and went like shadows on a flower, and her whole face looked calm and yet brighter, as if sunshine were striking up from the heart of a rose instead of falling upon its leaves. Her voice became more low and calm, but a richer tone was given to it, and the tread of her little feet became more noiseless as she glided around that sick chamber. Alas, alas, poor Malina Gray, the fountains of her young heart were troubled, never to rest again; the destiny of her womanhood was upon her.

One Sabbath morning the congregation came to our old meeting-house in a body, two and two; the young, the middle aged, and the old filing solemnly from the parsonage door along the road, and over the sward which sloped greenly down from our place of worship. Our minister came also, but he lay upon a bier, a velvet pall swept over him, and four pale men carried him through the door which we had seen him enter so often. They placed him in the broad aisle which his feet had trod for twenty years,

and eyes that had scarcely known moisture for that duration of time were wet as they fell upon the coffin. Pale young faces looked down upon him from the galleries, old men veiled their foreheads with hands that had so often grasped his, and women sobbed aloud in the fullness of their grief. Prayer and solemn music, with the deep tones of the young student, swept over that bier, and swelled through the old building amid all these manifestations of sorrow. When the bier was lifted again, with slow and solemn footsteps the congregation followed their pastor for the last time, and to his grave.

There was a grave in our burial ground sunken almost level with the earth, covered with tall grass and marked by old and moss covered stones. It was the grave of our minister's wife; she had died in her youth, he never married again, and so they brought the old man, true even to her ashes, and laid him by her side. The shadow of his grave fell upon hers, as if it were still his duty to cherish, and the dew that fell upon the rich grass which had sprung up from her ashes, slept within that shadow longer each morning than in any other place.

When Malina Gray left the funeral procession she went to the parsonage house. The ashes lay cold upon its hearth-stone, and a chill, desolate silence reigned through the building, for the old woman who had been housekeeper had not yet returned, and no living thing was there save a pet robin that stood mute upon her perch, and a large gray cat which walked slowly from room to room as if wondering at the silence that reigned there. A chill crept over Malina as the cat came with a soft purr and rubbed his coat against her ankle. She looked at the robin, there was no food in his cage, and his dejected manner probably arose from hunger. The back door opened upon an orchard, and a line of cherry-trees, red with fruit, ranged along the stone wall. The minister had always kept his orchard and the grass around the back door steps neat and green, but this year a growth of plantain leaves had started up amid the grass, and docks grew rife around the well curb, a few paces from the stepping stones. During his illness Malina had scarcely noticed these things, but now that the minister was dead and she had no hopes nor fears regarding him, they struck upon her heart with painful force. She went to the nearest tree, gathered some ripe cherries for the bird, and carried them into the house. The poor creature was half famished, and coming down from his perch, pecked at the ruby fruit with an eagerness that made the young girl smile through her tears.

"Poor fellow, he wants drink," she murmured softly, and laying the cherries that filled her hand on a table, she took a glass and went out to get some water. How much more effective than a thousand lectures were the silence and the familiar objects that surrounded Malina. It seemed as if she had learned to think and feel for the first time in that desolated place. As she grasped the well-pole with her small hand and saw the deep round bucket rise up from the water, with the bright drops dashing over the moss-covered brim, she began to weep afresh, and

her hands trembled so that she could hardly balance it on the curb. How many times had she seen the minister come from that door, rest that same bucket on the well-curb, and slant it down to meet her lips, when she was a little girl and had come with her mates from the close school-room, at "play-time," to drink at the minister's well. How often had he filled her apron with cherries, and allowed her to pick up the golden apples from that orchard; now she could almost see his new grave through the trees—and she had dared to speak unkindly, rudely to him. Malina was athirst and she remembered the grateful coolness of the water, but with all these memories swarming to her heart she could not touch her lips to that moss-rimmed bucket; the waters dripping over it seemed too pure for one who could speak as she had spoken to the dead. That which Mrs. Gray had struggled and waited for a whole year was accomplished in a few moments by less stern influences than human upbraiding. Never was a girl more penitent than Malina amid the silence of that funereal dwelling. The heart which can reproach itself needs no other accuser, and that which cannot, will remain hardened to the reproaches, however just, which come from another.

Malina filled her glass, and entering the house, gave the neglected robin some drink. The grateful bird began to flutter his wings, and plunging into the water, sent a shower of drops over his cage. Malina was so occupied with him that she did not observe when the door-yard gate fell to with a slight sound, and Mr. Mosier, the young clergyman, came slowly along the footpath leading to the front door; and when she did hear his step upon the threshold, her eyes drooped and she began to tremble as if there had been something to apprehend in his sudden presence.

Mr. Mosier approached the young girl, and addressed her in those calm low tones which her heart had learned to answer too thrillingly.

"It was kind to think of the bird," he said almost smiling upon her, "our friend that is gone mentioned it but the day before he died; he gave it to you, Miss Gray, and that with many grateful thanks for all your kindness."

Malina's bosom heaved and she strove to conceal the tears that sprung to her eyes, by a quick motion of the heavy lashes that veiled them.

"He has left other tokens of his regard," continued the young divine, kindly observing her. A clergyman with his benevolent habits is not likely to become rich, but this quiet old house and the savings of his income are left behind and for you—he has no legal heirs."

Malina lifted her large eyes to the minister's face with a look of mute astonishment, and it was a moment before she comprehended him.

"Oh, no, no," she said at last, bursting into tears, "he could not, I never deserved it. It was Phebe that he meant. It must have been Phebe."

"You will find that I am correct," said Mr. Mosier; indeed I can hardly see how it should be

otherwise, for never was there so faithful or so kind a nurse."

Malina did not speak, but a rosy flood swelled over her neck and face, which glowed warmly beneath the concealment of her hands. These were the first words of commendation she had ever heard from that voice, and she was lost in the delicious pleasure they excited. At length she removed her tremulous hands and looked up, but instantly the silken lashes drooped over her eyes again, and she blushed and trembled beneath his gaze. Yet his look was tranquil and kind, only it was the tumult of her own feelings which made the young creature ashamed to meet it, feelings all pure and innocent, but full of timidity and misgiving.

"I must go home," she said in confusion, moving toward the door. Mr. Mosier extended his hand. "We have performed a painful and yet pleasant duty together in this house," he said; "the thanks of the departed are already yours, may I offer mine? It may be wrong to think so, but young and gentle women hovering near a sick bed seem to me angels of earth, consigning the sufferer to sister angels in heaven. Good night, my dear Miss Gray. To-morrow, by your kind mother's invitation, I shall make my home at your house."

Malina started, and a look of exquisite happiness beamed over her face.

"To-morrow!" she repeated, unconscious of the rich tones which joy gave to her voice.

"Yes, I shall stay here to-night," he replied in the same tranquil tones, but a little more sadly. The solemn scene through which we have passed unfits me for any thing but solitude. I never knew till now how beautiful and holy are the links which bind a minister to his people. It is sweet to think how completely our brother's spirit was borne up to heaven on the hearts of those who had listened to him so many years."

"He was indeed a good man, and we all loved him," murmured Malina Gray.

"And such love would fill any life with sunshine; but God bless you, my dear Miss Gray, seek repose to-night, for your strength must be overtaxed with so much watching. I will see you in the morning, and our departed friend's pet shall come with me."

Malina longed to say how happy his visit would make her home, how full of delight she was, but some intuitive feeling checked her tongue, and murmuring a few indistinct words she turned away in a tumult of strange happiness.

When she reached home, Malina went directly to her chamber, took off her bonnet, and lying down on the bed, drew the curtains and fell into a pleasant half sleepy day dream, with her eyes fixed languidly on the folds of snowy muslin which fell around her, and on the rose branches seen dimly through as they waved and rustled before the open sash. All at once she started, and turning her damask cheek upon the pillow, stole both hands up to her face as if some thought of which she was half ashamed had crept to her heart. It was no guilty thought, but Malina blushed when it broke upon her mind, that she might

some day live in the old parsonage which had become her property, and that he who was now resting beneath its roof might share her home. She was dreaming on. The tinge of gold which fell over her bed drapery as the sun sunk behind Castle-rock had long since died away, and the chamber was filled with the misty and pleasant gloom of a summer twilight, and yet Malina lay dreaming on. Phebe came softly into the apartment, lifted the curtains, and stealing her arms around the recumbent girl, laid her own pure cheek against the rich damask of her sister's.

"Poor Malina, you are tired out," she murmured fondly, "but we are so glad to get you home once more. I only came to say this—now go to sleep again." So Phebe kissed her cheek, let the curtains fall softly over the bed and went away—and still Malina dreamed on.

The next morning Mr. Mosier took up his abode at Mrs. Gray's. Our minister had called the elders of his church around his death-bed, and besought them to let this young man fill his place in the pulpit, so he was to remain a few months, on trial, and then be installed as pastor in the old meeting-house.

Our young pastor, though never gay, was at all times filled with a degree of tranquil enjoyment that diffused itself over all things that surrounded him—his sadness was never gloomy, and when he seemed thoughtful, it was the quiet repose of a mind communing with its own treasures rather than an unsocial humor. He was musical as well as studious, and often, during those summer nights when Mrs. Gray's family sat in the portico, would we assemble round the door of our dwelling to hear the notes of his flute, as they mingled in some sacred harmony with the soft clear voice of Phebe, or with the bolder and richer tones of her sister. At such times this music, softened by distance, and blended with the still more remote sound of the waterfall, seemed almost heavenly. We became well acquainted with the young minister, for though not exclusively of his congregation, he loved to ramble about the pine grove and the waterfall, where he was certain to find some of "us children" at play. Like all pure hearted men, he was fond of children, and loved to sit down in the shade and talk with us for hours together, when he would lead us to the gate, on his way home, and sometimes walk into the cottage for a glass of water and a few minutes' chat with its inmates. Sometimes Phebe Gray and her sister accompanied him in these walks, and once or twice I remember to have seen him standing on the ledge near the falls at sunset, with Phebe leaning on his arm, while he seemed deeply occupied with her rather than the surrounding scenery. Once when they were together thus, he slightly bending toward her and speaking in a low earnest tone, while her eyes were fixed on the waters foaming beneath their feet, Malina, who had lingered behind to help me up the rocks—for I was often of their party—moved lightly toward them, holding up her finger to me with a look of good natured mischief, as if she intended to startle them with her sudden presence. I was a very little girl

and knew that Malina was doing this to amuse me, so clapping a hand over my mouth to keep from laughing aloud, I stole on softly by her side till the folds of my pink dress almost mingled with the white muslin that Phebe wore. I have said that Mr. Mosier was talking low and earnestly—he was, in truth, so earnestly that our mischievous progress neither aroused him nor his companion. I was not aware that love could know a language save that which breathed in my mother's voice, but there was something earnest and thrilling in the impassioned word which Mr. Mosier was pouring into the ear of Phebe Gray, which checked my childish playfulness, and made me turn wonderingly to Malina. She was standing as I had seen her last, with her finger still held up as if to check my mirth, but there was no look of gleeful mischief in her eyes nor a vestige of color in her face. She stood motionless, white, and like a thing of marble, save that her eyes were bright and filled with a look of such agony as made my young heart sink within me. At last Phebe spoke, and her voice was so faint and soft as she leaned gently toward her companion, that the words were lost in the rushing sound of the waterfall; their broken melody and the rose tinge that flooded her face and neck, were all the tokens by which their meaning could be guessed; but the young clergyman must have heard her more distinctly, for his face lighted up with an expression of happiness that made his usually quiet features brilliant almost beyond any thing human. His arm trembled as he drew the young girl to his bosom, and with murmuring words of tenderness pressed his lips to her forehead. Phebe neither shrunk from his embrace nor resisted his caress, but the crimson flood swelled more deeply over her neck, and when his arm was withdrawn from her waist, her little hand timidly sought his and nestled itself in the clasp of his fingers, as if it sought his protection from the very solitude which she believed had alone witnessed her modest confession, a confession which made her tremble and blush with a tumult of strange sensations—all pure as the sigh of an angel, but startling to a young creature who had been taught to think every warm impulse almost a sin against Heaven.

They stood together hand in hand, silent and happy. Malina remained motionless, distant scarcely two paces, and yet they were so absorbed in the delirium of their own thoughts that her presence was unnoticed. My hand was still in hers, but the fingers which clasped mine grew cold as ice, and when I looked anxiously into her face again, the lips which had kissed me so often appeared hard and colorless; her forehead was contracted as if from physical suffering, and she seemed rooted to the stone, never to move again. A moment, and I felt that a shiver ran through her frame down to the cold fingers that grasped mine. She turned and moved away mechanically and noiseless as a shadow, leading me down the rocks and gradually tightening her grasp on my hand till I could scarcely forbear calling out from pain; but my childish heart ached so from the intuitive sense which taught me how dreadful were

the feelings of my poor companion, that I could not complain. She moved forward hurriedly and with rapid footsteps, which made my earnest effort to keep up with her almost impossible. We left the rocks and crossing the highway plunged into the pine-woods; she did not take the footpath, but all unmindfully forced a passage through the undergrowth, crushing the rich winter-green with her impetuous tread. A humble ground bird started up from a tuft of brake leaves directly in her path, and took wing with a cry of terror. Still she hurried on unconscious, without heeding the bird who fluttered around us, uttering cry upon cry with a plaintive melody which made the tears start to my young eyes; but her racked heart was deaf even to that, and her foot passed so near the pretty nest which lay in its green lawn filled with speckled eggs, that a fox-glove which bent beneath her tread dipped its crimson cup into the nest, where it lay to perish on the broken stem. Still she hurried me on through the thickest undergrowth, and where the grove was cut up into knolls and grassy hollows which even my venturesome footsteps had never searched before, all the time her cold hand tightened its grasp till my fingers were locked as in a vice, and the pain became insupportable.

"Oh don't, Miss Malina, you walk *so* very fast and hurt my hand so it almost kills me!" I exclaimed at last, looking piteously up into her pale face. "Indeed, indeed, I can't go any further, I am tired, see how the bushes have torn my new frock," I added, sobbing as much from want of breath as from grief.

She stopped the moment I spoke, and looked at me as if surprised that I was her companion. Not even the piteous expression of my face, with the tears streaming down it, and the tattered state of my dress, which was indeed sadly torn, could arouse her to a consciousness of our position; for more than a minute she stood looking earnestly in my face, but perfectly unconscious of what she gazed upon.

"Oh, Miss Malina, don't look at me in that way!" I said, burying my face in her dress and weeping still more bitterly. "Take me back to the falls, Miss Phebe and the minister will think we are lost."

Malina dropped my hand as I spoke, and sunk to

the grass, trembling all over and utterly strengthless; after a moment she lifted her head, looked wildly around as if to be certain that no eye witnessed her grief, and then she gave way to a passionate burst of sorrow, which to my young perception seemed like madness; she wrung her hands, shrouded her tearful face in the long curls which fell over it one moment, and flung them back with both hands damp and disheveled the next; her lips trembled with the broken and sorrowful words that rushed over them, words that had no connection but were full of that passionate eloquence which grief gives to the voice. At length she ceased to tremble and sat motionless, bending forward with her hands locked over her face and veiled by the drooping tresses of her hair. Now and then a sob broke through her fingers, while tears would trickle over them and fall, one after another, like drops of rain, over my dress, for I had crept into her lap and with my arms about her neck was striving in my childish way to comfort her.

"Don't cry so," I entreated, kissing her hands and exerting my infant skill to put back the curls which drooped in wet and glossy volumes over her face, "I love you very much." She unclasped her hands, and drawing me closer to her bosom, looked with a mild and touching sorrow into my eyes.

"Nobody loves me," murmured the poor, sobbing girl, shaking her head mournfully, "nobody loves *me*."

I could only answer with childish expressions of endearment, which made her beautiful eyes brim with tears, and she wept on calmly and in silence, for the passion of her grief had exhausted itself. At length she placed me on the turf, and gathering up her hair, strove to arrange it, but the tresses were too abundant, and had become so disordered, that when she was compelled to grasp it in both her hands, and knot it back from her face beneath the cottage bonnet, the plain look which it gave to her forehead, the pallor of her face, with the dim and sorrowful expression of those eyes, almost transformed her. She was altogether unlike the gay and frolicsome girl who had helped me climb the rocks but one hour before. Alas! how few moments are required to change the destiny of a heart!

[To be continued.

"L'AMOUR SANS AILES."

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Love came one day to Lilla's window
And restive round the casement flew,
She raised it just so far to hinder
His wings and all from coming through.
Love brought no perch on which to rest,
And Lilla had not one to give him;
And now the thought her soul distressed—
What should she do?—where should she leave him?
Love maddens to be thus half caught,
His struggle Lilla's pain increases;

"He'll fly—he'll fly away!" she thought,
"Or beat himself and wings to pieces."

His wings! why them I do not want,
The restless things make all this pother!"
Love tries to fly, but finds he can't,
And nestles near her like a brother.

Plumeless, we call him FRIENDSHIP now;
Love smiles at acting such a part—
But what cares he for lover's vow
While thus *perdu* near Lilla's heart?

SPECULATION: OR DYSPEPSIA CURED.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

When the mind's free the body's delicate. *Lear.*

THE romantic traveler who enters Italy at Leghorn, cannot but feel disappointed. No antiquated repose broods, like a dream, over the scene; no architectural wonders arrest the eye. The quays present the same bustle and motley groups observable in every commercial town; and were it not for the galley slaves, whose fetters clank in the thoroughfares, and the admirable bronze group, by Pietro Tacco, around the statue of Ferdinand I., it would be difficult to point out any distinctive feature amid the commonplace associations of the spot. To a stranger's eye, however, the principal street affords many objects of diversion. The variety of costume and physiognomy is striking in a place where pilgrims and merchants, Turks and Jews, burly friars and delicate invalids are promiscuously clustered; and one cannot long gaze from an adjacent balcony, without discovering some novel specimen of humanity. A more secluded and melancholy resort is the English burying-ground, where hours may be mused away in perusing the inscriptions that commemorate the death of those who breathed their last far from country and home. The cemeteries devoted to foreign sepulture, near some of the Italian cities, are quite impressive in their isolated beauty. There, in the language of a distant country, we read of the young artist suddenly cut off at the dawn of his career, and placed away with a fair monument to guard his memory, by his sorrowful associates, who long since have joined their distant kindred. Another stone marks the crushed hopes of children who brought their dying mother to this clime in the vain expectation to see her revive. Names, too, not unknown to fame, grace these snowy tablets—the last and affecting memorials of departed genius. Monte Nero is an agreeable retreat in the vicinity where the Italians make their *villeggiatura*, and the foreigners ride in the summer evenings, to inhale the cheering breeze from the sea. Leghorn was formerly subject to Genoa, and remained a comparatively unimportant place until Cosmo I. exchanged for it the Episcopal town of Sarzana. I had quite exhausted the few objects of interest around me, and my outward resources were reduced to hearing Madame Ungher in Lucrezia Borgia in the evening, and dining in the afternoon in the pleasant garden of a popular restaurant; when, one day as I was walking along a crowded street, my attention was arrested by a singular figure ensconced in the doorway of a fashionable inn. It was a lank, sharp-featured man, clad in linsey-woolsey, with a white felt hat on his head and an enormous twisted stick in his hand. He was

looking about him with a shrewd gaze in which inquisitiveness and contempt were strangely mingled. The moment I came opposite to him, he drew a very large silver watch from his fob, and, after inspecting it for a moment with an impatient air, exclaimed,

"I say, stranger, what time do they dine in these parts?"

"At this house the dinner hour is about five."

"Five! why I'm half starved and its only twelve. I can't stand it later than two. I say, I guess you're from the States?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you came here to be cured of dyspepsy?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I'm glad of it, for it's a plaguy waste of money. I just arrived from New Orleans, and there was a man on board who made the trip all on account of dyspepsy. I as good as told him he was a fool for his pains. I know a thing or two, I guess. You see that stick? Well, with that stick I've killed six alligators. There's only one thing that's a certain cure for dyspepsy."

"And what's that?"

For a moment the stranger made no reply, but twisted his stick and gave a wily glance from his keen, gray eyes, with the air of a man who can keep his own counsel.

"You want to know what will cure dyspepsy?"

"Yes."

"Well then—*Speculation!*"

After this announcement the huge stick was planted very sturdily, and the spectral figure drawn up to its utmost tension, as if challenging contradiction. Apparently satisfied with my tacit acceptance of the proposition, the man of alligators grew more complacent.

"I'll tell you how I found out the secret. I was a schoolmaster in the State of Maine, and it was as much as I could do to make both ends meet. What with flogging the boys, leading the choir Sundays, living in a leaky school-house and drinking hard cider, I grew as thin as a rail, and had to call in a traveling doctor. After he had looked into me and my case; 'Mister,' says he, 'there's only one thing for you to do, you must speculate.' I had a kind of notion what he meant, for all winter the folks had been talking about the eastern land speculation; so, says I, 'Doctor, I have n't got a cent to begin with.' 'So much the better,' says he, 'a man who has money is a fool to speculate; you've got nothing to lose, so begin right away.' I sold my things all but one suit of clothes, and a neighbor gave me a lift in his

wagon as far as Bangor. I took lodgings at the crack hotel, and by keeping my ears open at the table and in the bar-room, soon had all the slang of speculation by heart, and, having the gift of the gab, by the third day out-talked all the boarders about 'lots,' 'water privileges,' 'sites' and 'deeds.' One morning I found an old gentleman sitting in the parlor, looking very glum. 'Ah,' says I, 'great bargain that of Jones, two hundred acres, including the main street as far as the railroad depot—that is, where they're to be when Jonesville's built.' 'Some people have all the luck,' says the old gentleman. 'There is n't a better tract than mine in all Maine, but I can't get an offer.' 'It's because you do n't talk it up,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you seem to understand the business. Here's my bond, all you can get over three thousand dollars you may have.' I set right to work, got the editors to mention the thing as a rare chance, whispered about in all corners that the land had been surveyed for a manufacturing town, and had a splen-

did map drawn, with a colored border, six meeting-houses, a lyceum, blocks of stores, hay-scales, a state prison and a rural cemetery—with Gerrytown in large letters at the bottom, and then hung it up in the hall. Before the week was out, I sold the land for cash to a company for twenty thousand dollars, gave the old gentleman his three thousand, and have been speculating ever since. I own two thirds of a granite quarry in New Hampshire, half of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and a prairie in Illinois, besides lots of bank stock, half of a canal and a whole India rubber factory. I've been in New Orleans, buying cotton, and came here to see about the silk business, and mean to dip into the marble line a little. I've never had the dyspepsy since I began to speculate. It exercises all the organs and keeps a man going like a steamboat."

Just then a bell was heard from within, and the stranger, thinking it the signal for dinner, precipitately withdrew.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE BROOK.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE SHEPHERD.

Whither speed you, brooklet fair,
Fringed with willows green,
Blue-gleaming clear as summer air,
Your rival banks between;
Singing to the listening trees
An endless melody,
Kissed by every amorous breeze?
Come tarry and reply.

THE BROOK.

I haste to turn the mill-wheel gay,
That glads the summer morn;
The mill must clatter night and day,
To grind the miller's corn.

THE SHEPHERD.

I envy you your joyous life—
With courage rare you race,
To meet the miller's bonnie wife,
And glass her morning face.

THE BROOK.

Yes! when Aurora lights the scene
With charms, as fresh she laves
Her sunny hair and brow serene
In my dew-treasured waves,
To me her beauty she confides,
I smile her blush to greet,
And when her form my lymph divides,
It thrills with passionate heat.

THE SHEPHERD.

If thus your gelid waters glow,
With love's pervading flame,
To echo, murmuring as they flow,
Her soft and winning name;
How must my throbbing bosom burn,
Warmed by life's fitful fever,
Still doomed, where'er my steps I turn,
To love her more than ever.

THE BROOK.

On the mill-wheel, with blustering toil,
I burst in pearly shower,
But when I view her bloomy smile,
Fresh at the matin hour,
A polished mirror, gleaming sweet,
I tremble into calm,
To woo, in love, her gentle feet,
My azure to embalm.

THE SHEPHERD.

Are you, too, love-sick, leafy brook?
Yet why?—on you she smiles,
And pays you, with a grateful look,
Your pleasant summer toils;
She sports upon your crystal breast,
Pure as your mountain source—
Fond brook, do not her charms arrest
Your shady downward course?

THE BROOK.

Alas! 'tis with a world of pain,
I murmuring glide away,
A thousand turns I make, in vain,
'Neath many a birchen-spray;
But through the meadows I must glide—
Ah! were it in my power,
A blue-lake swan, loved by her side,
I'd spread, nor quit her bower.

THE SHEPHERD.

Companion of my luckless love,
Farewell! But may, ere long,
Thy plaint, which saddens now the grove,
Be turned to merry song;
Flow on, my vows, and sigh declare,
Paint—paint in colors warm—
The bliss her shepherd hopes to share,
Where birds the greenwood charin.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC.

THE OPEN BOAT.

How shall I describe the horrors of that seemingly endless night. Borne onward at the mercy of the waves—possessing just sufficient control over the boat to keep her head in the proper direction—now losing sight altogether of our consort, and now hanging on the top of the wave while she lay directly under us, we passed the moments in a succession of hopes and fears which no human pen can adequately describe. As the night advanced our sufferings increased. The men, worn out with fatigue, were kept at their oars only by the consciousness that even a moment's respite might be our destruction. With difficulty we maintained even the slightest communication with our fellow sufferers in the other boat, and, as the hours wore away, communication became almost impossible. It was only at intervals that we caught sight of our companions through the gloom, or heard their loud huzzas in answer to our shouts. And no one, except he who has been in a like situation, can tell how our sense of loneliness was relieved when we saw these glimpses of our consort, or caught the welcome sound of other voices than our own across that fathomless abyss.

At length a gigantic wave rolled up between us and the launch, and, when we rose from the trough of the sea, I fancied I heard beneath us a wild, prolonged cry of human agony. At the sound, my blood curdled in my veins, and I strove to pierce the obscurity ahead, hoping almost against hope that our companions yet survived, and that I might catch a glimpse of the launch; but my straining eyes scanned the prospect in vain, for the thick darkness shut out every thing from my vision, except when the ghastly foam whitened along the waves beside me. For an instant I tried to believe that what I heard had sprung from a disordered fancy, but the eager, yet horror-struck faces of my shipmates beside me soon convinced me that I was not the only one who had heard that cry. We looked at each other for a moment, as men may be supposed to look who have seen a visitant from the tomb, and then, with one common impulse, we joined in a halloo that rose wildly to windward, swept down on us, rose again, and finally died away to leeward in melancholy notes. No answering cry met our ears. Again and again we united in a shout—again and again the roar of the wind and wash of the waves was our only reply. Suddenly a flash of lightning blazed around us, and, taking advantage of the momentary light thus

shed on the prospect, I gazed once more across the waste of waters. We hung, at the moment, on the topmost height of a mountain wave, while beneath yawned a black abyss, along whose sides the foam was rolling in volumes, while the ghastly crests of each mimic billow and the pitchy darkness of the depths below were lit up with the awful glare of the lightning, presenting to the imagination a scene that reminded me of the lake of fire into which Milton's apostate spirits fell. Just at the lowest point of the vortex a boat was seen, bottom upwards, while, in close proximity to it, one or two human forms were struggling in the sea; but all in vain; for at every despairing stroke they were borne further and further from the few frail planks which now were to them their world. Oh! never will that sight fade from my memory. A cry of horror broke simultaneously from all who beheld the scene, and long after it had vanished from our eyes, we heard the first despairing shriek of our drowning messmates, we saw the last look of agony ere they sank forever. To save them was beyond our power. As we were whirled down into the abyss we leaned over the gunwale to catch, if possible, a sign of the vicinity of any of the sufferers, but our efforts were in vain, and, after watching and listening for more than an hour, we desisted in despair. As the storm gradually passed away, and the stars broke out on high, diffusing a shadowy light around us, we gazed again across the waste for some token of our lost messmates, but our scrutiny was in vain. The tale of their death, save as it is rehearsed in these hurried pages, will never be told until the judgment day.

Morning at length dawned. Insensibly the first cold streaks of day crept along the eastern horizon, gradually diffusing a gray twilight over the vast solitude of waters around, and filling the mind with a sensation of utter loneliness, which, though I had experienced it partially before, never affected me with such indescribable power as now. As far as the eye could stretch there was nothing to break the vast monotony of the horizon. The first glance across the deep destroyed the hope which so many had secretly entertained, that morning would discover some sail in sight, and, though no unmanly lamentations were uttered, the dejected look with which each shipmate turned to his fellow was more eloquent than words. All knew that we were out of the usual route of ships crossing the Atlantic, and that our chances of rescue

were consequently lessened. We were, moreover, nearly a thousand miles from land, with but scanty provisions, and those damaged. Our boat was frail, and one far stronger had already been submerged—what, then, would probably, nay! must be our fate. It was easy to see that these thoughts were passing through the minds of all, and that a feeling akin to despair was gathering around every heart.

"Cheer up, my hearties!" at length said Bill Seaton, a favorite topman, looking round on his companions, "it's always darkest just before day, and if we don't meet a sail now we must look all the sharper for one to-morrow. Never say die while you hear the wind overhead, or see the waves frolicking around you. Twenty years have I sailed, in one craft or another, and often been in as bad scrapes as this—so it's hard to make me think we're going to Davy Jones' locker this time. Cheer up, cheer up, braves, and I'll give you 'Bold Hawthorne,'" and, with the words, he broke out into a song, whose words acted like an inspiration on the crew, and in a moment the air rung with the ballad, chorused forth by a dozen stentorian voices. And thus, alternating between hope and despair, we spent the day. But, unlike the others, my situation forbade me to betray my real sentiments, and I was forced to maintain an appearance of elation which illily agreed with my feelings.

Meanwhile the day wore on, and as the sun mounted toward the zenith, his vertical rays pouring down on our unprotected heads, became almost insupportable. The gale had long since sunk into a light breeze, and the mountainous waves were rapidly subsiding into that long measured swell which characterizes the deep when not unusually agitated. Over the wide surface of the dark azure sea, however, might be seen ten thousand crests of foam, one minute crisping into existence, and the next disappearing on the declining surge; and, as the hour approached high noon, each of these momentary sheets of spray glistened in the sunbeams like frosted silver. Overhead the dark, deep sky glowed as in a furnace, while around us the sea was as molten brass. Parched for thirst, yet not daring to exceed the allowance of water on which we had determined—burning in the intense heat, without the possibility of obtaining shelter—worn out in body and depressed in spirits, it required all my exertions, backed by one or two of the most sanguine of the crew, to keep the men from utter despair, nor was it until evening again drew on, and the intolerable heat of a tropical day had given way to the comparative coolness of twilight, that the general despondency gave way. Then again the hopes of the men revived, only, however, to be once more cast down when darkness closed over the scene, with the certainty we should obtain no relief until the ensuing day.

Why need I recount the sufferings of that second night, which was only less dreadful than the preceding one because the stars afforded us some comparative light, sufficing only, however, to keep us on the watch for a strange sail, without allowing us to hope for success in our watch, unless by almost a miracle? Why should I narrate the alternation of

hope and fear on the ensuing day, which did not differ from this one, save in the fiercer heat of noon day, and the more utter exhaustion of the men? What boots it to recount the six long days and nights, each one like its predecessor, only that each one grew more and more intolerable, until at length, parched and worn out, like the Israelites of old, we cried out at night, "Would God it were morning," and in the morning, "Would God it were evening." And thus, week after week passed, until our provisions and water were exhausted, and yet no relief arrived, but day after day we floated helplessly on that boiling ocean, or were chilled by the icy and unwholesome dews of night. Hunger and thirst, and heat—fever and despair contended together for the mastery, and we were the victims. Often before I had read of men who were thus exposed, coming at length to such a pitch of madness and despair, that they groveled in the bottom of the boat, and cried out for death; but never had I thought such things could be credible. Now, how fearfully were my doubts removed! I saw lion-hearted men weeping like infants—I beheld those whose strength was as that of a giant, subdued and powerless—I heard men who, in other circumstances, would have clung tenaciously to life, now sullenly awaiting their fate, or crying out, in their agony, for death to put a period to their sufferings. No pen, however graphic—no imagination, however vivid, can do justice to the fearful horrors of our situation. Every morning dawned with the same hope of a sail in sight, and every night gathered around us with the same despairing consciousness that our hope was in vain.

There was one of my crew, a pale, delicate lad, whom I shall never forget. He was the only son of a widow, and had entered the navy, though against her will, to earn an honorable subsistence for her. Though he had been among us but a short time, he had already distinguished himself by his address and bravery, while his frank demeanor had made him a universal favorite. Since the loss of the Dart he had borne up against our privations with a heroism that had astonished me. When the rest were sad he was cheerful; and no suffering, however great, could wring from him a complaint. But on the twentieth day—after having tasted no food for forty-eight hours—the mortal tenement proved too weak for his nobler soul. He was already dreadfully emaciated, and for some days I had been surprised at his powers of endurance. But now he could hold out no longer, and was forced to confess that he was ill. I felt his pulse—he was in a high fever. Delirium soon seized him, and throughout all that day and night he was deprived of reason. His ravings would have melted the heart of a Nero. He seemed conscious of his approaching end, and dwelt constantly, in terms of the most heart-rending agony, on his widowed mother—so soon to be deprived of her only solace and support. Oh! the terrible eloquence of his words. Now he alluded in the most touching accents to his father's death—now he recounted the struggles in his mother's heart when he proposed going to sea—and now he dwelt on her grief when she should hear of

his untimely end, or watch month after month, and year after year, in the vain hope of again pressing him to her bosom. There were stern men there listening to his plaintive lamentations, who had perhaps never shed a tear before, but the fountains of whose souls were now loosened, and who wept as only a man can weep. There were sufferers beside him, whose own anguish almost racked their hearts to pieces, yet who turned aside from it to sorrow over him. And as hour after hour passed away, and he waxed weaker and weaker, one feeble shipmate after another volunteered to hold his aching head, for all thought of the lone widow, far, far away, who was even now perhaps making some little present for the boy whom she should never see again.

It was the evening of the day after his attack, and he lay with his head on my lap, when the sufferer, after an unusually deep sleep of more than an hour, woke up, and faintly opening his eyes lifted them to me. It was a moment before he could recognize me, but then a grateful smile stole over his wan face. I saw at a glance that the fever had passed away, and I knew enough of the dying hour to know that this return of reason foreboded a speedy dissolution. He made an attempt to raise his hand to his face, but weakness prevented him. Knowing his wishes, I took my handkerchief and wiped the dampness from his brow. Again that sweet smile played on the face of the boy, and it seemed as if thenceforth the expression of his countenance had in it something not of earth. The hardy seamen saw it too, and leaned forward to look at him.

"Thank you, Mr. Cavendish, thank you," he said faintly, "I hope I have n't troubled you—I feel better now—almost well enough to sit up."

"No—no, my poor boy," I said, though my emotion almost choked me, "lie still—I can easily hold you. You have slept well?"

"Oh! I have had such a sweet sleep, and it was full of happy dreams, though before that it seemed as if I was standing at my father's dying bed, or saw my mother weeping as she wept the night I came away. And then," and a melancholy shadow passed across his face as he spoke, "I thought that she cried more bitterly than ever, as if her very heart were breaking for some one who was dead—and it appears, too, as if I was that one," he said, with child-like simplicity. Then for a moment he mused sadly, but suddenly said—"Do you think I am dying, sir?"

The suddenness of the question startled me, and when I saw those large, clear eyes fixed on me, I was more embarrassed than ever.

"I hope not," I said brokenly. He shook his head, and again that melancholy shadow passed across his face, and he answered in a tone of grief that brought the tears into other eyes than mine,

"I feel I am. Oh! my poor mother—my poor, poor widowed mother, who will care for you when I am gone?"

"I will," I said with emotion; "if God spares me to reach the land, I will seek her out, and tell her all about you—what a noble fellow you were—"

"And—and," and here a blush shot over his pale

face, "will you see that she never wants—will you?" he continued eagerly.

"I will," said I, "rest easy on that point, my dear, noble boy."

"Aye! and while there's a shot in the locker for Bill Seaton she shall never want," said the topman, pressing in his own horny hand the more delicate one of the boy.

"God bless you!" murmured the lad faintly, and he closed his eyes. For a moment there was silence, the hot tears falling on his face as I leaned over him. At length he looked up; a smile of joy was on his countenance, and his lips moved. I put my ear to them and listened.

"Mother—father—I die happy, for we shall meet in heaven," were the words that fell in broken murmurs from his lips, and then he sunk back on my lap and was dead. The sun, at the instant, was just sinking behind the distant seaboard. Ah! little did his mother, as she gazed on the declining luminary from her humble cottage window, think that that sun beheld the dying hour of her boy. Little did she think, as she knelt that night in prayer for him, that she was praying for one whose silent corpse rocked far away on the fathomless sea. Let us hope that when, in her sleep, she dreamed of hearing his loved voice once more, his spirit was hovering over her, whispering comfort in her ear. Thank God that we can believe the dead thus revisit earth, and become ministering angels to the sorrowing who are left behind!

Another sun went and came, and even the stoutest of hearts began to give way. For twenty-three days had we drifted on the pathless deep, and in all that time not a sail had appeared—nothing had met our sight but the brazen sky above and the unbroken deep below. During the greater portion of that period we had lain motionless on the glittering sea, for a succession of calms had prevailed, keeping us idly rocking on the long, monotonous swell. When the sun of the twenty-fourth day rose, vast and red, there was not one of us whose strength was more than that of an infant; and though, at the first intimation of dawn, we gazed around the horizon as we were wont, there was little of hope in our dim and glazing eyes. Suddenly, however, the topman's look became animated, and the color went and came into his face, betokening his agitation. Following the direction of his eyes, I saw a small, white speck far off on the horizon. I felt the blood rushing to the ends of my fingers, while a dizziness came over my sight. I controlled my emotion, however, with an effort. At the same instant the doubts of the topman appeared to give way, and waving his hand around his head, he shouted,

"A sail!—a sail!"

"Whereaway?" eagerly asked a dozen feeble voices, while others of the crew who were too far gone to speak, turned their fading eyes in the direction in which all were now looking.

"Just under yonder fleecy cloud."

"I can't see it," said one, "surely there is a mistake."

"No—we are in the trough of the sea—wait till we rise—there!"

"I see it—I see it—huzza!" shouted several.

A sudden animation seemed to pervade all. Some rose to their feet and clasping each other in their arms, wept deliriously—some cast themselves on their knees and returned thanks to God—while some gazed vacantly from one face to another, every now and then breaking out into hysterical laughter. For a time it seemed as if all had forgotten that the strange sail was still far away, and that she might never approach near enough to be hailed. But these thoughts finally found their way into the hearts of the most sanguine, and gradually the exhilaration of sudden hope gave way to despair, or the even more dreadful uncertainty of suspense. Hour after hour, with flushed cheeks and eager eyes, the sufferers watched the course of that strange sail, and when at length her topsails began to lift, and her approach was no longer doubtful, a faint huzza rose up from their overcharged hearts, and once more they exhibited the wild delirious joy which had characterized the first discovery of the stranger.

The approaching sail was apparently a merchant ship of the largest class, and the number of her look-outs seemed to intimate that she was armed. She was coming down toward us in gallant style, her canvass bellying out in the breeze, and the foam rolling in cataracts under her bows. Once we thought that she was about to alter her course—her head turned partially around and one or two of her sails shook in the wind—but, after a moment's anxious suspense, we saw her resume her course, her head pointing nearly toward us. For some time we watched her in silence, eagerly awaiting the moment when she should perceive our lug sail. But we were doomed to be disappointed. Minute after minute passed by, after we had assured ourselves that we were nigh enough to be seen, and yet the stranger appeared unconscious of our vicinity. She was now nearly abreast of us, running free before the wind, just out of hail. Our hearts throbbed with intense anxiety. But though several minutes more had passed, and she was directly on our beam, her look-outs still continued gazing listlessly around, evidently ignorant that we were near.

"She will pass us," exclaimed Seaton, the topman, "how can they avoid seeing our sail?"

"We must try to hail them," I said, "or we are lost."

"Ay—ay, it is our only chance," said the topman, and a grim smile passed over his face as he looked around on his emaciated shipmates, and added bitterly, "though it's little likely that such skeletons as we can make ourselves heard to that distance."

"We will try," said I, and raising my hand to time the cry, I hailed the ship. The sound rose feebly on the air and died waveringly away. But no symptoms of its being heard were perceptible on board the stranger.

"Again," I said, "once more!"

A second time the cry rose up from our boat, but this time with more volume than before. Still no look-out moved, and the ship kept on her course.

"A third time, my lads," I said, "we are lost if they hear us not—ahoy!"

"Hilloo!" came floating down toward us, and a topman turned his face directly toward us, leaning his ear over the yard to listen.

"Ahoy!—a-hoy!—Ho-ho-o-oy!" we shouted, joining our voices in a last desperate effort.

"Hilloo—boat ahoy!" were the glad sounds that met our ears in return, and a dozen hands were extended to point out our location. At the instant, the ship gallantly swung around, and bore down directly toward us.

"They see us—praise the Lord—they see us—we are saved!" were the exclamations of the crew as they burst into hysteric tears, and fell on their knees in thanksgiving, again enacting the scene of delirious joy which had characterized the first discovery of the strange sail.

On came the welcome ship—on like a sea-bird on the wing! Scores of curious faces were seen peering over her sides as she approached, while from top and cross-trees a dozen look-outs gazed eagerly toward us. The sun was shining merrily on the waves, which sparkled in his beams like silver; while the murmur of the wind over the deep came pleasantly to our ears. Oh! how different did every thing appear to us now from what it had appeared when hope was banished from our hearts. And when, weak and trembling, we were raised to the deck of the stranger, did not our hearts run over with gratitude to God? Let the tears that even our rescuers shed proclaim.

"Water—give us water, for God's sake," was the cry of my men as they struggled to the deck.

"Only a drop now—more you shall have directly," answered the surgeon, as he stood between the half frenzied men and the water can.

With difficulty the ravenous appetites of the crew were restrained, for to have suffered the men to eat in large quantities after so long an abstinence would have ensured their speedy deaths. The sick were hurried to cots, while the captain insisted that I should share a portion of his own cabin.

It was many days before we were sufficiently recovered to mingle with our rescuers, and during our sickness we were treated with a kindness which was never forgot.

The strange sail was a privateersman, sailing under the American flag. We continued with her about two months, when she found it necessary to run into port. As we were nearly opposite Block Island, it was determined to stand in for Newport, where accordingly we landed, after an absence of nearly a year.

Here I found that we had been given up for lost. A bucket, with the name of the Dart painted on it, having been picked up at sea, from which it was concluded that all on board the vessel had perished. This belief had now become general in consequence of the lapse of time since we had been heard from. I was greeted, therefore, as one restored from the dead.

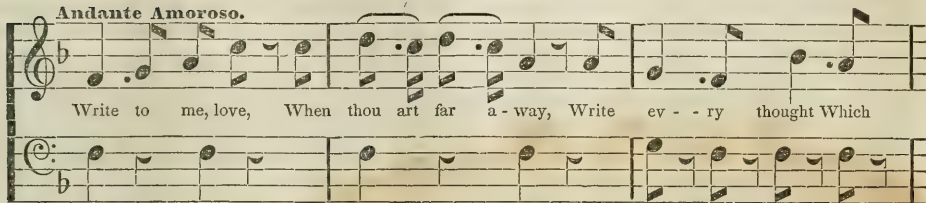
"WRITE TO ME, LOVE,"

A BALLAD.

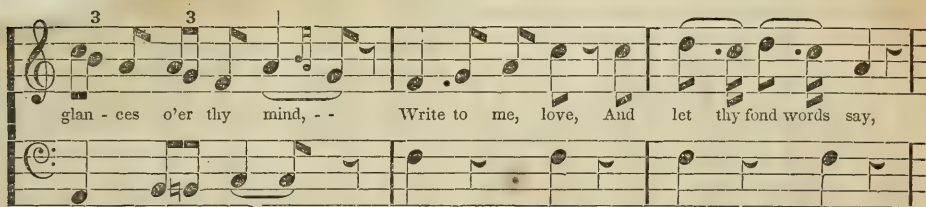
THE POETRY BY MISS PARDOE, THE MUSIC BY DAVID LEE.

Selected for Graham's Magazine by J. G. Osbourne.

Andante Amoroso.



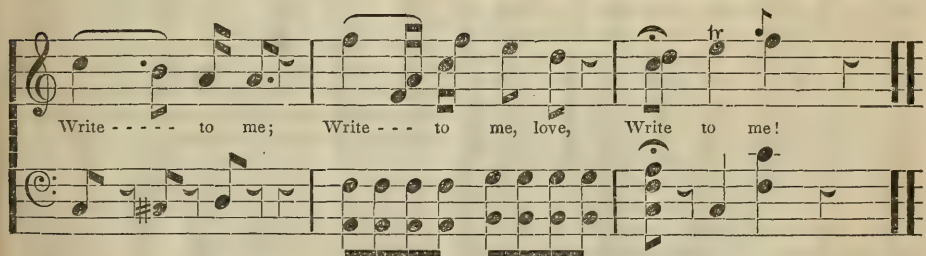
Write to me, love, When thou art far a-way, Write ev - ry thought Which



glan - ces o'er thy mind, - - Write to me, love, And let thy fond words say,



All that may spi - rit un - to Spi - rit bind! Write - - - to me, love,



Write - - - to me; Write - - - to me, love, Write to me!

Write to me, love,
And let each glowing line
Teem with the vows we have so often ta'en.
Write to me, love,
And when the treasure's mine,

Resume thy task, and write to me again.
Write to me, love,
Write to me;
Write to me, love,
Write to me!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Charles VIII., King of France. By Count Philip de Segur, Lieutenant-General, Peer of France, Member of the French Academy, Author of "Napoleon's Russian Campaign," etc. Translated by Richard R. Montgomery. Two volumes, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

This work in its original language has been very popular, and some critics have deemed it the best of Segur's productions. It is a history of France while that country was in the transition state between feudalism and centralism, and is written in the picturesque style of the old chroniclers.

Louis XI., the father of Charles, died in 1463. He had wielded the sceptre with strong hands, and given an extraordinary impulse to public affairs. It was therefore necessary that the government should be administered by an experienced person during the minority of the young king. There was a deep and pervading dissatisfaction in the country, especially among the nobles, who had been repressed by Louis, and were now anxious to reclaim their lost privileges. Anne of Beaujeu, the eldest daughter of the deceased monarch, and wife of the lord of Bourbon Beaujeu, had been selected by her father for the regency. She was not more than twenty-two years old, but at that early age was shrewd, resolute and dignified—the wisest and most beautiful woman of the realm. Her first act was the convocation of the Estates General at Tours, an event long celebrated on account of the ability and independence manifested by the deputies in their debates. She afterward undertook and accomplished the conquest of Bretagne—the great measure for which the regency was distinguished,—and finally, having maintained her position amid innumerable dangers, adding from year to year to her own and the national glory, resigned the government to Charles. A new policy was from that time pursued. The young king was ignorant and capricious, guided by his own mad impulses, or the wishes of intriguing courtiers, to whom he had given the places before occupied by gravest and wisest counsellors; and his reign, disastrous to France, prepared the way for the most important changes in European politics. A false notion of honor and the ambition of two favorites made him undertake the conquest of Naples. He succeeded, but instead of endeavoring to secure the permanent possession of that kingdom, gave himself up to a thoughtless voluptuousness, until a confederacy was formed which expelled him from Italy. After re-entering his own dominions his conduct and policy continued to be nerveless and vacillating. He seemed to regard the Neapolitan expedition as of slight importance, speaking of it as a series of passages at arms, a royal adventure which had resulted somewhat unfortunately; and never dreamed that the foolishly commenced and insanely conducted enterprise had destroyed the balance of power in Italy, taught the states of Europe to view with jealousy each other's motions, and opened the way for the cultivation of those sciences and arts which civilized society and made men feel that they had other pursuits and pastimes than war. A short time before the close of his life a change came over his character; hitherto Cæsar had been

his hero, and Charlemagne his model, but from the death of his third son, in infancy, he was ambitious to imitate St. Louis, and occupied himself with reforms in religion, legislation, and the administration of justice. How long he would have continued in his new career, but for his sudden death, cannot be known. He died in consequence of an injury, received in his magnificent chateau d'Amboise, in the year 1498.

Many eminent men flourished in France during this reign, among whom were the brave and intriguing Dunois; Philip de Comines, the celebrated historian and minister; La Tremouille, a principal actor in the Neapolitan expedition; Savonarola, the prophet priest of Florence; and others of less distinction.

The work of Segur is not alone interesting as a history of important political transactions; it contains numerous passages of a romantic description, characteristic of the age and its institutions, and written in a highly dramatic and picturesque style. The translation we doubt not is rigidly correct; but had Mr. Montgomery been less studious to render his original literally, his version would have flowed somewhat more smoothly, without losing any of its freshness or animation.

The Book of the Navy; comprising a general History of the American Marine, and articular Accounts of all the most celebrated Naval Battles, from the Declaration of Independence to the present time; compiled from the best authorities, by John Frost, A. M., etc. One volume, octavo. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

Mr. Frost has succeeded in his attempt to present the leading incidents in the history of our national marine in an attractive form. The Book of the Navy is one of those "books for the people" which awaken only patriotism, pride and emulation. The Appendix, containing selections of naval lyrical pieces and anecdotes, seems to have been prepared with less care than the historical part of the work. The best American naval songs are Edwin C. Holland's "Pillar of Glory" and the "Old Ironsides" of Oliver W. Holmes, neither of which appears in Mr. Frost's collection, while it embraces some which have no allusion to the navy, and others too worthless in a literary point of view to deserve preservation. The volume is very elegantly printed, and is embellished with several portraits on steel, and other engravings from designs by Croome.

Family Secrets, or Hints to those who would make Home Happy. By Mrs. Ellis. Two volumes, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

This work is composed of a series of tales, each illustrating a principle or enforcing a moral. The first volume contains, Dangers of Dining Out, Confessions of a Madman, Somerville Hall, The Rising Tide, and The Favorite Child; the second, First Impressions, and The Minister's Family. The characters are usually well-drawn, and the interest of some of the stories is deep and well sustained.

The Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter, Compiled from various Sources, together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German. Two volumes, duodecimo. Boston, Little & Brown.

The name of Jean Paul has become so familiar to American and English readers, that this work will doubtless supply a great desideratum with many ardent admirers of German literature. Our ideas of Jean Paul do not coincide with those of most critics. We have great respect for his genius, the purity of his thoughts, the extreme delicacy of his sentiments, and his almost universal learning; but we think his style forced and unnatural, and the amount of his wit, sarcasm, humor and hyperbolic refinement, altogether disproportionate to the "littleness" of his subjects. He is the most poetic of prose writers, and his autobiography furnishes many happy illustrations of this assertion. In our opinion, however, he indulges far too much in *didacticism*, a style which we dislike equally in poetry or prose, and which is seldom chosen by men of great intellect. He is a *feminine* writer, and much which in his works appears and is applauded as poetry, is in truth only highly wrought feminine delicacy. He is accordingly much read and admired by women. But we doubt whether in all his productions there is a well drawn character of a man. When we look upon his heroes we cannot but remember Hotspur—

"I would rather be a cat and cry mew
Than one of those self same ballad mongers."

The writings of Jean Paul have had a pernicious influence on the minds of the youth of Germany, who are naturally inclined to sojourn in the regions of fancy; but it is a proof of returning reason that among the numerous republications of the works of German authors his have not gone through very large editions.

Schiller and Goethe disliked the muse of Jean Paul; the former because she had not warmth, and the latter because as an artist he was shocked with her morbid taste. Jean Paul was much mortified at the coldness of this Corephæus of German literature, and in giving an account of his visit to Weimer, says—

"On the second day I threw away my foolish prejudices in favor of great authors. They are like other people. Here every one knows that they are like the earth, that looks from a distance, from heaven, like a shining moon, but, when the foot is upon it, is found to be *boue de Paris* (Paris mud.) An opinion concerning Herder, Wieland, and Goethe is as much contested as any other. Who would believe that the great watch towers of our literature avoid and dislike each other? I will never again bend myself anxiously before any great man, only before the *virtuous*."

This sentiment is unworthy the mind of Jean Paul. The best relations existed between Schiller and Goethe through life. Each of them was great enough in his sphere to fear no rival. The jealousies which Jean Paul refers to were those of some women in "the society" of Weimer, but the men whom they maligned were both immeasurably beyond their reach.

Gervinus, in his "History of German Literature," the most national work lately published, assigns to Jean Paul rather a low rank among the poets of his country. There is much thought and meditation in his works, but that divine spark which kindles enthusiasm and inspires men to sublime action is not in them. Even his female portraits are not drawn after Nature, and his Linda, in "Titan"—perhaps the best of his novels—is, after all the praise it has received, but a transparent shadow.

This memoir contains Jean Paul's autobiography, reaching to his thirteenth year; a connected narrative of his life, compiled and translated from the best sources, and copious extracts from his correspondence. The translation is generally correct and elegant, but many errors occur in the

proper names, especially by the transpositions of the *i* and *e*. We have seen mentioned, as the compiler and translator, Miss Lee of Boston, a lady of taste and learning, to whom the public have before been indebted for several pleasing and instructive publications.

Remains of the Rev. Joshua Wells Downing, A. M. With a brief Memoir. Edited by Elijah H. Downing, A. M. One volume, duodecimo. New York, J. Lane and P. P. Sanford: 1842.

We have read the sermons, sketches of sermons, and letters in this volume with considerable attention, and regret finding in them so little to praise. Mr. Downing died when but twenty-six years old, in Boston. He was a pious, earnest and efficient minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, had he lived to a mature age, we doubt not, would have been one of the most useful clergymen of his denomination. But, however excellent his qualities as a man or as a preacher, his printed discourses bear too few of the marks of genius or learning to secure for him a high reputation as a writer. They are not distinguished for graceful expression, vigor, or originality. The fraternal partiality of the editor deserves not to be censured, but the common practice of printing sermons, "called so," as Bishop Andrews well remarks, "by a *charitable construction*," and other "remains," not originally designed for the press and unworthy of publication, is an evil which can be remedied only by honest critical judgments.

Elements of Chemistry, Including the most recent Discoveries and Applications of the Science to Medicine and Pharmacy, and to the Arts. By Robert Kane, M. D., M. R. T. A., &c. An American Edition, with Additions and Corrections, and arranged for the use of the Universities, Colleges, Academies and Medical Schools of the United States. By John William Draper, M. D. New York, Harper & Brothers.

Chemistry, more than any other science, is progressive. In the work before us Mr. Kane has exhibited with great ability its advancement, general extent, and present condition. There is no lack of elementary works on the subject, but we know of none which enter into it so fully or are so clear and comprehensive as this. Dr. Kane ranks among the first philosophical inquirers of the day, and is probably unequaled as a chemist. The American editor is likewise well known for his profound knowledge of this science. In looking through the work we have been particularly pleased with its practical character—the explanations it contains of the various processes by which chemistry has been made to contribute to the progress of the arts, which enhance its value to the medical practitioner and the manufacturer.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest: With Anecdotes of their Courts. Now first published from Official Records and other Authentic Documents, Private as well as Public. By Agnes Strickland. Second Series. Three volumes, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

The new series of Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England* contains memoirs of Elizabeth of York, Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katharine Howard, Catherine Parr, and Mary "the Catholic." The work improves as it advances and the materials for history accessible to the authoress become more abundant. Some of the memoirs in the second series are exceedingly interesting. The volumes deserve a place in every lady's library.

Uncas and Miantinoh: A Historical Discourse delivered at Norwich, (Conn.) on the fourth day of July, 1842, on the occasion of the erection of a Monument to the Memory of Uncas, the White Man's Friend, and first Chief of the Mohicans. By W. L. Stone. New York: Dayton & Newman.

This is an interesting and valuable contribution to our historical writings. Uncas, "the white man's friend," was the king of a powerful tribe of Indians occupying a large part of the territory now called Connecticut, when it was colonized by the English Pilgrims, in 1635. His ashes rest in the "royal burying-ground" near Norwich; and, above them, in 1833, when General Jackson was on a visit to that city, the corner stone of a monument was laid, with imposing ceremonies. The granite obelisk, with the simple inscription, UNCAS, was finished on the fourth of July, 1842, and on that day Mr. Stone delivered the address which, with its appendix and notes, composes the volume before us.

Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places. By Charlotte Elizabeth. One volume, duodecimo. New York, John S. Taylor.

"Charlotte Elizabeth" is the wife, we believe, of a London clergyman. Excepting Hannah More, no woman has written so much or so well on religious subjects. In the work before us she treats with her usual ability of the holy angels and of evil spirits, their existence, character, power, and destiny.

The Smuggler's Son, and Other Tales and Sketches. By A. W. M. One volume, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

This volume contains several interesting prose pieces, mingled with lyrics, smoothly versified, and poetical in ideas and expression.

A History of the State of Vermont: In Three Parts. I. Natural History. II. Civil History. III. Gazetteer. By Rev. Zadok Thompson, M. A. With a new Map of the State, and Two Hundred Engravings. Burlington, Chauncey Goodrich. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

This is the title of a large and closely printed octavo just issued from the press. It embraces much curious and valuable information, some of which is from original sources. The work, however, is badly arranged and carelessly written. The different parts, having but little connection with each other, should have been published separately.

A Kiss for a Blow. By Henry C. Wright. One volume, 18mo. Published at 31 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia. Emma, or the Lost Found. One volume, 18mo. New York, Dayton & Newman: Philadelphia, Hogan & Thompson. The Great Secret, or How to be Happy. One volume, 18mo. New York, Dayton & Newman: Philadelphia, Hogan & Thompson.

These are short stories, for children and youth, written with simplicity and in a genial and loving spirit, and in every way superior to the books of the class written before the last few years.

A Collection of the Promises of Scripture, under their proper heads, representing the Blessings promised, the Duties to which Promises are made, with an Appendix and Introduction, by Samuel Clarke, D. D. One volume, 32mo. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

This little work is well known to Christians, and to others its title will convey an accurate idea of its character. The present edition is doubtless the most beautiful that has been published.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have, in manuscript, a biographical sketch of the late Commodore PERRY, from the pen of Mr. Cooper, which it was our intention to publish in December, but, it proving too long for a single number, we shall carry it over to the next year, that its parts may appear in the same volume. In this sketch Mr. Cooper has gone into the critical details concerning the battle of Lake Erie, which were not thought proper to be introduced into his great naval work, as they belong to biography rather than to history. Mr. Cooper, we learn, has delayed publishing his answer to the Lectures of Burgess, the Biography of Mackenzie, and his account of the late arbitration in New York, in order not to anticipate the appearance of the biographical sketch, which, while it is critical rather than controversial, will necessarily cover much of the same ground. We understand that the "Answers" will immediately follow the appearance of the article in our magazine.

The naval story entitled "Harry Cavendish," will be brought to a close in our next number, and we shall not hereafter commence the publication of any article which may not be completed in two or three months.

A new edition of the works of Jonathan Edwards will be published within a few weeks, by Jonathan Leavitt and John F. Trow, of New York, in four very large octavo volumes. Edwards was the greatest metaphysician of the eighteenth century—and his name, first and highest in our

literary history, can never be spoken but with pride by an American. The only copies of his writings for sale in this country for several years have been from the English press.

Mr. Cooper's new romance, "Wing and Wing, or Le Feu Follet," will be published about the fifteenth of this month, by Lea & Blanchard, and we are pleased to learn that it is to be sold at one third the price of his former novels—that is, for fifty cents per copy. We are confident the publishers will find in nearly all cases—international copyright or no copyright—that the greatest profits accrue from small prices and consequent large circulation.

"The Life and Adventures of John Eugene Leitensdorfer, formerly a Colonel in the Austrian Service, and Adjutant and Inspector-General in the United States' Army under General Eaton, in the Tripolitan War," is the title of a work soon to appear in St. Louis, where the veteran hero and biographer resides. Few persons in any period have passed through more romantic scenes than Colonel Leitensdorfer, and his memoirs cannot fail to be deeply interesting.

A new prose romance, entitled "Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri," by Mrs. Brooks, better known by her poetical name, *Maria del Occidente*, will soon be published by Colman, of New York. We have had the pleasure of reading the work in manuscript. It will sustain the reputation of the authoress as the "most passionate and most imaginative of all poetesses."

this time an active and skilful seaman, a master's mate. Early in the autumn, the Lexington sailed for Cape François, on special duty. On her return, in the month of December, she fell in with the Pearl frigate,* and was captured without resistance, carrying an armament of only a few fours.

As it was blowing very fresh at the moment this capture was made, the Pearl took out of the prize four or five officers, threw a small crew on board, and directed the brig to follow her. By some accounts Dale was left in the Lexington, while by others he was not. A succinct history of the events of his life, written by a connection under his own eye, and which is now before us, gives the latter version of the affair, and is probably the true one. At all events, the remaining officers and crew of the Lexington rose upon the captors in the course of the night, retook the brig, and carried her into Baltimore.†

The English landed several of their prisoners on Cape Henlopen, in January, 1777, under some arrangement that cannot now be explained, though probably it was connected with an exchange for the men taken and carried away in the prize. Among these was Dale, who made the best of his way to Philadelphia, when he received orders to proceed to Baltimore; which he obeyed, and rejoined his brig, the command of which had now been transferred to Capt. Henry Johnston.

The next service on which the Lexington was employed was in the European seas. In March, she sailed from Baltimore for Bordeaux, with despatches. On her arrival, this brig was attached to a small squadron under the orders of Capt. Lambert Wickes, who was in the Reprisal 16, having under his command also the Dolphin 10, Capt. Samuel Nicholson. This force of little vessels accomplished a bold and destructive cruise, making the entire circuit of Ireland, though it was eventually chased into a French port by a line-of-battle ship. Its object was the interception of certain linen-ships, which it missed; its success, however, in the main, was such as to excite great alarm among the English merchants, and to produce warm remonstrances to France, from their government.

At this time France was not at war with England, although she secretly favored and aided the cause of the revolted colonies. The appearance of American cruisers in the narrow seas, however, gave rise to so many complaints, as to induce the French government, in preference to pushing matters to extremities, temporarily to sequester the vessels. The Lexington was included in this measure, having been detained in port more than two months; or, until security was given that she would quit the European seas. This

was done, and the brig got to sea again on the 18th September, 1777.*

It is probable that the recent difficulties had some effect on the amount of the military stores on board all three of the American vessels. At all events, it is certain that the Lexington sailed with a short supply of both powder and shot, particularly of the latter. The very next day she made an English cutter lying-to, which was approached with a confidence that could only have proceeded from a mistake as to her character. This cutter proved to be a man-of-war, called the Alert, commanded by Lieutenant, afterward Admiral Bazely, having a strong crew on board, and an armament of ten sixes.

In the action that ensued, and which was particularly well fought on the part of the enemy, the Americans were, in a measure, taken by surprise. So little were the latter prepared for the conflict, that not a match was ready when the engagement commenced, and several broadsides were fired by discharging muskets at the vents of the guns. The firing killed the wind, and there being considerable sea on, the engagement became very protracted, during which the Lexington expended most of her ammunition.

After a cannonading of two hours, believing his antagonist to be too much crippled to follow, and aware of his own inability to continue the action much longer, Capt. Johnston made sail, and left the cutter, under favor of a breeze that just then sprung up. The Lexington left the Alert rapidly at first, but the latter having bent new sails, and being the faster vessel, in the course of three or four hours succeeded in getting alongside again, and of renewing the engagement. This second struggle lasted an hour, the fighting being principally on one side. After the Lexington had thrown her last shot, had broken up and used all the iron that could be made available as substitutes, and had three of her officers and several of her men slain, besides many wounded, Capt. Johnston struck his colors. The first lieutenant, marine officer, and master of the Lexington were among the slain.

By this accident Dale became a prisoner for the third time. This occurred when he wanted just fifty days of being twenty-one years old. On this occasion, however, he escaped unhurt, though the combat had been both fierce and sanguinary. The prize was taken into Plymouth, and her officers, after undergoing a severe examination, in order to ascertain their birthplaces, were all thrown into Mill Prison, on a charge of high treason. Here they found the common men; the whole being doomed to a rigorous and painful confinement.

Either from policy or cupidity, the treatment received by the Americans, in this particular prison, was of a cruel and oppressive character. There is no apology for excessive rigor, or, indeed, for any constraint beyond that which is necessary to security,

* This ship has been differently stated to have been the Liverpool and the Pearl. We follow what we think the best authorities.

† The prize-officer of the Lexington was a young American, of a highly respectable family, then an acting lieutenant in the English navy. His prisoners seized an occasion to rise, at a moment when he had gone below for an instant, in consequence of which he was dismissed the service; living the remainder of his life, and dying, in his native country.

* It is a curious feature of the times, that, the French ordering the Americans to quit their ports with their prizes, the latter were taken out a short distance to sea and sold, Frenchmen becoming the purchasers, and finding means to secure the property.

toward an uncondemned man. Viewed as mere prisoners of war, the Americans might claim the usual indulgence; viewed as subjects still to be tried, they were rightfully included in that healthful maxim of the law, which assumes that all are innocent until they are proved to be guilty. So severe were the privations of the Americans on this occasion, however, that, in pure hunger, they caught a stray dog one day, skinned, cooked and ate him, to satisfy their cravings for food. Their situation at length attracted the attention of the liberal; statements of their wants were laid before the public, and an appeal was made to the humanity of the English nation. This is always an efficient mode of obtaining assistance, and the large sum of sixteen thousand pounds was soon raised; thereby relieving the wants of the sufferers, and effectually effacing the stain from the national escutcheon; by demonstrating that the sufferers found a generous sympathy in the breasts of the public. But man requires more than food and warmth. Although suffering no longer from actual want and brutal maltreatment, Dale and his companions pined for liberty—to be once more fighting the battles of their country. Seeing no hopes of an exchange, a large party of the prisoners determined to make an attempt at escape. A suitable place was selected, and a hole under a wall was commenced. The work required secrecy and time. The earth was removed, little by little, in the pockets of the captives, care being had to conceal the place, until a hole of sufficient size was made to permit the body of a man to pass through. It was a tedious process, for the only opportunity which occurred to empty their pockets, was while the Americans were exercising on the walls of their prison, for a short period of each day. By patience and perseverance they accomplished their purpose, however, every hour dreading exposure and defeat.

When all was ready, Capt. Johnston, most of his officers, and several of his crew, or, as many as were in the secret, passed through the hole, and escaped. This was in February, 1778. The party wandered about the country in company, and by night, for more than a week; suffering all sorts of privations, until it was resolved to take the wiser course of separating. Dale, accompanied by one other, found his way to London, hotly pursued. At one time the two lay concealed under some straw in an out-house, while the premises were searched by those who were in quest of them. On reaching London, Dale and his companion immediately got on board a vessel about to sail for Dunkirk. A press-gang unluckily took this craft in its rounds, and suspecting the true objects of the fugitives, they were arrested, and, their characters being ascertained, they were sent back to Mill Prison in disgrace.

This was the commencement of a captivity far more tedious than the former. In the first place they were condemned to forty days' confinement in the black hole, as the punishment for the late escape; and, released from this durance, they were deprived of many of their former indulgences. Dale himself took his revenge in singing "rebel songs," and paid

a second visit to the black hole, as the penalty. This state of things, with alternations of favor and punishment, continued quite a year, when Dale, singly, succeeded in again effecting his great object of getting free.

The mode in which this second escape was made is known, but the manner by which he procured the means he refused to his dying day to disclose. At all events, he obtained a full suit of British uniform, attired in which, and seizing a favorable moment, he boldly walked past all the sentinels, and got off. That some one was connected with his escape who might suffer by his revelations is almost certain; and it is a trait in his character worthy of notice, that he kept this secret, with scrupulous fidelity, for forty-seven years. It is not known that he ever divulged it even to any individual of his own family.

Rendered wary by experience, Dale now proceeded with great address and caution. He probably had money, as well as clothes. At all events, he went to London, found means to procure a passport, and left the country for France, unsuspected and undetected. On reaching a friendly soil, he hastened to l'Orient, and joined the force then equipping under Paul Jones, in his old rank of a master's mate. Here he was actively employed for some months, affording the commodore an opportunity to ascertain his true merits, when they met with something like their just reward. As Dale was now near twenty-three, and an accomplished seaman, Jones, after trying several less competent persons, procured a commission for him from the commissioners, and made him the first lieutenant of his own ship, the justly celebrated *Bon Homme Richard*.

It is not our intention, in this article, to enter any farther into the incidents of this well known cruise, than is necessary to complete the present subject. Dale does not appear in any prominent situation, though always discharging the duties of his responsible station, with skill and credit, until the squadron appeared off Leith, with the intention of seizing that town—the port of Edinburgh—and of laying it under contribution. On this occasion, our lieutenant was selected to command the boats that were to land, a high compliment to so young a man, as coming from one of the character of Paul Jones. Every thing was ready, Dale had received his final orders, and was in the very act of proceeding to the ship's side to enter his boat, when a heavy squall struck the vessels, and induced an order for the men to come on deck, and assist in shortening sail. The vessels were compelled to bear up before it, to save their spars; this carried them out of the firth, and, a gale succeeding, the enterprise was necessarily abandoned. This gale proved so heavy, that one of the prizes actually foundered.

This attempt of Jones', while it is admitted to have greatly alarmed the coast, has often been pronounced rash and inconsiderate. Such was not the opinion of Dale. A man of singular moderation in his modes of thinking, and totally without bravado, it was his conviction that the effort would have been crowned with success. He assured the writer, years after the

occurrence, that he was about to embark in the expedition with feelings of high confidence, and that he believed nothing but the inopportune intervention of the squall stood between Jones and a triumphant *coup de main*.

A few days later, Jones made a secret proposal to his officers, which some affirm was to burn the shipping at North Shields, but which the commanders of two of his vessels strenuously opposed, in consequence of which the project was abandoned. The commodore himself, in speaking of the manner in which this and other similar propositions were received by his subordinates, extolled the ardor invariably manifested by the young men, among whom Dale was one of the foremost. Had it rested with them, the attempts at least would all have been made.

On the 19th September occurred the celebrated battle of the *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. As the proper place to enter fully into the details of that murderous combat will be in the biography of Jones, we shall confine ourselves at present to incidents with which the subject of this memoir was more immediately connected.

The *Bon Homme Richard* had finally sailed on this cruise with only two proper sea-lieutenants on board her. There was a third officer of the name of Lunt, who has been indifferently called a lieutenant and the sailing-master, but who properly filled the latter station. This gentleman had separated from the ship in a fog, on the coast of Ireland, while in the pursuit of some deserters, and never rejoined the squadron. Another person of the same name, and believed to be the brother of the master, was the second lieutenant. He was sent in a pilot-boat, accompanied by a midshipman and several men, to capture a vessel in sight, before Jones made the Baltic fleet coming round Flamborough Head. This party was not able to return to the *Bon Homme Richard*, until after the battle had terminated. In consequence of these two circumstances, each so novel in itself, the American frigate fought this bloody and arduous combat with only one officer on board her, of the rank of a sea-lieutenant, who was Dale. This is the reason why the latter is so often mentioned as *the* lieutenant of the *Bon Homme Richard*, during that memorable fight. The fact rendered his duties more arduous and diversified, and entitles him to the greater credit for their proper performance.

Dale was stationed on the gun-deck, where of course he commanded in chief, though it appears that his proper personal division was the forward guns. Until the ships got foul of each other, this brought him particularly into the hottest of the work; the *Serapis* keeping much on the bows, or ahead of the *Bon Homme Richard*. It is known that Jones was much pleased with his department, which, in truth, was every way worthy of his own. When the alarm was given that the ship was sinking, Dale went below himself to ascertain the real state of the water, and his confident and fearless report cheered the men to renewed exertions. Shortly after, the supply of powder was stopped, when our lieutenant again quitted

his quarters to inquire into the cause. On reaching the magazine passage he was told by the sentinels that they had closed the ingress, on account of a great number of strange and foreign faces that they saw around them. On further inquiry, Dale discovered that the master at arms, of his own head, had let loose all the prisoners—more than a hundred in number—under the belief that the ship was sinking. Dale soon saw the danger which might ensue, but finding the English much alarmed at the supposed condition of the ship, he succeeded in mustering them, and setting them at work at the pumps, where, by their exertions, they probably prevented the apprehended calamity. For some time, at the close of the action, all his guns being rendered useless, Dale was employed principally in this important service. There is no question that without some such succor, the *Richard* would have gone down much earlier than she did. It is a singular feature of this every-way extraordinary battle, that here were Englishmen, zealously employed in aiding the efforts of their enemies, under the cool control of a collected and observant officer.

At length the cheerful intelligence was received that the enemy had struck. Dale went on deck, and immediately demanded Jones' permission to take possession of the prize. It was granted, and had he never manifested any other act of personal intrepidity, his promptitude on this occasion, and the manner in which he went to work, to attain his purpose, would have shown him to be a man above personal considerations, when duty or honor pointed out his course. The main-yard of the *Serapis* was hanging a-cock-bill, over the side of the American ship. The brace was shot away, and the pendant hung within reach. Seizing the latter, Dale literally swung himself off, and alighted alone on the quarter-deck of the *Serapis*. Here he found no one but the brave Pierson, who had struck his own flag; but the men below were still ignorant of the act. We may form an opinion of the risk that the young man ran, in thus boarding his enemy at night, and in the confusion of such a combat, for the English were still firing below, by the fact that Mr. Mayrant, a young man of South Carolina, and a midshipman of the *Bon Homme Richard*, who led a party after the lieutenant, was actually run through the thigh by a boarding pike, and by the hands of a man in the waist below.

The first act of Dale, on getting on the quarter deck of the *Serapis*, was to direct her captain to go on board the American ship. While thus employed, the English first lieutenant came up from below, and finding that the Americans had ceased their fire, he demanded if they had struck. "No, sir," answered Dale, "it is this ship that has struck, and you are my prisoner." An appeal to Capt. Pierson confirming this, the English lieutenant offered to go below and silence the remaining guns of the *Serapis*. To this Dale objected, and had both the officers passed on board the *Bon Homme Richard*. In a short time, the English below were sent from their guns, and full possession was obtained of the prize.

As more men were soon sent from the *Bon Homme Richard*, the two ships were now separated, the *Richard* making sail, and Jones ordering Dale to follow with the prize. A sense of fatigue had come over the latter, in consequence of the reaction of so much excitement and so great exertions, and he took a seat on the binnacle. Here he issued an order to brace the head yards aback, and to put the helm down. Wondering that the ship did not pay off, he directed that the wheel-ropes should be examined. It was reported that they were not injured, and that the helm was hard down. Astonished to find the ship immovable under such circumstances, there being a light breeze, Dale sprang upon his feet, and then discovered, for the first time, that he had been severely wounded, by a splinter, in the foot and ankle. The hurt, now that he was no longer sustained by the excitement of battle, deprived him of the use of his leg, and he fell. Just at this moment, Mr. Lunt, the officer who had been absent in the pilot-boat, reached the *Richard*, and Dale was forced to give up to him the command of the prize. The cause of the *Serapis*' not minding her helm was the fact that Capt. Pierson had dropped an anchor under foot when the two ships got foul; a circumstance of which the Americans were ignorant until this moment.

Dale was some time laid up with his wound, but he remained with Jones in his old station of first lieutenant, accompanying that officer, in the *Alliance*, from the *Texel* to *l'Orient*. In the controversy which ensued between the commodore and Landais, our lieutenant took sides warmly with the first, and even offered to head a party to recover the *Alliance*, by force. This measure not being resorted to, he remained with Jones, and finally sailed with him for America, as his first lieutenant, in the *Ariel* 20, a ship lent to the Americans, by the King of France.

The *Ariel* quitted port in October, 1780, but encountered a tremendous gale of wind off the *Penmarks*. Losing her masts, she was compelled to return to refit. On this occasion Dale, in his responsible situation of first lieutenant, showed all the coolness of his character, and the resources of a thorough seaman. The tempest was almost a hurricane, and of extraordinary violence. The *Ariel* sailed a second time about the commencement of the year 1781, and reached Philadelphia on the 18th February. During the passage home, she had a short action, in the night, with a heavy British letter-of-marque, that gave her name as the *Triumph*; and which ship is said to have struck, but to have made her escape by treachery. Jones, who was greedy of glory, even fancied that his enemy was a vessel of war, and that he had captured a vessel of at least equal force. This was not Dale's impression. He spoke of the affair to the writer of this article, as one of no great moment, even questioning whether their antagonist struck at all; giving it as his belief she was a quick-working and fast-sailing letter-of-marque. He distinctly stated that she got off by outmanœuvring the *Ariel*, which vessel was badly manned, and had an exceedingly mixed and disaffected crew. It is worthy of remark that, while two arti-

cles, enumerating the services of Dale, have been written by gentlemen connected with himself, and possessing his confidence, neither mentions this affair; a proof, in itself, that Dale considered it one of little moment.

The account which Dale always gave of the meeting between the *Ariel* and *Triumph*—admitting such to have been the name of the English ship—so different from that which has found its way into various publications, on the representation of other actors in that affair, is illustrative of the character of the man. Simple of mind, totally without exaggeration, and a lover, as well as a practicer, of severe truth, he was a man whose representations might be fully relied on. Even in his account of the extraordinary combat between the *Richard* and *Serapis*, he stripped the affair of all its romance, and of every thing that was wonderful; rendering the whole clear, simple and intelligible as his own thoughts. The only narratives of that battle, worthy of a seaman, have been written rigidly after his explanations, which leave it a bloody and murderous fight, but one wholly without the marvelous.

On his arrival at Philadelphia, after an absence of four years, more than one of which had been spent in prison, Dale was just twenty-four years and two months old. He was now regularly put on the list of lieutenants, by the marine committee of Congress; his former authority proceeding from the agents of the government in Europe. It is owing to this circumstance that the register of government places him so low as a lieutenant. Dale now parted from Paul Jones, with whom he had served near two years; and that, too, in some of the most trying scenes of the latter's life. The commodore was anxious to take his favorite lieutenant with him to the *America* 74; but the latter declined the service, under the impression it would be a long time before the ship got to sea. He judged right, the *America* being transferred to the French in the end, and Jones himself never again sailing under the American flag.

The name of Dale will inseparably be connected with the battle of the *Richard* and *Serapis*. His prominent position and excellent conduct entitle him to this mark of distinction, and it says much for the superior, when it confers fame to have been "Paul Jones' first lieutenant." We smile, however, at the legends of the day, when we recall the account of the "*Lieutenants Grubb*" and other heroes of romance, who have been made to figure in the histories of that renowned combat, and place them in contrast with the truth-loving, sincere, moral and respectable subject of this memoir. The sword which Louis XVI. bestowed on Jones, for this victory, passed into the hands of Dale, and is now the property of a gallant son, a fitting mark of the services of the father, on the glorious occasion it commemorates.*

* This sword has, quite recently, become the subject of public discussion, and of some private feeling, under circumstances not wholly without interest to the navy and the country. At page 63, vol. 2, of *Makenzie's Life of Paul Jones*, is the following note, viz.

"This sword was sent by Jones' heirs to his valued friend, Robert Morris, to whose favor he had owed his opportunities of distinguishing himself. Mr. Morris gave

Dale was employed on board a schooner that was manned from the *Ariel*, after reaching Philadelphia, the sword to the navy of the United States. It was to be retained and worn by the senior officer, and transmitted at his death, to his successor. After passing through the hands of Commodore Barry, and one or two other senior officers, it came into possession of Commodore Dale, and now remains in his family, through some mistake in the nature of the bequest, which seems to require that it should either be restored to the navy in the person of its senior officer, or else revert to the heirs of Mr. Robert Morris, from one of whom the writer has received this information."

That Captain Makenzie has been correctly informed as to a portion of the foregoing statement, is as probable as it is certain he has been misled as to the remainder. It would have been more discreet, however, in a writer to have heard both sides, previously to laying such a statement before the world. A very little inquiry might have satisfied him that Commodore Dale could not have held any thing as the senior officer of the navy, since he never occupied that station. We believe the following will be found to be accurate.

Of the manner in which Commodore Barry became possessed of this sword we know nothing beyond report, and the statement of Captain Makenzie. We understand that a female member of the Morris family gives a version of the affair like that published in the note we have quoted, but the accuracy of her recollections can hardly be put in opposition to the acts of such men as Barry and Dale.

The sword never passed through the hands "of one or two other senior officers," as stated by Captain Makenzie, at all. It was bequeathed by Commodore Barry to Commodore Dale, in his will, and in the following words, viz.

"Item, I give and bequeath to my good friend Captain Richard Dale, my gold-hilted sword, as a token of my esteem for him."

We have carefully examined the will, inventory, &c. of Commodore Barry. The first is dated February 27, 1803; the will is proved and the inventory filed in the following September, in which month Commodore Barry died. Now, Commodore Dale was not in the navy at all, when this sword was bequeathed to him, nor when he received it. Dale resigned in the autumn of 1802; and he never rose nearer to the head of the list of captains, than to be the third in rank; Barry, himself, and Samuel Nicholson, being his seniors, when he resigned.

The inventory of Commodore Barry's personal property is very minute, containing articles of a value as low as one dollar. It mentions two swords, both of which are specifically bequeathed—viz. "my gold-hilted" and "my silver-hilted sword." No allusion is made in the will to any trust. Only these two swords were found among the assets, and each was delivered agreeably to the bequest. The gold-hilted sword was known in the family, as the "Paul Jones sword," and there is not the smallest doubt Commodore Barry intended to bequeath this particular sword, in full property, to Commodore Dale.

Let us next look to the probabilities of the case. The heirs of Paul Jones, who left no issue, gave the sword to Robert Morris, says Captain Makenzie, as a mark of gratitude. This may very well be true. But Mr. Morris "gave the sword to the navy of the United States," to be retained and worn by its senior officer. It would have been a more usual course to have lodged the sword in the Navy Department, had such been the intention. That Commodore Barry did not view his possession of the sword in this light, is clear enough by his will. He gave it, *without* restraint of any sort, to a friend who was not in the navy at all, and who never had been its senior officer. This he did, in full possession of his mind and powers, six months before he died, and under circumstances to render any misconception highly improbable.

Can we find any motive for the bequest of Commodore Barry? It was not personal to himself, as the sword went out of his own family. The other sword he gave to a brother-in-law. "Paul Jones' sword" was bequeathed to a distinguished professional friend—to one who, of all others, next to Jones himself, had the best professional right to wear it—to "Paul Jones' first lieutenant." Commodore Dale did leave sons, and some in the navy; and the country will believe that the one who now owns the sword has as good a moral right to wear it, as the remote collateral of Jones, and a much better right than the senior officer of the navy, on proof as vague as that offered. His legal right to the sword seems to be beyond dispute.

In the inventory of Commodore Barry's personals, this sword is thus mentioned, viz.—"a very elegant gold-hilted sword—\$300." The other sword is thus mentioned, viz.—"a handsome silver-hilted, do. \$100."

and sent down the Delaware to convoy certain public stores. The following June, he joined the Trumbull 28, Captain Nicholson, as her first lieutenant. The Trumbull left the capes of the Delaware on the 8th August, 1781, being chased off the land by three of the enemy's cruisers. The weather was squally and night set in dark. In endeavoring to avoid her pursuers, the Trumbull found herself alongside of the largest, a frigate of thirty-two guns, and an action was fought under the most unfavorable circumstances. The Trumbull's fore-topmast was hanging over, or rather through her forecastle, her crew was disorganized, and the vessel herself in a state of no preparation for a conflict with an equal force; much less with that actually opposed to her. The officers made great exertions, and maintained an action of more than an hour, when the colors of the American ship were struck to the Iris 32, and Monk 18. The former of these vessels had been the American frigate Hancock, and the latter was subsequently captured in the Delaware, by Barney in the Hyder Ally.

This was the fourth serious affair in which Dale had been engaged that war, and the fourth time he had been captured. As he was hurt also in this battle, it made the third of his wounds. His confinement, however, was short, and the treatment not a subject of complaint. He was taken into New York, paroled on Long Island, and exchanged in November.

No new service offering in a marine which, by this time, had lost most of its ships, Dale obtained a furlough, and joined a large letter-of-marque called the Queen of France, that carried twelve guns, as her first officer. Soon after he was appointed to the command of the same vessel. In the spring of 1782, this ship, in company with several other letters-of-marque, sailed for France, making many captures by the way. The ship of Dale, however, parted from the fleet, and, falling in with an English privateer of fourteen guns, a severe engagement followed, in which both parties were much cut up; they parted by mutual consent. Dale did not get back to Philadelphia until February of the succeeding year, or until about the time that peace was made.

In common with most of the officers of the navy, Lieutenant Dale was disbanded, as soon as the war ceased. He was now in the twenty-seventh year of his age, with a perfect knowledge of his profession, in which he had passed more than half his life, a high reputation for his rank, a courage that had often been tried, a body well scarred, a character beyond reproach, and not altogether without "money in his purse." Under the circumstances, he naturally determined to follow up his fortunes in the line in which he had commenced his career. He became part owner of a large ship, and sailed in her for London, December, 1783, in the station of master. After this, he embarked successfully in the East India trade, in the same character, commanding several of the finest ships out of the country. In this manner he accumulated a respectable fortune, and began to take his place among the worthies of the land in a new character.

In September, 1791, Mr. Dale was married to Dorothy Cruthorne, the daughter of another respectable ship-master of Philadelphia, and then a ward of Barry's. With this lady he passed the remainder of his days, she surviving him as his widow, and dying some years later than himself. No change in his pursuits occurred until 1794, when the new government commenced the organization of another marine, which has resulted in that which the country now possesses.

Dale was one of the six captains appointed under the law of 1794, that directed the construction of as many frigates, with a view to resist the aggressions of Algiers. Each of the new captains was ordered to superintend the construction of one of the frigates, and Dale, who was fifth in rank, was directed to assume the superintendence of the one laid down at Norfolk, virtually the place of his nativity. This ship was intended to be a frigate of the first class, but, by some mistake in her moulds, she proved in the end to be the smallest of the six vessels then built. It was the unfortunate Chesapeake, a vessel that never was in a situation to reflect much credit on the service. Her construction, however, was deferred, in consequence of an arrangement with Algiers, and her captain was put on furlough.

Dale now returned to the China trade, in which he continued until the spring of 1798. The last vessel he commanded was called the *Ganges*. She was a fine, fast ship, and the state of our relations with France requiring a hurried armament, the government bought this vessel, in common with several others, put an armament of suitable guns in her, with a full crew, gave her to Dale, and ordered her on the coast as a regular cruiser.

In consequence of this arrangement, Capt. Dale was the first officer who ever got to sea under the pennant of the present navy. He sailed in May, 1798, and was followed by the *Constellation* and *Delaware* in a few days. The service of Dale in his new capacity was short, however, in consequence of some questions relating to rank. The captains appointed in 1794 claimed their old places, and, it being uncertain what might be the final decision of the government, as there were many aspirants, Dale declined serving until the matter was determined. In May, 1799, he sailed for Canton again, in command of a strong letter-of-marque, under a furlough. On his return from this voyage he found his place on the list settled according to his own views of justice and honor, and reported himself for service. Nothing offered, however, until the difficulties with France were arranged; but, in May, 1801, he was ordered to take command of a squadron of observation about to be sent to the Mediterranean.

Dale now hoisted his broad pennant, for the first and only time, and assumed the title by which he was known for the rest of his days. He was in the prime of life, being in his forty-fifth year, of an active, manly frame, and had every prospect before him of a long and honorable service. The ships put under his orders were the *President* 44, Capt. James Barron; *Philadelphia* 38, Capt. Samuel Barron; *Essex*

32, Capt. William Bainbridge; and *Enterprise* 12, Lieut. Com. Sterrett. A better appointed, or a better commanded force, probably never sailed from America. But there was little to do, under the timid policy and defective laws of the day. War was not supposed to exist, although hostilities did; and vessels were sent into foreign seas with crews shipped for a period that would scarcely allow of a vessel's being got into proper order.

The squadron sailed June 1st, 1801, and reached Gibraltar July 1st. The *Philadelphia* blockaded the Tripolitan admiral, with two cruisers, in Gibraltar, while the other vessels went aloft. A sharp action occurred between the *Enterprise* and a Tripolitan of equal force, in which the latter was compelled to submit, but was allowed to go into her own port again, for want of legal authority to detain her. Dale appeared off Tripoli, endeavored to negotiate a little about an exchange of prisoners, and did blockade the port; but his orders fettered him in a way to prevent any serious enterprises. In a word, no circumstances occurred to allow the commodore to show his true character, except as it was manifested in his humanity, prudence and dignity. As a superior, he obtained the profound respect of all under his orders, and to this day his name is mentioned with regard by those who then served under him. It is thought that this squadron did much toward establishing the high discipline of the marine. In one instance only had Dale an opportunity of manifesting his high personal and professional qualities. The President struck a rock in quitting Port Mahon, and for some hours she was thought to be in imminent danger of foundering. Dale assumed the command, and one of his lieutenants, himself subsequently a flag officer of rare seamanship and merit, has often recounted to the writer his admiration of the commodore's coolness, judgment, and nerve, on so trying an occasion. The ship was carried to Toulon, blowing a gale, and, on examination, it was found that she was only saved from destruction by the skilful manner in which the wood ends had been secured.

The vigilance of Dale was so great, however, and his dispositions so skilful, that the Tripolitans made no captures while he commanded in those seas. In March, 1802, he sailed for home, under his orders, reaching Hampton Roads in April, after a cruise of about ten months. The succeeding autumn, Com. Dale received an order to hold himself in readiness to resume the command from which he had just returned. Ever ready to serve his country, when it could be done with honor, he would cheerfully have made his preparations accordingly, but, by the order itself, he ascertained that he was to be sent out without a captain in his own ship. This, agreeably to the notions he entertained, was a descent in the scale of rank, and he declined serving on such terms. There being no alternative between obedience and resignation, he chose the latter, and quitted the navy. At this time, he was the third captain on the list, and it is no more than justice to say, that he stood second to no other in the public estimation.

Dale never went to sea again. Possessed of an

ample fortune, and possessing the esteem of all who knew him, he commanded the respect of those with whom he differed in opinion touching the question which drove him from the navy. With the latter he never quarreled, for, at the proper period, he gave to it his two elder sons. To the last he retained his interest in its success, and his care of mariners, in general, extended far beyond the interests of this life.

Many years previously to his death, Com. Dale entered into full communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he proved a consistent and pious member. Under the newly awakened feelings which induced this step, he was the originator of a Mariner's Church, in Philadelphia, attending it in person, every Sunday afternoon, for a long succession of years. He was as free with his purse, too, as with his time; and his charities, though properly concealed, were believed to be large and discriminating. With some it may be deemed a matter of moment, with all it should be a proof of the estimation in which Dale was held by certainly a very respectable part of his fellow citizens, that he was named to be the first president of the Washington Benevolent Society; an association that soon degenerated to serve the ends of party politics, whatever may have been the design that influenced the few with which it originated.

The evening of the life of Dale was singularly peaceful and happy. It was as calm as its morning had been tempestuous. It is true he had to weep for the loss of his first-born son, a noble youth, who died of wounds received in the action between his old ship, the *President*, and a British squadron; but he had given the young man to his country, and knew how to bear up under the privation. He died, himself, in the seventieth year of his age, in his dwelling at Philadelphia, February 26th, 1826; departing in peace with God and man, as he fondly trusted himself, and as those who survive have every reason to hope.

By his marriage with Miss Crathorne, Com. Dale had several children, five of whom lived to become men and women, viz. three sons and two daughters. Of the former, Richard, the eldest, fell, at an early age, a midshipman on board the *President*. John Montgomery, the second, is now a commander in the navy, having served with Warrington, in the last English war. This gentleman is married to a lady of the well known family of Willing. Edward Crathorne, the youngest son, is a merchant of Philadelphia. He is married and has children. The eldest

daughter, Sarah, married T. McKean Pettit, Esq., a judge of the District Court, in Philadelphia, and is dead, leaving issue. Elizabeth, the youngest, is the wife of Com. George Campbell Reed, of the navy, and has no issue.

In considering the character of Dale, we are struck with its simple modesty and frank sincerity, quite as much as with its more brilliant qualities. His courage and constancy were of the highest order, rendering him always equal to the most critical duties, and never wearying in their performance. Such a man is perfectly free from all exaggeration. As he was not afraid to act when his cooler judgment approved, he had no distrusts to overcome ere he could forbear, as prudence dictated. Jones found him a man ready and willing to second all his boldest and most hazardous attempts, so long as reason showed the probabilities of success; but the deed done, none more thoroughly stripped it of all false coloring, or viewed it in a truer light than he who had risked his life in aiding to achieve it.

The person of Dale was in harmony with his moral qualities. It was manly, seaman-like, and of singularly respectable bearing. Simplicity, good faith, truth and courage were imprinted on his countenance, which all who were thrown into his company soon discovered was no more than the mirror of his mind. The navy has had more brilliant intellects, officers of profounder mental attainments, and of higher natural gifts, but it has had few leaders of cooler judgment, sounder discretion, more inflexible justice, or indomitable resolution. He was of a nature, an experience, and a professional skill to command respect and to inspire confidence, tributes that were cheerfully paid by all who served under his orders. The writer of this article has had extensive opportunities of hearing character discussed among the sea-officers of his country; few escape criticism, of some sort or other, for their professional acts, and fewer still, as men; yet he cannot recall a single instance in which he has ever heard a whisper of complaint against the public or private career of Richard Dale. This total exemption from the usual fortunes of the race may, in part, be owing to the shortness of the latter's service in the present marine, and to the limited acquaintance of his cotemporaries, but it is difficult to believe that it is not chiefly to be ascribed to the thoroughly seaman-like character of the officer, and to the perfect truth and sterling probity of the man.

THE SERENADE.

BENEATH a bower, where poplar branches long
Embracing wove Seclusion o'er the abode
Of hermit sage, what time the full moon rode
Mid spectre clouds her star-paved streets along,
Rose on the listening air a plaintive song,
Sweet as the harmony of an angel's lyre,
And soft as sweet; breathed heavenward from a quire

Of Beauty, hid the encircling shades among.
Of mysteries high, I ween, that sage had dreamed—
Who now, upstarting, clasps his hands to hear
The mystic notes of *Nature's Anthem* clear,
Which holiest bards have heard and heavenly deemed!
'Tis even thus as to that sage it seemed—
'Tis Beauty makes the dreams of Wisdom, dear!

THE WIDOW OF NEWBURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE."

IT WAS the eve of Newbury fair, and the time near the close of the long reign of Harry the Eighth, after monasteries were suppressed. Reform stalked through the land—all things were turned topsy-turvy—abbots and monks beggared, that poor lords might thrive—priests permitted marriage, and nuns driven from their pleasant retreats, were forced to spin for a livelihood. But amid the greater marvels, the townspeople of Newbury had often leisure to ask why Mistress Avery remained so long a widow.

Sitting in her embowered porch, watching the cavalcade of merchants, buffoons and jugglers, on their way to the encampment and site of the morrow's revels, she attracted many a longing eye. The merchant, whose wandering vocation led him from ancient Byzantium to the shores of the Thames, who came to Newbury to exchange rich silks and foreign jewelry for broadcloth, as he rode by the capacious square tenement, with its deep, embayed windows of dark chesnut-wood, and caught a glimpse of the fair owner, sighed when contrasting his own desolate, wandering lot with that of the fortunate wooer of the rich, comely widow. Mistress Avery was relict of the richest clothier of Newbury, who, dying, left her in sole possession of looms, lands, tenements and leases. Handsome, young, brisk, with riches unquestionable, she attracted tender regards from all quarters—even the proud gentry of Berkshire, with genealogical tree rooting from Norman marauder, far back as the conquest, disdained not an alliance garnished with broad manors, woods of a century's growth, and goodly array of tenements, of which our widow held fee-simple. But when pressed successively by belted knight and worshipful esquire, she courteously declined their offers, alleging she was bent on marrying one of her own class in life, (if she should change condition,) one who could take upon himself, without degradation, the task of superintending the looms. High born swains repulsed, the field was open to gallants of lowlier rank. But these faring no better, and incurring the ridicule of neighbors, suitors became shy and reserved, seeking to extract token of favor ere they avowed themselves. If the curate called, 't was merely an inquiry after her soul's health—the inquiry perhaps linked to a request that she would, from her stores of boundless wealth, add a trifle to the contributions of the poor's box. The lawyer had his ever ready and undeniable excuses for visiting—leases there were to sign, indentures to cancel. Nor was the tailor barred his

plea—was there not much broadcloth yearly fashioned into apparel for lusty serving-man, active apprentice?

Behind Mistress Avery, as she sat gazing at the straggling pageantry, there loitered in hall and doorway the apprentices and domestic servants of the household. Distinguished amongst his companions, by superior stature, stood John Winecomb, chief apprentice. To him the widow oft turned with remark on passing stranger; the soft regard thrown into her address would have excused boldness in one far less favored by nature than the apprentice, but his answers were submissive, modest, even bashful. An acute observer might perhaps have detected a shade of discontent on the widow's handsome features, perhaps, as fancifully, attributed it to the coyness and reserve of young Winecomb; and, indeed, as revolving months lengthened the period of widowhood, there had not been wanting whispers, that 'Prentice John stood a fairer chance with his mistress than all the knights or reputable burgher citizens and yeomen of the county. His appearance certainly did not gainsay the rumor—he had completed his twentieth year, health flushed his cheeks, honesty and intelligence stamped his looks—the features were bold and decided, though of modest expression. In character, he was one of those gifted youths, in whom strict attention and unvarying promptitude supply the place of experience, and who acquire the management and conduct of business, in ordinary cases, rarely entrusted to men of mature years. The clothier, when dying, recommended his spouse to confide business affairs to John—she had done so; in the factory and with the workmen 'Prentice John was all and everything—from his word 't was useless to appeal.

But when young Winecomb's credit with Mistress Avery was canvassed, the gossips were at a loss to affix on decisive marks of favor or tenderness. 'T is true, he accompanied her to church, but so did the other apprentices—walked by her side, sat next his mistress during prayers, his arm was accepted, his hand arranged the cushions—but then, was he not chief apprentice, would it not be slighting to prefer the services of a junior? Look narrowly at his conduct—there were none of the characteristics of a favored swain, no semblance of behavior indicating one presumptuous of the honor, nor could the absence of these tokens be attributed to natural timidity in the presence of the sex, for at country meetings and



W. G. & Co. London.



Painted by E. Prentice

Engraved by H. S. S. & Co.

Waiting the Husband's Return

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine.



The Pastoral

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1842.

No. 6.

RICHARD DALE.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "THE PIONEERS," ETC.

AMONG the many brave men who early contributed to render the navy of the republic popular and respectable, the gallant seaman whose name is placed at the head of this article is entitled to a conspicuous place; equally on account of his services, his professional skill, and his personal merit. Although his connection with the marine, created under the constitution of 1789, was of short continuance, it left a durable impression on the service; and, if we look back to the dark period of the Revolution, we find him contending in some of the fiercest combats of the period, always with heroism, and not unfrequently with success. Circumstances, too, have connected his renown with one of the most remarkable naval battles on record; a distinction of itself which fully entitles him to a high place among those who have fought and bled for the independence of their country, in stations of subordinate authority.

Richard Dale was born in the colony of Virginia, on the 6th November, 1756. His birthplace was in the county of Norfolk, and not distant from the well known port of the same name. His parents were native Americans, of respectable standing, though of rather reduced circumstances. His father, dying early, left a widow with five children, of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. Some time after the death of his father, his mother contracted a second marriage with a gentleman of the name of Cooper, among the issue of which were two well known ship-masters of Philadelphia.

Young Dale manifested an inclination for the sea at a very early period of life. The distrust of a parental control that has no foundation in nature, and which is apt to be regarded with jealousy, stimulated

if it did not quicken this desire, and we find him at the tender age of twelve, or in 1768, making a voyage between Norfolk and Liverpool, in a vessel commanded by one of his own uncles. On his return home, he appears to have passed nearly a twelvemonth on shore; but his desire to become a sailor still continuing, in the spring of 1770 he was regularly apprenticed to a respectable merchant and ship-owner, of the borough of Norfolk, named Newton. From this moment his fortune in life was cast, and he continued devotedly employed in the profession until his enterprise, prudence and gallantry enabled him finally to retire with credit, an unblemished name, and a competency.

During his apprenticeship, Dale appears to have been, most of the time, employed in the West India trade. Every sailor has his chances and hair-breadth escapes, and our young mariner met with two, at that period of his life, which may be thought worthy of notice. On one occasion he fell from the spars stowed on the belfry into the vessel's hold, hitting the keelson, a distance of near twenty feet; escaping, however, without material injury. A much greater risk was incurred on another. While the vessel to which he belonged was running off the wind, with a stiff breeze, Dale was accidentally knocked overboard by the jib sheets, and was not picked up without great difficulty. He was an hour in the water, sustaining himself by swimming, and he ever spoke of the incident as one of more peril than any other in a perilous career.

When nineteen, or in 1775, Dale had risen to the station of chief mate on board a large brig belonging to his owner. In this situation he appears to have

remained industriously engaged during the few first months of the struggle for independence; the active warfare not having yet extended itself as far south as his part of the country. Early in 1776, however, the aspect of things began to change, and it is probable that the interruption to commerce rendered him the master of his own movements.

Virginia, in common with most of the larger and more maritime colonies, had a sort of marine of its own; more especially anterior to the Declaration of Independence. It consisted principally of bay craft, and was employed in the extensive estuaries and rivers of that commonwealth. On board of one of these light cruisers Dale was entered as a lieutenant, in the early part of the memorable year 1776. While in this service, he was sent a short distance for some guns, in a river craft; but falling in with a tender of the Liverpool frigate, which ship was then cruising on the Cape Henry station, he was captured and carried into Norfolk. These tenders were usually smart little cruisers, another, belonging to the same frigate, having been taken shortly before, by the U. S. brig Lexington, after a sharp and bloody conflict. Resistance in the case of Dale was consequently out of the question, his capture having been altogether a matter of course.

On reaching Norfolk, our young officer was thrown on board a prison-ship. Here he found himself in the midst of those whom it was the fashion to call "loyal subjects." Many of them were his school-mates and friends. Among the latter was a young man of the name of Bridges Gutteridge, a sailor like himself, and one who possessed his entire confidence. Mr. Gutteridge, who it is believed subsequently took part with his countrymen himself, was then employed by the British, in the waters of the Chesapeake, actually commanding a tender in their service. The quarrel was still recent; and honorable, as well as honest men, under the opinions which prevailed in that day, might well be divided as to its merits. Mr. Gutteridge had persuaded himself he was pursuing the proper course. Entertaining such opinions, he earnestly set about the attempt of making a convert of his captured friend. The usual arguments, touching the sacred rights of the king—himself merely a legalized usurper, by the way, if any validity is to be given to the claims of hereditary right to the crown—and the desperate nature of the "rebel cause," were freely and strenuously used, until Dale began to waver in his faith. In the end, he yielded and consented to accompany his friend in a cruise against the vessels of the state. This occurred in the month of May, and, hostilities beginning now to be active, the tender soon fell in with a party of Americans, in some pilot boats, that were employed in the Rappahannock. A warm engagement ensued, in which the tender was compelled to run, after meeting with a heavy loss. It was a rude initiation into the mysteries of war, the fighting being of a desperate, and almost of a personal character. This was one of those combats that often occurred about this period, and in those waters, most of them being close and sanguinary.

In this affair, Dale received a severe wound, having been hit in the head by a musket ball; with this wound he was confined several weeks at Norfolk, during which time he had abundance of leisure to reflect on the false step into which he had been persuaded, and to form certain healthful resolutions for the future. To use his own words, in speaking of this error of his early life, he determined "never again to put himself in the way of the bullets of his own country." This resolution, however, it was necessary to conceal, if he would escape the horrors of a prison-ship, and he "bided his time," fully determined to take service again under the American flag, at the first fitting opportunity.

In the peculiar state of the two countries at the time, and with the doubtful and contested morality of the misunderstanding, there was nothing extraordinary in this incident. Similar circumstances occurred to many men, who, with the best intentions and purest motives, saw, or fancied they saw, reasons for changing sides in what, in their eyes, was strictly a family quarrel. In the case of Dale, however, the feature most worthy of comment was the singleness of mind and simple integrity with which he used to confess his own error, together with the manner in which he finally became a convert to the true political faith. No narrative of the life of this respectable seaman would be complete, without including this temporary wavering of purpose; nor would any delineation of his character be just; that did not point out the candor and sincerity with which he, in after life, admitted his fault.

Dale was only in his twentieth year when he received this instructive lesson from the "bullets of his countrymen." From that time, he took good care not to place himself again in their way, going, in June or July, to Bermuda, on a more peaceable expedition, in company with William Gutteridge, a relative of his beguiling friend. On the return passage, the vessel was captured by the Lexington, the brig just mentioned, then a successful cruiser, under the orders of Capt. John Barry; an officer who subsequently died at the head of the service. This occurred just after the Declaration of Independence, and Dale immediately offered himself as a volunteer under the national flag. He was received and rated as a midshipman within a few hours of his capture. This was the commencement of Dale's service in the regular navy of his native country. It was also the commencement of his acquaintance with the distinguished commander of the Lexington, whose friendship and respect he enjoyed down to the day of the latter's death. While the brig was out, our midshipman had another narrow escape from death, having, together with several others, been struck senseless by lightning during a severe thunder storm.

Barry made the capture just mentioned near the end of his cruise, and he soon after went into Philadelphia, which place Dale now saw for the first time. Here Barry left the Lexington to take command of the *Effingham* 28, a ship that never got to sea, leaving our new midshipman in the brig. Capt. Hallock was Barry's successor, and he soon rated Dale, by

fairs, where hoydenish romping was the usual diversion of youth, John participated in rustic gallantries. Yet, sooth to say, though the gossips were at fault, they were not wrong in their conjectures; the widow was deeply in love with 'Prentice John, for his sake had dismissed high-born suitors, wealthy citizens, and, we need hardly say, (though scrupulously regardful of reputation,) had given him many hints, which, alas! he was slow to understand. It might be inexperience, want of self-confidence, or innate modesty, which withheld the youth from tracing her encouragement to its real motive; but from whatever cause, Mistress Avery, who had a very high opinion of her own personal attractions, knew he must be perfectly well acquainted with her riches, was greatly perplexed with his diffidence, his want of susceptibility, and concluded the apprentice must be in love elsewhere to withstand such allurements.

One while, racked with jealousy, determined in very spite and vexation to accept the offer of the first suitor, the next hour affection gained the ascendancy, and she resolved to declare her love. But pride took fire and caused a tumult in the heart, of which young Winecomb, the unconscious origin, was little aware. How provoking the calmness of his replies, the quiet gaze which met her impassioned glance! Oft with difficulty she refrained from bestowing a hearty cuff on the cold youth, object of fond desire—as often, and with greater difficulty, did she refrain from tenderer salute. To-morrow shall put this wilful-headed boy to the test! If his heart be engaged, it is more than likely he has made an assignation, which I will frustrate! So thought Mistress Avery, revolving a scheme to bring young Diffidence on his knees, or to a direct confession that he loved another. Under pretence of making inquiries respecting the description of merchandise then passing the house, borne on a long train of pack-horses, under conduct of merchants of foreign aspect, the widow beckoned the apprentice (who was standing at respectful distance, beneath the threshold, with his fellow apprentices) to approach her chair, placed outside the house under cover of the overarching porch.

"John!" said the dame, fixing her large eyes on the youth, "I warrant there is store enough of trinkets and finery in yon bales to satisfy the wants of every maiden in Newbury. Happy the youth whose wages are unspent, for to-morrow, by'r Lady! he might buy the love of the most hard-hearted damsel. Certes, no swain need die of love, if he have money in his purse!"

"If the love were bought by those foreign pedlar wares, it would not be much for a Newbury lad to boast of," replied the young man, blushing—for the gaze of his mistress was keen and ardent.

"Are the lads of Newbury then so disinterested, Master John," exclaimed the widow. "Well! I will put one, at least, to the proof. I must walk through the fair, if only to chat with my tenants' wives from Spene and Thatcham, and shall need your protection, for these strange foreigners may be rude, and Cicely is such a coward she would run away."

Mrs. Avery was rather baffled by the result of her own feint; for, contrary to expectation, she could discover neither chagrin nor disappointment; the apprentice answered cheerfully, he should be proud to attend on his honored mistress, and would not forget a good cudgel, more than a match for any foreigner's steel—nay, to ensure her from insult, he would bring all his fellow apprentices. This was more than the lady desired. She was again puzzled, and declined, rather pettishly, the extra corps of gallants, volunteered by the apprentice, more especially, as she affirmed that it was contrary to the letter and spirit of their indentures, which guaranteed festival and fair-days to be at their own disposal. But they would gladly abandon the privilege to do her service, rejoined the pertinacious and simple youth, with ill-timed assiduity.

"Fool!" muttered the widow between her teeth, but not so indistinctly as to pass unheard by the apprentice, who immediately drew back abashed.

A bright morrow gladdened the hearts of the good folk of Newbury. The morn was occupied in the sale and purchase of commodities—the staple article of the town was readily exchanged for foreign merchandise, or broad Spanish pieces, as suited the inclination of the parties dealing. These were busy hours for young Winecomb and his associates, but amply redeemed by the gayety and attractive dissipation of the afternoon. In walking through the fair, Mistress Avery leaned on the youth's arm, an honor envied the apprentice by many an anxious, would-be suitor. Ere growing tired of the drollery of the jugglers, mountebanks and buffoons, or the more serious spectacle of the scenic moralities, they encountered Master Luke Milner, the attorney, who, though the opportunity should not be thrown away of endeavoring to gain the widow's good graces. Master Luke believed his chance very fair—he was of good family, on the youthful side of thirty, but exceedingly foppish, after the style of the London gallants, but caricatured—too many ribbons on doublet, too many jewels on beaver, shoes garnished with roses large as sunflowers. "The worshipful attorney will never do for me," thought Mistress Avery! She had often thought so, and was blind to many courtesies and compliments which the learned man ventured to throw in with his legal opinions. But now she had a part to play, a stratagem to practice on the feelings of young Winecomb. Love, like hunger, will break through every restraint; she scrupled not making the lawyer's vanity subservient to her policy, and, accordingly, listened to his flattery with more than ordinary attention, keeping an eye, the while, on 'Prentice John, to observe the effect of the legal gallant's honeyed speeches. Alas! for poor, love-stricken Mistress Avery—no burning jealousy flushed the cheek of John—lightened in his eye, or trembled through his frame! Hearing the conversation grow each moment more interesting and tender, believing himself one too many, he politely retired to a respectful distance. Was he so cold and insensible, the handsome blockhead? soliloquized Mistress Avery, heedless of the lawyer's flowing speeches—I

will break the indentures—banish him the house! The wretch!

Not cold, not insensible, Mistress Avery, for see! Even whilst he loiters, there approaches a party from the village of Spene, with whom our apprentice is intimate—he laughs, chats with the young men and maidens, and finally, as the mirth grows more uproarious, salutes a very handsome, fresh colored, smart young damsel. The dame, who witnessed the scene, stung with jealousy, believing her suspicions confirmed, broke off abruptly, whilst Master Luke was at the very *acme* of his tender theme; leaving the astonished gallant, cap in hand, to the derision of acquaintance, who sarcastically advised him to repair the loss by writ of error.

CHAPTER II.

Though the widow took no notice of the incident which aroused her jealousy, John was made sensible he had incurred her displeasure. She walked silent, moody, reserved, scarcely replied to his remarks; her large, dark eye flashed anger, but the apprentice, though awed, was struck with its beauty, more struck than he had ever been. It was a new sensation he experienced. He inwardly deprecated the threatened wrath, wondered by what sad mischance he had incurred it, was more tremblingly alive to her resentment, than when oft-times—during the course of apprenticeship—conscious of deserving it. A strange, uneasy feeling began to haunt him—he was sensible of loss of favor, and though, after taxing memory, unconscious of merited disgrace—was surprised, inquieted, by the deep dejection of spirits under which he labored. It seemed as though he had incurred a loss, of which he knew not the extent till now. His arm trembled, and she snappishly rebuked his unsteadiness; he again encountered her glance—it was wild, angry, fierce, yet he felt he could have looked forever.

They were opposite one of those temporary taverns, erected for the accommodation of the higher classes frequenting the fair—tricked out with gaudy splendor, yet affording delicious viands, choice wines to wearied strollers. It so happened that, passing by the open doorway, their progress was arrested by Master Nathaniel Buttress, the wealthy tanner—mean, avaricious, advanced in years, yet ardently longing to add the widow's possessions to his own accumulated riches. With studied bow, and precise flourish of beaver, he bade Mistress Avery good day, and followed up the salute by invitation to sip a glass of sack, the fashionable beverage of the time. At fair-season, there was not the slightest impropriety, either in the offer, or its acceptance—it was quite in the usual license of these festivals. But 'Prentice John was doubly surprised; in the first place, that the miserly tanner (his niggardliness was proverbial) should have screwed up courage to treat any one with the high-priced nectar—and that his arm, which he gallantly offered, should have been accepted with

alacrity by the fair dame, who, our apprentice was aware, had oft made devious circuits, on many occasions, to elude a meeting. Young Winecomb found himself, lacquey-fashion, following in the rear. He was deeply mortified—such circumstance had never happened before—yet, though vexed, the annoyance was only secondary to extreme surprise at the character of his own feelings. He had valued highly the good will, kind words, and occasional gifts of the lady, as proofs of favor, founded on his honesty, diligence and promptitude, or, at least, without deeply analyzing his feelings, believed that in such spirit he received them. But now, smarting under disgrace, it seemed as though lost favor was dear for its own sake—bereft of smiles to which he had been insensible till the present hour, he was unhappy, miserable. 'Prentice John had great difficulty in withholding his cudgel from the tanner's back, but though he gave him not a beating, he mentally promised one. Master Buttress, elated with good fortune, was more vain-glorious than cautious; unlike prudent lover, uncertain of continuance of sudden favor, dreading loss of vantage ground, snatched by eager rivals, he escorted the dame to a conspicuous seat, whence they could behold the fair, from whence his favored lot was visible to all. The ready drawers, ere ardor called, hastened to place before the guests a tray laden with costly delicacies, crowned with silver flagon full of the favorite potation. Young Winecomb, who sat apart, though partaking the dainties, was maddened to behold his mistress listen so complacently to the addresses of the veteran suitor. Could she be serious? And if she were—what then? Was she not absolute mistress of herself, her wealth—and was he so specially concerned in her choice? This self-questioning elicited the conviction, startling though true, that he was deeply, personally concerned. He was, then, undeniably in love with his mistress! Was the passion of sudden growth, the birth of the present hour? Alas! no—it had been long smouldering unconsciously—nay, if he doubted, memory flashed innumerable, though till now, unnoticed facts proving its existence—and he had foolishly let slip the golden chance of wooing till too late—till his advantages were the prey of a successful rival!—his own affection only brought to light by the torch of jealousy. Such was the cruel, torturing position of young Winecomb. 'T was aggravated in being obliged to listen to the tanner's flattery, to witness its favorable reception. Nay, worse—he became conscious that Mistress Avery remarked his inquietude, his ill-suppressed hatred of Master Nathaniel, as her eye was often for a moment bent on him. He was convinced she took pleasure in his torments, for on these occasions her manner—though strictly within the rigid limits of propriety—invariably was more marked and tender toward the detested, fulsome niggard. He had heard, alas! such was the custom of the sex. Often was 'Prentice John resolved on leaving the lovers to their own conversation, but restrained anger on reflecting it was his duty to be present with and protect Mistress Avery, till she quitted the fair and returned home.

Nor did he relish the notion of leaving the field altogether to the tanner—jealousy united with sense of duty in detaining the youth.

Master Buttress was in rare good humor; he could not deem otherwise but that he was the fortunate, chosen man, and he found leisure in the intervals of fits of gallantry, to conjure fitting visions of broad manor added to broad manor, tenement to tenement, and to picture the future Master—nay, Worshipful Master Nathaniel Buttress, richest gentleman in the county of Berkshire. The only damp on his high spirits was the present outlay; he had been drawn into expenses far beyond usual habits; had never been guilty of similar extravagance; the veriest prodigal of London could not have ordered a more costly board; and that tall, rosy-cheeked lad imbibed the precious sack with the avidity of a sponge, and never looked at a tithe the better humored, but sat grinning menaces at him—the donor of the feast! Well! well! all should soon be remedied, and the disagreeable, lanky apprentice turned adrift.

“But who is that now passing the tavern; is it not Master Luke Milner, the attorney? How enviously he looks! he has the reputation of having pressed hard his own suit, but in vain! If I invite him, he will gladly come—drink the widow’s health—and it will save me half the reckoning!” So reasoned the tanner. The lawyer accepted the invitation, though a slight shade of displeasure, he could not wholly dispel, flushed his brow. Master Luke entered, bowing lowly to the widow. Drawing a chair, near as good manners admitted, to the fair dame, he carefully deposited scented gloves and jeweled beaver on adjoining bench, and, in sitting, showed anxiety to display a trim foot, though rather overshadowed by the large roses. The tanner soon perceived that avarice had induced a grievous oversight, for the widow was not quite won. It was both unaccountable and annoying—how perverse these women are! she seemed now disposed to extend as much favor to Master Luke as she had previously exhibited to Master Buttress. ‘Prentice John was pleased and distressed at the scene—glad of the tanner’s discomfiture, he was enraged at the other’s success. The elder suitor had shown indifference to the presence of the apprentice, viewed him as a necessary appendage to the widow’s state, or, at worst, a tax on his purse to the extent of sack imbibed; but our lawyer, nearer John’s own age, and gifted with keener eye than his rival, liked not young Winecomb’s vicinity, his prying, resolute gaze.

“Mistress Avery,” said the lawyer blandly, “our young friend appears uneasy; nor do I wonder, for more than once, in the fair, did I hear red, pouting lips lament the absence of Jack Winecomb. I pray thee, suffer the lad to stroll where he lists; Master Nathaniel and your unworthy servant, with permission, will zealously protect the pride and boast of Newbury.”

If John had broken any engagement by attendance on her, replied the dame—and a keen smile, part malicious, part searching, lit up the widow’s features as she gazed on the disconcerted youth—let him seek

Cicely, who was not far off, to take his place, and he had full permission to absent himself. ‘Prentice John, though vexed and out of countenance, said he had no other engagement than duty enjoined, and he was entirely at his mistress’ command.

“Then I must not spoil Cicely’s holiday,” remarked the widow. The apprentice was doubtful whether she spoke in displeasure or not—the tone of voice and expression of countenance were equivocal. A quiet smile, which played for an instant around her mouth, when he declared he had no engagement, presaged returning favor, but the horizon was again clouded. Mistress Avery, turning to the gallants, said the youth should have his own way, that for herself she never found his presence irksome—he was so stupid, she might talk treason in his company without danger—what she was obliged to say was generally misunderstood. Stupid! misunderstood! Were there, in these words, more meant than met the ear? Had he been so blind, so deaf? Meanwhile the situation of the rivals was far from pleasant; the tanner had introduced an enemy within the fortress, whom he could neither dislodge nor compete with; the lawyer was angry that he had not the field to himself; whilst fair Mistress Avery, with impartial justice, hung the scales of favor suspended. Neither could now positively declare he was the chosen swain. Half suppressed taunts, and sarcasm clothed in ceremonious language, threatened more open bickering, when Master Luke, with due regard to a lady’s feelings, besought her to pardon their absence for a few minutes, as he suddenly recollected an affair important to the welfare of his friend, Master Buttress. The dame was condescending, declared she had too much regard for Master Nathaniel to deem their absence a slight, under the circumstances; so the lawyer, affecting to produce a leathern note-case, retired with his rival. The apprentice felt his situation awkward, but he was presently relieved; Mistress Avery bade him follow the gentlemen unperceived, and if they drew weapons, or otherwise exhibited hostilities, immediately interfere to prevent mischief. Concealed by the angle of a canvass booth, he listened, unseen, to the wordy strife. The lawyer was cool, sarcastic, overbearing; the tanner, fiery and threatening. Presuming on youth, good figure, and flowing rhetoric, the former contemned the pretensions of the elder rival, whom he affirmed had nothing to recommend him but wealth not needed; why, therefore, pursue a rivalry, when he could not lay claim to one certain token of affection? And the man of law began enumerating the distinguishing marks of favor which Dame Avery, spite of prudent, cautious, self-restraint, could not avoid exhibiting as soon as he entered the tavern. The tanner’s replication was in the same style. If these be marks of affection, thought the listener, what would they say to my pretensions if I told all? And ‘Prentice John, as he listened and commented on what he heard, grew a wiser, more knowing youth.

“If thou wert a younger man, Master Nathaniel,” said the lawyer, “there would be no need for these mutual taunts. We have a readier mode of settling—”

"Curse thy youth, and thee too," exclaimed the tanner; "'cause thou art a vain, braggart fop, with thy galloon and thy large cabbage roses, think'st to brave it over me?—there!—and there!" And so saying, the valiant tanner dealt successive cuffs on Master Luke's doublet, and drawing weapon, awaited the attack. Their rapiers—for the tanner, though following a handicraft, yet, as owning broad lands, deemed himself entitled to wear a weapon and dub himself gentleman—immediately crossed, but the alert apprentice, with stout cudgel, threw himself between and struck down their guard.

"Good sirs! good sirs! forbear!" cried one hastening to assist young Winecomb. 'Twas the curate of Spene. The belligerents immediately sheathed their weapons, muttering future vengeance. The holy man requested to know the cause of quarrel, and offered to act as umpire. This, after demur and consideration, was agreed to. Hearing each in turn, he proposed, as more becoming their respective characters than fighting, that the case should be stated to Mistress Avery—the election left to the fair widow. As each deemed himself the favored candidate, and, indeed, with good cause, for our dame had been gracious to both, the curate's proposal was accepted, and his eloquence solicited to open the pleadings. The party thereupon returned to the tavern, the apprentice not the least interested actor in the drama.

The curate of Spene, though grave and sententious, threw into his speech an under current of humor and *bonhomie*, which touched off the pretensions of each suitor with dramatic effect and felicity. Neither could question his impartiality, nor had he, as he affirmed, secret preponderance either way; both were esteemed friends, both had received the offices of the church at his hands, both had listened to his Sabbath exhortations. Which of the twain reigned in the lady's heart, to him he should offer congratulation; to the other he could fairly say, that he merited the honor for which he had unsuccessfully striven.

There was a pause, a deep silence. The blushing widow must now speak, declare herself, decide her own fate, and with it the fortunes of the suitors. How ardently did 'Prentice John long for one of the many opportunities of pleading his passion, oft thrown in his way, so heedlessly neglected! Would she indeed make an election? then, farewell, Newbury! in some far distant land would he hide his disgrace, forget his folly.

Mistress Avery said the gentlemen had certainly given her cause long to remember Newbury Fair; yet they could not expect her mind made up on so momentous a question of a sudden; besides, it was now Wednesday, which had ever been an unlucky day with the Averages, but to-morrow (Thursday) week they should have a decisive answer—her preference made known—provided, and it was the only stipulation besides secrecy, they both refrained pressing their amorous suits in the interim.

So ended the conference, and as the rivals, with the curate, gallantly bade the lady adieu (having promised obedience in every particular) 'Prentice John, in a paroxysm of anger and remorse, made firm re-

solve that he would challenge to mortal combat the favored suitor, beat him within an inch of life if he refused to fight, upbraided the widow for secretly fomenting a passion which she laughed at, and flee, forever, the town of Newbury.

"You forget, John, I shall need your arm through the press," exclaimed the dame reproachfully. The apprentice started; he had been leaning against the bench, lost in bitter reverie; he saw not his mistress was waiting. Uttering an indistinct apology, he escorted the lady from the tavern in time to witness that the tanner had been sufficiently adroit to palm off half the expense of the entertainment on his rival. Whether this was omen of higher fortune, the sequel will show.

They scarcely spoke during the remainder of the walk, nor even after reaching home. 'Prentice John was reserved, melancholy, brooding over bitter reflections; the dame, sly, observant, oft casting furtive glances at young Winecomb, seemingly, as he thought, indulging secret pleasure on beholding his misery. On the morrow they were together in the compting-room; it was his duty to produce entries of the bales of cloth sold during the business-period of the Fair; to account for the same in bullion, or according to the terms of sale.

"These for thyself, John," said the widow, placing a few gold pieces on the table, whilst she proceeded to place, under triple lock, the remainder. They remained untouched. The third lock of the huge iron chest duly shot, the dame arose, was surprised on beholding the money still lying unappropriated; John looking like man under sentence of death.

"Have I grown niggardly, Master Winecomb?" exclaimed the widow, "speak, if you would have more."

John replied by asking if she thought the ten pieces sufficient to equip him, and pay passage to Cadiz, where he heard an expedition was fitting out, in which many Englishmen had volunteered. Mistress Avery, with a calmness which confirmed his despair, replied in the negative, but demanded why he should think of starting for Cadiz, ere, indeed, his indentures were determined. The apprentice declared wildly, if she married either tanner or lawyer, he would depart, even with no more than the ten pieces, and for his reasons—he was not then sufficiently master of himself to detail them!

"But, John," said the widow, in a tone of expostulation, whilst a smile lurked in the eyes and round the mouth, "what am I to do if I say No? they press me so hard!"

The Newbury apprentice, at his mistress' feet, taught the answer she should give. On the following Monday, Master John Winecomb was united in marriage with Mistress Avery—the wedding celebrated by the grandest entertainment ever beheld in the county of Berkshire, the fame whereof spread even as far as the court of bluff Harry. If lacking splendor in any particular, the omission was owing to the short time for preparation, as no expense was spared. The unfortunate suitors, of course, understood the affair from common report, and thought it

unnecessary to seek their fate at the widow's domicile, when they could learn it from every man, woman and child in the town. They were invited to the wedding feast, but wisely declined, as the story of their strange wooing was already abroad.

It was the custom, in those days, for the bridegroom to salute the bride on the cheek, in the church, after the ceremony was performed.

"And you are ready to swear, Master John," whispered the dame as the bridegroom approached, "that you never saw that damsel before Fair-day, whom you kissed at the Fair?"

"No—nor since!" replied he, believing it a hint for his future conduct.

Master Winecomb lived happily—his wealth increased so quickly, with the increasing demand for the staple article of Newbury, that when the Earl of Surrey marched against James the Fourth of Scotland, who was then ravaging the borders, the rich clothier accompanied the expedition with a retinue of one hundred servants and artisans, clothed and armed at his own expense. The memory of John Winecomb and his rich and handsome spouse was long preserved in their native town.

SONNETS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

I.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full 'desertness
In hearts, as countries, lieth silent, bare
Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
Of the free chartered heavens. Be still! express
Grief for thy dead in silence like to Death!
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it, spectator! Are its eyelids wet?
If it could weep it could arise and go!

II.

WHEN some beloved voice, which was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry
Aches round you with an anguish dreadly new—
What hope, what help? What music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's labored proof, nor melody
Of viols, nor the dancers footing through;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward from the cypress trees
To Venus' star! nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted—nor the angels' sweet "all hails,"
Met in the smile of God! Nay, none of these!
Speak, Christ at His right hand, and fill this pause.

III.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil!
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the sun, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assail.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign—and he assigns
All thy tears over like pure crystallines
Unto thy fellows, working the same soil,
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all!
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

IV.

The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant song, ballad or barcarolle,
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to the perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church—that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
So swift and steadfast, so intent and strong—
While so, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune—proving our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

SONNET.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I DREAMED last night, that I myself did lay
Within the grave—and after stood and wept—
My spirit sorrowed where its ashes slept—
'T was a strange dream, and yet meseems it may
Pregure that which is akin to truth—
How sorrow we o'er perish'd dreams of youth!
High hopes, and aspirations doom'd to be

Crush'd, and o'er-mastered by earth's destiny!
Fame, that the spirit loathing turns to ruth—
And that deluding faith so loath to part,
That earth will shrine for us one kindred heart;
Oh, 't is the ashes of such things, that wring
Tears from the eyes! Hopes like to these depart,
And we bow down in dread, o'er-shadowed by death's wing.

MALINA GRAY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Concluded from page 278.)

CHAPTER III.

"I sigh when all my youthful friends caress—
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Love has for them a gentle power to bless,
While I shall moulder in my silent grave.
God of the just, thou gavest the bitter cup,
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up."

WE had penetrated to the depth of the pine grove, and it was difficult to find our way out through the tangled undergrowth and the unequal hollows; but Malina had become thoughtful for others once more, and though excitement no longer made her own progress easy, she guarded me with double care; lifted me over the hollows and carried me in her arms when the thickets were too intricate or the ground very uneven. She kissed me as we reached a foot-path which led to our cottage, and, pointing to the door, would have left me to go home alone; but when she saw that I was troubled regarding my torn frock, kindness of heart prompted her to come back. She led me to the house, explained my misfortune, and went away. I sat down on the door-sill and watched her till she entered the portico of her mother's dwelling, and when they remarked on her dejected looks, and questioned me of the cause, I answered that Malina was tired with walking so long in the woods, for it seemed as if the tears which I had seen her shed and the passionate words which she had uttered were a secret which I should do wrong to mention.

In about an hour Phebe Gray and our young minister stopped at the door-yard gate to inquire for Malina. I told them that she had gone home, and when Mr. Mosier lifted me in his arms, and, looking into my face, asked what I had been crying about, I turned my head away to evade his kiss and besought him to set me down. The contrast between his happy face, the deep and almost brilliant expression of joy which lighted it up, and the sorrowful look of poor Malina forced itself even on my childish mind. I felt that which I had no power to comprehend, and from that time never loved our minister nor Phebe Gray as I had loved them. They walked home very slowly, she leaning on his arm with an air of dependence and trustfulness which was full of feeling and feminine delicacy; he would check their progress every few moments to point out some familiar beauty in the landscape, as if they had never looked upon it before. They loitered by the rock spring, and along the river road, tranquil in their happiness, till the dusk almost concealed them as they entered Mrs. Gray's house.

Almost every evening, for a week, our minister and Phebe Gray took their walk around the pine grove, and always alone. Malina was confined to the house. She had taken cold, Mrs. Gray said, and the night air was bad for her lungs. But often, when her sister was loitering along the river's bank, happy in the wealth of her newly aroused affections, Malina might be seen at her chamber window, with her cheek languidly supported by a hand which was becoming thinner each day, and gazing earnestly after the two beings dearest to her on earth, but whose happiness she could not witness without emotions that were well nigh killing her. Her mother saw nothing of this. She only knew that Malina was quieter than usual and not very well, that her eyes were heavy and her step languid as she moved around the house. She did not see the heart struggling against itself, the stern principle which grew strong in the contest. She never dreamed of that desolate and lonely sensation which haunted her daughter's pillow with watchfulness, and made her waking hours a season of trial cruel as the grave. She saw that Malina was strangely affected; true, she smiled still, but it was meekly, sadly, and it seemed as if the music of her laugh was exhausted forever; her eyes grew misty and sorrowful in their expression, and tears would sometimes fill them without apparent cause. Still it was gravely asserted that Malina had only a slight cold, a nervous attack which would go off in a day or two! But there was something in her illness which Phebe could not comprehend; a wish for solitude, and a strange nervous dread of any thing like intimate conversation with herself, which prevented an acknowledgment of her own deep causes of happiness. Her sensitive modesty made her desirous of some encouragement to unburden her heart of its wealth of hope even to her sister, and when she saw that Malina shunned her, that her eyes had a wandering and estranged look whenever they turned upon her face, she felt checked and almost repulsed in her confidence. If any thing could have disturbed the pure happiness which reigned in her bosom, it would have been this extraordinary mood in one who had from childhood shared every thought and wish almost as soon as it was formed. It had a power to disturb, though it could not entirely destroy the tranquillity of her mind.

"I will talk with her about it to-night," murmured Phebe, as she opened her chamber door one evening, after a long conversation with Mr. Mosier in the

portico. "I wish, though, she would ask some question, or even look curious to know what keeps us together so much; I little thought to have kept a secret from Malina so long."

As these thoughts passed through her mind, Phebe Gray gathered up the bed-drapery, and lying down by her sister, passing an arm caressingly over her waist, laid her blushing cheek against the now pallid face which rested on the pillow. She felt that tears were upon it, and that the snowy linen under her head was wet as if Malina had cried herself to sleep.

"Malina, wake up a minute, I have something to tell you," murmured the young girl, in a low, half timid whisper.

The moonbeams lay full upon the bed, and Phebe Gray was looking earnestly in the face of the beautiful sleeper. She could see the silken lashes quivering on her cheek, and a tremulous motion of the lips, nay, it seemed to her as if a single tear broke through the lashes and rolled over the pale cheek, and she was certain that something like a faint shudder crept through the form which was half circled by her arm. But Malina gave no answer, and the gentle questioner was too sensitive for another effort to win attention. She quietly laid her head on the pillow and sunk to sleep, but not to indulge in the sweet, unbroken dream of happiness which had shed roses over her couch so many nights. There was sadness at heart, a presentiment of coming ill, and a solicitude regarding her sister which kept her anxious and rendered her slumber broken and unrefreshing. About midnight, when the stillness of her chamber rendered every sound more than usually audible, she was disturbed by the broken and half stifled sobs which arose from her sister's pillow. Again she stole her arm over the weeping girl, and questioned her regarding the source of her grief. Malina only turned her face away, and sobbed more bitterly than before.

"Why will you not speak to me, Malina? what has come between us of late?—speak to me, sister—you are in sorrow, and I have—oh how much—cause for joy! yet we have all at once learned to conceal thoughts from one another. Tell me what troubles you—for I cannot be entirely happy while you are ill and so sad.

Malina redoubled her sobs, but amid the tumult of her grief she murmured, "Tell me all, Phebe, tell you feel, all you wish; but I have no secrets, no sorrow. There is a little pain in my side, sometimes, and that makes me low spirited. I have always been so healthy, you know, that a little illness frightens me. Do not mind me, but talk of yourself. You are happy, Phebe, *very* happy! were not those your words? tell me all—I can be glad and rejoice in any thing that gives you pleasure—any thing on earth—if my heart were breaking. So let us talk it all over now, the room is so quiet and dark, and we shall neither of us get sleepy—do you think we shall, sister?—you may, but I have almost forgotten how to sleep," and, as Malina ceased speaking, she stole an arm around her sister's neck, and, choking back her sobs, composed herself to listen.

Phebe rose up in the bed, gathered the drapery

around them, for the moonbeams were bright enough to reveal her blushes, and, sinking to her pillow, again murmured the story of her love, its return, and all the bright anticipations that made her future so beautiful. Malina nerved herself to listen; she uttered no word of distrust, and checked all manifestations of discontent by a strong effort of self-control, when all was told—when she was made certain that her sister and the only being she had ever regarded with more than a sister's love, were to be married—that their wedding day was fixed, and, that the mother's sanction had already been granted—she remained silent for a moment, and strove to gain the mastery over her feelings. When she spoke, her frame shook with the bitter emotions which could not be altogether subdued, but her voice was low and very calm. Mr. Mosier was poor, and Phebe not yet of age. If he were installed in the old meeting-house, they would be compelled to live with Mrs. Gray till something could be saved from his small salary to purchase a dwelling and begin housekeeping. This thought caused some anxiety to the engaged couple. The young clergyman had learned something of Mrs. Gray's real character, and was reluctant to erect his domestic altar beneath her tyrannical auspices. Phebe, too, longed for a quiet home of her own, a happy, free home, where she might follow her own innocent impulses, unchecked and without fear.

"You shall have that home, my sister," said Malina Gray, twining her arms around her companion, and kissing her with a gush of true affection; "there is the old parsonage house; you shall have that, and the money which dear minister Brown left to me; all are yours and *his*. You will be happy there—very happy. I know he loved the old place. Now, good night, Phebe; let us go to sleep!" and with a low gasping sob, which was not the less painful that it gave no sound, Malina turned away her head.

Phebe was too disinterested and high-minded herself, for a thought of refusing Malina's generosity.

"We shall, indeed, be happy," she said; "you will come and live with us, and by the time you are married, we shall have saved enough to pay all the money back again. You *will* live with us?"

Malina thought of the quiet grave-yard, which could be seen from the parsonage window, and answered—

"I shall want no other home."

Phebe talked on, more cheerfully than usual, and when her sister did not answer, she thought her asleep; but Malina had fainted, and lay senseless upon her pillow.

It was soon rumored through the village that our new minister was engaged to Phebe Gray, and every body was delighted with the match. Phebe was just the creature for a clergyman's wife, quiet and gentle, with manners that gave dignity to the softness of her disposition. In the general satisfaction which reigned in the village, Malina was quite overlooked. Her change of appearance was imputed to sadness at parting with her sister; and, at times, when the wedding was talked of in her presence, the rich color

which burned over her cheeks, the brilliancy of her eyes, and the flashes of wild merriment that sprang to her lips, deceived the unobserving into a belief of her entire happiness. She spent much of her time at the old parsonage, superintending the arrangements of her sister's home with a degree of taste and energy which surprised all who witnessed her exertions. The rooms were all newly arranged, delicate paper was purchased at New Haven for the walls, new stepping stones were laid at the front door, green blinds gave a look of elegance and seclusion to the windows; the profuse rose bushes and lilac trees were pruned, and a white picket-fence hedged in the little wilderness of flowers which blossomed in the front yard. The cabinet maker, on School Hill, was busy with the furniture, all of a superior kind. The carpet-weaver had borrowed two *quill-wheels*, and all the spools, for a mile round, in order to expedite the progress of sixty yards of striped carpeting through his cumbrous loom. The house and its adornments were to be comfortable and elegant beyond any thing that had been known in our village for a long time; and all was Malina's work. Her untiring assiduity created the little paradise which another was to enjoy. Her money purchased the books which filled the little study, whose window opened upon the most verdant corner of the orchard. Her trembling hands placed a new inlaid flute on the little table, and drew the easy chair close by, that the bridegroom might find every thing ready and homelike in his new dwelling.

One afternoon Malina was left alone; the workmen had departed to their suppers, and her task was finished for the day. She had just hung the pet robin in his old place by the dining-room window; he seemed to recognize the room, and flew about his cage, chirping and fluttering his wings, as if to thank her for bringing him home once more. It was the first hour of repose that Malina had known for many weeks, and now, that she had nothing more to perform, painful thoughts and regrets that would no longer be stifled, fell back upon her heart, and she was, oh, how desolate! There, in her blooming youth, she sat hopeless and weary of life—for what is life to a woman without affection? The heart was full of warm and generous feelings, burdened with a wealth of tenderness, and yet she had no future, nothing to hope for, nothing to dread; her destiny seemed consummated there and then. Youth is in itself so hopeful, that we can scarcely imagine a creature in the first bud of life yearning for the grave. But Malina was very sad. She looked through the open door into the orchard; the green old apple trees were heavy with blossoms, and through the garniture of thrifty leaves, and the rosy shower which blushed among them, a corner of the old meeting-house met her gaze—a portion of the grave-yard, and a new tomb-stone, which gleamed out from the young grass which had already started up from our minister's death place. How green and quiet it looked—and oh, how earnestly Malina Gray longed to lie down in that still spot, and be at rest. Yet Malina was young, and no human being dreamed how

wretched she was. The orchard was full of singing birds that day, and there had been a time when the gush of sweet sounds, that rose and swelled amid the foliage, would have made her heart leap, but now it filled her eyes with tears. The sunshine that played and quivered among the leaves—the wind that now and then gushed through the heavy boughs, scattering the grass with rosy flakes, and sighing as it swept off to the open plain—all seemed a mockery.

She was heart sick, and yearned to die. How cruel is that power by which a broken heart draws thoughts of sadness from the sweet and beautiful things of nature. Malina gazed through her tears at the change her own hands had wrought. The unseemly plantains had disappeared from the back door-step, and around the well-curb a bed of valley-lilies were just forming their pearly buds.

"They will be in blossom for Phebe's hair," murmured the young girl, "and for mine—for am I not to be bridemaid?"

With a mournful smile gleaming through her tears, Malina arose, and tying on her bonnet, left the house. She met Phebe and Mr. Mosier near the front gate. They were sauntering toward their new dwelling, tranquil and happy; to them, every thing whispered of joy; the fragrant orchard, the birds carolling within its shadows, and all the beautiful landscape were full of pleasant associations. Every hope and thought in their bosoms blossomed in unison with nature.

How true it is that thought and feeling, like the sun, give color to outward things. The heart creates its own sunshine, or the cloud through which nature is revealed to it. Phebe Gray and her betrothed husband felt nothing but the sweet and the beautiful—their hearts were brimful of sunshine. But, alas, for Malina, she looked through the cloud.

Malina walked on. The two contented beings by the gate were happy enough without her. She strove to smile cheerfully as they spoke to her, and in a tone of forced playfulness forbade them entering the house till their wedding day.

Malina had gathered beneath the roof of that old parsonage house many luxuries almost unknown in the neighborhood; every thing calculated to gratify the fine taste of the young divine, or add to the comfort of her sister, had been unsparingly purchased, till her patrimony was almost exhausted. While this duty lasted, and the excitement of action was upon her, Malina sustained the burthen of her sorrows with an aching, but firm heart. She had taken no time for thought—scarcely for tears—but worked on, as if toiling through a feverish dream. Her cheeks were always flushed, and sometimes the music of her laugh rang loud and strangely through the bridal chamber which she was decorating; but the companions who assisted her were often startled by the reckless tone of her laugh; it was too absent and wild for happiness or merriment, entirely deficient in that low, rich melody, which had once made her voice so full of healthy joy. Yet all the neighbors were commenting on her generous conduct, and the brilliancy of her spirits; and it was often remarked that Malina Gray was never so fond

of company, so careless in her mirth, or so startling in her wit, as she had been since the engagement of her sister, and since she had recovered from the slight cold which confined her to the house when that engagement was first whispered in the village.

To a heart capable of self-sacrifice, there is no feeling so lonely as that which follows exhausted power. No conviction, so keenly painful, as a knowledge that a beloved being, who has cost us the hopes of a life in resigning, can be happy without our aid—that we have nothing to render up—no aim for exertion—nothing to do but sit down and gaze upon the blank which existence has become. Her task was done. The excitement over, and then came to the heart of Malina Gray the toil and pain of concealed suffering; the aching restlessness which eats into the bud of human life. Once more it was rumored that she was ill, and, but for other and more absorbing subjects, Mrs. Gray might have been alarmed for the safety of her child; but she was so intent on other things, that the poor girl and her sufferings remained unheeded at home, save by the gentle Phebe and her betrothed husband.

When Mrs. Gray invited our young minister to reside at her house, it was probably with some vague expectation of the result which followed; and when her consent was desired to his union with Phebe, it was given promptly, and with evident satisfaction. But the young divine, though a meek and true Christian, had a dignity of character and opinion which sometimes proved at variance with the exactions of an ambitious and arbitrary matron. She had expected that he would continue to reside in her family, after the marriage, and looked forward to an extended dominion in her own household, and increased influence in the church, to be secured by this arrangement. But when he persisted in establishing an independent home, in managing his own salary, and becoming the sole protector of his future wife, whose state of moral servitude he could not witness without pain, Mrs. Gray's enthusiasm in favor of the match gradually subsided, and when Malina insisted upon surrendering her newly acquired property to the young couple, and giving them the parsonage for a residence, the haughty woman became stern in her opposition, and while she took every means to render her own house an unpleasant residence for the parties, found some excuse to delay the wedding, from week to week, and at last refused to sanction it, till Mr. Mosier should be regularly installed in the pulpit, which he had now filled almost a year. Still Mrs. Gray was not a woman to talk openly of a change in her opinions. She was too calculating and subtle for useless words.

It had been settled in church council, that our young minister should be installed a few weeks after the time appointed for his marriage, and the young couple submitted to the imposed delay without a murmur. During these intervening weeks, and while Malina was occupied in embellishing the parsonage, Mrs. Gray was observed to be absent from home more frequently than usual. There was scarcely an influential church member near the old

meeting-house, with whom she had not taken her knitting work, to spend a social afternoon; and several tea-parties were given in a quiet way at her own house, where she presided over the silver teacup, and old fashioned china, with more than ordinary condescension and dignity. But these were all impromptu meetings, and invariably took place when Mr. Mosier and Phebe were invited elsewhere.

The parents of our young minister were aged and very respectable farmers, residing in the vicinity of New Haven; but they were far from wealthy, and the farm they cultivated was not their own property. A week before the Sabbath appointed for the installation, Mr. Mosier accompanied his intended bride and her mother on a visit to his parents, where the haughty matron first learned that the man whom her daughter was about to marry had been a *charity student*. A benevolent society had paid his tuition at Yale College, at least that portion which he had been unable to meet by his own exertions. There had been no concealment of this truth on his part, for he had informed Phebe of the matter, and believed Mrs. Gray already aware of it. But Phebe, in the generous simplicity of her heart, never conceived it possible that the manner of his education could be deemed a cause of reproach, and it had left no impression on her mind; to her upright understanding there was no degradation in the thought that her lover had been a *charity student*.

Mrs. Gray gave no demonstration of the displeasure which filled her bosom on receiving this intelligence, but she quietly made an excuse for returning home with her daughter the next day, and, with every appearance of disinterested kindness, insisted that Mr. Mosier should not interrupt his visit to accompany them. "She could easily drive home," she said, "the horse was gentle, and the roads perfectly good; her son-in-law must remain with his family; it would be cruel to force him away so abruptly." Mrs. Gray said all this in her usual manner, shook hands with the old people, allowed the young divine to assist her into the chaise, and pretended to be very intently occupied in searching for something in her traveling basket, while he placed Phebe in her seat, and, with her slender hand clasped in his own, was whispering his farewell.

"Remember, and be in readiness next Sabbath," he said, in a low voice, "tell Malina that she must take good care of you. I shall come on Saturday evening."

Phebe murmured that she would be ready; but as she returned the farewell clasp of his hand, tears started to her eyes. She could not have told the reason, but a strange feeling of melancholy came over her, and it seemed as if the parting were forever. She looked back as the chaise drove away—he was standing on the door step by his parents, and the whole group waved their hands, smiling cheerfully, as they saw her turn for a last glance. But still her heart was heavy.

What passed between Mrs. Gray and her daughter during their drive home, we have no means of

recording. But as Malina sat in her chamber window, and saw the chaise toiling up the hill that afternoon, her sister leaned forward, and she caught a glimpse of her face. It was white as marble, and stained with tears. Malina had been ill, but she started up, hastily girded her white morning wrapper to her waist, and went down. Mrs. Gray loitered to give some directions to the "hired man" about her horse, and Phebe was descending from the chaise without assistance. The moment her foot touched the earth, she tottered, and would have fallen but for Malina, who sprang forward, and flinging her arms around her, inquired eagerly and kindly what had befallen her.

Phebe attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips, and the color left them; she lifted her hand as if to grasp at something for support, and fainted in her sister's arms.

"Mother, what is the matter?—where is Mr. Mosier?—tell me, pray tell me, what has made poor Phebe so ill, and why is she looking so wretched?"

Mrs. Gray turned, and saw that her child was senseless.

"Go and bring some water," she said to the man, "carry that basket in with you, and make haste. Raise her head a little, you are crushing her bonnet," she continued, turning to Malina; "there, take it off—she will come to, directly."

As she spoke, Mrs. Gray calmly untied her daughter's bonnet, and held it till the man came with water, while Malina stood trembling beneath the weight of the fainting girl, tenderly smoothing back the bright tresses from her forehead, and wildly kissing her pale lips, amid a thousand vague questions, which no one thought of answering.

Mrs. Gray took a pitcher of water from the man, who came panting from the well, and laving her hands in it, laid them on the pale face which Malina was still covering with tears and kisses. There was a faint struggle, a gasping sigh, and after a little Phebe began to murmur upon her sister's bosom, like one just awaking from a dream. She shrunk from her mother, when that stubborn woman would have assisted her to rise, and clinging to Malina, walked with trembling steps toward the house.

"Oh, not there—up, to our own room, Malina," said the poor girl, as her sister would have led her into the parlor. She was obliged to sit down more than once in ascending the stairs; and when at length Malina laid her upon the bed in their own dear room, she looked sadly around, and reaching up her arms, clasped the bending neck of her sister, and began to weep.

"I must never see him again—never—never," she said, while her voice was broken with tears; "oh, Malina, did you think any human being could be so cruel?"

Malina started, and for one instant a flash of pleasure broke into her eyes. It was an unworthy feeling, and the next moment her face was flooded with shame that she had known it; and when she sat down by her sister, and besought her to say what had thus unnerved her, it was with as true sympathy

as ever warmed the heart of a noble and self-sacrificing woman.

The cause of her sorrow was soon explained. Phebe had been commanded by her arbitrary mother to give up all thoughts of a union with Mr. Mosier. The gentle girl, for the first time in her life, had ventured to expostulate with her parent. The hope of her young life was at stake, and her heart trembled at the thought of separation from the man whom she had learned to love so devotedly. It was all in vain. Mrs. Gray was resolved, her prejudices were aroused, and to their gratification the happiness of her child was as dust.

Phebe had been educated with almost holy reverence for the authority of a parent, and though her heart broke, she dared not oppose her mother's command. Her spirit withered beneath it, like a flower trodden to the earth, but she submitted. Not so Malina. Once more she ventured to reason with and oppose her mother, but only to call down resentment on her own head. This was no sudden resolution in Mrs. Gray; she had gone steadily to work, and planned out her own results. She was one of those cold pattern women who never know an impulse—whose virtues are polished, like marble, and as cold. She had paved her way quietly and well. The next morning, while her two children were sorrowing in their room, she was driving from house to house, exerting her influence over better hearts and weaker minds than her own, to the ruin of those who had loved and trusted her. And while Phebe lay upon a sick bed, a vestry council was called at the old meeting-house, and a decision passed by a majority of a single man, which deprived our young minister of the pulpit he was to have taken as his own the following Sabbath. Many good and just men of the congregation protested against this cruel and unjust act; but in churches, as in communities, the good and the merciful do not always constitute a majority.

The decision of this church meeting was forwarded to Mr. Mosier, and with it a letter from Mrs. Gray. The next morning he rode by our cottage on horseback, slowly, and as one in deep and morbid thought. He crossed the old bridge, and, as he did so, looked earnestly toward Mrs. Gray's dwelling. He paused a moment at the end, and then rode at a brisker pace up the hill.

Phebe had been feverish, and very low, all that morning. Malina was watching by her side, and as she lay with her eyes closed in an imperfect slumber, the sound of a horse coming up the road made her start from the pillow, and while her cheek burned with a more feverish red, she fixed her eyes upon the open sash.

"It is he—I know it!" she said, clasping her hand, and looking into Malina's face; "I will get up; mother cannot refuse to let me see him this once;" and with a kind of feverish joy the poor girl flung aside the bed clothes, and stepped out on the floor. With trembling and eager hands she gathered up her beautiful tresses, and began to braid them about her head, earnestly beseeching Malina all the time to assist her in getting ready to go down.

The kind hearted sister required no entreaty. She helped to array the invalid, though her own breath came gaspingly, and her hands shook like aspens in performing their duty.

"There, now—there, I am ready. See, do I look very ill, Malina?" said the excited young creature, turning to her sister; "it will make his heart ache to see how red my cheeks are. Do you think he will detect the fever?" and dashing some lavender over her handkerchief with an impetuosity all unlike her usual quiet movements, the half delirious girl took her sister's arm, and was hurrying from the room. But the sound of a horse, rapidly passing the house, again came to her ear, and, with a faint exclamation, she sprung to the window just in time to catch a glimpse of her lover as he rode by. He lifted his face to the open sash, and she saw that it was very pale. He saw her, checked his horse an instant, half raised his hand, and then turning away with seeming effort, he rode slowly down the hill.

"He is gone," exclaimed the unhappy girl, "gone without a word, almost without a look!"

And with a wavering step, Phebe Gray moved toward the bed, and amid the confusion of her feverish thoughts; she called on Malina to come and undo the bridal wreath which was girding her forehead so painfully.

But Malina was away. She had caught one glimpse at the pale face uplifted to her window, and with a wild impulse to see the minister once more, she flung a shawl over her head, and left the room. With the speed of an antelope, she darted through the garden, and forcing a passage through the brushwood which lined a hollow beyond, leaped down upon the natural basin of granite, where the rock-spring poured its waves, just as he had dismounted, and was proceeding to dip up the water in his palm, and bathe his forehead with it. He looked care-worn and pale, and the expression of his eyes, as he dropped the water from his hand, and turned them suddenly on the young girl, was that of a strong heart in ruins, and with its energies prostrated. He held forth his hand and tried to smile, but the attempt was a painful one, and died in a faint quiver of the lips.

Malina did not take his hand—she had no power—but stood with her left foot half buried in the damp moss which lined the spring, and the other planted hard against the granite basin; her hands clasped amid the drapery of her shawl, and her eyes lifted to his, glittering with excitement, and yet full of tears. The breath came pantingly through her unquiet lips, and in the struggle of her emotions, the words of greeting which she should have uttered, were broken into sobs.

"This is very kind of you, Miss Gray," said the young clergyman, in a low voice, which had something of proud constraint in its tones; "I inquired for you at the house, but your mother informed me that you were engaged, and that your sister did not wish to see me."

"Not wish to see you!" exclaimed Malina, suddenly finding voice; "Phebe—my poor Phebe—now wish to see you! Alas, for her, she cannot see any one; this cruel business has broken her heart. Oh, Mr. Mosier, why is it that such wrong can be done? why submit to it? what right has my mother thus to interfere, to the unhappiness of her child?"

Mr. Mosier did not reply, his thoughts were far away, and, though he gazed earnestly on the enthusiastic face lifted to his, Malina knew that he was not thinking of her. She felt humbled, and turned away her face as one who had been rebuked. So she stood gazing, with a look of patient humility, on the waters sparkling in the basin at her feet, till at last he aroused himself and spoke. But she, who felt every word he uttered as if it were a tone of music, had no share in his speech or his thoughts. Things all too precious for her were rendered to another, and she must endure the pain.

"So she was ill, and *could* not come. Yet she knew I was there, and sat in the room all the time. I saw her at the window, and she looked—tell me, Malina, my sweet, kind sister," he added, suddenly, "did she wish to see me?—would she come for a moment here or into the garden?"

The young man looked anxious, and his cheek flushed brilliantly as he spoke, for the moment his well regulated mind had lost its balance, and the passions of earth were strong within him. It was but for a moment; before Malina had time to reply, the flush died from his face.

"No," he added, with a sorrowful motion of the head, "it is wrong to ask, foolish to desire an interview—comfort her, Malina, say that which I cannot have permission to utter in her presence; say how deeply, how earnestly I have loved her, how weary I am of the world, how lonely my heart is now—say to her—alas! what message have I to send—I, who can scarcely turn my face heavenward, the clouds are so dark that lie heaped before me!"

These words were uttered in a tone of such dependency that Malina once more lifted her eyes, and would have spoken words of encouragement which she was far from feeling, for her own wretchedness seemed completed in that of the beings she most loved; but, while her lips were parted, he made a sudden effort at composure, and saying that all might yet be well, in a broken and hurried voice, he drew Malina toward him and stooped to press his lips to her forehead, without seeming conscious of the act—but she was all too conscious, the blood rushed to her cheeks, and she trembled in his arms like a frightened child. He saw it not, for to his thought she was a sister only, and though his lips had pressed her forehead for the first time, he did not think of it, but mounted his horse and rode away before she had power to utter a word or make a gesture to detain him.

He was gone forever, and she was alone—alone! how often is that word misapplied; the loving and the loved are never alone—but so it was with Malina Gray.

CHAPTER III.

"In the cold, damp earth we laid her,
When the forest cast its leaf,
And we sighed, that one so beautiful
Should have a lot so brief."

"So, Madam, you refuse—my boy is dying, and he yearns to look once more on the poor girl who would have been his wife in a single week."

It was but a few days after her interview with Mr. Mosier, that Malina heard these words issue from her mother's parlor, as she was passing through the hall, from the chamber where she had just left Phebe striving to beguile her weary thoughts with a book. The door was ajar, and there was a power in the words which made her start and listen. It was a deep, manly voice, that of an aged person, but entreaty, tenderness and something almost like resentment, combined to render it startling and pathetic. Malina held her breath, and, drawing a step nearer, looked through the door.

An aged man was standing before her mother, he held a cane without resting on it, and a broad brimmed hat was in his left hand; firm and erect he stood in the quiet room, the gray hair sweeping back from his forehead, and his plain dress giving him the look of a patriarch; his face was agitated, but so full of benevolence that Malina loved the old man before she guessed who he was. Violent passions could seldom have passed over those mild features, still they were disturbed as he spoke, and the good old man was evidently struggling with strong and bitter emotions. There was something in the grasp of his hand on the cane, and in his dignified bearing, which awed the sympathy it excited.

Mrs. Gray was sitting in her easy chair, looking rather earnestly at the old man. She had been engaged in knitting when he entered, but had laid the work on a little round stand by her side, and seemed rather anxious to take it up again; but she was too punctilious for that, and very blandly requested her visitor to resume the seat from which he had risen. "No, I have not time to sit down, every minute is worth years to me now—my only son is dying, and I am absent from his side." The old man now paused, his chin began to quiver, and turning away his face, he strove to conceal the tears that broke into his eyes from the calm and heartless woman who sat gazing upon him.

"Madam," he said, but his voice was broken, and his hand shook till the hat fell from his grasp to the floor. "Madam, I beseech you, think better of this! My boy cannot live forty-eight hours; the doctors told me so before I left him. But I came from his bed side, when each lost moment was as a drop of blood wrung from my heart, thinking that you might refuse any messenger but his father. You are a woman and should feel for him, and here I gave up five whole hours of this precious time that he might look on the face of that poor girl before he dies; and his mother—you have had children sleeping against your heart, madam—do you think his mother would not find it a comfort if the soul of her only child could go up to heaven from her bosom where he

nestled in his first infancy? Do you think she has no woman's yearning wish for the last embrace, the last endearing word? She loves the boy better than her own soul, and he is dying before her eyes—but she gave him up. When she saw that he moaned for the presence of one who had become dearer than his own mother, she bade me come hither and bring the girl that her first born might die in the arms he loved best—think, woman, every moment I spend in talking here is wrung from the death bed of a child that was all on earth that two old people had to love and hope for. I must depart, but let *her* go with me."

The old man unconsciously clasped his hands as he spoke, and tears fell like rain over his withered cheeks.

Mrs. Gray glanced at him with something of wonder in her face, and extending out her hand, took up the knitting work as if to end the conference.

"And can you still refuse!" exclaimed the old man.

"It would not be proper," replied Mrs. Gray, quietly unscrewing the top of her silver knitting case, "besides, Phebe is not well enough to ride so far even if she desired it, and the fever may be contagious."

"If I could talk with the young lady I am sure she *would* desire it," said the old man, almost humbly, for his heart grew heavy at the thought of returning to the death bed of his son with his errand unaccomplished. "Leave it to her good feelings, madam, and if they plead against me I will depart and trouble you no more."

Neither the pleading voice, nor the agony of overwrought feelings with which the unhappy father spoke, reached the heart of Mrs. Gray. While the old man stood before her, trembling beneath the burden of his grief, she placed her needle in its sheath, twisted the worsted over her finger, and went through the intricacies of a seam stitch before even her eyes were lifted toward him.

"You must recollect, Mr. Mosier," she said, "Phebe is not at present engaged to your son, and even if she were, I do not think it would be exactly correct for her to visit him. I am sorry for the young gentleman, very; I will see that our new minister mentions his case in prayer next Sabbath; we all feel for him—but he would not be advised. Indeed—"

Here Mrs. Gray dropped a stitch, and paused while it was looped up again. When she raised her eyes, the face of her auditor was stern, and as calm as her own. The tears had dropped from his cheek, his hands were both grasping the head of his cane, and if that pharisaical woman could have shrunk from any thing, the solemn and reproving eyes which dwelt on her face would have kindled the most generous blood of her heart into blushes of shame. But it is hard to wring the die of shame from a self-righteous heart. Mrs. Gray believed herself to be acting in a most Christian-like spirit, in still retaining the heartless civility of her manner toward the poor old man whom her own cruelty had bereaved. Her heart was entombed in the self-conceit of its own sanctity, like dust in the marble of a sarcophagus.

"Woman," said the old man, and this time his voice was firm, and thrillingly solemn; "you have no heart. You are a mother, and should know how much worse than death it is to see the child whom you have loved and cherished, and woven in your very heart-strings, perishing before your eyes. Oh, how proud we were of that boy! how his poor mother loved him! what a day it was when she and I walked up the broad aisle of that old meeting-house yonder, and saw him standing in the pulpit—a minister of the gospel. We had prayed for that sight—toiled and slaved for it—and were so happy—so very happy. He is on his death bed now. Woman, *you* have sent him there—you, who were a mother, thought nothing of smiting a sister woman through the heart—you, a professor of religion, can do murder more subtle and cruel than that which cleaves a man through the brain, and look calm and speak softly, nay, smilingly refuse the last dying request of your victim. Woman, I will not curse you—that right rests with the high God of Heaven, who looketh down upon the murder you have done, not as man looketh, not as the law looketh—before *him* shall you be arraigned, and that cold heart shall be made to shudder at the depth of its own crime—he will be thine accuser—he, thy victim, who was so gentle, so sweet tempered, that thoughts of revenge never entered his heart. In a few short hours he will stand in the broad light of Heaven, sent there untimely; and even as Abel bare witness against his brother, he shall bear witness against thee! The Almighty may not place his mark upon thy brow—the law may not brand thee—but one who can wring the life from a human being by silent and moral cruelty, is not less a murderer than the man who smites his brother to the heart with a poniard!"

Mrs. Gray was at length moved—for the solemn and stern energy of that pale old man might have startled the dead from their graves—the knitting dropped from her hands, her eyes darkled with terror, and her face turned white as a corpse beneath the snowy lace and the black and false hair that shaded it. She would have spoken, but the pallid lips trembled without uttering a sound, while the hands which rested in her lap began to shiver, as she strove to lift them and motion him away.

The old man left her where she sat, and went into the hall; but his feelings had been too cruelly outraged, and there his strength gave way; he sunk helplessly to a settee, and covering his face with his hands, wept like a child.

Malina had left the hall and stood in her sister's chamber. Phebe was dressed and seated by the window, pondering over the pages of a book, though she had not turned a leaf that day. She did not raise her eyes when the door opened, but seemed unconscious of a second person.

"Come with me," said Malina, grasping the hand which lay in her sister's lap, with fingers that clung to it like ice. "Come!"

There was something in Malina's face that frightened her companion from the apathy that had for days settled on her spirits. She arose, without a

word, and was led down stairs, and into the hall. It was empty. Old Mr. Mosier had departed, and the front door was left open behind him.

"Phebe," said Malina Gray, in a faint whisper, "*he* is dying, and has sent for you—his father sat there, but a moment since. Our mother has refused that you should see him. He is pining to die with his head against your heart. Sister, will you go?"

"I will plead with her—kneel to her," said Phebe Gray, and opening the parlor door, she entered alone.

Malina paused an instant, and turning through a side door, passed across a small clover lot, toward the stables. A horse stood cropping the white blossoms in a corner of the field. She looked around for some one to help her, but the men were all away on the upper farm—so she drew toward the gentle animal, and beckoning with her hand, uttered a few coaxing words, and persuaded him toward the stables. He bent his neck while her trembling hands placed the bit in his mouth, which was yet half full of fragrant grass, and turned his head to watch her, as she girded the saddle to his back. When she tied him to the garden fence, and entered the house again, he followed her with his eyes, and, with a short neigh, fell to tearing with his mouth the honeysuckle vines that crept along the fence.

As Malina entered the hall she saw Phebe gliding up stairs toward their room; she was walking feebly, and held by the bannister as she went. When the sisters stood within the chamber together, Phebe sunk to a chair, while Malina looked earnestly in her face, and uttered a single sentence—

"Will you go?"

"She has forbidden it," replied Phebe, faintly.

"Will you go?" said Malina, once more.

"I dare not disobey her!" Phebe spoke with difficulty, and clasping both hands over her face, moaned as if in pain, for the struggle within her heart was terrible.

When Phebe became sufficiently composed to look up, her sister was gone. She was glad to be alone, and creeping toward the bed, knelt down and prayed.

Malina had snatched a bonnet and shawl from the bed while her sister's face was concealed, and gliding down stairs into the open air, she mounted the horse and rode away.

It was sunset as the poor girl came slowly over the old bridge, and rode by our house. I was playing in the front yard, and ran out to meet her—but all at once she drew the bridle tight, and the spirited horse sprang forward on the way before my childish voice could be heard. The gloom of coming night lay heavily amid the pine boughs, as the young girl rode under them, and when she dashed up the road, and disappeared over Fall's Hill, both horse and rider were for one moment displayed in bold relief against a pile of crimson and golden clouds which lay heaped in the horizon. When she disappeared, it seemed, to my infant fancy, as if the gates of heaven had unfolded to receive her.

The night came on clear, and lighted both by moon and stars, the solitary traveler still kept the road,

accompanied only by her spirited animal, and the shadow which seemed gliding along the dewy green-sward by her side, like a silent guardian. It was late in the evening when the horse checked himself at the fence before a red farm-house, with a sloping roof, and two large trees embowering it with foliage.

It seemed like supernatural instinct in the animal, for he had only been there once before, and Malina, in the tumult of her thoughts, scarcely knew where she wished to stop. There was a light twinkling through the thick leaves of a tree bough that dropped over one of the front windows, but it was very faint, and seemed forcing itself through the folds of a window curtain. Malina grasped the horn of her saddle, and dropping feebly down to the green sward, moved toward the house. There was a foot-path which led to the front door—she followed this, and found herself in a dark entry, with a narrow stream of light falling through the entrance to an inner room. The sound of a faint, wandering voice, and of smothered sobs, stole from the room. Malina breathed heavily as she touched the door, and glided into the room. It was indeed the chamber of death. A solitary candle burned on the table, amid glasses and vials, sending forth just sufficient light to reveal an old fashioned tent bed, with its white drapery sweeping to the floor, and its heavy fringes hanging motionless, as if they had been cut from marble. At the foot of this bed knelt an old man; his hands were clasped beneath his face, and the long gray hair swept thickly over them, as he prayed. A female stood between Malina and the bed; she was bending over the pillows which were heaped high upon it, and though the poor girl could not see her face, she *felt* that it was *his* mother. She moved, and the sound of her footstep on the sanded floor made the old lady lift her head, and Malina saw his face once more. Oh, how white and changed it was! The damp, black hair fell heavily over his forehead, shadows lay about the closed eyelids, and there was an expression about the mouth, which was not a smile, and yet seemed deathly and sweet. His head was raised high with pillows, and though he seemed to sleep, the breath came painfully from his lips, and with a struggle that constantly disturbed the linen which lay in waves across his breast.

Malina stood upright in the dim light, motionless as a thing of marble, her eyes fixed on the dying man, and unconscious, in the force of her grief, that to all in the room, save him who saw her not, she was a stranger, and had intruded into the sanctuary of private grief.

It mattered not; Malina's step had been mistaken for that of a woman from the kitchen, and no one knew that the wretched young creature was there.

There was a motion of the bed clothes, a faint murmur, and the dying man opened his eyes—those large, eloquent eyes, that Malina had thought upon so often, and so thrillingly. There was a mist upon them now, but through it broke a soft and strange light, heavenly and beautiful. The old lady bent her ear, and listened to the faint murmur, which seemed dying on his lips.

"My father—when will he come back?—it is late!"

The sound was very faint, but the old man had heard it amid the strong agony of his prayer. He arose, and moving round the bed, bent over his son. A light, almost preternatural, came to the eyes of that dying man, and with a sudden effort he found voice to speak.

"My father," he said, "thank God—you have returned in time. Where is she?"

"My son," said the old man, in a voice which he vainly strove to render calm, "in a little time she will meet you in heaven—but she is not here."

The invalid had turned his head upon the pillow, with a look of touching eagerness; but it fell back—his eyes closed faintly, and after gasping once or twice, he lay motionless, save the lips, which gave forth broken but beautiful fragments of speech, such as came uppermost in his pure, but wandering mind, for he was delirious now. The last vibrations of his soul were disturbed by disappointment in his sole earthly wish. In the broken murmurs that fell from his lips, Malina heard her own name, and it unlocked the ice which seemed closing round her heart. With a sob that broke to her lips amid a gush of tears, she sprung toward the bed, and falling upon her knees, clasped the pale hand which fell over the bed, and pressed her quivering lips repeatedly upon it, while her voice mingled with the choking grief that shook her whole frame.

"Forgive me! oh, let me stay!" she said, lifting her face to the old woman, but still nervously grasping the dying man's hand; "I loved him better than she did—better than anybody could—better than my own soul! Let me stay, and die with him! No one asked *me* to come, but I am here. You will not send me away?"

The voice of Malina Gray was soft and low, like that of her sister; and though broken with grief, it is probable that the dying man was bewildered by the sound. He started from the pillow—a glorious lustre broke through the mist which whelmed his eyes, and as Malina sprang to her feet, his face fell upon her shoulder, and his cold cheek lay against hers. It was very strange—Malina knew that he was dying, but a flash of wild joy thrilled through her heart, and for the first time since she had heard of his illness, a faint color broke into the cheek which pressed his. She laid him gently upon the pillow, and parting the damp hair from his forehead, pressed her lips tremblingly upon it, while her sobs filled the chamber. When the dying man felt the touch of her quivering mouth, a smile stole over his face—again the misty eyes were unclosed, and feebly lifting his arm, he wound it over her neck and drew her to his bosom, while the unformed words he would have spoken were lost amid the dying music of his soul. A moment, and his arm fell softly from Malina's neck. The young creature lifted her face from his bosom, and looking at his mother, murmured—

"He loved *her* living—but is he not mine in death?—mine, for ever and ever!"

She turned to lay her face near his heart once more, but there was no color in her lips then. She started, and, with a cold shudder, bent her cheek slowly to his bosom—it pressed heavily, and more heavily, on the cold clay—her limbs relaxed, and she sunk across the bed, senseless as the beautiful corpse which cumbered it.

The gloom of death had shadowed that farm-house two days, and now it was desolate. The kind neighbors who had walked in and out, ministering to grief, no longer broke the solemn hush which pervaded the dwelling. The departed was indeed the departed—for they had borne him over his father's threshold, and laid him down to sleep in the dark earth. Malina followed him to the grave. She was a stranger, but no one asked why she stood among the mourners, and without their sable vestments. When the aged mother bent over the coffin, and looked upon the dead, the young girl drew to her side, and fixed her eyes upon the cold still face which had never met her glance coldly before. The mother wept, but Malina could not shed a tear, although the solemn and hushed grief upon her face awed even village curiosity.

And now they were alone—the parents, and that poor girl. She was upon her knees—her head was bent, and its redundant hair veiled her face, while the broken hearted young creature begged a blessing from *his mother* before she went away. The sorrowing woman laid her hands upon the bright tresses which flowed over her lap for a moment, then lifting the suppliant to her bosom, wept over her.

Mr. Mosier, when he heard the sobs of his wife, arose, and clasping his hands over Malina's head, silently besought a blessing on her. She drew back, and he saw that her face was still calm; so taking her hands in his, he began to persuade and reason with her. She listened, and gazed earnestly in his face as he spoke. At last, tears started to her eyes, and when the old man saw this, big drops began to stream down his own cheek, and the clasp of his hand grew tremulous, as he led her from the room.

As the old man placed Malina in her saddle, he glanced in her face, and a misgiving came to his heart. He questioned himself if it was safe to trust her to the road without protection; but when he proposed accompanying her part of the way, at least, she pleaded against it with startling eagerness, and, thinking of his afflicted wife, he allowed her to depart.

Malina had a secret wish at her heart, which caused it to pant for solitude. Her road lay close by the grave-yard where our young minister was buried, and she yearned to stand once more by his death place, and alone. When she reached the sacred place, she looked to the right and left, timidly, as if her errand had been a wrong one. Her nerves were strung to their utmost tension, and she was morbidly fearful of being seen—every thing was solitary and quiet; the long grass bending to the breeze, as it sighed over the graves, and the soft rustling sound which whispered amid the leaves of a clump of weeping willows, that curtained an entire household that had gone down to sleep together, were all the sounds that fell upon her ear. She tied the horse to

the fence, and passing forward to *his* grave, sat upon a pile of sods that had been left by the sexton. She neither wept nor moved—but there she remained in the bright sunshine, gazing hour after hour on a tuft of tiny white blossoms, which sprung up from a sod which they had placed just over his heart. Now and then, she twined her hands together as they reposed in her lap—and as the sunshine went suddenly away, and heavy black clouds rolled over the sky, with the lightning playing amid their ragged folds, she smiled, and drew closer to the grave.

At last, a roar of thunder burst from the clouds, big drops of rain came down upon the graves, and bent the willows more droopingly to the earth.

Malina lifted her eyes upward with a wild and startled look, then turning them on the willows which sheltered that single family, and on the congregation of graves which lay around her, all covered with long grass, she rested them on the mound at her feet, murmuring—

"Have all a covering from the cold rain, but thee?"

As she spoke, Malina took off her shawl, and spreading it over the newly made grave, cast herself upon it, and for the first time since she felt his heart stop beating beneath hers, moaned and sobbed as if her very life were going from her.

In a few moments the garments of our poor mourner were saturated with rain—still she clung closer to the grave, murmuring words of wild endearment to the unconscious inmate, and congratulating herself, with strange earnestness, that she was still able to shield his bosom from the storm.

At last, the clouds rolled away, and though the sun was just going down, his last fires kindled a rainbow amid the water drops that yet filled the air. Malina lifted her head, and gazed upward—a smile parted her lips when she saw the rainbow, and pressing her cheek upon the grave again, she whispered—

"The angels have built thee a bridge, love!"

The sun went down, and Malina arose from the grave, shivering from head to foot. She gazed around, and was turning her eyes with a wistful look on her late resting place, as if she meditated casting herself down again, when a low neigh from the horse which still remained by the fence, aroused her, and leaving the shawl behind, she hurried toward the patient animal, and mounting him, rode away.

Malina must have wandered from the usual road, in the strange abstraction of her mind, for it was midnight when she came opposite the old meeting-house. Prompted, doubtless, by some vague fear of returning home, or perhaps allured to pause by the open gate, the weary and half bewildered girl turned her horse, and riding close to the front door of the parsonage house, dismounted, and allowed him to wander amid the flower beds and rose bushes which filled the yard. Thrusting her hand beneath the door sill, she took out a key, and fitted it to the lock, but with difficulty, for her hands trembled; and though hot flushes every moment darted through her frame, she was shivering with cold. She went up stairs, holding feebly by the balusters, and guided by the moonlight, which fell from a window over-

head, she entered a room—that which she had decorated as the bridal chamber of her sister Phebe, and of the departed. A clear moonlight came through the windows, and lay like flags of silver amid the black shadows which filled the apartment. Every thing was still and motionless; not a breath stirred the bridal ribands with which the muslin curtains were looped back. The bed lay with the moonlight sleeping amid its pillows, like a snow drift, when the air is calm; and the atmosphere was impregnated by the dead flowers which had been profusely lavished on the toilet, and now hung crisp and withered in their vases. Malina was very ill, and a fever burned through her veins—her limbs were almost powerless, and her forehead seemed girdled with iron. Still was she sensible of surrounding things, and her heart swelled with the recollections which thronged on her aching brain. She unfastened her damp dress, and with difficulty crept into bed.

"Poor, poor Phebe," she murmured, gathering the white counterpane over her shivering form, "how little she thinks I am here—how she would pity me, so ill, and all alone. Alas, how sad a thing this trouble is—I have not thought of Phebe these many long days—I wonder if she is ill as I am—if her head is so hot, and her limbs chilled, till they shake so. This is a cold bed—very, very cold—but his is colder still. Oh, my God! *he is dead*—and I have seen his grave. I—but it was not me—no—he loved my sister. But I had his dying kiss! It was the last throb of his heart that beat against mine, and chilled me so. That was it—that was it!"

With such fragments of speech, and moans of pain, Malina verged into the delirium of a raging fever. At times she would weep, and call for her sister, in tones of yearning tenderness—then notes of music would break from her lips, and ring through every corner of the solitary house, as if a prisoned angel were pleading for release there. When the fever came on, fierce and strong, she began to ask for water—to weep, and wring her hands, while she entreated some visionary being to leave her in the grave-yard where *he* was; where showers were continually falling and weaving rainbows around those who thirsted for rest or drink; and so her voice of suffering rose and swelled through the lone building all night. When the day dawned, she was still awake and delirious; tears stood on her crimson cheeks, and entreaties for water still rose to her parched lips.

It came at last—she knew not how it was, but a pale, sweet face bent over her, a soft voice was speaking comfort, and a glass of water cooler and more refreshing than she had ever tasted before was held to her lips. She was just conscious enough to think that it was Phebe who ministered to her wants, or some good seraph that looked as sweetly sad and kind. Then she sunk to sleep, and it was many weeks before she awoke from the dream that followed.

It was Phebe Gray who stood by the sick bed of the sufferer. A villager had seen Mrs. Gray's horse that morning, bridled and with his saddle on, tramp-

ling among the flower beds and feasting upon the choice rose bushes which grew in the parsonage yard—he went in to secure the animal and was terrified by the voice of suffering which issued from the house. He went up stairs, saw the delirious young creature who occupied the bridal chamber, and hastened to inform Mrs. Gray—but Phebe had struggled with her own sufferings and stood over Malina's sick bed many hours before the mother had arranged her dress and prepared herself to pass through the village with that degree of propriety which she considered due to her character.

Malina lay many weeks before the fever left her; then a cough set in and a hectic spot settled and burned into her thin cheeks. The poor girl smiled a sad quiet smile, when she heard them say each evening, that a little over exertion had excited her, that she had taken a slight cold which in the turn of her disease was felt more than usual. Still the cough deepened, the crimson spot burned on, and she knew that the life which kindled would soon be exhausted. And so it was, that autumn when the woods were all flushed with those dyes which an early frost brings to the foliage, when the nuts were ripe and the brown leaves fell in showers over the crisp moss, Malina Gray was extended beneath the snowy drapery which her own hands had gathered above the bridal bed. White ribands were still knotted amid the folds which seemed brooding over her like a cloud, and a few crimson fall flowers lay scattered upon the pillow, some of them so close to the marble cheek that a faint tinge was coldly reflected there. For two whole nights Phebe watched the beautiful clay reposing in the dim light upon her own bridal bed, but scarcely more changed than her own sweet self. Malina was the happiest, her heart had broken amid the struggle of its suffering, but that of the watcher lay crushed and withering in her young bosom. She felt that life was yet strong within her; but hope, love, every thing that makes life pleasant to a woman, had departed. She was still good, still pure almost as an angel, but the sad smile which settled on her lips never deepened to a laugh again, and no human being ever saw a tear in her changeless and sorrowful eyes.

They laid Malina Gray down to sleep beside old minister Brown—in the very spot she had yearned to repose in. A large circle of neighbors gathered around the grave, some in tears, and all very sorrowful. Mrs. Gray stood by the coffin; her mourning was arranged with great care, and a veil of new crape, deeply hemmed, fell decorously over her face, and the white handkerchief, with which she concealed those maternal tears proper for a mother, whose duty it was to be resigned under any dispensation. But Phebe stood silent and motionless; no handkerchief was lifted to her eyes, and the face which gleamed beneath the crape veil, was profoundly calm, almost as that of the corpse.

We had a new minister, on trial, of Mrs. Gray's choosing, who performed the funeral service, and when all was over, returned home with the mourners; when they knelt in the little parlor that night, he prayed earnestly, and with genuine tears, for the

bereaved mother; he besought the Lord to visit, with consolation, one who was a mother in Israel, a bright and shining ornament in the Christain church; a woman who had brought up her children in the fear and admonition of the Lord; whose path was growing brighter and brighter to the perfect day when she would reap a rich reward in heaven.

Amid a few natural sobs which awoke in the widow's heart, she murmured, "Amen," satisfied that her life had been one of perfect rectitude, and that in all things she had been a pattern mother, and an ornament to the church, which ought to be her consolation under any bereavement.

The new minister was a very conscientious man, but practical in all his ideas; he was honest in the high opinion which he entertained of Mrs. Gray, and not sufficiently sensitive to shrink from offering his hand to Phebe, when that lady delicately gave him to understand that the step would be satisfactory to herself. The old parsonage house was still empty, and Phebe's inheritance. He was an installed pastor, and Miss Gray's engagement to his predecessor never entered his mind as an objection.

Phebe betrayed no emotion when the proposal was made. She simply declined it, without giving a reason; and when he married another person, and would have rented the parsonage, she said with decision—"It must remain as my sister left it!"

And when Mrs. Gray would have remonstrated, she answered, still with firmness—

"I am of age, mother, but still will obey you in all things else. Act as you like regarding the other property—but no stranger shall ever live in the parsonage. Poor Malina furnished it for *him*, and for me. She died there, and so will I!"

It may be so, for the old house is still uninhabited. Every thing remains as Malina left it; the bridal chamber, the easy chair, and the flute upon the table; time has made little change in those silent apartments, for every week Phebe, who has become a calm and sorrowful old maid, goes up to the house alone, and remains there for many hours; sometimes seated at the study table, and gazing at a grave which may be seen through the trees. Once, a child gathering valley lilies, beneath the window, saw her standing at the open sash, with her sad eyes turned toward the grave-yard. She was talking to herself—the child dropped his flowers and listened, for there was something so mournful in her voice, that his little heart thrilled to the sound.

"They tell me that he wearied himself, and died of fever," she said; "and that thou, my sister, perished naturally, and as we all must. Alas, if I could but think so. Why not have told me how he was beloved before it was too late? I would have given him up—and while you were happy, this heart had not become so palsied and feelingless. Alas, it was well that thy heart *could* break, my poor, poor Malina!"

NOON.*

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

'Tis noon. At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee
And worshiped, while the husbandman withdrew
From the scorched field, and the wayfaring man
Grew faint, and turned aside by bubbling fount,
Or rested in the shadow of the palm.

I, too, amid the overflow of day,
Behold the power which wields and cherishes
The frame of Nature. From this brow of rock
That overlooks the Hudson's western marge,
I gaze upon the long array of groves,
The piles and gulfs of verdure drinking in
The grateful heats. They love the fiery sun;
Their broadening leaves grow glossier, and their sprays
Climb as he looks upon them. In the midst,
The swelling river into his green gulfs,
Unshadowed save by passing sails above,
Takes the redundant glory, and enjoys
The summer in his chilly bed. Coy flowers,
That would not open in the early light,
Push back their plaited sheaths. The rivulet's pool,
That darkly quivered all the morning long
In the cool shade, now glimmers in the sun,
And o'er its surface shoots, and shoots again,
The glittering dragon-fly, and deep within
Run the brown water-beetles to and fro.

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour,
Reigns o'er the fields; the laborer sits within
His dwelling; he has left his steers awhile,
Unyoked, to bite the herbage, and his dog

Sleeps stretched beside the door-stone in the shade.

Now the gray marmot, with uplifted paws,
No more sits listening by his den, but steals
Abroad, in safety, to the clover field,
And crops its juicy blossoms. All the while
A ceaseless murmur from the populous town
Swells o'er these solitudes; a mingled sound
Of jarring wheels, and iron hoofs that clash
Upon the stony ways, and hammer clang,
And creak of engines lifting ponderous bulks,
And calls and cries, and tread of eager feet,
Innumerable, hurrying to and fro.

Noon, in that mighty mart of nations, brings
No pause to toil and care; with early day
Began the tumult, and shall only cease
When midnight, hushing one by one the sounds
Of bustle, gathers the tired brood to rest.

Thus, in this feverish time, when love of gain
And luxury possess the hearts of men,
Thus is it with the noon of human life.
We in our fervid manhood, in our strength
Of reason, we, with hurry, noise and care,
Plan, toil and strive, and pause not to refresh
Our spirits with the calm and beautiful
Of God's harmonious universe, that won
Our youthful wonder; pause not to inquire
Why we are here, and what the reverence
Man owes to man, and what the mystery
That links us to the greater world, beside
Whose borders we but hover for a space.

* From an unpublished Poem.

TRUTH.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

"This above all!—to thine own self be true!
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

CHAPTER I.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"MOTHER! mother!" exclaimed a sweet, eager voice, and the speaker, a child of thirteen years, burst into the room, where Mrs. Carlton sat at work, "do'n't you think there is to be a prize given on exhibition day for the best composition! And I mean to try for it—sha'n't I?"

She was a little, harum-scarum looking imp! I suppose she had run all the way home from school, for her straw bonnet hung on her neck instead of her head, and a profusion of soft dark hair was streaming in such disorder about her glowing face, that you could not tell if she were pretty or not; but you could see a pair of brilliant, gray or blue or black eyes—they certainly changed their color with every new emotion; but I think they were really gray—full of laughter, and love beaming through the truant tresses, and all eloquent with the beauty of a fresh, warm soul. This change in the child's eyes is no freak of a foolish fancy; for every one noticed it; and her school-crony, Kate Sumner, used to declare, that when Harriet was angry they were black; gray when she was thoughtful; violet when sad; and when happy and loving, they changed to the tenderest blue.

Mrs. Carlton drew the little girl toward her, and smoothed back the rebellious curls, at the same time exclaiming, with a long drawn sigh, "My dear Harriet! how you *do* look!"

"Oh, mother! it's not the least matter how *I* look! If I were only a beauty, now, like Angelina Burton, I would keep my hair as smooth as—as *any* thing; but I wouldn't rub my cheeks though, as she does always, just before she goes into a room where there's company—would *you*, mother?"

The mother gazed at her child's expressive face, as she spoke, with its irregular, yet lovely features, the strange, bright eyes, the changing cheek, the full and sweet, but spirited mouth, and said to herself, "Whatever you may think, my darling, I would not change your simple, innocent, childlike unconsciousness, for all Angelina's beauty, spoiled as it is by vanity and affectation."

"But, mother, do give me a subject for composition, for I want to write it now, this minute!"

"Harriet," said Mrs. Carlton quietly, "go and

brush your hair, change your shoes, and mend that rent in your dress as neatly as you can."

Harriet half pouted; but she met her mother's tranquil eye; the pout changed to a good-humored smile, and kissing her affectionately, she bounded off to do her bidding.

While she is gone, you would like—would you not, dear reader?—to ask a few questions about her. I can guess what they are, and will answer them, to the best of my knowledge.

Mrs. Carlton is a widow, with a moderate fortune, and a handsome house in Tremont street, Boston. She has been a star in fashionable life, but since the loss of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, she has retired from the gay world, and devoted herself to her child—a wild, frank, happy, generous and impetuous creature, with half a dozen glaring faults, and one rare virtue which nobly redeemed them all. That virtue, patient reader, you must find out for yourself. Perhaps you will catch a glimpse of it in

CHAPTER II.

AUNT ELOISE.

Harriet was busy with her composition, when her aunt, who was on a visit to Mrs. Carlton, entered the room. Aunt Eloise was a weak minded and weak hearted lady of a very uncertain age—unhappily gifted with more sensibility than sense. She really had a deal of feeling—for herself—and an almost inexhaustible shower of tears, varied occasionally by hysterics and fainting-fits, whenever any pressing exigency in the fate of her friends demanded self-possession, energy, or immediate assistance. If, too, there happened, as there will sometimes, in all households, to be an urgent necessity for instant exertion by any member of the family, such as sewing, watching with an invalid, shopping with a country cousin, poor Aunt Eloise was invariably and most unfortunately seized with a sudden toothache, headache, pain in the side, strange feelings, dreadful nervousness, or some trouble of the kind, which quite precluded the propriety of asking her aid.

Every morning at breakfast Aunt Eloise edified the family with a wonderful dream, which the breakfast-bell had interrupted, and every evening she grew

sentimental over the reminiscences which the twilight hour awakened. It was then that innumerable shades of former admirers arose. Some doubted if they had ever been *more* than shades; but Aunt Eloise certainly knew best about that, and who had a right to deny, that Mr. Smith had knelt to her for pity; that Colonel Green had vowed eternal adoration; and that Lawyer Lynx had laid his heart, his hand, and his fees, which were not quite a fortune, at her feet?

Aunt Eloise had been—at least she hinted so—a beauty and a blue, in her day; and, to maintain both characters, she rouged, wore false ringlets, and scribbled love-verses, which she had a bad habit of leaving, by accident, between the leaves of books in every frequented room of the house.

She thought and avowed herself extravagantly fond of her niece, during her early childhood, and imagined that she displayed a graceful enthusiasm in exclaiming, every now and then, in her presence, and in that of others, "Oh! you angel child! I do think she is the sweetest creature! Come here and kiss me, you beauty!" &c. &c. But no one ever saw Aunt Eloise taking care of the child, attending to its little wants, or doing any thing for its benefit. The only tangible proof of her affection for her niece, was in the shape of bonbons and candy, which she was in the habit of bringing home from her frequent walks in Tremont street. Harriet regularly handed these forbidden luxuries to her mother, and Mrs. Carlton as regularly threw them in the fire.

"Isn't it a pity to waste such nice things, mother? Why not give them to some poor child in the street?" asked the little girl one day, as she watched, with longing eyes, a paper full of the tempting poison, which her mother was quietly emptying into the grate.

Mrs. Carlton did not disdain to reason with her child—

"That would be *worse* than wasted, dear. It would be cruel to give to another what I refuse to you on account of its unwholesomeness."

But Harriet had now been for a long time out of the spinster's books—as the saying is—and this misfortune occurred as follows—

One morning, when she was about six years old, the child came into her mother's room from her aunt's, where she had been alternately pelted, scolded, and teased, till she was weary, and, seating herself in a corner, remained for some time absorbed in thought. She had been reading to her mother that morning, and one sentence, of which she had asked an explanation, had made a deep impression upon her. It was this—"God sends us trials and troubles to strengthen and purify our hearts." She now sat in her corner, without speaking or stirring, until her mother's voice startled her from her reverie.

"Of what are you now thinking, Harriet?"

"Mother, did God send Aunt Eloise to strengthen and purify my heart?"

"What do you mean, my child?"

"Why, the book says he sends trials for that, and she is the greatest trial I have, you know."

The indignant maiden was just entering the room as this dialogue began, and hearing her own name, she had stopped, unseen, to listen. Speechless with rage, she returned to her chamber, and was never heard to call Harriet an angel child again.

But we have wasted more words on the fair Eloise's follies than they deserve. Let us return to Harriet's all-important composition.

The maiden-lady, selfish and indolent as she was, took it into her head sometimes to be exceedingly inquisitive; and officious too, particularly where she thought her literary talents could come into play. She walked up to Harriet and looked over her shoulder.

"What's this, hey? oh! a story! That's right, Harriet, I am glad to see you taking to literary pursuits. Come, child! give me the pen and I will improve that sentence for you."

"Thank you, aunt! but I do n't want it improved."

"Not want it improved! There's vanity!"

"Indeed, aunt, I am not vain about it, and I would like you to help me, if it were not to be shown as mine. It wouldn't be fair, you know, to pass off another's as my own. I am writing for a prize."

"For a prize! - So much the more reason that you should be assisted. There, dear, run away to your play and I will write it all for you. You'll be sure to win the prize."

With every word thus uttered, Harriet's eyes had grown larger and darker, and at the close, she turned them, full of astonishment, from her aunt's face to her mother's. Reassured by the expression of the latter, she replied,

"But, Aunt Eloise, that would be a falsehood, you know."

"A falsehood, miss!" cried the maiden, sharply,

"It is a very common thing, I assure you!"

"But not the less false for being common, Eloise," said Mrs. Carlton; "pray let Harriet have her own way about it. It would be far better to lose the prize, than to gain it thus dishonestly."

Aunt Eloise, as usual, secretly determined to have her own way; but she said no more then, and Harriet pursued her employment without further interruption.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIZE.

The exhibition day had arrived. Harriet had finished her story several days before, and read it to her mother. It was a simple, graceful, childlike effusion, with less of pretension and ornament, and more of spirit and originality than the compositions of most children of the same age contain.

Mrs. Carlton seemed much pleased; but Aunt Eloise had criticised it without mercy. At the same time she was observed to smile frequently with a cunning, sly, triumphant expression, peculiar to herself—an expression which she always wore when she had a secret, and secrets she had, in abundance—a new one almost every day—trivial, petty secrets,

which no one cared about but herself; but which *she* guarded as jealously as if they had been apples of gold.

The exhibition day had arrived.

"Good bye, mother; good bye, aunty," said Harriet, glancing for a moment into the breakfast-room.

She was looking very pretty in a simple, tasteful dress, made for the occasion. She held the story in her hand, neatly enclosed in an envelop, and her eyes were full of hope—the cloudless hope of childhood.

"Do n't be surprised, Harriet," said her aunt, "at any thing that may happen to-day. Only be thankful if the prize is yours, that's all."

"If Kate Sumner do n't win it, I do *hope* I shall!" replied the eager child, and away she tripped to school.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. Carlton and her sister took their seats among the audience, in the exhibition room. The usual exercises were completed, and it only remained for the compositions to be read aloud by the teacher.

The first was a sentimental essay upon Friendship. Mr. Wentworth, the teacher, looked first surprised, then amused, then vexed as he read, while a gaily and fashionably dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous place in the assembly, was observed to toss her head and fan herself with a very complacent air, while she met, with a nod, the conscious eyes of a fair and beautiful, but haughty looking girl of fifteen seated among the pupils.

"By Angelina Burton," said the teacher, as he concluded, and laying it aside without further comment, he took up the next—"Lines to a Favorite Tree," by Catherine Sumner."

It was short and simple, and ran as follows—

Thy leaves' lightest murmur,
Oh! beautiful tree!
Each bend of thy branches,
The stately, the free,
Each wild, wavy whisper,
Is music to me.

I gaze thro' thy labyrinth;
Golden and green,
Where the light loves to linger,
In glory serene,
Far up, till you heaven-blue
Trembles between.

I shut out the city,
Its sight and its sound,
And away, far away,
For the forest I'm bound,
For the noble old forest,
Which ages have crowned!

I lean on its moss banks,
I stoop o'er its rills,
I see, thro' its vistas,
The vapor-wreathed hills,
And my soul with a gush
Of wild happiness fills!

I pine for the freshness,
The freedom, the health,
Which Nature can give me—
My soul's dearest wealth
Is wasted in cities;
Where only, by stealth,

The mountain-born breezes
Can fitfully play,
Where we steal but a glimpse
Of this glorious day,

And but by the calendar,
Learn it is May.

But away with repining,
I'll study, from thee,
A lesson of patience,
Oh! noble, old tree!
Mid dark walls imprisoned,
Thou droop'st not like me;

But strivest forever,
Still up, strong and brave,
'Till in Heaven's pure sunshine,
Thy free branches wave!
Oh! thus may I meet it,
No longer a slave!

The next was a story, and Harriet Carlton's eyes and cheeks changed color as she listened. It was the same, yet not the same! The incidents were hers, the sentiment more novel-like, and many a flowery and highly wrought sentence had been introduced, which she had never heard before.

She sat speechless with wonder, indignation, and dismay, and though several other inferior compositions were read, she was so absorbed in reverie, that she heard no more until she was startled by Mr. Wentworth's voice calling her by name. She looked up. In his hand was the prize—a richly chased, golden pencil-case, suspended to a chain of the same material. The sound, the sight recalled her bewildered faculties, and ere she reached the desk, she had formed a resolution, which, however, it required all her native strength of soul to put in practice.

"Miss Carlton, the prize is yours!" and the teacher leaned forward to throw the chain around her neck. The child drew back—

"No, sir," she said in a low, but firm and distinct voice, looking up bravely in his face, "I did not write the story you have read."

"Not write it!" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth, "Why, then, does it bear your name? Am I to understand, Miss Carlton, that you have asked another's assistance in your composition, and that you now repent the deception?"

Poor Harriet! this was too much! Her dark eyes first flashed, and then filled with tears; her lip trembled with emotion, and she paused a moment, as if disdaining a reply to this unmerited charge.

A slight and sneering laugh from the beauty aroused her, and she answered, respectfully but firmly,

"The story, I did write, was in that envelop yesterday. Some one has changed it without my knowledge. It was not so good as that you have read; so I must not take the prize."

There was a murmur of applause through the assembly, and the teacher bent upon the blushing girl a look of approval, which amply repaid her for all the embarrassment she had suffered.

Aunt Eloise took advantage of the momentary excitement to steal unobserved from the room. Harriet took her seat, and Miss Angelina Burton was next called up. The portly matron leaned smilingly forward; and the graceful, little beauty, already affecting the airs of a fine lady, sauntered up to the desk and languidly reached out her hand for the prize.

"I cannot say much for your taste in selection,

Miss Burton. I do not admire your author's sentiments. The next time you wish to make an extract, you must allow me to choose for you. There are better things than this, even in the trashy magazine from which you have copied it."

And with this severe, but justly merited reproof of the imposition that had been practiced, he handed the young lady, not the prize, which she expected, but the MS. essay on Friendship, which she had copied, word for word, from an old magazine.

The portly lady turned very red, and the beauty, bursting into tears of anger and mortification, returned to her seat discomfited.

"Miss Catherine Sumner," resumed the teacher, with a benign smile, to a plain, yet noble-looking girl, who came forward as he spoke, "I believe there can be no mistake about *your* little effusion. I feel great pleasure in presenting you the reward, due, not only to your mental cultivation, but to the goodness of your heart. What! do *you*, too, hesitate?"

"Will you be kind enough, sir," said the generous Kate, taking a paper from her pocket, "to read Harriet's story before you decide. I asked her for a copy several days ago, and here it is."

"You shall read it to the audience yourself, my dear; I am sure they will listen patiently to so kind a pleader in her friend's behalf."

The listeners looked pleased and eager to hear the story; and Kate Sumner, with a modest self-posses-

sion, which well became her, and with her fine eyes lighting up as she read, did full justice to the pretty and touching story, of which Harriet had been so cruelly robbed.

"It is well worth reading," said Mr. Wentworth, when she had finished; "your friend has won the prize, my dear young lady; and, as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it, yourself."

Kate's face glowed with emotion as she hung the chain around Harriet's neck; and Harriet could not restrain her tears, while she whispered,

"I will take it, *not* as a prize, but as a gift from *you*, dear Kate!"

"And now, Miss Sumner," said Mr. Wentworth, in conclusion, "let me beg your acceptance of these volumes, as a token of your teacher's respect and esteem," and presenting her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works, he bowed his adieu to the retiring audience.

"Will you lend me your prize-pencil this morning, Harriet?" said Mrs. Carlton the next day. She was dressed for a walk, and Harriet wondered why she should want the pencil to take out with her; but she immediately unclasped the chain from her neck, and handed it to her mother without asking any questions.

She was rewarded at dinner by finding it lying at the side of her plate, with the single word, "Truth" engraved upon its seal.

TRUE AFFECTION.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

MATRON in thy golden prime,
Well the world may envy thee;
Thou hast reached the happy time
When life holds her jubilee—
Midway on her pilgrimage,
Looking backward and before,
Where end infancy and age
On her being's misty shore.

Turning to the past, thine eye
Dwells upon a way of flowers—
Not a cloud upon the sky
Neath which passed the happy hours.
Clear the vision of the True!—
Standing on the verge of Time,
See! Hope opens to your view
Glories of the better clime!

So the past and present life—
What the tale the present tells?
Childhood—maidenhood—a wife—
Thus the tide of being swells—
MOTHER! oh all else in this
Fade as stars before the sun,
Thou the highest point of bliss
Yielded to the True hast won.

Love—communion—in these words
All the happiness we know;
Without them the world affords
Nought to bind the heart below;
"True Affection!" with unrest
We the boon demand of all;
Vainly seeking, still unblest—
Strangers at life's carnival.

Earnest, calm, unchanging love,
With no doubt its light to shade—
Oh, the happiness above
Is but this eternal made!
Thou hast found it—in thine eyes,
In the eyes that look to thine,
As the stars from summer skies
Sweetly do we see it shine.

Exiles from a better sphere
Weary wanderers are we,
Doomed mid clouds to linger here,
Source of bliss, unknowing thee!
Save, when from the world apart
Thou upon our gloomy way
Shinest from a kindred heart,
Turning darkness into day!

THE PERSECUTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The last days of November are at hand, and the melancholy woods, shorn of their foliage, stand skeleton-like against the cold, lowering sky; or toss their branches to and fro, with a low moaning sound, in the fitful tempest. Hark! how the gale swells out with the deep voice of a cathedral organ, or dies plaintively away like the cry of a lost child in the forest. The sky is covered with cloud-rifts of a deep, leaden color, only a spot of blue sky being here and there visible; but occasionally the sun, bursting, like a god, from the darkness that encircles him, covers the brown hills with an effulgent glory, while the opposite firmament is lit up with a dull, fiery glow, that has something almost spectral in its aspect. The streams are swollen and discolored, and roll their turbid waters hoarsely onward. Along the fields the brown grass whistles in the wind, and the bare flower-stalks rattle, with a melancholy tone, in the garden. Now and then, drops of rain plash heavily to the ground. The wind comes with a sudden chill to the nerves—the bay is crisped into foam by the fitful gusts—and along the bleak coast the now mountain waves roll in with a hoarse, sullen roar, forewarning us of shipwreck and death. Sad thoughts insensibly possess the mind, and tales of sorrow, that had long been forgot, come up to our memories. One such is even now heavy on our heart—listen! and we will rehearse it.

It was on just such a morning as this, many a long year ago, and far away from our own happy land, that a little congregation was gathered together in the hills to worship God. The time was in those sore and evil days when the decree of a tyrannical king had gone forth, that no man should worship, except as a corrupt hierarchy and lascivious court might ordain—and when, all over Scotland, those who would not give up the free birthright of their fathers, were driven to meet in mountain glens, and on lonely moors, whither their pastors—the holy men who had baptized them in infancy, and united them to the dear objects of their love—had already been hunted. And often, in solitary places, where hitherto only the cry of the eagle had been heard, the Sabbath hymn rose sweetly up from tender maidens and tearful wives, while their brothers and husbands listened with weapons in their hands, or watched from some neighboring eminence, lest the fiery dragoons of Claverhouse should be in sight. And when these God-defying troopers, with hands red with the blood of the saints, burst into the little

flock, woful was the tale, and loud the wailing that went through all the vales around. Every new Sabbath brought its tale of slaughter, until the land smoked with blood, and the incense thereof went up from a hundred hills, crying for vengeance to the Most High.

And such a congregation had now met in the hollow of three hills, far away from the usual track of the persecutors. A simple rock served the hoary headed pastor for a pulpit; while hard by, a rivulet, brawling over its pebbly bed, and then for a moment expanding into a mimic lake, bottomed with silvery sands, formed the holy font for baptism. Around was gathered the little flock—aged sires and young striplings, staid matrons and meek-eyed maidens, young children and stalwart men—all gazing upward into the pastor's face, a sacred throng. But there was one other there, who seemed equally with him an object of anxious interest, and on whom every eye was occasionally turned—a bright, beautiful being, with far more of heaven than earth in her deep, azure eyes. Oh! lovely was that fair-haired girl, even as we may have dreamed a seraph to be, all glorious with golden wings, under the throne of God. And now there sat in those soft blue eyes an expression of meek sorrow, tempered with high and holy faith, for many and sore had been the trials of Helen Græme; but grace had been given her to endure them all, and even to rise above them, with a courage which had made her dear unto every heart among these wandering and persecuted ones.

The father of Helen was the last son of a family which had been decaying for centuries, and which, of all its once mighty possessions, retained only the comparatively small estate of Craighurnie, in one of the southern counties of Scotland. To rebuild the fortunes of his house had been the darling wish of her father. For this purpose he had entered the army of the Covenanters, during the wars of the great revolution, and served with some distinction, though without permanent advantage, in consequence of the return of the king. On the happening of this event, Mr. Græme retired to his estate, soured and disappointed. Here he would have been far more discontented than he was, but for his wife, a lady of the meekest piety, and whose single minded charity was known throughout all her native hills, for Mrs. Græme was the daughter of one of the holiest ministers of the kirk, and inherited not only his piety, but the fervent admiration with which he

was regarded by his parishioners. She early instilled into her child the pure precepts of our holy religion, and often might the little girl be seen seated at her mother's knee, lisping the word of God, which the parent taught her thus early to peruse. And, on the Sabbath, who listened more attentively to the venerable pastor, or joined with sweeter voice in the anthem of praise? Nurtured thus, what wonder that at seventeen she seemed the counterpart of the mother, and was regarded by the poorer folk around the Brae—her mother's birth-place, and where she spent several months each year—almost with veneration, for had not many of them, in times of sore trial, been sustained by the bounty, and cheered by the smiles of the heavenly girl?

But at length her mother fell sick, and for many a weary month Helen watched by the sufferer's bedside, a ministering angel. During this illness she noticed that, at times, her father would seem lost in thought, as if something weighed heavily on his mind; but Helen regarded it little, attributing it to his suspense at her mother's danger, for he loved both her and his child with an intensity seemingly in contradiction to his hard, unbending character, but which, in truth, was the result of his total seclusion from the world; for the sympathies thus shut out from others lavished themselves wholly on his wife and daughter. At length, Mrs. Græme died, and for many days it seemed as if that strong man's heart would break, while Helen wept in silence, though not less uncontrollably. Her father was now sterner than ever, though not to her. He was more alone, often indulged in fits of musing, and was absent at Edinburgh for some days—an unusual occurrence—and when he came back it was as Sir Roland Græme, a title which men said he had purchased by selling himself to the Court. Helen heard these rumors—which, however, came to her ears in whispers, and which at first she could not believe—with sorrow and despair of heart; but no word of reproof broke from her lips. Her sufferings were endured silently; but so deep was her grief, that she pined away, seeming to all eyes a being lent awhile to earth, and gradually exhaling to heaven. Her father, thinking her sorrow sprung wholly from her mother's death, and wishing, perhaps, that she should be from home when he should first act for the government, sent her to her mother's native vale, alleging, and doubtless hoping, that change of air would restore her to health. It were doing him no more than justice to say, that his paternal love was fully aroused to Helen's danger, and that he took the only possible means to keep at his side this dear bud of her who was now in heaven. He forgot how much the little family at the Brae leaned toward the persecuted sect—he forgot the disaffected character of the district into which Helen went—he forgot the danger lest her own feelings should become enlisted in behalf of those against whom he was so soon to draw his sword; remembering only—for was he not a father?—that his child's health was in danger, and that a residence in the mountain district where she had been born, and where she had spent so many

happy years, was the sole chance of saving her life.

And now Helen was once more amid the scenes where her childhood had been spent, and every old counsel and prayer of her mother, recalled to mind by the spots where they had been first heard, rose up before her, and softened her heart; and often, at Sabbath eve, or in the still watches of the night, it seemed to her as if the spirit of that sainted mother hovered over her, whispering her heavenward, and bidding her never to forget or forsake her God. All the sympathies which now surrounded her, drew her to the persecuted sect; for her cousin and aunt were both among the non-conformists; and though the little kirk, standing all alone in the hills, a cool well in a parched desert, was now closed, and he who had formerly ministered there an outcast, yet the sight and recognition of him, at more than one stolen meeting, recalled to Helen's mind the time when he blessed her, nestling bird-like to her mother's bosom, she looking the while half affrightedly, yet oh, how reverentially, up into the face of the mild old man! And was not her heart softened, even to tears, when the patriarch, well remembering her—for none did he ever forget—sought her among the crowd, and, laying his hands on her head, blessed her, hoping that God still kept her in the way her mother had trod? From that hour Helen became a changed being. The light heartedness of youth was gone. She wept often, and prayed in solitary places by herself; for lo! the struggle in her bosom, between duty to her parent, and a higher duty to God, waxed stronger and stronger; but daily she yearned more and more to the oppressed remnant, until finally it was whispered in the scattered congregation that the persecutor's daughter—that child of many prayers—was to become a professed member of the flock. And old men and nursing mothers in the church blessed God as they heard it.

On this Sabbath morning, Helen had, for the first time, openly attended a meeting in the hills. At first, she had come with fear and trembling; but when she saw the looks of kindly sympathy with which all regarded her, she became more composed, and could enter on the holy duties of the day in a fitting mood. And when the aged pastor gave out the hymn, and the congregation joined in the sacred anthem, what voice sang of redeeming love so sweetly as that of Helen?

Lo! the vision of light has passed from our souls, and in place of that seraphic countenance, we behold the face of a stern warrior, in every feature of which we read of cruelty and blood. Even now he is hot in pursuit of the suffering remnant, and with his troop of fiery dragoons interrupts the Sabbath quiet of the vales and glens, with the jingling of broad swords and the ribald jests of scoffers; and many a dark-browed peasant scowls on the persecutor as he passes, and prays that God will yet avenge his slaughtered saints. Nor, if the popular rumor is to be believed, is that vengeance altogether withheld; for men say that Sir Roland Græme, having sold his religion for the paltry honors of earth, has

been already cursed from on high, and that, sleeping or waking, he finds no rest from the stings of remorse; yet, like one who has committed the unpardonable sin, he cannot draw back from his career of blood, but is impelled onward, as if by some irresistible power, to still darker crimes. Look upon his face again, and tell us if there is not something there which you shudder to behold—something of untold horror in that stern, God-defying brow, as if the arch-enemy had already been suffered to affix his seal upon it.

And whither was that man of blood going? Far, far over hill and dale, to the slaughter of the saints. He had heard, through some traitor, of the assemblage to be held that morning in the hills, and with the first dawn of day he and his troopers had been in the saddle, thirsting to participate in the bloody sacrament. For the last half hour he had seemed lost in thought, and now he suddenly drew in his rein, and turned to his lieutenant.

"Lennox," he said, "I believe I will not lead these brave fellows to-day, but surrender the command to you. I see, over yonder hill, the blue summit that looks down on the Brae, where my daughter is visiting. I have not seen her for months, nor is it probable I shall be in this district for many months more. The country here is widely disaffected, and therefore an unbecoming residence for a child of mine. It has just struck me that I might cross the hills, and bring her home with me this afternoon. And yet something whispers to me that I ought rather to pursue these traitors and schismatics," he continued, as if to himself; "however, I can trust to you, and it is imperative that my daughter leave this district. We will meet here by four o'clock. Your road lies down yonder glen. All I have to say is, 'spare none!'"

"I understand," said the subordinate; "neither age nor sex."

"Neither age nor sex, nor even those of rank, if such there be," sternly said Sir Roland; "when the poison has sunk deep, nothing but the cautery will cure. And hark ye! on the faithful execution of your commands depends your hope of preferment. I would not spare my own child, if I found her among these spawn of Satan!"

And, with these memorable words, he ordered a detachment of his company to follow him, and rode off, though at first reluctantly, in the direction of the Brae.

The route was passed in silence, for Sir Roland was buried in thought. There was indeed cause for it. One or two things in the last letter he had received from his daughter—and that missive had now been written a month—made him feel uneasy, lest she looked more favorably on the persecuted sect than became a daughter of his; and it was this fear, all at once recalled to mind by the business on which he had set forth this morning, that determined him so suddenly to leave the dispersion of the conventicle to his lieutenant, while he should ride over to the Brae, and bring his daughter home. Other thoughts, too, were busy within him. The long

coveted rank had brought little alleviation to his soured and disappointed mind, for his fortune was now more than ever inadequate to his condition, and all the peculiarly sensitive feelings of a proud man were stung to the quick by the indignities to which, in consequence, he was often exposed. Moreover, he was aware of the light in which he was held, since his change of politics, not only by the common people, but by large portions of the gentry; so that, on every hand, he was soured and irritated, and longed to wreak on the Covenanters the hate which he felt toward all men.

And yet, as he approached the Brae, and saw at a distance the low roof of the mansion from which he had taken his bride, gentler feelings stole into his bosom. He thought of her whom he had once loved with all the fervor of a first passion—he remembered the happy years they had spent together—and when he recollected that she was now no more, and that the last time he had beheld these roofs he had been in her company, a tear almost gathered into his eye. Then he thought of his daughter. As her image rose up before him, his heart was fully melted. With all the sternness of his character he loved that daughter as few fathers loved—ay! loved her doubly since her mother's death, for she was now the only object in the whole wide world on which he could bestow aught of affection. And now, joy at the prospect of meeting her gave to his spirits the glad exhilaration of boyhood, and quickening his pace, he galloped gaily across the hills, nor drew his rein until he reached the door of the old mansion.

The Brae was an antique and partially dilapidated residence, at present inhabited by the aunt of Helen, and a daughter about the age of Miss Græme. At all times it wore a sombre, deserted look, but on this morning it seemed peculiarly desolate, for the whole front of the house was closed, and all the outhouses shut up. A strange fear came over the father, as he beheld the absence of these signs of life, and he hastily ordered one of the dragoons to dismount and knock at the door. The man obeyed, but for a time knocked in vain. The sound of the hilt of his heavy sword, striking on the door, echoed through the long hall of the house; but no signs of life within were visible. The usual frown on the face of Sir Roland grew darker, and he cried angrily—

"Blow off the lock with a pistol, and search the house!"

At this instant, however, and just as the trooper was proceeding to execute this order, the face of an old woman was protruded from one of the upper windows, while she demanded who was below.

"Sir Roland Græme," replied the leader; "where are the family? where is Miss Græme? Is any one sick?"

"They are all well, but out!" briefly said the woman.

"Out—out!" exclaimed the persecutor, "and on Sunday, when there is no church within miles. By G—," he continued, striving to drown his fears in rage, "is this a time to be out? Where have they gone? Answer truly, on your life!"

"May it please your honor," said one of the dragoons, touching his cap, "may they not have gone to this conventicle, and taken your daughter with them?"

Quick as lightning, Sir Roland wheeled round on the unthinking speaker, and while the indentation on his brow became deeper than ever, and his eyes flashed with rage, he said—

"My daughter consorting with traitors and schismatics! Breathe but the word again, and by the God of heaven I will cleave you to the chine!" and his fingers played nervously with the hilt of his sword; but, seeing the deprecating look of the trooper, he recovered himself, and added, "tush! man, you are innocent, but take care how even innocently you rouse the tiger."

"Tiger," shrieked the old woman, who had known Sir Roland in former days, and who now seemed impelled by some sudden gust of passion to speak out, "it is well said; ay! one whose fangs have been in the hearts of the persecuted remnant—but God will avenge his people. Know, false persecutor, that your daughter *has* gone forth to-day to become one of the chosen few against whom, oh! man of sin, you have so often ridden with steel and war horse, holding the commission of your master, the Evil One. Go to, Roland Græme, I mind ye when ye were a boy, and little did I think ye would ever become the Judas you are now."

It is probable that if her hearer had comprehended the whole of this harangue, a bullet would have been the speaker's reward; but the first words of the old woman, when taken in connection with the desertion of the house, and his own misgivings from Helen's late letter, assured him that his daughter had indeed attended the conventicle. The conviction fell on his heart with agonizing force. Remembering the in-junctions of indiscriminate butchery he had laid on his subordinate, and well knowing that the command would be fulfilled to the very letter, he staggered back in his saddle, with a face whiter than ashes, and was fain to grasp the pommel for support, while he exclaimed in tones wrung from him by the keenest anguish—

"My child!—my child!—I have murdered my child!"

"What is that ye say?" screamed the old hag, leaning eagerly forward; "have ye sent out your reiving dragoons against the Lord's anointed? and ye fear that they will slay your ain bairn. Oh! man of blood, the judgment of God has come upon ye—the judgment has come upon ye!"

But to the voice of the speaker, as well as to the astonished looks of the dragoons, the father was insensible. He still remained clutching the saddle, every feature of his face working with intense agony, and his eyes glaring vacantly on the air. Those who looked on him shrunk back aghast at the horror of his aspect; which, fearful as it was, only faintly shadowed forth the torture of the soul within. The peril of his only child stupified him for a time. Then a succession of wild images rose up to his mind. He saw his daughter flying before the

ruthless dragoons—he heard her cries for mercy, and the bitter sneer of disbelief on the part of her pursuers—he beheld her lying a corpse on the bare heath, her bosom gashed with brutal wounds, and her long fair hair dabbled with blood. In that moment the memory of every one whom he had slain came up before him—the mothers who had clung to his knees, the babes who had looked innocently in his face as they died, the daughters whose aged parents he had slain before their eyes. He thought of the silvery headed patriarch whom he had shot for refusing the test, and the prophetic warning of the victim that he, even he, the proud persecutor, should curse the day he ever drew his sword against the saints, came up to his memory. He groaned in anguish. For a time none dared to intrude on his misery. One of his men, a trusty body adherent, at length ventured to speak, by asking him if they had not better ride with all haste after Lennox, in the hope that they might yet come up in time. Starting, as if a shot had struck him, the father plunged his rowels into the side of his steed, until the blood gushed forth, and wheeling his horse sharp around, looked back sternly on his followers, as he led the way at a fearful pace up the hill. Well did he know the country around, and necessary, indeed, was that knowledge, for his frantic gallop required the most intimate acquaintance with every turn and inequality of the road. Over hill and dale, through glen and moor he dashed, reckless of danger, for how could he think of aught but his daughter? Oh! what would he not have given to be assured that he should once more look into her soft blue eyes, that he should again press her to his bosom. What now to him was rank or wealth? Perhaps he thought that Helen would be able to reveal her name ere she fell a victim—but no! for even if she spoke, would his subordinate believe her story? Once, the very suspicion that she favored the Covenanters had angered him, but now he would forgive every thing, only to be assured of her safety. The contending emotions—hope and fear, love and anger, suspense and despair—that agitated his bosom, made that hour's ride an hour of agony, such as he had never before thought a human being could endure, and live. He felt that the curse of God was on him—that all the agonies he had inflicted on others were now concentrated on himself—that he was bound to the wheel of fire. His punishment had already begun. He had rushed against the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler, and found, like him of old, that man could not contend against the Most High.

We remember, when a boy, waking from a dream of horror, to find our mother smiling over our sleep. Oh! never shall we forget the heavenly radiance of that loved face, for radiant with heaven it seemed to us, after the terrors of that midnight vision. Even so we feel when turning from contemplating the tortures of the persecutor, to gaze on his sainted child. The hour was now approaching noon, and Helen, in the presence of the silent flock, had taken upon her those vows she could never put off. Tears fell from many an eye as the worshipers beheld her thus in

their midst; and the old pastor was so affected that he could scarcely speak.

"God will reward you, my daughter, and give you strength," he said; "I bless His holy name that thou art delivered from the dominion of Baal. It is hard, I know, to disobey a parent; but saith not the Scripture, that we must leave father and mother, if required, and take up our cross and follow Christ? Only persevere, and God will make your way plain to you, guiding you, even as he led the children of Israel, with a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. Trials, and sore ones, we must all have in this world—and I boast not, but only speak to cheer you, when I say that mine have been many and hard, but God has given me grace to endure all, even as He will give it unto you. But my race is nearly run; the golden urn will soon be broken at the fountain. I only pray to die like the martyrs of old, with my armor on, and my sword girt to my thigh. Come, oh! Lord, most mighty," he continued, raising his hands and eyes rapturously above, "come, oh! Lord most gracious, and come quickly!"

A deep silence followed the conclusion of this prayer, while the tears of many fell fast and thick. Every eye was fixed on the holy man, or turned to Helen, for the countenances of both already seemed to glow as those of angels. None dared to draw a breath, lest they should dispel the hushed stillness that so well accorded with the solemnity of the moment. But suddenly a cry was heard, clear, loud and startling—"The dragoons—the dragoons are here!" and had a voice come from the dead, it would not have produced a more sudden change in the hearers. Every one started up, and all eyes were turned toward the point whence the cry had proceeded. There, on a gentle eminence, stood a shepherd waving his plaid, and making gestures for the congregation to fly up the glen. In an instant all was confusion. Mothers clasped their infants to their bosoms, and looked up tremblingly, with faces whiter than ashes—maidens clung to their lovers, and gazed around with dilated eyes and looks of terror—and fathers and brothers, gathering around these dear ones, hurried them on foot and horseback, in the direction indicated by the sentinel. The escort of Helen and her aunt had been several armed retainers, and these now rallied to the side of their mistress and the pastor, prepared to make good their retreat, or defend themselves to the last. Hoping to escape the notice of the pursuers, they dashed off in a different direction from that pursued by the others of the congregation; but just as they turned the angle of the hill, the pennons of the troopers came into sight, and by the immediate diversion of a party in pursuit of them, the fugitives knew they were detected. Pricking their horses, they now hurried rapidly onward, and for several hundred yards lost sight of their pursuers. At length, the little party reached the brow of a slight acclivity.

"Faster—faster," said one who had looked back, "they gain on us—press on."

Every eye was turned in the direction of the pursuers, and there, not half the distance they had been

before, were the dragoons, thundering along with fiery haste. The sight gave new energy to the fugitives, who urged on their steeds with redoubled vigor. For a while now the result seemed doubtful. During this interval of suspense the feelings of the fugitives were of the most conflicting character—the instinctive love of life alternating with a holy resignation to whatever fate might be assigned them. Now, as they gained on the troopers, the former prevailed, and now, as they saw their pursuers drawing nigher, the latter won the mastery. The emotions of each, meanwhile, were different. The old pastor, with eyes uplifted, seemed rapturously awaiting martyrdom—the aunt and cousin of Helen were pale and red by turns as their fear or faith rose triumphant, while the serving men frowned darkly as they looked behind, and appeared to wish for a chance to exchange passes with their steel-clad oppressors. But the feelings of Helen were most difficult to analyze, though perhaps they had less of earth in them than those of any except the pastor. Subdued by the day's sacrifice of herself, and all glowing with divine faith and energy, what had she to fear from death? Yet, even with this perfect resignation, she could not avoid looking back on their pursuers, while her heart beat quicker as the distance increased between the troopers and themselves.

"We gain—we gain—press on, we shall escape," shouted the leader of the little party, "the Lord will yet deliver us from our enemies."

"Nay, nay," said the pastor suddenly, "the hour has come—see ye not that we are cut off in front, lo! the horses and the men-of-war."

A cry—almost a shriek—broke from Helen's two female companions as they looked ahead, and saw, emerging from a narrow ravine, another party of dragoons, led by a tall, dark man far in advance of the rest, and all riding with tumultuous haste. Helen spoke not, but only raised her eyes to heaven, for escape was now impossible. The ravine ahead was the only feasible outlet in that direction, from the glen up which the fugitives had fled, and to turn back would be to fall on the swords of their pursuers. The serving men looked aghast, and drew in their reins, which example the rest of the party immediately followed. For a minute there was a profound silence. At length the leader again spoke.

"Why stand we here? Escape is impossible, unless we can cut our way through. Let us charge the party behind, for that is the smaller. Form a circle around the women—wheel—trot."

There was no time for consultation, and the proposal seemed to point out the only feasible plan. With the words they wheeled their horses, and dashed to the desperate attack. The dragoons seemed for an instant astonished by the movement, but did not slacken their pace. Their leader waved his sword, and turning to his men, led the onset in person, shouting "God save the king and bishops," while the Covenanters, unsheathing their blades, raised the cry of "The sword of the Lord and Gideon." And thus, borne in the midst of those armed men as in the embrace of a whirlwind, Helen

was hurried toward the dragoons. And as they galloped along, the heavenly girl, with heart uplifted, prayed, while her countenance shone with a glory as of the cherubim.

And who was it that dashed so frantically up the glen, as if fearful that he might not arrive to whet his blade in the blood of the fugitives? Who, but Sir Roland Græme, flying to save his daughter, and even now almost maddened with the thought that he had come too late, for the instant that he emerged from the ravine he recognized his child, and now, when he saw her turned back to the pursuers, and his practiced eye told him that he could not reach her until the two parties should be engaged in deadly combat, the same sickening sensation of horror which had attacked him at the Brae came over him again. With a sharp cry of agony he ploughed his spurs into the already bloody sides of his horse, and sprang forward at a pace even more frantic than that which he had before led; but swift as was his progress it seemed to him only that of a snail. On—on—he urged his gallant beast, and nearer and nearer the fugitives and their first pursuers drew to each other. What though he gained on the group!—he saw that the hostile parties would meet while he would yet be far away. Oh! what were his feelings as this conviction forced itself on him. If only another mile, in which to overtake them, had been given him, he might perhaps have succeeded; but now hope was in vain! Cold drops of sweat stood on his brow, while his heart throbbed almost to bursting against his corselet. Did none recognize him, and could they not understand his frantic signs? He shouted—again—again—again. The dead might as well be expected to hear. He waved his plumed hat on high, but, at that instant, with the shock of an earthquake, the opponents met. A dizziness came over his eyes; but with a mighty effort he rallied his reeling faculties, and looked at the fight. Was his child yet alive? He saw the gleam of the broadswords, the blaze of firearms, and all the tumult of the conflict, but his daughter was not visible. Suddenly a sharp, quick, female shriek, rising shrill over the uproar, met his ear. God of heaven, had his Helen fallen! Another leap of his frantic steed, and he was near enough to hear the shouts of the combatants and distinguish particular persons. He trembled with eagerness, but lo! his daughter was still unharmed, girt around as with a wall of steel, by the broadswords of her defenders. He rose in his stirrups at the sight, and waving his hat around his head, shouted with the voice of a Titan. Joy—joy! they recognize him, and his child extends her arms toward him. She is saved. But no! for at this very instant, when at length they understood by their leader's gestures that they were to desist, one of the dragoons, availing himself of the confusion of the moment and thirsting for vengeance for a wound he had received, aimed a pistol at the pastor's bosom, and though a fellow soldier struck aside his arm, it was only to wing the deadly ball to another heart, even that of Helen, who all along had been nestled by the side of the holy man. She fell back into his

arms, the blood gushing from her bosom, and for an instant they thought her gone. But when the pastor called on her name she faintly opened her eyes, pressed his hand, smiled sweetly, and murmuring of heaven, sank away apparently into a slumber.

One wild cry of horror had risen, at her fall, from those immediately around her, telling the tale of her murder; but the father needed not this confirmation of his worst fears, for he had seen the shot and beheld her fall. Galloping wildly forward, with a few gigantic leaps he reached the offender, whom he smote to the earth with a single blow of his broadsword. The next instant he was by his daughter's side, the group opening awe-struck to let him pass. He spoke not, but oh! the terrible agony of his countenance. Putting them aside with arms extended, he approached and gazed down into the face of his child—gazed as Sapphira did when the apostle told her doom, and she saw the bearers returning from her husband's burial. And for a minute of profound silence he continued gazing thus, into that fair sweet face, on which, though now stilled as in death, there yet lingered a smile of heavenly joy. He shuddered as he looked, and his countenance became livid as that of a corpse. He essayed to speak, but though his lips moved, no sound proceeded from them. At length slowly, almost reluctantly, he stooped down and took her hand.

"Helen—Helen," he said, in a choking voice, "you are not dead. Say so—tell me I am not your murderer. Oh! speak, and forgive me."

The dying girl faintly opened her eyes, and gazed vacantly into her father's face. Her senses were fast deserting her. She did not recognize him.

"Oh God! my child is dying," groaned the father. "Helen, Helen," he continued, raising his voice, "do you not know me? I am your father—your murderer. Do not look on me with such strange eyes! Helen, Helen dear, say, if only by a smile, that you forgive me. Oh! Lord God of heaven," he exclaimed, lifting his eyes agonizingly above, "have mercy on me—suffer her to live to forgive me—crush not the bruised reed," and hot tears gushed from his eyes and trickled in his daughter's face.

"Who weeps?" faintly said the dying sufferer, "weep not for me. Tell my father how I love him, and die blessing him—"

"Thank thee, Almighty Father, I thank thee," gasped the penitent. "Helen, here is your father—I am he."

For the first time, now, the dying girl seemed fully to comprehend her situation. She looked a minute around the group, and then, with a sweet smile, her eyes rested on her father's face. She faintly pressed his hand. Tears gushed from his eyes like rain, and though he strove to speak he could not for his sobs. She murmured of him, of her mother, of heaven, and then they knew she was dead. The father looked on her a moment, and with a groan—which none there ever forgot—sunk helpless to her side. They raised him, but he was a corpse. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "and I will repay."

A RACE FOR A SWEETHEART.

BY MR. SEBA SMITH.

HARDLY any event creates a stronger sensation in a thinly settled New England village, especially among the young folks, than the arrival of a fresh and blooming miss, who comes to make her abode in the neighborhood. When, therefore, Squire Johnson, the only lawyer in the place, and a very respectable man of course, told Farmer Jones one afternoon that his wife's sister, a smart girl of eighteen, was coming in a few days to reside in his family, the news flew like wildfire through Pond village, and was the principal topic of conversation for a week. Pond village is situated upon the margin of one of those numerous and beautiful sheets of water that gem the whole surface of New England, like the bright stars in an evening sky, and received its appellation to distinguish it from two or three other villages in the same town, which could not boast of a similar location. When Farmer Jones came in to his supper about sunset that afternoon, and took his seat at the table, the eyes of the whole family were upon him, for there was a peculiar working about his mouth and a knowing glance of his eye, that always told them when he had something of interest to communicate. But Farmer Jones' secretiveness was large, and his temperament not the most active, and he would probably have rolled the important secret as a sweet morsel under his tongue for a long time, had not Mrs. Jones, who was of rather an impatient and prying turn of mind, contrived to draw it from him.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said she, as she handed him his cup of tea, "what is it you are going to say? Do out with it; for you've been chawing something or other over in your mind ever since you came into the house."

"It's my tobacher, I s'pose," said Mr. Jones, with another knowing glance of his eye."

"Now, father, what is the use?" said Susan; "we all know you've got something or other you want to say, and why cant you tell us what 't is?"

"La, who cares what 't is?" said Mrs. Jones; "if it was any thing worth telling, we should n't have to wait for it, I dare say."

Hereupon Mrs. Jones assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, as the surest way of conquering what she was pleased to call Mr. Jones' obstinacy, which by the way was a very improper term to apply in the case; for it was purely the working of secretiveness without the least particle of obstinacy attached to it.

There was a pause for two or three minutes in the conversation, till Mr. Jones passed his cup to be filled

a second time, when with a couple of preparatory hems he began to let out the secret.

"We are to have a new neighbor here in a few days," said Mr. Jones, stopping short when he had uttered thus much, and sipping his tea and filling his mouth with food.

Mrs. Jones, who was perfect in her tactics, said not a word, but attended to the affairs of the table, as though she had not noticed what was said. The farmer's secretiveness had at last worked itself out, and he began again.

"Squire Johnson's wife's sister is coming here in a few days, and is going to live with 'em."

The news being thus fairly divulged, it left free scope for conversation.

"Well, I wonder if she is a proud, stuck up piece," said Mrs. Jones.

"I should n't think she would be," said Susan, "for there aint a more sociabler woman in the neighborhood than Miss Johnson. So if she's at all like her sister I think we shall like her."

"I wonder how old she is," said Stephen, who was just verging toward the close of his twenty-first year.

"The squire called her eighteen," said Mr. Jones, giving a wink to his wife, as much as to say, that's about the right age for Stephen.

"I wonder if she is handsome," said Susan, who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village for some time, felt a little alarm at the idea of a rival.

"I dare be bound she's handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Miss Johnson; for where 'll you find a handsomer woman than Miss Johnson, go the town through?"

After supper, Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charles Robinson and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game at quoits and a ring at wrestling. And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty, and Patty went round to the Widow Davis' and told Sally, and before nine o'clock the matter was pretty well understood in about every house in the village.

At the close of the fourth day, a little before sunset, a chaise was seen to drive up to Squire Johnson's door. Of course the eyes of the whole village were turned in that direction. Sally Davis, who was just coming in from milking, set her pail down on the grass by the side of the road as soon as the chaise came in sight, and watched it till it reached the squire's door, and the gentleman and lady had got out and gone into the house. Patty Bean was doing

up the ironing that afternoon, and she had just taken a hot iron from the fire as the chaise passed the door, and she ran with it in her hand and stood on the door steps till the whole ceremony of alighting, greeting, and entering the house, was over. Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron-bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead, her shriveled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which her open mouth exposed fairly to view.

"Seems to me they are dreadful loving," said old Mrs. Bean, as she saw Mrs. Johnson descend the steps and welcome her sister with a kiss.

"La me, if there isn't the squire kissing of her tu," said Patty; "well, I declare, I would a waited till I got into the house, I'll die if I would n't. It looks so vulgar to be kissing afore folks, and out doors tu; I should think Squire Johnson would be ashamed of himself."

"Well, I should n't," said young John Bean, who came up at that moment, and who had passed the chaise just as the young lady alighted from it. "I should n't be ashamed to kiss sich a pretty gal as that any how; I'd kiss her wherever I could ketch her, if it was in the meetin-house."

"Why, is she handsome, Jack?" said Patty.

"Yes, she's got the prettiest little puckery kind of a mouth I've seen this six months. Her cheeks are red, and her eyes shine like new buttons."

"Well," replied Patty, "if she'll only take the shine off of Susan Jones when she goes to meetin, Sunday, I sha' n't care."

While these observations were going on at old Mr. Bean's, Charles Robinson and a group of young fellows with him were standing in front of Robinson's store, a little farther down the road, and watching the scene that was passing at Squire Johnson's. They witnessed the whole with becoming decorum, now and then making a remark about the fine horse and the handsome chaise, till they saw the tall squire bend his head down and give the young lady a kiss, when they all burst out into a loud laugh. In a moment, being conscious that their laugh must be heard and noticed at the squire's, they, in order to do away the impression it must necessarily make, at once turned their heads the other way, and Charles Robinson, who was quick at an expedient, knocked off the hat of the lad who was standing next to him, and then they all laughed louder than before.

"Here comes Jack Bean," said Charles, "now we shall hear something about her, for Jack was coming by the squire's when she got out of the chaise. How does she look, Jack?"

"Handsome as a pieter," said Jack. "I haint seen a prettier gal since last Thanksgiving Day, when Jane Ford was here to visit Susan Jones."

"Black eyes or blue?" said Charles.

"Blue," said Jack, "but all-fired bright."

"Tall or short?" said Stephen Jones, who was rather short himself, and therefore felt a particular interest on that point.

"Rather short," said Jack, "but straight and round as our young colt."

"Do you know what her name is?" said Charles.

"They called her Lucy when she got out of the chaise," said Jack, "and as Miss Johnson's name was Brown before she was married, I s'pose her name must be Lucy Brown."

"Just such a name as I like," said Charles Robinson; "Lucy Brown sounds well. Now suppose, in order to get acquainted with her, we all hands take a sail to-morrow night, about this time, on the pond, and invite her to go with us."

"Agreed," said Stephen Jones. "Agreed," said Jack Bean. "Agreed," said all hands.

The question then arose, who should carry the invitation to her; and the young men being rather bashful on that score, it was finally settled that Susan Jones should bear the invitation, and accompany her to the boat, where they should all be in waiting to receive her. The next day was a very long day, at least to most of the young men of Pond village; and promptly, an hour before sunset, most of them were assembled, with half a score of their sisters and female cousins, by a little stone wharf on the margin of the pond, for the proposed sail. All the girls in the village, of a suitable age, were there, except Patty Bean. She had undergone a good deal of fidgeting and fussing during the day, to prepare for the sail, but had been disappointed. Her new bonnet was not done; and as for wearing her old flap-sided bonnet, she declared she would not, if she never went. Presently Susan Jones and Miss Lucy Brown were seen coming down the road. In a moment all were quiet, the laugh and the joke were hushed, and each one put on his best looks. When they arrived, Susan went through the ceremony of introducing Miss Brown to each of the ladies and gentlemen present.

"But how in the world are you going to sail?" said Miss Brown, "for there is n't a breath of wind; and I don't see any sail-boat, neither."

"Oh, the less wind we have, the better, when we sail here," said Charles Robinson; "and there is our sail-boat," pointing to a flat-bottomed scow-boat, some twenty feet long by ten wide.

"We don't use no sails," said Jack Bean; "sometimes, when the wind is fair, we put up a bush to help pull along a little, and when 'tis n't, we row."

The party were soon embarked on board the scow, and a couple of oars were set in motion, and they glided slowly and pleasantly over as lovely a sheet of water as ever glowed in the sunset ray. In one hour's time, the whole party felt perfectly acquainted with Miss Lucy Brown. She had talked in the most lively and fascinating manner; she had told stories and sung songs. Among others, she had given Moore's boat song, with the sweetest possible effect; and by the time they returned to the landing, it would hardly be too much to say that half the young men in the party were decidedly in love with her.

A stern regard to truth requires a remark to be made here, not altogether favorable to Susan Jones,

which is the more to be regretted, as she was in the main an excellent hearted girl, and highly esteemed by the whole village. It was observed that as the company grew more and more pleased with Miss Lucy Brown, Susan Jones was less and less animated, till at last she became quite reserved, and apparently sad. She, however, on landing, treated Miss Brown with respectful attention, accompanied her home to Squire Johnson's door, and cordially bade her good night.

The casual glimpses which the young men of Pond village had of Miss Brown during the remainder of the week, as she occasionally stood at the door, or looked out at the window, or once or twice when she walked out with Susan Jones, and the fair view they all had of her at meeting on the Sabbath, served but to increase their admiration, and to render her more and more an object of attraction. She was regarded by all as a prize, and several of them were already planning what steps it was best to take in order to win her. The two most prominent candidates, however, for Miss Brown's favor, were Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. Their position and standing among the young men of the village seemed to put all others in the back ground. Charles, whose father was wealthy, had every advantage which money could procure. But Stephen, though poor, had decidedly the advantage over Charles in personal recommendations. He had more talent, was more sprightly and intelligent, and more pleasing in his address. From the evening of the sail on the pond, they had both watched every movement of Miss Brown with the most intense interest; and, as nothing can deceive a lover, each had, with an interest no less intense, watched every movement of the other. They had ceased to speak to each other about her, and if her name was mentioned in their presence, both were always observed to color.

The second week after her arrival, through the influence of Squire Johnson, the district school was offered to Miss Brown on the other side of the pond, which offer was accepted, and she went immediately to take charge of it. This announcement at first threw something of a damper upon the spirits of the young people of Pond village. But when it was understood the school would continue but a few weeks, and being but a mile and a half distant, Miss Brown would come home every Saturday afternoon, and spend the Sabbath, it was not very difficult to be reconciled to the temporary arrangement. The week wore away heavily, especially to Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. They counted the days impatiently till Saturday, and on Saturday they counted the long and lagging hours till noon. They had both made up their minds that it would be dangerous to wait longer, and they had both resolved not to let another Sabbath pass without making direct proposals to Miss Brown.

Stephen Jones was too early a riser for Charles Robinson, and, in any enterprise where both were concerned, was pretty sure to take the lead, except where money could carry the palm, and then, of

course, it was always borne away by Charles. As Miss Lucy had been absent most of the week, and was to be at home that afternoon, Charles Robinson had made an arrangement with his mother and sisters to have a little tea party in the evening, for the purpose of inviting Miss Brown; and then, of course, he should walk home with her in the evening; and then, of course, would be a good opportunity to break the ice, and make known to her his feelings and wishes. Stephen Jones, however, was more prompt in his movements. He had got wind of the proposed tea party, although himself and sister, for obvious reasons, had not been invited, and he resolved not to risk the arrival of Miss Brown and her visit to Mr. Robinson's, before he should see her. She would dismiss her school at noon, and come the distance of a mile and a half round the pond home. His mind was at once made up. He would go round and meet her at the school-house, and accompany her on her walk. There, in that winding road around those delightful waters, with the tall and shady trees over head, and the wild grape-vines twining round their trunks, and climbing to the branches, while the wild birds were singing through the woods, and the wild ducks playing in the coves along the shore, surely then, if any where in the world, could a man bring his mind up to the point of speaking of love.

Accordingly, a little before noon, Stephen washed and brushed himself up, and put on his Sunday clothes, and started on his expedition. In order to avoid observation, he took a back route across the field, intending to come into the road by the pond, a little out of the village. As ill luck would have it, Charles Robinson had been out in the same direction, and was returning with an armful of green boughs and wild flowers, to ornament the parlor for the evening. He saw Stephen, and noticed his dress, and the direction he was going, and he at once smoked the whole business. His first impulse was to rush upon him and collar him, and demand that he should return back. But then he recollected that in the last scratch he had with Stephen, two or three years before, he had a little the worst of it, and he instinctively stood still while Stephen passed on without seeing him. It flashed upon his mind at once that the question must now be reduced to a game of speed. If he could by any means gain the school-house first, and engage Miss Lucy to walk home with him, he should consider himself safe. But if Stephen should reach the school-house first, he should feel a good deal of uneasiness for the consequences. Stephen was walking very leisurely, and unconscious that he was in any danger of a competitor on the course, and it was important that his suspicions should not be awakened. Charles, therefore, remained perfectly quiet till Stephen had got a little out of hearing, and then he threw down his bushes and flowers, and ran to the wharf below the store with his utmost speed. He had one advantage over Stephen. He was ready at a moment's warning to start on an expedition of this kind, for Sunday clothes were an every-day affair with him.

There was a light canoe, belonging to his father, lying at the wharf, and a couple of stout boys were there fishing. Charles hailed them, and told them if they would row him across the pond as quick as they possibly could, he would give them a quarter of a dollar a piece. This, in their view, was a splendid offer for their services, and they jumped on board with alacrity and manned the oars. Charles took a paddle, and stood in the stern to steer the boat, and help propel her ahead. The distance by water was a little less than by land, and although Stephen had considerably the start of him, he believed he should be able to reach the school-house first, especially if Stephen should not see him and quicken his pace. In one minute after he arrived at the wharf, the boat was under full way. The boys laid down to the oars with right good will, and Charles put out all his strength upon the paddle. They were shooting over the water twice as fast as a man could walk, and Charles already felt sure of the victory. But when they had gone about half a mile, they came in the range of a little opening in the trees on the shore, where the road was exposed to view, and there, at that critical moment, was Stephen pursuing his easy walk. Charles' heart was in his mouth. Still it was possible Stephen might not see them, for he had not yet looked round. Lest the sound of the oars might attract his attention, Charles had instantly, on coming in sight, ordered the boys to stop rowing, and he grasped his paddle with breathless anxiety, and waited for Stephen again to disappear. But just as he was upon the point of passing behind some trees, where the boat would be out of his sight, Stephen turned his head and looked round. He stopped short, turned square round, and stood for the space of a minute looking steadily at the boat. Then lifting his hand, and shaking his first resolutely at Charles, as much as to say I understand you, he started into a quick run.

"Now, boys," said Charles, "buckle to your oars for your lives, and if you get to the shore so I can reach the school-house before Stephen does, I'll give you half a dollar apiece."

This of course added new life to the boys and increased speed to the boat. Their little canoe flew over the water almost like a bird, carrying a white bone in her mouth, and leaving a long ripple on the glassy wave behind her. Charles' hands trembled, but still he did good execution with his paddle. Although Stephen upon the run was a very different thing from Stephen at a slow walk, Charles still had strong hopes of winning the race and gaining his point. He several times caught glimpses of Stephen through the trees, and, as well as he could judge, the boat had a little the best of it. But when they came out into the last opening, where for a little way they

had a fair view of each other, Charles thought Stephen ran faster than ever; and although he was now considerably nearer the school-house than Stephen was, he still trembled for the result. They were now within fifty rods of the shore, and Charles appealed again to the boys' love of money.

"Now," said he, "we have not a minute to spare. If we gain the point, I'll give you a dollar apiece."

The boys strained every nerve, and Charles' paddle made the water fly like the tail of a wounded shark. When within half a dozen rods of the shore, Charles urged them again to spring with all their might, and one of the boys making a desperate plunge upon his oar, snapped it in two. The first pull of the other oar headed the boat from land. Charles saw at once that the delay must be fatal, if he depended on the boat to carry him ashore. The water was but three feet deep, and the bottom was sandy. He sprang from the boat, and rushed toward the shore as fast as he was able to press through the water. He flew up the bank, and along the road, till he reached the school-house. The door was open, but he could see no one within. Several children were at play round the door, who, having seen Charles approach with such haste, stood with mouths and eyes wide open, looking at him.

"Where's the school-ma'm?" said Charles, hastily, to one of the largest boys.

"Why?" said the boy, opening his eyes still wider, "is any of the folks dead?"

"You little rascal, I say, where's the school-ma'm?"

"She jest went down that road," said the boy, "two or three minutes ago."

"Was she alone?" said Charles.

"She started alone," said the boy, "and a man met her out there a little ways, and turned about and went with her."

Charles felt that his cake was all dough again, and that he might as well give it up for a bad job, and go home. Stephen Jones and Lucy Brown walked *very* leisurely home through the woods, and Charles and the boys went very leisurely in the boat across the pond. They even stopped by the way, and caught a mess of fish, since the boys had thrown their lines into the boat when they started. And when they reached the wharf, Charles, in order to show that he had been a fishing, took a large string of the fish in his hand, and carried them up to the house. Miss Lucy Brown, on her way home through the woods, had undoubtedly been informed of the proposed tea-party for the evening, to which she was to be invited, and to which Stephen Jones and Susan Jones were not invited; and when Miss Lucy's invitation came, she sent word back, that she was *engaged*.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, farewell—O! ne'er from me
Till now that word hath hopeless passed;
But, sweet one, faltered forth to thee,
It seems this once as 'twere the last—

The last that thou wilt ever hear
From him who knows thy worth too well;
I'll stifle one relenting tear,
That mingles in this last farewell.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC.

CONCLUSION.

I was now alone in the world; I had neither ship, nor home; and she I had loved was wedded to another. It is strange how misanthropical a man becomes, after disappointment has soured his disposition, and destroyed, one after another, the beautiful dreams of his youth. When I sat down and thought of the hopes of my earlier years, now gone forever; when I speculated upon my future prospects; when I recalled to mind how few of the friends I had begun life with remained, an indescribable sadness came over me, and, had it not been for my manhood, I would have found a relief in tears. My zest for society was gone. I cared little for the ordinary business of life. I only longed for a fitting opportunity to re-enter the service, and distinguish myself by some gallant deed, which I did not care to survive, for even fame had become hateful to me, since it reminded me how insufficient it was to win or retain the love of woman. In a word, I had become a misanthrope, and was fast losing all the energy of my character in sickly regrets over the past.

Of the St. Clairs I had not inquired since my return, and their names, from motives of delicacy perhaps, were never mentioned in my presence. Yet they occupied a large portion of my thoughts, and often would I start, and my heart flutter, when, in the streets, I fancied, for a moment, that I recognized the form of Annette. But a nearer approach made evident my mistake, and dissipated my embarrassment. Much, however, as I thought of her, I had never inquired to whom she had been married; yet my curiosity on this point continually gained strength; and when I had been a fortnight in Newport without hearing any allusion to her, I began to wish that some one would break the ominous silence which seemed to hang around her and her family. Still I dared not trust myself to broach the subject. I continued, therefore, ignorant of their present situation, and of all that concerned them.

There is, not far from the town, and situated in one of the most beautiful portions of the island, a favorite resort which has long been known by the familiar and characteristic name of "The Glen." The spot is one where the deity of romance might sit enshrined. Here, on a still summer night, we might, without much stretch of fancy, look for fairies to come forth and gambol, or listen to the light music of airy spirits hovering above us. The whole place reminds you of an enchanted bower and dull must

be his heart who does not feel the stirrings of the divinity within him as he gazes on the lovely scenery around. He who can listen here unmoved to the low gurgle of the brook, or the light rustle of the leaves in the summer wind, must be formed of the coarsest clods of clay, nor boast one spark of our immortal nature.

The glen was my favorite resort, and thither would I go and spend whole afternoons, listening to the laughing prattle of the little river, or striving to catch, in pauses of the breeze, the murmur of the neighboring sea. A rude bench had been constructed under some trees, in a partially open glade, at the lower extremity of the ravine, and here I usually sat, indulging in those dreamy, half-sick reveries which are characteristic of youth. The stream, which brawled down the ravine, in a succession of rapids and cascades, here glided smoothly along on a level bottom, its banks fringed with long grass interspersed with wild roses, and its bed strewn with pebbles, round and silvery, that glistened in the sunbeams, which, here and there, struggled through the trees, and shimmered on the stream. Faint and low came to the ear the sound of the mill, situated at the upper end of the ravine; while occasionally a bird whistled on the stillness, or a leaf floated lazily down into the river, and went on its way, a tiny bark. The seclusion of my favorite retreat was often enlivened by the appearance of strangers, but as they generally remained only a few minutes, I had the spot, for most of the time, to myself. Here I dreamed away the long summer afternoons, often lingering until the moon had risen, to make the scene seem even more beautiful, under her silvery light. I had no pleasure in any other spot. Perhaps it was because I had once been here with Annette, when we were both younger, and I, at least, happier; and I could remember plucking a flower for her from a time-worn bush that still grew on the margin of the stream. God knows how we love to haunt the spot made dear to us by old and tender recollections!

I was sitting, one afternoon, on the rude bench I have spoken of, listlessly casting pebbles into the river, when I heard the sound of approaching voices, but I was so accustomed to the visits of strangers, that I did not pause to look up. Directly the voices came nearer, and suddenly a word was spoken that thrilled through every nerve of my system. It was

only a single word, but that voice!—surely it could be none other than Annette's. My sensations, at that moment, I will not pretend to analyze. I longed to look up, and yet I dared not. My heart fluttered wildly, and I could feel the blood rushing in torrents to my face; but, if I had been called on at that instant to speak, I could not have complied for worlds. Luckily the tree, under whose shadow I sat, concealed me from the approaching visitors, and I had thus time to rally my spirits ere the strangers came up. As they drew near I recognized the voice of Mr. St. Clair, and then that of Annette's cousin Isabel, while there were one or two other speakers who were strangers to me. Doubtless one of them was Annette's husband, and, as this thought flashed across me, I looked up, impelled by an irresistible impulse. The party were now within almost twenty yards, coming gaily down the glen. Foremost in the group walked Isabel, leaning on the arm of a tall, gentlemanly looking individual, and turning ever and anon around to Annette, who followed immediately behind, at the side of her father. Another lady, attended by a gentleman, made up the rest of the company. Where could Annette's husband be? was the question that occurred to me—and who, was the distinguished looking gentleman on whose arm Isabel was so familiarly leaning? But my thoughts were cut short by a conversation which now began, and of which, during a minute, I was an unknown auditor—for my position still concealed me from the party, and my surprise at first, and afterwards delicacy, prevented me from appearing.

"Ah! Annette," said Isabel, archly, turning around to her cousin, "do you know this spot, but especially that rose-bush yonder?—here, right beyond that old tree—you seem wonderfully ignorant all at once! I wonder where the donor of that aforesaid rose-bud is now. I would lay a guinea that it is yet in your possession, preserved in some favorite book, pressed out between the leaves. Come, answer frankly, is it not so, my sweet coz?"

I could hear no reply, if one was made, and immediately another voice spoke. It was that of Isabel's companion, coming to the aid of Annette.

"You are too much given to believe that Annette follows your example, Isabel—now do you turn penitent, and let me be father confessor—how many rose-buds, ay! and for that matter, even leaves, have you in your collection, presented to you by your humble servant, before we had pity on each other, and were married? I found a flower, last week, in a copy of Spenser, and, if I remember aright, I was the donor of the trifle."

"Oh! you betray yourself," gaily retorted Isabel, "but men are foolish—and of all foolish men I ever met with, a certain Albert Marston was, before his marriage, the most foolish. I take credit to myself," she continued, in the same playful strain, "for having worked such a reformation in him since that event. But this is not what we were talking of—you wish to divert me from my purpose by this light Cossack warfare—but it won't do," she continued, and I fancied she stamped her foot prettily, as she

was wont to do at Clairville Hall, when she was disposed to have her way; "no—no—Annette must be the one to turn penitent, and I will play father confessor. Say, now, fair coz, was it not a certain fancy to see this same rose-bush, that induced you to insist on coming here?"

During this conversation the parties had remained nearly stationary at some distance from me. Strange suspicions began to flash through my mind, as soon as Isabel commenced her banter; and these suspicions had now been changed into a certainty. Annette was still unmarried, and it was Isabel's wedding at which I had come so near being present, at Clairville Hall. Nor was this all. I was still loved. Oh! the wild, the rapturous feelings of that moment. I could with difficulty restrain myself from rising and rushing toward them; but motives of delicacy forbade me thus to reveal that the conversation had been overheard. And yet should I remain in my present position, and play the listener still further? I knew not what to do. All these considerations flashed through my mind in the space of less than a minute, during which the party had been silent, apparently enjoying Annette's confusion.

"Come, not ready to answer yet?" began Isabel; "well, if you will not, you shan't have the rose from that bush, for which you've come. Let us go back," she said, playfully.

The whole party seemed to enter into the jest, and laughingly retraced their steps. This afforded me the opportunity for which I longed. Hastily rising from my seat, I glided unnoticed from tree to tree, until I reached a copse on the left of the glen, and advancing up the ravine, under cover of this screen, I re-entered the path at a bend some distance above the St. Clairs. Here I listened for a moment, and caught the sound of their approaching voices. Determining no longer to be a listener to their conversation, I proceeded down the glen, and, as I turned the corner, a few paces in advance, I came full in sight of the approaching group. In an instant the gay laughing of the party ceased, and I saw Annette shrink blushing behind her father. Isabel was the first to speak. Darting forward, with that frankness and gaiety which always characterized her, she grasped my hand, and said—

"You don't know how happy we all are to see you. Where could you have come from?—and how could you have made such a mistake as to congratulate Annette, instead of me, on being married? But come, I must surrender you to the others—I see they are dying to speak to you. Uncle, Annette—how lucky it was that we came here to-day!"

"My dear boy," said Mr. St. Clair, warmly pressing my hand, "I cannot tell how rejoiced I am to see you. We heard a rumor that you were lost, and we all wept—Isabel for the first time for years. It was but a few days since that we heard you were at Newport, and, as we were coming hither, I hastened my journey, determined to search you out. We are on our way there now, and only stopped here a few minutes to relieve ourselves after a long ride. This day shall be marked with a white stone. But here I

have been keeping you from speaking to Annette—we old men, you know, are apt to be garrulous.”

My eyes, indeed, had been seeking Annette, who, still covered with blushes, and unable to control her embarrassment, sought to conceal them by keeping in the back ground. As for me, I had become wonderfully self-possessed. I now advanced and took her hand. It trembled in my own, and when I spoke, though she replied faintly, she did not dare to look into my face, except for a moment, after which her eyes again sought the ground in beautiful embarrassment. My unexpected appearance, com-

bined with her cousin's late raillery, covered her face with blushes, and, for some time, she could not rally herself sufficient to participate in the conversation.

What more have I to tell? I was now happy, and for my misanthropy, it died with the cause that produced it. Mr. St. Clair said that the wedding need not be delayed, and in less than a month I led Annette to the altar. Years have flown since then, but I still enjoy unalloyed felicity, and Annette seems to my eyes more beautiful than ever. It only remains for me to bid my readers FAREWELL!

THE HOLY NIGHTS.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Some say that 'gainst the time that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no sprite dares stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome then, no planets strike,
No fairy takes or witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

HAMLET.

HUSHED be the voice of mirthfulness,
And stilled be the plaintive tones of care,
That from too many a heart recess
Go forth to float on the midnight air;
It is no time for the wild excess,
No time for the loose unbridled reign
That passion gives to her votaries
When they sever away the golden chain.

Stilled on the ears of the seraph choir
Let the lingering hymns of the season go,
As they sweep their hands o'er the golden wire
To the anthem of love and peace below;
And let us keep in a holy mood
The coming hours of that sacred time
When the word went forth for the hush of blood
And the passing knell for the soul of crime!

When the hosts of the upper region stirred
That another star came forth to shine,
And the rush of an angel's wing was heard
O'er the moonlit plains of Palestine,
And a softer light o'er the earth was flung
And the pale stars waxed no longer dim,
And forth on a thousand harps outrung
The rising notes of the angels' hymn.

The same bright stars that then looked down
With a guardian watch o'er hill and plain,
Unfading gems in the starry crown
Glittering on in the blue remain,
And the solemn awe that crept them round
As they watched their flocks that holy time,
An echo with us to-night has found
In the new-born light of another clime.

It has been felt this many a year,
The sacred spell of the season's death,
And the brighter glow of the starry sphere
As it came that time with the angels' breath,

For brighter yet the stars gleam out
As the noisome vapor shrinks away
From the open glade that it hung about
Darkened and damp this many a day.

List how the spirit-breathings come
Upon our ears from the voice sublime
Of him who ruled in the spirits' home,
Who wrote and sang for the end of time!
Hark how he tells when the time is near,
The bird of the dawn sings all night long
And the fairy legions disappear
When he comes abroad with his matin song.

No spirits forth, nor the rank compound
That glows with the witches' midnight toil,
No deeps of the forest-close resound
With the wizard shriek and the cauldron boil,
No planets chill the warm heart's blood
With the mockery of a demon fire,
No vapors veil with a sickly shroud
The moss-grown top of the old church spire,—

For he who stood in that dreadful watch
On the gray rampart of Elsinore
Told how they ceased from their revel catch
And their reign at the Christmas time was o'er;
We feel it now, as he felt it then,
That the air is full of holiness,
And we need not forms from the earth again
Of the starry hosts to guard and bless.

Then stilled on the ears of the seraph choir
Let the lingering hymns of the season go,
As they sweep their hands o'er the golden wire
To the anthem of love and peace below;
And let us keep in a holy mood
The passing hours of that sacred time
When the word went forth for the hush of blood
And the passing knell for the soul of crime!

THE LADIES' LIBRARY.

BY W. A. JONES.

THAT admirable manual of "*les petites morales*," and even of higher matters occasionally, the Spectator, contains a paper which we hesitate not to accept as a just specimen of cotemporary satire on female education; we refer to the catalogue of a Ladies' Library. This heterogeneous collection embraces heroical romances and romancing histories, the ranting tragedies of the day, with the libertine comedies of the same period. In a word, it leads us to infer pretty plainly the insignificant pretensions the gentle women of Queen Anne's day could lay to any thing like refinement of education, or even a correct propriety in dress and demeanor. Tell me your company, and I will disclose your own character; speak that I may know you, are trite maxims; but give me a list of your favorite authors is by no means so common, though at least as true, a test. The literary and indirectly the moral depravity of taste exhibited by the women of that age, is easily accounted for, when we once learn the fashionable authors and the indifferent countenance given to any authors but those of the most frivolous description. The queen herself was an illiterate woman, and we are told never once had the curiosity to look into the classic productions of Pope. King William, the preceding sovereign, was so ignorant of books and the literary character, as to offer Swift, with whom he had been agreeably prepossessed, the place of captain of a regiment of horse.

Indulging ourselves in a rapid transition, we pass from this era to the epoch of Johnson and Burke, and Goldsmith and Sheridan, we come to the reign of George III. Here we find the scene altered. From the gay saloon we are dropped, as if by magic, into the library or conversation room. We read not of balls, but of literary dinners and æsthetic teas, and we meet for company, not thoughtless, dressy dames of fashion and minions of the goddess of pleasure, but grave, precise professors in petticoats, women who had exchanged a world of anxiety for the turn of a head-dress, or the shape of a founce for an equally wise anxiety about the philosophy of education, the success of their sonnets and tragedies, and moral tales for the young. The pedantry of authorship and dogmatic conversation superseded the more harmless pedantry of dress. Then we read of the stupidest company in the world, which arrogated to itself the claim of being the best. A race of learned ladies arose; bas bleus, the Montagues, the Mores, the Sowards, the Chaponés, patronized by such prosing old formalists as

Doctors Gregory and Aiken, and even by one man of vigorous talent, Johnson, and one man of real genius, Richardson. The last two endured much, because they were flattered much.

When we speak thus contemptuously of learned ladies, we intend to express a disgust at the pretensions of those who pass under that name. Genuine learning can never be despised, whoever may be its possessor; but of genuine learning it is not harsh to suspect a considerable deficiency where there is so much of display and anxious rivalry. Even where the learning is exact and solid, it is to be remembered that many departments are utterly unsuited to the female mind; where, at best, little can be accomplished and that of a harsh repulsive nature. We want no Daciers, no Somervilles, no Marcets, but give us an you will as many Inchbalds, Burneys, Edgeworths, Misses Barrett, as can be had for love or money.

From the ladies we seek literature, not learning, in its old scholastic sense. They certainly have received pleasure from books, and are bound to return the gratification in a similar way by delighting us. And this they can do in their legitimate attempts. It shall be a prominent object of the present general introduction to a short series of critical sketches, to attempt a definition of the limits which should bound those attempts, and also to endeavor at suggesting the proper studies for ladies, and the authors that ought to rank as favorites with the fair. In a list of the latter, female writers should bear a considerable proportion, and will assuredly not be forgotten.

We believe the question as to the relative sexual distinctions of intellectual character, is now generally considered as settled. There is allowed to be a species of genius essentially feminine. Equality is no more arrogated than superiority of ability, and it would be as wisely arrogated. The most limited observation of life and the most superficial acquaintance with books, must effectually demonstrate the superior capacity of man for the great works of life and speculation. It is true, great geniuses are rare and seldom needed, and the generality of women rank on a par with the generality of men. In many cases, women of talent surpass men of an equal calibre of mere talent, through other and constitutional causes—a greater facility of receiving and transmitting impressions, greater instinctive subtlety of apprehension, and a livelier sympathy. We cordially admit the female intellect, in the ordinary concerns

of life and the current passages of society, has often the advantage of the masculine understanding. Cleverness outshines solid ability, and a smart woman is much more showy than a profound man. In certain walks of authorship, too, women are pre-eminently successful; in cases narrative of real or fictitious events, (in the last implying a strain of ready invention,) in lively descriptions of natural beauty or artificial manners; in the development of the milder sentiments, especially the sentiment of love; in airy, comic ridicule. On the other hand, the highest attempts of women in poetry have uniformly failed. We have read of no female epic of even a respectable rank: those who have written tragedies, have written moral lectures (of an inferior sort) like Hannah More; or anatomies of the passions, direct and formal, like Joanna Baillie; or an historical sketch, as Rienzi. We are apt to suspect that the personal charms of Sappho proved too much for the admirers of her poetic rhapsodies, otherwise Longinus has done her foul injustice; for the fragment he quotes is to be praised and censured solely for its obscurity. This would have been a great merit in Lycophron.

In the volume of British Poetesses, edited by Mr. Dyce, it is astonishing to find how little real poetry he has been able to collect out of the writings of near a century of authors, scattered over the surface of five or six centuries. It must be allowed that some of the finest shortest pieces by female writers have appeared since the publication of that selection. In the volume referred to, much sensible verse and some sprightly copies of verses occur; a fair share of pure reflective sentiment, delivered in pleasing language rarely rising above correctness; of high genius there is not a particle,—no pretensions to sublimity or fervor. The best piece and the finest poem, we think, ever composed by woman, is the charming ballad of Auld Robin Gray. That is a genuine bit of true poesy, and perfect in the highest department of the female imagination in the pathos of domestic tragedy. In the present century we have Mrs. Howitt and Mrs. Southey, but chief of all, Miss Barrett.* The finest attempts of the most pleasing writer of this class, do not rise so high as the delightful ballad above named. They are sweet, plaintive, moral strains, the melodious notes of a lute, tuned by taper fingers in a romantic bower, not the deep, majestic, awful tones of the great organ, or the spirited and stirring blasts of the trumpet. The ancient bard struck wild and mournful, or hearty and vigorous, notes from his harp—perchance placed "on a rock whose frowning brow," &c. and striving with the rough symphonies of the tempest; but the sybil of modern days plays elegant and pretty, or soft and tender airs upon her flageolet or accordion, in the boudoir or saloon.

A poet is, from the laws both of physiology and philology,—masculine. His vocation is manly, or rather divine. And we have never heard any traits

of feminine character attributed to the great poet, (in the Greek sense,) the Creator of the universe. The muses are represented as females, but then they are the inspirers, never the composers, of verse. So should be the poet's muse, as she is often the poet's theme. There are higher themes, but of an abstract nature, in general: ethical, religious, metaphysical. Let female beauty then sit for her portrait instead of being the painter. Let poets chant her charms, but let her not spoil a fair ideal image by writing bad verses. If all were rightly viewed, a happy home would seem preferable to a seat on Parnassus, and the Fountain of Content would furnish more palatable draughts than the Font of Helicon. The quiet home is not always the muses' bower; though we trust the muses' bower is placed in no turbulent society.

Women write for women. They may entertain, but cannot, from the nature of the case, become instructors to men. They know far less of life, their circle of experience is confined. They are unfitted for many paths of active exertion, and consequently are rendered incapable of forming just opinions on many matters. We do not include a natural incapacity for many studies, and as natural a dislike for many more. Many kinds of learning, and many actual necessary pursuits and practices, it is deemed improper for a refined woman to know. How, then, can a female author become a teacher of men?

Literature would miss many pleasant associations if the names of the best female writers were expunged from a list of classic authors, and the world would lose many delightful works—the novel of sentiment and the novel of manners, letter writing, moral tales for children, books of travels, gossiping memoirs—Mrs. Inchbald, Madame D'Arbly, Miss Edgeworth, Lady M. W. Montague, Miss Martineau, and Miss Sedgwick, with a host besides. Women have sprightliness, cleverness, smartness, though but little wit. There is a body and substance in true wit, with a reflectiveness rarely found apart from a masculine intellect. In all English comedy, we recollect but two female writers of sterling value, Mrs. Conley and Mrs. Guthrie, and their plays are formed on the Spanish model, and made up of incident and intrigue, much more than of fine repartees or brilliant dialogue. We know of no one writer of the other sex, that has a high character for humor—no Rabelais, no Sterne, no Swift, no Goldsmith, no Dickens, no Irving. The female character does not admit of it.

Women cannot write history. It requires too great solidity, and too minute research for their quick intellects. They write, instead, delightful memoirs. Who, but an antiquary or historical commentator, had not rather read Lucy Hutchinson's Life of her Husband, than any of the professed histories of the Commonwealth—and exchange Lady Fanshawe for the other royalist biographers.

Neither are women to turn politicians or orators. We hope never to hear of a female Burke; she would be an overbearing termagant. A spice of a talent for scolding, is the highest form of eloquence we can conscientiously allow the ladies.

* This lady's failure in an attempt to translate Æschylus, is a fair confirmation of our opinion of the inability of the female imagination to soar beyond a certain height.

Criticism is for men; when women assume it, they write scandal. The current notion of criticism with most, is that of libelous abuse. From all such, Heaven defend us.

Women feel more than they think, and (sometimes) say more than do. They are consequently better adapted to describe sentiments, than to speculate on causes and effects. They are more at home in their letters, than in tracts of political economy.

The proper faculties in women to cultivate most assiduously are, the taste and the religious sentiment; the first, as the leading trait of the intellectual; and the last, as the governing power of the moral constitution. Give a woman a pure taste and high principles, and she is safe from the arts of the wildest libertine. Let her have all other gifts but these, and she is comparatively defenceless. Taste purifies the heart as well as the head, and religion strengthens both. The strongest propensities to pleasure are not so often the means of disgrace and ruin, as the carelessness of ignorant virtue, and an unenlightened moral sense. This makes all the difference in the world, between the daughter of a poor countryman, and the child of an educated gentleman. Both have the same desires, but how differently directed and controlled. Yet we find nineteen lapses from virtue in the one case, where we find one in the other.

Believing that what does not interest, does not benefit the mind, we would avoid all pedantic lectures to women, on all subjects to which they discover any aversion. Study should be made a pleasure, and reading pure recreation. In a general sense, we would say the best works for female readers are those that tend to form the highest domestic character. Works of the highest imagination, as being above that condition, and scientific authors, who address a different class of faculties, are both unsuitable. An admirable wife may not relish the sublimity of Milton or Hamlet; and a charming companion be ignorant of the existence of such a science as Algebra. A superficial acquaintance with the elements of the physical sciences, is worse than total unacquaintance with them.

Religion should be taught as a sentiment, not as an abstract principle, or in doctrinal positions, a sentiment of love and grateful obedience; morality, impressed as the practical exercise of self-denial and

active benevolence. In courses of reading, too much is laid down of a dry nature. Girls are disgusted with tedious accounts of battles and negotiations, dates and names. The moral should be educed best filled for the female heart, and apart from the romantic periods, and the reigns of female sovereigns, or epochs when the women held a very prominent place in the state, or in public regard. We would have women affectionate wives, obedient daughters, agreeable companions, skilful economists, judicious friends; but we must confess it does not fall within our scheme to make them legislators or lawyers, diplomatists or politicians. We therefore think nine tenths of all history is absolutely useless for women. Too many really good biographies of great and good men and women can hardly be read, and will be read to much greater advantage than histories, as they leave a definite and individual impression. The reading good books of travels, is, next to going over the ground in person, the best method of studying geography. Grammar and rhetoric,* (after a clear statement of the elements and chief rules,) are best learnt in the perusal of classic authors, the essayists, &c.; and, in the same way, the theory of taste and the arts. The most important of accomplishments is not systematically treated in any system—conversation. But a father and mother of education, can teach this better than any professor. Expensive schools turn out half-trained pupils. Eight years at home, well employed, and two at a good but not fashionable school, are better than ten years spent in the most popular female seminary, conducted in the ordinary style. Such is a meagre outline of our idea of female education, into which we have digressed unawares.

Female authors should constitute a fair proportion of a lady's library—and those masculine writers who have something of the tenderness and purity of the feminine character in their works. The subjects and authors we propose for occasional consideration, will embrace specimens of each, in prose and poetry, fiction and reality, satire and sentiment. We think we may promise a less erudite paper for the second number, though to some readers all that is not very lively is proportionably dull.

* The benefit flowing from these studies is chiefly of a negative character.

THE PASTOR'S VISIT.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

THE noon is past—the sun declines
Below the western hills;
Upon the peasant's face joy shines,
And peace his bosom fills.
He stands beside the cottage door,
His wife and children round,
With that content which evermore
Doth with the true abound.

The pastor, pausing on his way,
Surveys the happy scene;
If all mankind were pure as they
Slights tasks for him, I ween!
Not in the peasant's cottage dwell
Sin and her joyless train,
He thinks of palace, dome and cell,
And passes on again!

THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDAL."

How few "look before they leap," even in an affair of so much moment as matrimony. We fear the fault is in our system. We educate our daughters superficially—for *display* rather than usefulness—to catch the eye rather than win the heart. Our girls are taught in early life, either directly or indirectly, that marriage is the *great* object of woman's ambition, and in endeavoring to secure that object, and to surpass in the race of conquest their companions and rivals, they sometimes wed rashly and to the sacrifice of happiness. Difficult, we are aware, is the task of discrimination with the young and inexperienced. Pure and artless themselves, they are apt to imagine the possession of like virtues by all others, and to conceive it impossible for a fine form and a handsome face to be associated with a false heart. Alas! how often are they disappointed! How frequently do the sudden attachments of early life prove hollow and unsubstantial! How often is it discovered that the first dream of love, which has been so extravagantly eulogized by poets and romancers, was a mere delusion that would not bear the test of time and of reason! With what bitterness of disappointment have many started from this dream! Stripped of the rainbow coloring with which the fancy is apt to paint an object of idolatry, how prominent appear the darkness and the deformity! How broad the contrast between the just view of truth and the rapid and prejudiced survey of passion! How often do we see beings standing before the altar, pledging themselves to each other for weal and for wo, who, comparatively speaking, were strangers but yesterday! Knowing little of each other's lives and dispositions, merits or demerits, they are willing to risk peace of mind for long years, and to identify destinies for time, perhaps for eternity! Can we wonder that strife sometimes mars the domestic circle—that wives are left lonely and deserted—that the agency of man should so often be invoked to part beings who have been joined together by an ordinance of God!

A happy union is indeed a scene upon which, without irreverence, we may suppose the angels in Heaven gaze from their bright places of abode with delight and approval. An unnatural or a discordant marriage, on the other hand, must form a source of delight to the arch enemy of mankind, for in it he can recognize the soul of evil. That the young should seek for and cling to a kindred spirit is natural. The undivided possession of a pure heart is perhaps the very acme of human felicity. "One home, one wife, and one God," is the sentiment of one of the wisest of his race, and it is only when man is on the

shady side of fifty that he begins to appreciate the truth of this philosophy in all its solemnity and force. Then his pleasures of life are derived as much from the past as the future, and the associations of that past, if mingled with virtue, fidelity, patriotism and religion, are indeed blissful.

We pity the lonely and the desolate—the loveless and the unloved—the being without a wife or a friend—without one trusting and confiding spirit, to whom the heart may turn in its hour of sorrow and pour out its inmost and saddest thoughts. The cold and selfish mortal who passes year after year without experiencing the delightful concord of sentiment to be found in a kindred soul, is indeed the most miserable of his species. Even his joys are robbed of half their delight, because unshared by another, by one to whom he is allied by love and friendship. Wretched indeed is the isolated individual who, mingling with the multitude, can single out no destiny identified with his—no faithful and devoted heart, the breath of whose existence seems bound up with his. Nature has denied to such a being the holiest impulses that warm and agitate the human breast. Even the birds are mated, and without a ministering angel "a sweet companion," the first born was lonely and desolate in the garden of Eden. So it must ever be with the frail and feeble things of mortal existence. If Paradise could not be appreciated and enjoyed alone, how can man reconcile loneliness to his fallen condition? The desire of the heart is for sweet companionship—the inward craving of the spirit is for a being to love. Can we wonder then that in this country, where early marriage is taught to be desirable, so many should choose rashly?

We remember ANNETTE DELISLE as a being of yesterday. She sang well—she danced well—and in many respects she was a beauty. Not one of our beauties at the time, for her form was too slight and sylph-like,—her joy was too gushing—her spirits too redundant. She dressed from early childhood with taste and elegance, and wore her dark hair in long ringlets over her shoulders. She had many friends, and even at sixteen her admirers were liberal in number and profuse in flattery. Her mother, a weak and vain woman, was proud of her daughter—proud of the attention that daughter received, and eager to display her on every occasion. Thus she not only frequently accompanied her to public balls, which were then more fashionable and somewhat more select than at present, but she permitted her to accept of numerous invitations to parties, and to mingle almost nightly during the winter season in

the gay scenes of our metropolis. The father, good-natured man, was a manufacturer, and was so wedded to business, that he could not spare time even for the proper care of his favorite child. Alas! this good nature in fathers! It sometimes degenerates into a sad vice, and is the source of much misery in after life. The man who lacks the energy to control his own household,—who is either too negligent, or too weak to point out the true path and to direct the footsteps of his offspring therein, is guilty of much that is unpardonable.

But such a father was Mr. Delisle, while the mother, worse if possible, gave the reins almost wholly into the hands of her daughter, and was but too fond of the hollow and unmeaning admiration which the practiced in art and in compliment among the sterner sex are so apt to bestow upon the vain and empty, whether old or young.

The result of this course upon Annette Delisle may well be imagined. While she sparkled in the ball room, and glittered in the giddy throng, her heart, her mind, and her morals were neglected. The mazes of the world, its quicksands and its hypocrisy were unknown to her. She flirted, laughed and trifled with the many, caught one hour by a fine form, another by a rich voice, and a third by a dashing exterior. And yet, in the depths of that young girl's breast, were rich and true affections. Properly trained, she would have graced any circle. Her mind was good by nature—her spirit was benevolent and cheerful—and many of the lights of beauty flashed and brightened around her. Despite her artificial manner, and her air of coquetry, her feelings were deep and strong. Her being was one of impulse, and her attachments, even to her school companions, were animated by truth and fidelity. Thus it was when Annette discovered that the society of Howard Leroy possessed an unusual charm for her—that she saw him approach with pleasure—that she listened with more than her wonted attention to his remarks—that she felt the blood mount to her cheek at his compliments—that she found her eyes following as he wandered through the ball room—that she lisped his name even in her dreams.

Never can I forget the dashing Leroy. He was what is usually denominated "a handsome fellow"—one of the butterflies of society—a ladies' man, in the general acceptance, and a favorite also with his own sex. He rode well, talked well, and sang an excellent song. This latter qualification was in some respects a fatal gift, for it introduced him into many a gay circle from which he otherwise would have been excluded—made him sought for, and vain of his voice, and thus won him away from the more useful pursuits of life. Leroy, moreover, was fond of poetry—was able to quote glowing passages, and had, withal, a touch of romance in his character, which served not a little to enhance him in the estimation of some of his female acquaintance. He assumed a remarkable degree of independence—was rather bold and reckless in his manner and language, and possessed the faculty of talking for hours in relation to the prominent beauties of Moore, Byron and Bul-

wer. These were the traits of character which won upon the mind and heart of Annette Delisle. Her education and mode of life had fitted her for the arts of such a man. She fancied him something superior to the ordinary fop—to the mere merchant or shop-keeper. Leroy became her ardent and enthusiastic admirer. The fact soon reached the ears of her father. He roused himself for the moment, and proceeded to investigate the realities of the case. Leroy he ascertained to be an idle, dissolute pretender, and dependent, he feared, upon the gaming-table for his means of subsistence. He was of good family, and had received a fair education. But he had gone astray from the path of rectitude in early life, and now contrived to appear on the principal promenades as a fashionable lounge—but the world wondered how!

The manufacturer was terrified at the prospect for his daughter, whom he really loved, but it was too late. Leroy saw the storm coming, and prevailed upon Annette, by falsehood and misrepresentation, to consent to a secret marriage. Fondly and long she clung to the delusion that her husband had been slandered—that one who could *talk* so well, and *profess* so much, could not be a villain. He *was* not one, perhaps, in the usual interpretation; but we can conceive of no more heartless wretch than the man who deliberately deceives and betrays a fond and confiding woman. Leroy never loved Annette with a true and exalted affection. He felt himself bankrupt in fortune, and nearly so in character, and he was base enough to become the husband of an unsuspecting girl, in the hope of a dependency upon the bounty of her father. Deceived in this, for the old manufacturer would have nothing to do with him, he soon threw off the mask. At first cold and indifferent, he speedily grew harsh and unkind. True, there were moments when his better nature prevailed, and he would endeavor, by apparent contrition and well turned promises, to atone for his conduct. But, they were few and far between, and diminished in number as time rolled on. Strange, despite the giddy character of Annette—despite the little care which had been bestowed upon her principles, she clung to him with the true fidelity of woman. She loved him with her whole soul, and while the pride of her woman nature repelled the idea of any public exposure of her situation, and while she even concealed from her parents much of the unworthy conduct of Leroy, she still cherished a belief of his ultimate reform. Night after night she sat in her quiet chamber, or gazed earnestly from the window, in the hope that the form of her husband might appear before the midnight hour. Who may paint the agony of her mind at such moments—the jealous fears that shot like daggers through her breast, as to his haunts and his society—the apprehension of danger and of death—the terrible fancies which mingled him in some dreadful scene at the gaming table—and, worse than all, the oft repelled, but still returning conviction, that the wine cup was too familiar with his lips!

God, in pity look down upon and impart moral

courage to the lonely wives of the world—the dejected ones to whom home is desolate, whose hearts are breaking slowly, secretly, string by string—who live only for their little ones, and because they know it wrong to plunge unbidden into eternity! Beings who have ventured their all of earthly happiness, and have lost all—who have been deceived, betrayed, and are now deserted! Pity and console them, Great Creator, for the misery of unrequited love, of wounded pride, of crushed affection, of hopeless despair throughout this life, can only be soothed and softened by a heavenly influence!

Poor Annette! Step by step her husband plunged on in the downward path. Ray after ray departed from the light of her beauty. Wider and wider became the gulf between the manufacturer and his son-in-law. But, horror of horrors! the crisis soon came! The resource of gambling failed at last with

Leroy, and *then*—he resorted to forgery!—ay! he forged the name of George Delisle, the father of his wife, and fled the country in order to escape the penalty of his crime!

But a few days have gone by since we saw Annette. Only five years have elapsed since her marriage. What a change! The lily has supplanted the rose—the eye has lost its fire—the step its buoyancy—the form its grace. She is a doomed and broken hearted woman. Disease has “marked her for his own.” Loss of sleep—mental anxiety—the disgrace—the shame—the ignominy of her husband’s career, are hurrying her rapidly to a premature grave!

Mothers, be warned! Virtue, Integrity and Religion are the only safe companions for your budding and beautiful daughters!

TO THE NIGHT-WIND IN AUTUMN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “TECUMSEH.”

WHENCE art thou, spirit wind?
Soothing with thy low voice the ear of Night,
And breathing o’er the wakeful, pensive mind
An influence of pleased yet sad delight.

Thou tell’st not of thy birth,
O viewless wanderer from land to land:
But gathering all the secrets of the earth
Where’er, unseen, thy airy wings expand,

At this hushed, holy hour,
When time seems part of vast eternity,
Thou dost reveal them with a magic power,
Saddening the soul with thy weird minstrelsy.

All nature seems to hear,
The woods, the waters, and each silent star;
What, that can thus enchain their earnest ear,
Bring’st thou of untold tidings from afar?

Is it of new, fair lands,
Of fresh-lit worlds that in the welkin burn?
Do new oases gem Zahara’s sands,
Or the lost Pleiad to the skies return?

Nay! ’t is a voice of grief,
Of grief subdued, but deepened through long years,
The soul of Sorrow, seeking not relief,
Still gathering bitter knowledge without tears.

For thou, since earth was young
And rose green Eden purpled with the morn,
Its solemn wastes and homes of men among,
Circling all zones, thy mourning flight hast borne.

Empires have risen in might,
And peopled cities through the outspread earth,
And thou hast passed them at the hour of night
Listing the sounds of revelry and mirth.

Again thou hast gone by—
City and empire were alike o’erthrown,
Temple and palace, fall’n confusedly,
In marble ruin on the desert strown.

In time-long solitudes,
Where dark, old mountains pierced the silent air,
Bright rivers roamed, and stretched untraversed woods,
Thou joy’dst to hope that these were changeless there.

Lo! as the ages passed,
Thou found’st them struck with alteration dire,
The streams new-channeled, forests earthward cast,
The crumbling mountains scathed with storm and fire.

Gone but a few short hours,
Beauty and bloom beguiled thy wanderings,
And thou mad’st love unto the virgin flowers,
Sighing through green trees and by mossy springs.

Now on the earth’s cold bed,
Fallen and faded, waste their forms away,
And all around the withered leaves are shed,
Mementos mute of Nature’s wide decay.

Vain is the breath of morn;
Vainly the night-dews on their couches weep;
In vain thou call’st them at thy soft return,
No more awaking from their gloomy sleep.

Oh hush! Oh hush! sweet wind!
Thou melancholy soul! be still, I pray,
Nor pierce this heart so long in grief resigned,
With ‘plainings for the loved but lifeless clay.

Ah! now by thee I hear
The earnest, gentle voices, as of old:
They speak—in accents tremulously clear—
The young, the beautiful, the noble-souled.

The beautiful, the young,
The form of light, the wise and honored head—
Thou bring’st the music of a lyre unstrung!—
Oh cease!—with tears I ask it—they are dead!
While mortal joys depart,
While loved ones lie beneath the grave’s green sod,
May we not fail to hear, with trembling heart,
In thy low tone the “still small voice of God.”

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Natural History of New York: By Authority. Albany, Thurlow Weed, Printer to the State. New York, Wiley & Putnam, and D. Appleton & Co.

We are among those who believe that, as characterizing the present age, the cultivation of purely mechanical and natural science has been carried much too far, or rather, has been made too exclusive and absorbing. It is not the *highest* science—for it concerns only that which is around us—which is altogether outward. Man is always greater than the world of nature in which he lives, and just as clearly must the *science* of man, the philosophy of his moral and intellectual being, rank far above that of the soulless creation which was made to minister to his wants. When, therefore, this lower science so draws to itself the life of any age, as to disparage and shut out the higher, it works a positive injury to the well-being of that age. Still it is only thus in comparison with a nobler and more lofty study that we would venture to cast the faintest reproach upon that natural science which in no slight degree absorbs the intellectual effort of the present generation. Regarded as related to, and a part of, a complete system of education, it becomes most important and necessary; and its cultivation, even to apparent excess, a cause of rejoicing and a source of the highest hope.

We need scarcely say, then, that we look upon the explorations which have been made "by authority" into the Geology and general Natural History of several of the most important States in the Union, as among the proudest achievements of the present day. Most of them, it is true, grew out of designs not the highest on the part of those by whom they were originated. The development of resources, the discovery of mineral wealth, or other elements of power, formed in most cases the principal aim of those at whose instance these surveys were undertaken. But this is of little importance. The results are, on this account, none the less valuable to the cause of natural science, nor is our joy at their successful prosecution the less ardent or sincere. In all the States in which they have been undertaken, they have been fruitful of the best results; and the facts thus brought together will be found of priceless value to students and inquirers for ages to come.

The State of New York has just completed her survey, which has been conducted on a scale commensurate with her wealth and enterprise. The different departments of the survey were, in 1836, assigned to eight gentlemen well qualified for the task, and from that time until their completion, the explorations were conducted with energy and enthusiasm. The reports are to be published in ten magnificent quarto volumes, of which the first is now before us. A more splendid monument of intelligent enterprise in the cause of science, has seldom been erected by any State. The first volume contains only a portion of the first report on Zoology, by Mr. JAMES E. DEKAY, to whom this department was committed. Governor Seward has written an introduction to the work, which occupies nearly two hundred pages. It is valuable as a historical record of the progress of the arts, the sciences, and the various branches of enterprise and industry in the State, though as a literary performance it can claim no especial merit. It is, indeed, little more than a compendium of the history of the State,

and of its general statistics, of which the different portions have been contributed by different persons. The portion of the Zoological Report which this volume contains—relating merely to the Mammalia of the State—is highly valuable, and, to the naturalist, exceedingly interesting. Previous to this survey, no complete Zoology of the State had been attempted. In 1813, Samuel L. Mitchell commenced an account of the fishes of New York, which was the first work on the subject ever undertaken; and the impulse given to the science by his labors in fact laid the foundation for whatever has been effected in the same department since. Several other branches of Zoology had received some slight attention before the commencement of the State survey. Bachman, a well known naturalist of South Carolina, had made interesting discoveries in the families of smaller quadrupeds, and much valuable information concerning the ornithology of the State had been collected by Wilson, Audubon, Cooper, Bonaparte and DeKay. Barnes had classified the Unionidæ of the lakes and rivers, and the Mollusca of the sea coast had been well studied by Dr. Gay, of New York city. But the report of Mr. DeKay in this department presents by far a more full and comprehensive account of the Zoology of New York than had ever before been made. The State was divided into four Zoological districts: first, the western district, embracing all the western portion of the State, as far east as the sources of the Mohawk; second, the northern, comprising all that portion of the State lying north of the Mohawk valley; third, the valley of the Hudson, including all the counties watered by that river and its tributaries; and fourth, the Atlantic district, embracing Long Island. In regard to its natural history, the northern district is by far the most important. Strange as it may seem to those who are accustomed to hear only of the wealth, the refinement, and the advanced civilization of the "Empire State," there is embraced in this northern district a great tract of a thousand square miles, lying in loneliness, fresh as it came from the hand of God, untouched, and almost unvisited by man. It is clad with forests of great and majestic beauty, echoing only the sigh of the tempest, the screams of the untamed dwellers in its wilds, and now and then the rifle of the hunter, who there finds game, such as in long gone times the red men loved to chase. It is thickly overspread with lakes, embosomed in mountains, now lying calmly and smilingly beneath the sun, and the next hour lashed into frowns, when

"The tempest shooteth, from the steep,
The shadow of its coming."

Travelers who would wander through it, must provide themselves with guides, and trust to hunting and chance for food and lodging. No one *lives* there—the whole is one vast, solitary wilderness, untouched by man—lying in its own majesty—unconscious even that the foot of the adventurous Genoese has been set upon the continent.

"Still this great solitude is quick with life;
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful."

This vast wild region is inhabited by many animals that are rarely found in any other portion of the State. The

bear, the moose, the panther, the deer, and most fur-bearing animals, make their homes among its mountains. Arctic birds, too, that are never known farther south, are seen in abundance. The whole district covers an area of about six thousand square miles. The western district is eminent for its fertility and beauty, and has also a high degree of zoological interest.

The number of quadrupeds enumerated in the report, as found within the State, is something more than one hundred. Each of these is scientifically and fully described. Included in the volume are a great number of illustrations, taken with the greatest care from the living animals or the best specimens that could be found. The real colors are preserved, and in every case the relative size is indicated. The outlines, for the purpose of accuracy, were always taken with a camera lucida, and the illustrations, drawn by Hill, were lithographed by Endicott.

The whole style of the work is eminently worthy the enterprise, results of which it contains, and the State which undertook its fulfilment. We look for the forthcoming volumes with no little interest. The botanical department has been under the charge of John Toney; the mineralogical and chemical were assigned to Lewis C. Beck; the geological to W. W. Mather, Ebenezer Emmons, James Hall, and Leonard Vanuxem, and the palaeontological to Timothy A. Conrad. Beside these reports, the results of the survey appear in eight several collections of specimens of the animals, plants, soils, minerals, rocks and fossils, found within the State—one of which collections constitutes a museum of natural history at the capital of the State, and the others are distributed among collegiate institutions. We rejoice at the completion of this great survey, and hope soon to see a similar exploration effected in every State of the Union. The cause of science will receive from it an aid of which scientific men alone can rightly estimate the value.

The Holy War, made by Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World. By John Bunyan. Philadelphia, American Sunday School Union.

The celebrated Dr. Owen was occasionally one of the hearers of Bunyan, when he preached in London; and being asked by Charles the Second how a learned man, like him, could listen to the prating of an illiterate tinker, he is said to have replied, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would gladly relinquish all my scholarship." His genius as an author was even greater than he exhibited in the pulpit. Southey, Macauley, and other eminent critics, regard him as one of the "immortal authors of England." The Pilgrim's Progress has been the most popular of his sixty or seventy works. Probably no book by an uninspired writer has been more universally read. The Holy War was written ten years after the appearance of that beautiful creation, and if not equal to it in all respects, is certainly one of the most ingenious allegories in the language, as well as one of the most useful exhibitions of practical Christianity. The edition before us is superior to any other printed in America, in its typography and illustrations.

The Little Gift; Useful Stories; Poems for Little Folks. Three small volumes.

Mr. Colman, of New York, in the autumn of every year, publishes numerous miniature gift books for children, with fine engravings, instructive tales and poems, etc., of which the above are specimens.

Thulia: A Poem: By J. C. Palmer, M. D., U. S. N. Illustrated with Twelve Original Designs, by A. Agate, Artist of the late Exploring Expedition. One volume, octavo. New York, Samuel Colman.

This beautifully printed and illustrated volume resembles very much, in its appearance, the elegant edition of Gray's "Elegy," published several years since in London. We can say no more in praise of its typography and embellishments. The poem itself possesses considerable merit. Doctor Palmer was attached to the Exploring Expedition which returned to this country last summer from the southern seas, and "Thulia" is founded on incidents which occurred on the war-ship Peacock, and the schooner Flying Fish, while in the Antarctic ocean. The verse is free and melodious, and the ideas and illustrations generally appropriate and poetical. We quote a lyric that will convey to the reader a just idea of the poet's style.

ANTARCTIC MARINER'S SONG.

Sweetly, from the land of roses,
Sighing comes the northern breeze;
And the smile of dawn reposes,
All in blushes, on the seas.
Now within the sleeping sail,
Murmurs soft the gentle gale,
Ease the sheet, and keep away:
Glory guides us South to-day!

Yonder, see! the icy portal
Opens for us to the Pole;
And, where never entered mortal,
Thither speed we to the goal.
Hopes before and doubts behind,
On we fly before the wind.
Steady, so—now let it blow!
Glory guides, and South we go.

Vainly do these gloomy borders,
All their frightful forms oppose;
Vainly frown these frozen warders,
Mailed in sleet, and helmed in snow.
Though, beneath the ghastly skies,
Curdled all the ocean lies,
Lash we up its foam anew—
Dash we all its terrors through!

Circled by these columns hoary,
All the field of fame is ours;
Here to carve a name in story,
Or a tomb beneath these towers.
Southward still our way we trace,
Winding through an icy maze.
Luff her to—there she goes through!
Glory leads, and we pursue.

The notes appended to the poem contain the most interesting account of the expedition that has yet been given to the public.

Scenes in the Holy Land: one volume square duodecimo. Philadelphia, American Sunday School Union.

This work is founded on, or rather is a free translation of, the "Scènes Evangéliques" of Napoleon Roussel, published a year or two since in Paris. It contains an account of the principal incidents in the lives of the Savior and of the great apostle of the Gentiles, written with singular simplicity and perspicuity, and illustrated with numerous etchings by a clever French artist. It is published, we believe, as a juvenile gift book for the holiday season.

Ladies' Annual Register for 1843. New York, S. Colman.

The Ladies' Annual Register is a neat little annuary, edited for several years by Mrs. Gilman, of Charleston. It embraces, beside the usual contents of the almanacs, many useful recipes for the housewife, with anecdotes, poems, etc.

Biblical and Prophetical Works of Rev. George Bush, D. D., author of "The Life of Mohammed," etc., and Professor of Hebrew in the New York City University. New York, Dayton & Newman.

Professor Bush is one of the most profound and ingenious scholars and critics of the present age, and we perceive with pleasure that he is rapidly multiplying the fruits of his industrious pen. To all the lovers of sound biblical exposition it must be gratifying to know that the Hebrew Scriptures are in a fair way to develop their riches to the English reader more fully than ever before. Professor Bush's commentaries on the Old Testament, now extending to six volumes, embrace all the works of the Pentateuch but the last two, and these, we learn, he proposes shortly to enter upon. His careful study, his scrupulous fidelity in eliciting the exact meaning of the original, and his peculiar tact in explaining it, have made his Notes everywhere popular, so that before the completion of the series, the first volume has reached a sixth edition, the second a fifth, etc. In all of them will be found discussions on the most important points of biblical science, extending far beyond the ordinary dimensions of expository notes, and amounting in fact to elaborate dissertations of great value. Among the subjects thus extensively treated are, in Genesis, the temptation and the fall, the dispersion from Babel, the prophecies of Noah, the character of Melchizedec, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the history of Joseph, and the prophetic benedictions of Jacob; in Exodus, the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, the miracles of the magicians, the pillar of cloud as the seat of the Shekinah, the decalogue, the Hebrew theocracy, the tabernacle, the cherubim, the candlestick, the shew bread, the altar, &c.; in Leviticus, a clear and minute specification of the different sacrifices, the law of marriage, including the case of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, very largely considered, and a full account of the Jewish festivals. The sixth volume, including Joshua and Judges, contains an ample and erudite exposition of the Song of Deborah, and an extended discussion on the subject of Jephthah's vow, with a view to determine whether the Jewish warrior really sacrificed his daughter. The Professor gives an array of very strong reasons in favor of the negative.

In his celebrated "Treatise on the Millennium," which merely as a literary performance has received the highest commendations of the critics, our author has assumed the position that the millennium, *strictly so called*, is past. But by the millennium he does not understand the golden age of the church, which he, in common with nearly all good men, regards as a future era. He contends that as the memorable period of the thousand years of the apocalypse is distinguished mainly by the binding of the symbolical dragon, we must first determine by the legitimate canons of interpretation what is shadowed forth by this mystic personage, before we can assure ourselves of the true character of the millennial age. But the dragon, he supposes, is the grand hieroglyphic of Paganism—the "binding of the dragon," but a figurative phrase for the suppression of Paganism within the limits of the Roman empire, a fulfilment which he contends commenced in the reign of Constantine, and was consummated in that of Theodosius, his successor. Professor Bush draws largely on the pages of Gibbon in support of his theory, assuming all along the great foundation principle that *the apocalypse of John is but a series of pictured emblems, shadowing forth the ecclesiastical and civil history of the world*. From a cursory examination of his Treatise, we are inclined to adopt the opinion of one of the first theologians of our country, that if his premises be admitted, his conclusion is

irresistible; and that he did not know how to gainsay the premises.

In the Hierophant, a monthly publication of which he is editor, he enters elaborately into the nature of the prophetic symbols, and in the last number brings out some grand results as to the physical destiny of the globe. He assumes that a fair construction of the language of the prophets is far from countenancing the idle dreams of Miller and his school respecting the literal conflagration of the heavens and the earth, and does not even teach that such a catastrophe is *ever* to take place. He denies not that this *may* possibly be the finale which awaits our planet and the solar system, but if so, it is to be gathered rather from astronomy than revelation—from the apocalypse of Newton, Laplace and Herschell, than from that of John.

In general literature, in science and in art, America has furnished some of the best names in the world of letters; but it is in theology and religious philosophy that our countrymen have made the greatest advances. We need but allude to Edwards, Dwight, Emmons, Marsh, Beecher, Alexander, Stuart, McIlvaine, and Bush in proof of this. Perhaps we may add to the list Orestes Brownson, who, however erratic and peculiar, is a man of singular genius and sincerity. In our endeavors to keep the readers of this magazine advised of the condition of our literature, we should fail of our intent if at times we did not notice books and authors of a grave character. The useful and the true is in every thing the national aim. The writings of which we have spoken particularly in this brief notice, are distinguished for remarkable directness of language and logical clearness, as much as for profound scholarship, and they are among the most original works of their class brought out in our times.

Songs, Odes, and other Poems, on National Subjects: Compiled from Various Sources: by William McCarty. Three volumes duodecimo. Philadelphia, W. McCarty.

Mr. McCarty is a bookseller, of the long established house of McCarty & Davis, in Market street. He is an antiquary also, and has in his chambers one of the best collections of books relating to our history and antiquities to be found in this country. Several years ago he "formed the plan of gathering together our national songs and ballads, deeming the task, however humble," he says, "one of which the result would be acceptable to his countrymen." He has since gleaned from all the files of magazines, newspapers and other periodicals, in the public libraries and in his own possession, published since Braddock's defeat at Duquesne, every scrap of verse, "good, bad, or indifferent," relating to men, manners and events in America, and had them printed in three neat volumes, the first of which contains the "patriotic," the second the "military," and the third the "naval." It is certainly a very curious collection. Some of the pieces, indeed, were written by foreigners, and have as little relation to any thing in America as to the quackeries of Grefenberg; and others are not decidedly poetical; but by far the greater number belong to one or another of the divisions in which the compiler has placed them, and, as he well remarks, "the present and future generations of Americans will hardly disdain those strains, however homely, which cheered and animated our citizen soldiers and seamen, 'in the times that tried men's souls,' at the camp-fire or on the fore-castle." We perceive that Mr. McCarty has copied from our Magazine for October most of the pieces included in the article on "The Minstrelsy of the Revolution." We have many others not embraced in his volumes, of which we intend to present a few additional specimens to our readers, in connection, perhaps, with some of the most curious verses in the books he has given us.

Wing-and-Wing, or Le Feu-Follet. By the author of "The Red Rover," "The Pilot," "The Path Finder," etc. Two volumes, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

We received this novel too recently to be able to do it justice in our present number. It is a story of the sea, and from a cursory examination we are inclined to believe it equal to Mr. Cooper's most celebrated naval romances. The scene is in the Mediterranean, in the memorable years 1798 and 1799. *Le Feu-Follet* is a French privateer, commanded by Raoul Yvard, a skilful, bold and chivalrous sailor, and the interest of the tale turns principally upon the manœuvres by which he preserves her from capture by the English frigate *Prosperine*. The character second in importance on board the republican privateer is Ithule Bolt, a shrewd Yankee, who, impressed into the British navy, had shared in the dangers of Nelson's victory, and now added to a patriotic hatred of the English, some slight ill will created by what he deemed unjustifiable appliances of the lash during his service on board the *Prosperine*. Blended with the main narrative is a history of the loves of the commander of *Le Feu-Follet* and a beautiful Italian girl, Ghita Giuntotardi, one of our author's most admirably drawn heroines. Those who would know more of the plot we refer to the book itself, or to the Yankee lieutenant, who in due time returned to the United States, married a widow, and "settled in life" somewhere in the Granite State. He is said at the present moment to be an active abolitionist, a patron of the temperance cause, and a terror to evil doers, under the appellation of Deacon Bolt. We are pleased to learn that the publishers have fixed the price of *Wing-and-Wing* at half a dollar—lower by fifty per cent. at least than an American novel was ever sold for before. For this reason, as well as on account of its remarkable merit, we predict for it a sale equal to that of "The Spy," or "The Red Rover."

The Poets and Poetry of America: with a Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Third edition. With Illustrations by the First Artists.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just issued a new edition of this work, with beautiful illustrations from paintings by Leslie, Inman, Creswick, Sully, Thompson, Verbruyck, Hoyt, and Harding, engraved by Cheney, Cushman, Dodson, and Forrest. We believe that no other book of so expensive a character has passed to a second edition in the United States during the year. The fact that this has reached a third edition in six months seems to indicate that our poetical literature is properly appreciated, in our own country, at least. The price of the third edition has very properly been reduced to two dollars and a half.

The Little Boys' and Girls' Library: Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Six books, small quarto. New York, Edward Dunigan.

The stories in these little volumes are written with taste and simplicity. Though Mrs. Hale's incidents are generally pleasing, we do not in all cases approve their tendency. With deference for her better judgment, we think the boy who, in "The Way to Save," bought the glass box, was much wiser than he who bought the draught board.

The Youth's Keepsake: A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Young People. The Annualette: A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Children. Philadelphia, Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

Two very beautiful and interesting annuals, of the character of which the titles are sufficiently descriptive.

Sporting Scenes and Sundry Sketches: being the Miscellaneous Writings of J. Cypress, jr. Edited by Frank Forester. In Two vols., 12mo. New York, Gould, Banks & Co., 1842.

"J. CYPRESS, jr." was the late William P. Hawes, of the city of New York; and "Frank Forester" is the name by which one of the finest scholars, critics, and writers, whose productions have ever given a charm to our periodical literature—Henry William Herbert, the author of "*Cromwell*," and numerous tales and other compositions in this Magazine—is known in the "sporting world." Mr. Hawes was educated for the bar; his writings were generally on political or sporting topics, in the daily gazettes, or the magazines. The admirable series of papers, entitled "*Fire Island Ana*," was written for the *American Monthly*, while that work was under Mr. Herbert; and most of his later compositions appeared in the "*Turf Register*." We have not room to do them justice. They have never been excelled in this country, in richness of humor; freshness, or originality. Mr. Hawes had the modesty of genius. He lived in the quiet enjoyment of the life and the scenes he so felicitously delineated, and was unknown as a writer beyond the limited circle of his intimate friends until they and the world were deprived of his presence.

The Task, and other Poems: By William Cowper. One volume, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Among the poets who have written in the English language on religious themes, Cowper unquestionably ranks next to Milton in genius, and before him as a teacher. The Presbyterian poet is admired for his sublime conceptions and his unequalled mastery of language and the intricacies of rhythm; but the bard of Olney is loved by the good and the true as a friend. The new edition of the *Task* is one of the most beautiful specimens of typography produced in this country, and the etchings, by Cheney, which illustrate it, are of course admirably executed.

The Way of Life: By Charles Hodge, Professor in the Theological Seminary of Princeton, New Jersey. One volume duodecimo, pp. 348. Philadelphia, American Sunday School Union.

Among the many very excellent works published by the American Sunday School Union, we know of none written with more ability, or calculated to do more good than this admirable treatise. The plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, the great practical doctrines they teach, and the influence which these doctrines should exert upon the heart and life, are set forth by the learned author with candor, simplicity and eloquence.

Books for Youth: Heroines of Sacred History, by Mrs. Steele; *Philip and his Garden,* by Charlotte Elizabeth; *Rocky Island,* by Samuel Wilberforce; *Alice Benden,* by Charlotte Elizabeth; *Clementine Cuvier,* by John Angell James; *The Simple Flower,* by Charlotte Elizabeth; *The Flower of Innocence,* by Charlotte Elizabeth; and *Moral Tales,* by Robert Merry. New York, John S. Taylor & Co.

The eight volumes, of which we have given the titles above, are bound in a uniform style, and constitute a very neat and excellent library for juvenile readers. We know of no books that can be more appropriately presented to the young in the approaching holidays than those of Archdeacon Wilberforce, John Angell James, and Charlotte Elizabeth.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MISS BARRETT.—In this number will be found a series of sonnets by Miss Elizabeth B. Barrett, among the first of her contributions to any American periodical. They were originally intended for "Arcturus," to which magazine they were sent; but arriving after the discontinuance of that periodical, its editors placed them at our disposal, "thinking the good company into which they would be introduced in "Graham," would be every way agreeable to the fair authoress."

Miss Barrett's productions are unique in this age of lady authors. They have the "touch of nature" in common with the best; they have, too, sentiment, passion and fancy in the highest degree, without reminding us of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, or L. E. L. Her excellence is her own; her mind is colored by what it feeds on; the fine tissue of her flowing style comes to us from the loom of Grecian thought. She is the learned poetess of the day, familiar with Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles, and to the musings of Tempe she has added the inspiration of Christianity, "above all Greek, all Roman fame." She has translated the Prometheus to the delight of scholars, and has lately contributed a series of very remarkable prose papers to the London Athenæum. Her reading Greek recalls to us Roger Ascham's anecdote of Lady Jane Grey; but Lady Jane Grey has left us no such verses.

A striking characteristic of Miss Barrett's prose, is its prevailing seriousness, approaching to solemnity—a garb borrowed from the "sceptred pale" of her favorite Greek drama of fate. She loses much with the general reader by ædim mysticism; but many of her later poems are free from any such defect. The great writers whom she loves will teach her the plain, simple, universal language of poetry.

Her dreams and abstractions, though "caviare to the generale," have their admirers, who will ever find in pure and elevated philosophy expressed in the words of enthusiasm the living presence of poetry. On Parnassus there are many groves: far from the dust of the highway, embosomed in twilight woods that seem to symbol Reverence and Faith trusting on the unseen, we may hear in the whispering of the trees, the wavering breath of insect life, the accompaniment of our poet's strain. Despise not dreams and reveries. With Cowley, Miss Barrett vindicates herself. "The father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God."

We cannot here do justice to Miss Barrett's volume of the Seraphim, or to her other poems. We cannot here illustrate as we would the lofty tone of her conceptions, which in grandeur and human interest belong to the highest and most enduring of lyrical strains. She has thrown aside sentimentality, the fluency without thought, the cheap eloquence that marks a certain school of lady poets, for the genuine language of emotion, the fire-new currency of speech forged in the secret chambers of the heart. From two volumes of her poetry before us, (unfamiliar as yet to American readers—they cannot be so long,) we quote one

poem, perhaps not the most brilliant of all, but inferior to none of the rest in the pathos, the tenderness, the deep Christian sympathy with human life, which dwell in the soul of this rare poetess.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Psalm cxxvii. 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wallers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep!"

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ha! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

For me my heart that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let me, most loving of you all,
Say, not a tear must o'er her fall—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

STARS THAT HAVE SET IN MDCCCXLII.—Among the dead of the year now drawing to a close, America laments her Marsh and Channing, and Europe, Sismondi and some less brilliant luminaries.

The Rev. JAMES MARSH, D.D. was, at the time of his death, the third day of July, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. He was a calm, chaste scholar, an earnest and profound thinker, and a powerful and eloquent advocate of the highest principles of religion and philosophy, with the perfect simplicity and grandeur of whose life were blended the rarest virtues that adorn humanity. His principal published writings, excepting a few articles in the leading reviews, and some translations from the German, are devoted to those high and spiritual principles of philosophy, of which Coleridge and Kant were the most celebrated European exponents. We are pleased to learn that Professor Torrey, one of the dearest friends of the departed, is now superintending the publication of a complete edition of his works.

The name of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING has been long familiar to the readers of America and Great Britain. He was equally popular in both countries, and in both was regarded as one of the greatest authors of the age. The first edition of his collected writings we believe was published some five or six years since in Glasgow, and the last, in six octavo volumes, in Boston, in the winter of 1840. We presume his later productions, unprinted sermons, etc.—sufficient to fill several additional volumes—will soon be published, with his memoirs. Doctor CHANNING was for a long period the leading divine of the Unitarian belief, and though an ardent controvertist, was regarded by all men with love and reverence. The purity of his life, his high aims, his candor, and the dignity and beauty of his diction, won for him a reputation that will endure when most of the names now prominent in the world of letters are forgotten. He died in Bennington, in Vermont, on his return way from an excursion among the Green Mountains in search of health, on the second day of October.

JOHN CHARLES LEONARD DE SISMONDI was one of the most celebrated historical, political and æsthetic writers of the time. He died near Geneva, on the twenty-fifth of June, in his sixty-ninth year. He was the author of *New Principles of Political Economy*, *A History of the Italian Republics*, *A History of the Literature of Southern Europe*, *A History of France*, *Julia Severn*, a romance, and several other works, making in the aggregate about one hundred and fifty volumes, in the French editions. As a historian he has rarely been surpassed, and in every department of letters he exercised a powerful influence for nearly half a century.

MR. JAMES GRAHAME, author of the excellent *History of the United States* which bears his name; SIR ROBERT KERR PORTER, the traveler; THEODORE E. HOOK, the novelist, biographer, and dramatic writer; and ROBERT MUDIE, author of several works on natural history, etc. were better known in this country than any of the other literary characters who have died in Europe during the present year.

NEW BOOKS.—We received several new works too late to be noticed properly in our present number, of which we have space to mention particularly only Mr. NORMAN's "*Rambles in Yucatan*," and Mr. LESTER's observations on "*The Condition and Fate of England*," both from the press of Messrs. Jangley, of New York. The first is an exceedingly interesting work, and the last quite as good as the same author's "*Glory and Shame of England*." We shall endeavor to do them full justice in our Magazine for January.

THE END OF THE YEAR.—With the present number we bring to a close another year of the publication of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. The many improvements which since our last anniversary have been effected in the work, and the extraordinary accessions to our subscription list—between twenty and thirty thousand in twelve months!—impart to us a satisfaction which we trust is shared in some degree by our million readers.

Since the commencement of the present year, RUFUS W. GRISWOLD has become associated with the proprietor in the editorship of the Magazine; and to our corps of contributors have been added WILLIAM C. BRYANT and RICHARD H. DANA, the first American poets, and the equals of any now living in the world; JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the greatest of living novelists; CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, one of the most admired poets and prose writers of our country; ELIZABETH B. BARRETT, the truest female poet who has written in the English language; J. H. MANCUE, the author of "*Henri Quatre*," GEORGE H. COLTON, the author of "*Tecumseh*;" H. T. TUCKERMAN, the author of "*Isabelle, or Sicily*," etc.; the author of "*A New Home*" and "*Forest Life*," who, under the name of "*Mary Clavers*," has won a reputation second to that of none of the writers of her sex in America; Mrs. E. F. ELLET, the well known author of "*The Characters of Schiller*," etc.; Mrs. SEBA SMITH, whose elegant and truthful compositions are as universally admired as they are read; and several others, whom we have not now space to mention. All these, with our favorite old writers, Professor LONGFELLOW, GEORGE HILL, EDGAR A. POE, Mrs. EMERY, Mrs. STEPHENS, and others, we shall retain for our succeeding volumes.

We shall likewise receive regular contributions during the ensuing year, from N. P. WILLIS, whose many admirable qualities as a writer have made his name familiar wherever English literature is read; T. C. GRATTAN, the popular author of "*Highways and Byways*," "*The Heiress of Bruges*," etc.; "*MARI ADEL OCCIDENTE*," the author of "*Zophiel*," and many others, whose names will from month to month grace our pages.

Let our Past speak for our Future. The improvements made in GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, in 1842, will be surpassed by those that we shall introduce in 1843. In all the departments of our work we shall remain in advance of every other candidate for the public favor.

THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.—In a notice of the *Miscellanies* of Sir Walter Scott, in the number of this Magazine for September, we made allusion to reviews of various publications of Mr. Washington Irving, which we had good reason for believing were written by that gentleman himself. We learn with pleasure, from one who speaks on the subject by authority, that Mr. Irving is guiltless of the imputed self laudation. He did indeed write the article in the *London Quarterly* on his "*Chronicles of Grenada*," and received for it the sum we mentioned; but, like so many of the modern "reviews," it had very little relation to the work which gave it a title, or to its author.

H. HASTINGS WELD.—We notice that this talented and agreeable writer, formerly editor of the *Brother Jonathan*, has taken the editorial charge of the *UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST*, a family newspaper of the largest class and circulation. We feel assured that the humor and vivacity of Mr. Weld's pen will tend to make the paper still more popular, and to add greatly to the already enormous subscription list. This paper already circulates more copies weekly than any other family newspaper in the Union.



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